

## Madilyn Montgomery

Isha

“There’s an awards ceremony in Denver. Tomorrow night. It’s for Realtor of the Year in the state of Colorado,” Jason said. We were sitting at the breakfast table.

Since we had woken up, he’s been keeping up a running commentary. I’ve been silent. He tried to make love to me in the middle of the night when he nally came to bed. I told him I was on my period, so he asked if I’d blow him. I said no. Then he whined about needing a release. So I gave him a hand job, and the whole time he was moaning in ecstasy and telling me how good it felt. All I could think of was that he was thinking about the stripper with the red lacy underwear. I squeezed him hard then, and he groaned loudly and jacked his hips until he exploded. He praised me for the best hand job ever. I got up and washed my hands, then went back to bed where he was passed out.

“Am I invited to it?” I asked.

He sighed loudly, “Isha, yes, you’re my wife.”

“Just wondering, didn’t know if you needed to keep up appearances of being single and a man’s man.”

He groaned loudly this time.

“Isha. I apologized last night. Can you please forgive me?”

“Yeah, ne. What’s the dress code?”

“Fancy cocktail.”

“What time?”

“We have to be there at six.”

“Okay, are you going to be late tonight? Should I bother making dinner?”

“I’ll be here baby. No more late nights, I got the client what he needed.”

I nodded, hoping this was true.

He got up and leaned over to kiss me. I turned my face and his lips brushed my cheek.

“We’ll get us back,” he whispered.

He then left, and I let out a pent-up breath. My phone rang ve minutes later.

“Nana, hello.”

“Hello my sweet girl. How are you today?”

“I am ne.”

“You don’t sound ne,” she said.

“I am Nana. How are you and mom doing?”

“We are good. Your mother is taking me to Arizona Charlie’s for breakfast. Then we are going to Bingo all day long.”

I smiled, my mom and Nana loved bingo. They were addicted, which I don’t blame them for. They won more than lost. It was a great pastime for them. Since the deaths of my dad and grandfather, they’ve glommed on to each other. I was grateful that my mom and Nana got along. Nana was my dad’s mom. She was seventy years old, still spry for her age. She was tall at 5’9. She was a model when she was younger. Her red hair was now gray, but she still had bright blue eyes. She was Irish like my grandfather. When they met my mother, they were enamored by her exotic beauty. My mom was full Filipina, and my dad fell instantly in love with her. She applied to be his secretary and was hired because of her looks alone. My dad took one look at her, and despite her lack of working experience, because of her young age, he hired her on the spot. My mom had great organizational skills and typed a hundred and twenty words a minute. She helped my father build his law rm to the success it was today. When he died, his best friend Mark Jensen took the rm over. I secretly think she and my uncle Mark have feelings for each other. She still works there and is the head admin. She is Uncle Mark’s personal assistant too. I’ve tried to encourage her to give him signals that she’s interested, but she just scoffs and blushes at me over face time.

“We are just friends,” she’d say to me. I once said friends with benets, and I got scolded for twenty minutes. A pissed-off Filipina mother is scary.

“Bingo sounds fun. I wish I could be there.”

“We do too. You should come for a visit. Maybe bring that husband of yours, and we could nally meet him face to face.”

“Maybe he did just bag his biggest client, he should get a great commission from it. We could use a vacation,” I said. Maybe rekindle our love.

“Oh, that would be wonderful. Well, your mother is yelling at me to hurry. I love you sweet girl.”

“I love you too, Nana. You and mom have fun.”

I opened the freezer after getting off of the phone and pulled out two steaks. I decided to make twice-baked potatoes to go with it. I gured I could get it ready and put it in the fridge to pop in the oven when it was close for Jason to come home.

After prepping dinner, I went to the gym. I was still a size fourteen. No matter what I did, my curves never changed. I wasn’t complaining though. I was big br\*asted, had wide hips and a high-rounded butt. I got my curves from Nana’s side. Her mother and sisters were like me. She was the only one that took after her dad. I wasn’t fat. My arms and legs were toned, my stomach wasn’t abby, but it wasn’t completely skinny and at either. I thought I was cute, my condence was positive, although after last night, I felt I needed a boost.

I warmed up on the treadmill for ten minutes and then went to a squat bar. I was in the middle of squats when I saw that Brad, the gym manager, was drooling over the statuesque blonde he was showing the gym to. She was beautiful, her honey-blonde hair was in a high ponytail, she had a very small waist, and she was perky all over. Her legs were long, and she looked to be just an inch or two shorter than Brad’s six feet. They were coming my way, so I put the bar in place. I bent to grab my towel from a bench and wiped my face and hands.

“Isha, this is Madilyn Montgomery. She just moved to town. Her father is that billionaire tech.”

“Oh, hello, I’m Isha Baxter, Jason’s wife. He is your father’s real estate agent.”

“Oh, yes, I know Jason. I met him at some of the dinners I went to with my father.”

I felt my smile dim a little. “Oh, that’s nice. So are you looking to join the gym? No better one than Brad’s place. There’s even a pool, hot tub and sauna in the lower level,” I said. Brad beamed at me with appreciation.

“Yes, daddy’s gym won’t be ready for use for a while, so I need a place to stay in shape. Don’t want to get fat, my boyfriend wouldn’t like that,” she said, eyeing me up and down.

Brad furrowed his brow and took a step away from her.

“Well, if you choose my gym, we have no judgments here. We encourage, not discourage,” Brad said.

“Oh, I wasn’t discouraging anyone. Just saying my boyfriend likes me skinny. Well it was nice to meet you Isha, was it?”

I nodded. “Welcome to Yearling.”

She gave me a practice perfect smile. Her presence made me feel uneasy. But before I could get too much in my head, a friend called out to me.

“Yoohoo, Isha.”

I looked over at the gorgeous woman that called out to me.

“Savvy!”

Savvy was a woman I met three years ago on my twenty-rst birthday. She was ve years older than me, but you wouldn’t know it. We looked like sisters. We both had black hair and light brown eyes. We were both light-skinned with our half-white heritage, but she was half Spanish, and I was half Filipina. Her eyes were more rounded than my almond-shaped ones, and her face was thinner. Well, she was thinner all over. She had the cutest four and three-year-olds, and her two husbands, Jack and Mac, were Adonis’. They were former reghters, but now they live on some land on the outskirts of Yearling and have their own homestead.

Savvy had come into the café on my birthday, and I was wearing a birthday sash. She tipped me a hundred dollars and told me happy birthday. She took her two kids, who were fteen months and a newborn at the time, and went to sit down. When I brought her her order, her little girl was breastfeeding, and her baby boy was fussing. I sat her order down and asked if I could help.

She let me take little Axel out of his carrier and I rocked him while Willow fed on Savvy. She had thanked me ercely and told me her husbands were just down the street picking up animal feed. She threw me for a loop with that statement. Then she told me her life story and how she and her husbands met.

“And they’re together also?” I had asked, fascinated.

She nodded and smiled. Then they walked in, and I gasped, and she let out the loudest laugh. Mac and Jack looked at her and smiled. I fell half in love with them. She teased me mercilessly. Jack and Mac were huge irts and had me blushing the whole time. Savvy didn’t mind in the slightest.

Every time I would take an order to a table, and we got a lull with the crowd, I would sit with them, hold their kids and we would talk. I told them about my life story and then said that I hoped to nd a love as strong as theirs. They all said that one day I would. Then I met Jason a year and a half later, and I thought I had. Now, I wasn’t so sure.

“How are the kids, Mac and Jack? I haven’t seen you guys in a while.”

“Everyone is doing great. Willow is getting so big and bossy. She tells Axel what to do all the time, and he just nods and goes along with it.”

I chuckled. “I miss seeing those two.”

“How’s Jason?”

I lost my smile and her eyes got big.

“How about we go to the café? I can skip my workout today.”

“Let me take a quick shower, and I’ll meet you over there?”

She nodded and left. She was a good friend and I needed someone to talk to.