

Maybe

Dawson

When I got to Isha's house, the lights were all off, it was dark on the street except for a streetlamp that was in front of the next-door neighbor's house. I hurriedly shut my car off, got out, and rounded the vehicle to the passenger side. I opened the door and gently picked her up. I had already gotten the keys out of her clutch, so when I got to the door I opened it. I searched for a wall switch and found it. I carried her over to the couch and gently laid her down.

I brushed the hair out of her face. She was so beautiful. I could see tear stains on her face, and my heart squeezed for her. I took off her shoes and saw a blanket over a stuffed chair. I grabbed it and put it around her.

I laid her clutch, the envelope, and her keys on the table. I didn't know if I should stay or leave her. What if that b*stard came home? Who knows how much more damage he could do to her emotionally? What if he brought Madilyn home with him? God, I wanted to hit that jerk so badly. Taking a deep breath, I decided to stay for half an hour and if she didn't wake up by then, then I'd leave a note with my number.

I sat on the overstuffed chair and took out my phone. I knew if I didn't text one of the guys they'd be worried and hunt me down.

Hey, got caught up in something, won't be home when I said I would be. I'm going to wait it out for thirty minutes, and then I'll head home, so I'll be home in an hour or hour and a half.

Davis: What did you get caught up in?

A pretty little thing. H*ll not just pretty, absolutely stunning.

Davis: Reeaaaally????

Maybe, right now, she just needs a friend.

Davis: Copy that. See you soon.

The little heart made me smile. I wasn't s*xually involved with any of my friends. I didn't swing that way, but Davis, Mic and Ford found comfort in each other, and I was okay with that. PTSD was a real thing in life. I knew that there were some people that thought that you could just deal with it and not let things trigger you, but that's not how life worked. You see some sh*t, you go through some sh*t, and some sh*t sticks with you. Some people find relief in the bottom of a bottle, some with drugs or a lot of s*x with a lot of people. Some find relief with their best buddies. That's what Mic, Ford and Davis did. Me? I work, I drown myself in it. If I'm not hunting someone down, I'm doing paperwork and networking. If I do not sleep, it's rare I go a night without a nightmare.

A soft moan caught my attention. I shifted and went to my knees to kneel in front of her.

Her eyes uttered open, she took a minute and then focused on me.

"Hi, do you remember me?" I hope she didn't freak out at me.

"Dawson Becks," she whispered. "You brought me home?"

"Yeah, you asked me to right before you fainted."

"Right, it's all coming back to me now," she said, as tears began to seep from her eyes. Then she broke into a sob. I gathered her into my arms, picked her up, sat on the couch and put her in my lap.

She cried for a good fifteen minutes as I held her and rocked her. I tried to soothe her the best way I could.

When she calmed down, I saw there was a box of tissues on the table. I leaned over and grabbed her a couple. She took them from me and mopped up her face.

"Thank you. I'm sorry I've sobbed all over you. I don't think you wanted to end your night holding a broken woman."

"You're not broken sweetheart. You just had a sh*tty f*cktard hurt your feelings."

She snorted at that. I was glad I could give her some humor. It meant she would be okay.

"I knew this was going to happen. I mean not him asking for a divorce. I assume that's what's in the envelope. But for months there were signs. It started right after our one-year anniversary. He started coming home later and later. At first, I didn't think anything of it. He was a hard worker. He told me about this billionaire who was looking for land. He showed him a lot of land and houses, and they went to a lot of dinners, and apparently strip clubs, because that's what Jason told me. I used to, with past clients, go to those dinners too, but this time I wasn't invited. So, for six months, I endured his late nights out, him not coming home for dinner, the all-day texts and calls on his days off.

It was a suspicion, but I never had any proof, until the night before last night. I found some red lace underwear in his suit. He claimed it must have been a stripper's underwear. Then, yesterday, when Madilyn came into the gym I use, she told me she met Jason at dinners out with her father and him. She talked about a boyfriend that liked her skinny. Then I ran into a friend right after, and we went out for some coffee and talked and shopped for a couple of hours. When I was about to go home, I saw him with her. They were coming out of a restaurant, and he held her and then kissed her forehead.

When I confronted him, he said he was with a client. He basically tried to convince me that I didn't see what I thought I saw. And I wanted to believe him, because I love him, well loved him. I think slowly overtime, my feelings have turned into resentment, and I'm just hanging on to nostalgia," she said.

"How long have you been together?" I asked.

"A little less than two years, we've been married for a year and a half."

I was thankful that it wasn't longer. I knew the longer someone was together the deeper the feelings.

She moved from my lap and sat next to me. I didn't like that at all, but I shoved those feelings down. She leaned over and picked up the envelope off of the table and ripped it open.

She was right, inside were divorce papers. I scooted closer to her and asked if I could read them with her. She nodded and brought the papers closer to the middle of us.

He gave her her car and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He also stipulated that she could keep any gifts he's given her over the last two years. He wanted the house, their joint bank account, his vehicle and a summer cabin they had at Bear lake.

"He wants all of that? You could get it all if you took him to court."

"I don't need it. He can have it all. I don't even need the jewelry or the car he's given me. The two hundred and fifty thousand will help me. He wants the house because I think she wants the house. She made a comment tonight saying something along the lines of getting the house she wants or something like that."

"I'm sorry Isha. I know you love him."

"Not anymore. Anything I'd felt for him had vanished the moment I saw her kiss him at the awards ceremony. I held out hope until that moment. Now I feel nothing but hatred." She took a deep breath. There was a cup with a few pens in it on the table and she grabbed a pen. She signed the divorce papers and took off her rings and laid them on top. She also added a note that she was taking the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars immediately out of their bank account.

"I can't do that until Monday. But at least I won't have to wait for it. Dawson, thank you for bringing me home. I really appreciate it. You didn't have to help out a complete stranger."

"Hey, you're a beautiful stranger," I said, moving her hair behind her ear.

She smiled and blushed a little.

"I'm going to get going. Can I have your phone? I'd like to put my number in it in case you need anything," I said.

"Yeah." She grabbed it out of her clutch and handed it to me after putting in her code. I put in my contact info and sent myself a text.

"There, now I have your phone number. Text me for anything."

"Okay, thank you again, Dawson."

She walked me out and locked the door behind me. I got in my SUV and sat there for a minute. I so did not want to leave her, but I had no reason to stay behind. I started my vehicle. My phone chimed, and I took it out of my pocket.

Mic: Davis said you're going to be late tonight?

I'm on my way home now. I just left the place I was at.

Mic: Davis said you were with a stunning woman.

I smiled. Mic was just as eager as I was to bring a woman into our family.

I was, but now I'm not. She's something special though. I hope to introduce you and the guys soon.

Mic: Looking forward to it. Drive safe.

I sent a thumbs up and backed out of her driveway. I really hoped she reached out. If she doesn't within the next couple of days, I'd just have to become a pest.