

She Might Be It

Mic

I signed to Davis to start the grill. I had just set out some deviled eggs and jalapeño poppers for appetizers. A hand smacked my a*s hard, making me jump. I turned and glared at the culprit.

"F*ck Ford. You trying to leave a mark?"

"Always baby," he said, picking up an egg and popping it into his mouth.

"Save that sh*t for the bedroom," I grumbled.

"You're no fun. Davis doesn't mine. H*ll, even Dawson let's me get an a*s smack in. You know I'm an a*s man. And you have a delectable a*s."

"You're incorrigible."

"Guilty," he winked and walked away. I didn't know how he was always so d*mn chipper. Everything was a joke, or a good time with him.

I looked around to make sure everything was perfect. Dawson said he invited the potential girl of our dreams today, and she said she was coming. I looked at my phone to see the time. It

was almost six. I checked the ice in the trough we used for drinks when we had BBQs and parties. Dawson loved to entertain. I loved making sure everything went smoothly for him. He saved my life more than once. I owed him. I waved at Aaron and his cute as f*ck girlfriend. All that red hair and freckles. If she wasn't with Aaron, I'd flirt with her. She had a great set of t*ts. Her little red bikini hid nothing to the imagination. They were apple-sized and looked to be a nice firm handful. Too bad she was taken.

A firm muscled body came into view. Davis was smirking at me as he walked up. He signed, 'You're staring a little hard,'

I signed, 'Not as hard as my d*ck is now that I'm staring at you.'

He looked down, and his smirk widened. He mouthed 'Need help with that?' I grabbed him by the head and slammed my mouth to his.

"Okay, you two. We have company," Dawson said, sliding over to us.

"So, let them watch," I said, and Davis nodded.

"Enough, or I'll put you both over my knee," he grumbled.

"Promises, promises," I said. The doorbell rang, and I gave Davis another peck and blew a kiss at Dawson. He winked at me and took a swig of his beer. I loved the man. H*ll I loved all of them. Ford and Davis were my lovers. Dawson loved us, and he might allow a kiss every now and then, but that's as far as he went. He loved p*ssy and only p*ssy. I sighed. Maybe one day I could talk him into letting me s*ck his gigantic c*ck. F*cker was huge. I mean we were all well-endowed, but where Ford and Davis were eight inches to my seven, we were all girthy. Dawson, however, was a solid f*cking nine and a half inches, with a three-finger width. I know this because one drunken night we measured when we were still in Vegas.

I reached the door and opened it, and the breath in my lungs froze. Well, hello exotic beauty.

"Hi, beautiful."

She looked like a f*cking wet dream. She had on a yellow sundress, with what looked like a black bathing suit under it. I could only see the top. Her magnificent t*ts were nice and big in her covered top. You just couldn't hide jugs like hers. The dress clung to her stunning body and her smooth gorgeous legs ended in some beige wedges. She had the cutest little feet. She was carrying a cute

beige cloth bag with ink bottles and quills all over it.

My eyes swept up to her heart-shaped face. I zeroed in on her full mouth. Hmm, I wonder what my d*ck would look like with them wrapped around it. Her light brown eyes captivated me. She was shamelessly looking me up and down too. I mean I was in some swim trunks with a f*cking hard on, and I was shirtless. Being a former Navy SEAL, I knew my body was banging with corded-cut muscles, just like the rest of my team. Although some of them were bigger, I was no less impressive, if I did say so myself. Not to mention I was covered in tattoos from the neck down. I bit my bottom lip, and played with the lip ring that was in the middle of it.

"Hi, um, I'm here for the barbecue? I was invited by Dawson. I'm Isha," she said, in a sweet lyrical voice. I wonder if she could sing.

"You're at the right place, sweetheart. Come on in. I'm Mic Benton. I'm one of Dawson's guys. We served together in the Navy. I'm a former SEAL like him."

"Oh, I remember him mentioning that he started a security business and was partnered with his Navy SEAL buddies."

"That's me, and Ford and Davis. Also, Stafford and Cruz, but they run the main branch in Vegas."

I had a feeling I was babbling as I walked her outside. But she didn't seem to mind. She had a gorgeous smile. "Dawson!"

Dawson turned from talking to Aaron. Aaron's girlfriend is nowhere to be seen. Maybe she was in the bathroom. "I promise, you aren't the only girl here, this isn't a sausage fest," I whispered. And she giggled. There went my d*ck twitching.

Dawson's smile became wider and dazzling. F*cker knew he had charm for days. That's why he was the man we all followed and listened to.

"Isha, I am so glad you could come," he said, as he stepped up and leaned way down to give her a hug and a kiss on the cheek. She was a short little thing, even in her wedges.

"Thanks for having me."

"How are you?" he asked. Then he frowned and grabbed her chin. He angled her face one way and that's when I noticed what I hadn't seen before. There was a tiny bruise on her cheekbone, close to her eye.

"What happened, honey?" Dawson asked.

"Oh," she said, putting her hand to her cheek. Her blush was instant, and I hummed in the back of my throat. Didn't Dawson say she was married before and going through a divorce? There's no way she was an innocent, but f*ck if she didn't look like it when she blushed. How old was she?

"Um, just a slight altercation," I said.

"Slight altercation?" I heard a soft voice. I turned and saw Aaron's girlfriend Ava.

"Ava! Hello again. Two times in one day, seems like fate. She must want us to rekindle our acquaintance," Isha said, stepping forward and giving Ava a hug.

"Isha, it's good to see you again. Why did you call what happened a slight altercation? That man slapped you. I had just gotten in my car when I saw a man approach you. I waited to see if you would need help. I even videotaped the encounter. I don't know why I did it, but something in me told me to do it."

She pulled up the video on her phone and held it out so Isha could see. Dawson and I shamelessly looked. On the video you could clearly see Isha and a man arguing, then he struck her. An involuntary growl came out of my throat and Dawson's face tightened with anger and then the

beer bottle in his hand shattered, breaking us all out of our spell.

"Oh," Isha said. Ava let out a squeak. Davis rushed over and grabbed Dawson by the arm and dragged him towards the house. Blood dripped from his palm.

"Who was that man, Isha?" I asked.

"My husband, or soon-to-be ex-husband," she said. She looked so devastated.

"I'm not an abuse victim. That was the first time he'd ever struck me."

"You need to report it, Isha. I'll send you the video," Ava said.

Isha nodded. "I'll think about it."

"Well, you have time. In the state of Colorado, there's no time limit. However, to press charges you have about eighteen months," Ford said.

He had been standing behind me and I jumped. I hadn't heard him come up, my focus was completely on Isha.

"Ava," Aaron said as he came up next to her.

"Isha, this is my boyfriend, Aaron."

"We've met. It's nice to see you, Aaron."

"Hello, Isha. It's very nice to see you. I'm sorry about last night, and today," he said.

She blushed again. That's right, Dawson said last night was when that a*shole gave her the papers.

I cleared my throat. "Well, Ford, go check the meat. Isha, how about some deviled eggs and jalapeno poppers? I make the best appetizers."

"He really does," Ford said. "I'm Ford Myers. You must be the beautiful Isha that Dawson can't seem to stop talking about."

"Ford," I warned.

"I can see what all the fuss is about," he said as he walked around her, and zeroed in on her a*s. "Oh, I can so see it," he mumbled. He looked at me and ran his thumb across his full bottom lip, before sucking it into his mouth.

"Don't do it," I hissed. Isha whirled around, and Ford grinned wickedly at her.

Isha stared at him and then she smiled back.

"Oh, I just bet you're the naughty one of the friendship group," she teased.

"Baby, you have no idea. Come on, come look at

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15 Points >

some meat with me, tell me what gets your mouth watering."

I watched him take Isha by the hand and walk her over to the grill. Leave it to Ford to take away any awkward tension. I looked at Ava.

"Can you send that video to my phone please. Aaron has my number."

She nodded. I looked back over at the enticing woman. She had Ford in stitches. I couldn't help smiling. I think Dawson was right. She might be the one. I guess it all comes down to what Davis thinks of her.



Roc

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Had a little Extra time today. So wrote another chapter.

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