

Please Say No

Dashawn

I felt exhilarated after the auction. I got every piece I wanted for my family. I already bought my Uncle Dozer and Uncle Ripper new vintage Indian motorcycles in pristine condition. My Uncle Hex was going to be really happy. I am ying in his family from Spain. I got all the women spa packages, but I pampered my favorites with a little more. My Nana Kiki will have a brand new corvette in pink. She will love it. Papa Butcher and Papa Roberto got a box each of Cuban cigars. My Uncles Bear and Clown each got the latest shing gear and I bought them a pontoon boat since they are best friends and like to go on shing trips together. Uncle Doc was hard to buy for, but I found a collector online that sold me a vintage medical bag with old time medical instruments from the 1800s. Uncles Volly, Chance, Bane and River liked to hunt together. I bought each of them new hunting ries. My Uncle Beast was my favorite uncle, not that I would let anyone know that, but he knew. He has recently become obsessed with making his own alcohol. He made his own wine. Some have been really good, some have not. But to my Auntie Lia's dismay, he wants to start selling some of his concoctions, but not until he nds the perfect product to sell. I came across a site dedicated to mead making. I bought him everything he would need, along with some recipes. I also bought a small shed to be built by his house so he could do all the work in it, and so he could stay out of my aunt's way. Cia and Kimber loved jewelry. I got them each a diamond heart necklace, Cia's diamonds were pink and Kimber's were yellow, their favorite colors. I loved Christmas. It was my favorite time of year. The items I bought last night were the last of the presents I needed to get.

I was a little confused at what happened on the drive to Samantha's house. After the auction, she seemed a little subdued. She barely talked to me and answered all my questions extremely politely. When I dropped her off, I tried to get a little closer to her, but she brushed me off before I could and told me to have a good night.

During the work week I stay in my apartment in the city. If the club needed me, I would go to them, but I didn't sleep there much anymore except on the weekends. It was when I caught up with my family and Brothers. This weekend we were having our club Christmas party. I told Hex's family to come to the club at 8 o'clock. All my other gifts were wrapped and ready to be given tonight. Except for the boat where I just boxed up the keys.

This morning Samantha was really professional. She smiled at me, got my coffee, told me my schedule and gave me my lunch. During the meeting we had with my managers, she took notes, handed out packets when told to, and worked the slide projector. The company's party coordinator, Mike, was at this meeting. A man in his late twenties, tall, broad shoulders, and if I believed the oce gossip, a ladies man. He and Samantha were in the corner of the conference room planning the company's Christmas party that was happening in two weeks. Every so often, I noticed their heads getting closer, and she would giggle and blush. I looked at Mike, and he had a smirk on his face and an interested look. My jaw clenched as I watched them. My accounting manager droned on and on about expenses and the spending budget we could use in the up-and-coming year to woo clients. I was only half listening. I couldn't take my eyes off of Samantha. Her eyes sparkled, and she looked stunning in the black pencil skirt and an off-the-shoulder white blouse with cherries all over it. Her toned legs were mouth watering, and they ended in black heels with red soles. I wanted her legs over my shoulders with those shoes on and nothing else.

"Brother, are you listening," Cia hissed.

"What? Oh yes, everything sounds ne."

Kimber chuckled, "William just asked you if you wanted to cut Amber Shaw as a client. She hasn't produced the songs for her new album, and she is three months behind according to her contract. Do you want to give her another extension or drop her?"

"How much has she cost us?"

William sighed, and I didn't blame him. I wasn't listening.

"So far just under 12 million. It'll cost us three more if we give her the extension. Which means we will be starting off in the hole by the time she goes on tour. Her last album only made her 20 million. Since she red her sober coach she's fallen off the wagon and is drinking more and more."

"Drop her. Pay out her contract, it'll cost us less in the long run," I said. His sisters nodded. I heard a giggle and my eyes snapped over to Samantha.

My hands balled into sts. She had looked down as she wrote something, and Mike grazed his ngers across her ngers, which were on the table as she held the paper still. She looked at him and her brows furrowed. Then she shook her head and they both laughed.

My hand slammed on the conference table, making everyone jump. I smirked.

"Are we done here? Samantha and I have a lot to do before we leave today at 4."

"Yeah, I have nothing further, do you?" Cia asked Kimber and she shook her head.

"The party is at 6, don't be late, or mom will pitch a t."

"We won't, we just have two more presents to pick up. What did you get, Uncle Beast?"

"Mead making equipment, bottles to store them in and a brand new shed for him to make it all."

"Smart, Auntie Lia is tired of all the space he has taken up with his wine making. What did you get Tally?"

I smiled, thinking of my youngest sister. I'd never let my twins know it, but Thalia was my favorite sister. I adore all my sisters and Cia, Kimber and I have a special bond because we were triplets, but Cia and Kimber came from the same egg, their bond was different from what they had with me. Thalia was like my shadow the moment she could walk. I was the only one that could calm her down when she was upset. She always wanted to hold my hand, and I was the one she came to with all her problems. I loved her deeply.

"I built her a cabin where she can write her music in peace. You know how when she's home she holes up in her room for hours trying to write. Even at 3 am, when she wakes us up with her keyboard when the mood strikes. So I with the help of Uncle Hex and Uncle Dozer, built and soundproofed a cabin studio. It also has recording equipment. She'll love the isolation."

"You spoil her," Cia pouted.

"And I don't spoil you? Pretty sure the ve-carat emerald ring you have on your right hand is the one I got you for our birthday."

Cia smiled and held out her hand. "You're right, you spoil all of us."

"That's because you three are the lights of my life."

As I said that, I couldn't help looking at Samantha. Then I looked at my sisters. They were both watching me and smirking.

"What?"

"You sure do watch your new PA a lot."

"So?"

"She's the one, isn't she?" Kimber asked.

"What do you mean?"

"The one from ve years ago. The one you moped about for two weeks and pestered Ally about."

"I did not mope," I grumbled.

"The h'll you didn't. All you talked about was how bada*s she was and that you wished you had got her number and how Ally wouldn't give in to you and give you her information," Cia whispered.

William cleared his throat. They all looked at him and he smiled.

"I'm just going to go," he said, picking up his laptop and leaving the conference room.

"Great, you just said all that in front of the oce gossip," I hissed.

"Don't worry, I'll offer him a blow job to keep his mouth shut," Kimber said.

"The f*ck he's 40, and that's a s*xual harassment suit."

"First, he is a hot as f*ck 40, and he asked me out, and we went clubbing last weekend. Secondly, he's a great f*ck, and I've already given him a blow job this morning before we came to work. Plus, when he asked me out, I told him the only way I would date him was if he signed an NDA. Not that we need it, because we are allowed to date who we work with, but don't worry, he'll keep his mouth shut."

"Jesus, f*cking Christ. I did not need to know all that."

"Well, I wanted to keep your mind at ease."

I scowled at her, then I pointed at both of them.

"You two, keep your mouths shut. She is the one, and I want her something erce, but she isn't a f*ck them and dump them type, so I need to make sure she's the one I want for life. So far all signs are pointing to yes, but I still want to get to know her."

"Well, you better hurry and decide, because I just heard Mike ask her out and she said yes," Cia said.

"What! Are you serious?" I hissed at her.

"No, I just wanted to see how you would react and, by the look in your eyes and the clenched sts, I say you got it bad," she chuckled.

Before I could rip her head off, I did over hear Mike ask her out. All of our eyes widened because they heard it too.

"Come on Sam, have drinks with me tonight," Mike said.

"I can't, I have a commitment."

"What about tomorrow night?"

"I don't know if I will be back by then. My schedule isn't open at the moment."

"Okay. How about having lunch with me on Monday?"

I waited with bated breath. Please say no, please.

"Okay, we can have lunch. I'd like that."

F*CK!