

## BBQ Invite

Isha

I was so pissed. I could not believe he hit me. I looked in the rearview mirror when I stopped at a stoplight. My cheek was throbbing. I gasped a little at the welts on my face. That f\*cking a\*shole. I touched the welts, and they were as warm as they looked. I hoped I wouldn't bruise. That's the last thing I needed was to show up in Vegas with a bruise on my face, worrying my mom and Nana.

Pulling into my driveway a few minutes later I hurriedly opened the front door and ran upstairs for my bags. I hastily threw the outfit I was wearing the next day in one of my bags. I looked up a hotel, booked a room, and then I ordered an Uber and was pleased to see a ride was just two minutes away. I looked around my room, looking to see if there was anything I was leaving behind because I was not coming back. There was nothing I wanted. I walked downstairs, looked around and then left my keys on the kitchen table. My ride was here so I locked the bottom lock of the door and felt the tension leave me as I got into the Uber.

Thirty minutes later I was in Denver getting out of the Uber, and walking into the Sonesta in downtown Denver. Using my personal bank card from my writer's account, because I didn't want Jason to know where I was staying, I paid for my room.

When I got to my suite, I set my bags down and flopped onto the couch. I looked at the time on my phone. It was four. For a second, I closed my eyes. This day started out so good. I had felt amazing and free. Now I'm mad and a little annoyed at myself for letting him get to me. I took my phone out of my bag and turned it on. A thousand notifications pinged on my phone. Most were from Jason and all the missed calls he made. Some were texts from him, one from my Nana and another from Dawson Becks. My eyebrows rose at that.

I deleted the ones from Jason without reading them. I deleted the whole chat thread. There was no reason to keep it. I blocked his number because, as far as I knew, there was nothing for us to talk about. I opened the text from Nana and smiled. There was a picture of mom holding fanned out money.

**Nana: Your mom won five thousand dollars, the lucky duck.**

**Wtg Mom!** I texted back.

When I opened Dawson's I smiled more and then winced as my skin pulled tight. Stupid Jason. I palpated my cheek and it still felt swollen.

**Dawson:** I was going to wait a couple of days before contacting you, but you were on my mind and I wanted to see if you were okay?

I am good. I packed up and left. We had a big argument, and now I am in Denver staying at a hotel. Thanks for asking. Sorry again for crying all over you last night and involving you in my drama.

I was going to put my phone down but saw that he was texting right away.

**Dawson:** Hey, I got worried there when I didn't hear from you. I am glad you are doing good. Sorry you had to argue with him today. And I would do it again. Taking care of you was the least I could do. Well, there could be a bright side with you being in Denver. I am having a BBQ today at six. Would you like to come eat, meet my guys? I also invited a friend and his girlfriend, so you won't be the only girl here? I have wings, beef and pork ribs, corn on the cob, salad, and cheesecake for dessert.



**You had me at BBQ. I'd love to come over. Can I bring anything?**

**Dawson: Just your gorgeous self. My address is 1979 Brookehill Circle. I have a pool and hot tub. Also, for drinks, I have beer, Pepsi, Starry, and water. No wine. So, if you want wine, you'll have to bring your own.**

**Okay, I'll see you soon. Looking forward to it.**

I don't know why I accepted a complete stranger's invitation to come to their house. But something told me that I could trust him. I mean, I did let this man take me home last night. He held me while I cried and listened to me while I blabbed about my complete sh\*t show of a marriage. Plus, he was hot, not that that had any bearing on me saying yes. I'm hungry.

I jumped off of the couch and picked up my bags. I checked out the bedroom and put my bags on the bed to search for a bathing suit. I found two. I had a purple halter one piece that had a diamond cutout on the chest area. I personally knew it showed a lot of cleavage, side b\*ob and the sides were cut pretty high on my hips, but it had full bottom coverage.

The second bathing suit was a black two-piece. The top covered the girls and only had one thick

strap that went over my right shoulder, so it was pretty modest, but the bottom was just a small scrap of triangle, and the back my a\*s ate up, because it was a thong. So, I could either show a lot of b\*ob or a lot of a\*s. I did have a sheer black sarong to cover my bottom that went with the bikini. I went with the bikini and wrap. He didn't say there would be any kids there, just some guys and one other girl.

I put on the bathing suit, and dove back in my bag to find the wrap. Spotting it at the bottom, I pulled it out. I also pulled out a yellow sundress to wear over the bikini. My beige wedges would go well with the sundress too, so I didn't have to find shoes to go with it.

I still had a little time, and so I decided to write a little more. I was so engrossed in reading my own story as I checked for mistakes in the chapter I had just finished when my phone rang.

"Hey Savvy," I said, shutting my laptop.

"Hey, girl, so spill it," she demanded. I smiled because I knew what she was talking about.

"Seriously the best s\*x of my life. I've never had multiple orgasms before and I came so hard that when I woke up this morning, my whole body was deliciously sore. I can't believe this is the lifestyle

I've been missing out on, and I am so d\*mn jealous that you get to live it every day."

Her laugh was loud and genuine.

"Girl, it's the best life ever. So, besides the best s\*x of your life, how are you feeling otherwise?"

I took stock of my emotions.

"I'm actually okay. Except for the fact that Jason and I got into it earlier today, and he hit me."

"What? He hit you! Did you call the cops?"

"No, but I should have. I was just so upset that I got myself away from him, and now I'm in Denver staying at a hotel."

"Well, I'm glad you left. Still, maybe you should file a report."

"I honestly just never want to talk to him or see him again. But my day got better. I met a man last night at the awards ceremony. He actually took me home last night before I texted you for Rage or Savage's number. Anyway, his name is Dawson Becks, he works for Becks Security, and he witnessed Jason giving me the divorce papers that were in an envelope. The a\*shole actually did it at the ceremony after he won the realtor award. I passed out, and apparently right before I did, I



asked Dawson to take me home to my house. I don't know how he did it, but I woke up on my couch, and he was kneeling before me. He took care of me, let me cry on his shoulder and listened to me blab. Then he put his number in my phone and told me to call him if I needed anything. He was really sweet. Anyway, I got a text from him, and he invited me over to his house for a BBQ and to swim. Am I crazy for accepting?"

"No. Just give me his number and address. You call me when you arrive. Call not text. Then I want you to check in every hour on the hour with phone calls. If you skip even one hour, I am calling the police, and Jack, Mac and I, with the kids, will show up at his house and harass him."

"You're an awesome friend, Savvy," I said with a smile.

"I know."

I burst out laughing. We talked for a little while longer. I told her the terms of the divorce and what I was doing tomorrow and that I would be gone for a few weeks visiting my mom and Nana.

When we hung up, I saw it was five forty, so I ordered an Uber. My phone rang and, thinking it was Savvy, I answered without looking to see who it was.

"Hey gorgeous, did you forget something?" I asked.

"Where are you? Why aren't you home?"

"What the f\*ck, Jason? How are you calling me? I blocked you!"

"Yeah, I know, so I went to the store and got a burner. Why did you block me? And why aren't you here? You can't still be mad. I explained things and I apologized for hitting you."

"Don't call me again!" I snapped. I hung up, blocked this number and took a deep breath. I grabbed my purse and, fuming, left my room.

How dare he question me? He has no right anymore to demand anything from me. He asked for the divorce. I signed the papers. F\*cking prick.

My Uber was waiting out front. I was thankful the lady that picked me up wasn't too chatty. I answered some questions she politely asked, but then we were both silent, listening to the music she had on. Fifteen minutes later, she was pulling up to a gorgeous house. We both said wow, and then looked at each other laughing. I gave her five stars and a big tip, for having to deal with my sulky a\*s. I looked at the house and took a deep breath. Please don't be Ted Bundy, or Buffalo Bill. I hope



BBO Invite

+5 Points >

this wasn't a mistake and I ended up being  
barbecued. I sent Savvy all the information and  
called her real quick to let her know I had arrived.  
Here I go, off on another wild adventure.



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