

JADA

Jacob, my husband, loved me, still does. It really isn't his fault or mine. We were given everything life could offer. A great education, plenty of money, love. We were each other's everything. Even when we found out I couldn't have children. Don't be sorry. I'm not. And he wasn't either. We had enough. But the mind is funny when it doesn't have anything to fret about. You know, they say wolves who can't bear offspring will often crawl into a hole and will themselves to death. I liked being a wife. I didn't want to do anything else. He dove into his work and left me waiting. He worked so hard he barely had time for a shower and a decent meal. Sex became brief, functional. It was me who introduced him to porn. I thought I could grab his attention. But porn is quick, catered to one's needs. Not so messy.

April Littlejohn - Aprilkl21@gmail.com

Jada - late 20's to 50s