

Not A Dream

Brian

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, Shhherrrryyy," 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 some 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 biig," 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 oor. 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 her bruises would form in this dreamland. I felt my balls drawing up, I slapped the at a*s in front of me. And then I came with a roar. We both fell to the oor. 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 oor? My mouth tasted like a*s. What the h*ll happened. I sat up and saw my shorts were off and my accident d*ck was opped 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.

I went back home. I took a shower and climbed into bed. I checked my phone one last time. A message from Savvy, my heart picked up its pace. I clicked it open.

Savvy: SIGN THE DIVORCE PAPERS!