

not dating

Vanessa's p.o.v

I put the owers in a vase with water and check the food and leave it on low so it can stay warm. I walk out to the dining room where everyone is at. "Vanessa, this is Alex," Verlene says. "We met already." I say quickly. "Cool, so how about you talk to Law really quickly before dinner so he can get everything he needs from you." Buck tells me and I nod. The Lawyer goes over everything that will happen after we send the divorce papers. Buck let him know all about our family and what they are capable of doing. Lawyer thinks the divorce won't be messy with the proof I have, unless my parents get involved, since they are the ones with true power and money. It might complicate things for a bit, but they have no say in anything anyway. He doesn't see any way that Eric can ght me for the kids though, so he tells me not to worry about it. I have a job and a place to stay now. The kids are in school and well taken care of. They have health care and anything else they could possibly need. That makes me feel so much better. I show him the text messages and he says we can print them out if we need to use them, but he thinks that a mediation to talk about everything might be enough. I, on the other hand, doubt it, but I will stay as hopeful as this lawyer is. I just hope my parents do not try to get involved. I don't need more complications in my life. I just want this divorce over with. I want this behind me. Hopefully we can work out visitations as well, if Eric wants to still see the kids that is. We nish up and head to the table to serve dinner. There's a knock on the door and more bikers come in. Verlene introduces me to two guys, Troy and Mike, who is working on the house we will be moving into. We talk for a bit and then Verlene and I put all of the dishes on the table. Again, Buck begins serving the kids, but this time both Verlene and I help him. The bikers serve themselves. Once everyone is served, we all dig in. My eyes go to Alex and I am surprised to nd him looking at me. I look down quickly. "This is delicious," the lawyer says. I smile, feeling happy that everyone is enjoying my food and I went with something simple because the kids took so much of my time after school. I made sheet pan chicken parmesan. I can feel this man's eyes on me still. He is so handsome, but seems so intense and a bit weird. He barely spoke outside. Luckily, the kids talk and the bikers tell them stories of when they were kids. "So are you dating?" Troy asks me. "No, I'm getting divorced though." I tell him. Verlene laughs. "What she means is that she is single and ready to mingle." she tells him. "Verlene." I say a little loud, not believing my sister. "What is dating?" Vanna asks. "Oh my god." I say and I am sure I am bright red. My sister always has to embarrass me. "Dating is when two people go out and get to know each other. Like friends," Buck answers his daughter's question. She nods and keeps eating. "I have a lot of friends," Vanna says after she nishes chewing her chicken. "No you do not," Buck says. "Yes daddy, my best friend is Roxanna" she tells him and he sighs. "Oh, a girl, okay." he says and everyone laughs. Once everyone is nished, I stand up and grab the tray with dessert. I made no bake chocolate shortbread mousse parfaits. "My favorite" Verlene says, dramatically, and grabs 2 for herself. I place one in front of everyone and they all dig in and again moans of delight are heard all around. "Marry me girl." I hear Troy say. I shake my head and laugh. "Your food tastes amazing and you look like an angel. You are the total package, where have you been all of my life." he says. "She said she's not dating, back off." Alex tells him and the table goes quiet. I look at him and he smiles. "This is really good," he says. "Thanks" I whisper. "Mom, my stomach hurts. I think I ate too much," Valeria says. "Come on, lets go upstairs." I say, and grab all of the kids. I give them all baths and read stories. I give Valeria something for her tummy and they all fall asleep quickly. They were so tired. Verlene walks into the room. "Thanks for all of the help. Vanna loves having you guys all here. She is the happiest she has ever been. Now, come, let's go have some wine and unwind. The guys are all hanging out back by the re. Lets go." she says and drags me outside.

Alex (Monster's p.o.v)

I check the time on my phone and I know I have to leave soon. I do not want to go though. I am content staying here and just staring at the beautiful woman I just met. Yes, I am being a total creep, but I don't think anyone will blame me. She's hot. She walked up stairs with all of the kids and I don't want to leave until I see her again. I have no idea why I got so upset that Troy was hitting on her. He isn't wrong. She does look like an angel and cooks amazingly. Buck invites us out back to a bonre, so we head out there with a beer in hand. We talk about some business we have to handle soon with a company who has not paid us for a job that was done. We normally worked for the father and had no problem, but ever since the son took over, things have gotten complicated, so we need to take a ride out and gure out what the problem is. Buck volunteers and I know I will be going too. The back doors open and both women walk out whispering and laughing. "Hey guys, look who I dragged back out with me." Verlene says. She hands her a cup of wine. "I don't know, we have to get up early," she says. "Vanessa, you don't live with that piece of sh!t anymore. No-one is going to judge you if you drink or smoke or have s3x or whatever else you want to do. The kids are ne and we will wake up on time. Relax okay. You can do whatever you want from now on. You answer to yourself only." Verlene says. "Hun, you could say it a little nicer." Buck tells his old lady. "It's okay, she's not wrong. I will try to relax. I just probably won't be able to fully, until the divorce is nalized." Vanessa says, taking a sip of her wine. Everyone gets into their own conversations and I decide to talk to her and stop being an idiot. "Hey, the food was amazing. I am glad you came into the restaurant. Your food is all everyone talked about today." I tell her. She smiles. "I'm glad. You know I have never cooked for anyone but family. This is all new to me." she tells me. "Well, thank you for allowing us simple people to taste your delicious food." I tell her and she laughs out loud this time and I love the sound of it. The more wine she drinks, the more she relaxes. She starts asking me questions. We talk about everything and nothing at all. I do notice how her eyes light up when she talks about her kids. I nd out that she is 28. She talks about starting over at almost 30 and how hard it has been to leave everything behind. "Well, this is a great place to start over. Your kids all look happy and so do you." I point out. She smiles and looks at me. "You are right. We are happy." she says. I am having such a good time talking to her that I completely forget that I have to leave until my phone dings and I am reminded. I check my phone. "Fu.ck, I have to go." I say. "It was nice meeting you." she says. I grab her hand and place a kiss on it. "Likewise. I'll see you around." I tell her. "I guess at the restaurant if you are ever there." she says. I nod. I say bye to everyone. "I'll walk you out. I need some water." she says ,and we walk inside together. She grabs a water bottle and walks me to the door. I really don't want to leave. I love how good she can hold a conversation with me. She isn't afraid to talk to me and doesn't throw herself at me because I am the president of a motorcycle club. I mean, she probably doesn't know, but I don't think she would care. "Bye, again" she says as I walk out. "Bye" I say and reluctantly walk away and get on my bike. I look at her one last time and take off.

I arrive to the restaurant and I am so full that smelling this food right now has me wanting to throw up. "Hello Alex" Mrs. Catherine's granddaughter says. She kisses my cheek and sits back down. Now I feel bad, I am late, but it was so hard to leave. Something about Vanessa captivated me. fu.ck, I don't even remember this woman's name. She is really beautiful though. She has long blonde hair and a body to die for, but for some reason my mind is thinking about someone else. I have no idea why. I shake my head to clear my thoughts. This girl has been going on and on since I sat down. She is talking about herself and hasn't even tried to ask me anything. All she talks about is nothing that I care about. I just order water because I am so full. "You aren't going to order food?" she asks and I shake my head. "No, I already had dinner at a friend's house earlier." I answer honestly. "Oh" she frowns. "So, tell me about yourself" she says. Wow, nally. "Well, I am the president of a motorcycle club. I have different businesses. I work a lot and I love riding." I say. I am a very basic man. "Oh, well that does sound cool. When can I get a ride?" she asks and, by the way she is looking at me and twirling her hair, I have no idea if she means on my bike or on my d!ck. I frown. We don't normally allow women on the back of our bikes, only our old lady. I don't have one, but I don't know if I want this chick on the back of my bike. "Lets go to your bike. I want to take a picture on it to post on my social media," she says and yup, not letting her on it. I hate social media. "ummm, what?" I say. "It's my job. I post pictures and get paid for it." she tells me. "Yeah, we can get a picture of you on my bike." I say, being nice. What harm will one picture do. She will make money off it. Not like I have to be in the picture. We nish up and head outside. She runs to my bike as I check my phone. "Here" she says, handing me her phone. So, now it looks like I'm a photographer. I help her get on my bike and take a couple of pictures. She gets off and stands in front, in the middle and behind it. I am trying not to be rude, but what the fu.ck? Is this all this chick does? Talk about herself and take pictures..Correction, has me taking her pictures. What a turn off. "Well, tonight was fun, but.." I begin to lie to her. "Hey big boy, why don't we go back to my place?" she says, seductively. "Sorry, I actually have to go. Something came up." I say. I hop on my bike and take off. If I was an a\$\$hole, I would have went back to her place and fu.cked her, then ghosted her, but I don't want Mrs. Catherine to k!ll me. I am not really a monster. I head home, take off my clothes and shower. I nally lay in bed and close my eyes. My thoughts go back to that smile...