

Popular

Isha

I awoke with a massive headache. I knew I drank a lot last night, but I didn't think I drank that much, although it has been a while since I've drank any alcohol.

Moaning, I rolled out of bed and stumbled my way into the bathroom. I stripped out of my clothes, my boots were in the room where Jack must have taken them off without me even knowing. I took my hair out of the high ponytail that used to be a bun. I stepped into the shower and suppressed the squeal that I wanted to release when freezing water hit me in the face before it warmed up. I stood under the shower and let the water ow over me. I had ashes of two hot as f*ck bikers holding me between them, and then dancing on a bar and making the bartender three thousand dollars.

"Jesus, I was wild last night," I chuckled to myself.

When I came out of the bathroom, I was just going to put on my clothes from last night when I found a cute purple sundress and a package of underwear with a pair of white ip-ops on the bed. I dressed and went out into the living room. The smell in the house was amazing. As I walked through the living room, I saw the sliding glass doors were open. I stepped out and Savvy, Jack, Mac and the kids were all sitting at a glass table that was laden with food. There were eggs, bacon, waes, and blueberry muns. There was coffee and orange juice too.

"Oh good, I am glad everything ts. I had Mac rummage through my closet and nd some of my older clothes and Jack went out and bought you some underwear."

I blushed at that.

"Don't think anything of it sweetheart. I know a woman's body and can guess sizes. I bought all of Savvy's maternity clothes when she was pregnant with Axel," Jack said.

I took a seat. Mac made me a plate. It felt good being taken care of. That's something Jason hasn't done in a while.

I was surprised that I was starving. I cleaned my plate and drank two cups of coffee. I sat back when I was done with a sigh and patted my tummy.

Savvy giggled. "Feel better?"

"I do. I had a pounding headache but this breakfast and coffee did the trick."

"That's good, because I have something to show you. I don't know if you're going to be upset or not."

My brow lifted at that. She passed me her phone.

It was a YouTube video and there I was on the bar, with Savvy in the frame. She was holding up the phone, so the camera showed us both.

"This is my really good friend Isha. She really needed this girl's night out as much as I did. Get it girl!"

The comments were full of women encouraging the importance of having healthy female relationships and having fun. There were even some men commenting that I was hot, and had some d*mn good moves.

"Oh, my God. There are fty-ve thousand likes and over twenty thousand comments," I said.

"Well, our show is pretty popular. We have a lot of fans. From what I've seen, there isn't a negative comment on the feed. You're popular girl," Savvy said.

"I even got a message from Savage and Rage on my phone this morning. They want your contact," Mac said.

"You know Savage and Rage?"

"Yeah, they're also volunteer reghters, like Mac and I are in Yearling. They know Savvy, Erica and Louise, so they reached out," Jack said.

"What do they want my contact information for?"

I looked at Savvy, she was smirking.

"Apparently, you made an impression on them last night, and then they saw Savvy's video. They're fans of ours too," Jack said.

"Oh, dear God," I said, putting my hands to my face in embarrassment.

"Are you okay, Auntie Isha?" Willow asked with worry in her voice.

"Auntie Isha?" I asked, my heart melting.

"She calls all my close female friends Auntie. It's because of my best friend Nicole. She lives in Florida. We call her Auntie Nikki, and since you've known us and have been in their lives over the years, she's calling you auntie too. I hope you don't mind?"

"No, Savvy, not at all. I love it."

They all beamed at me.

"I'm okay sweetheart. Just a little overwhelmed is all."

Willow nodded and smiled.

"So, can I give them your info?" Mac asked.

"Well, I'm married, I don't think that is really appropriate," I said, unsure.

"Okay, I'll let them know that. Don't worry, they'll be ne with that and respect your boundaries. Just know, I know these guys. They're pretty good guys, they're also like Jack and I," Mac said.

I lifted my eyebrows at that, and then I had a really hot image of Savage and Rage together in a sweaty tangle as I watched them pleasure each other.

I must have made a noise, because all three of my friends started laughing uncontrollably, making me blush beet red.

"By the way, your phone fell out of your back pocket as I carried you into the house. Here you go," Jack said.

He passed me my phone and I thanked him.

I must have turned it off last night because it didn't turn on when I pushed my phone button. I powered it up. I looked at the time and saw it was ten a.m.. I saw I had a text message from Jason.

I won't be home when you get home. I have to pull an all-nighter. The client called and sent me a bunch of places she wants to look at tomorrow. I left my laptop at the oce. I'll crash there.

It was sent at ten p.m. last night. No I love you at the end of the message. No good morning message either.

I showed Savvy. She looked grim and gave me a sympathetic smile.

"Guess he isn't a fan of your page, or I'm sure there would have been more messages. I better get home. Thanks for a great time, and Jack and Mac thanks for a wonderful breakfast and letting me crash here."

"Anytime, sweetheart," Mac said.

I went and grabbed my clothes and boots. Savvy gave me a hug and all of them waved me off, even Axel and Willow.

The further I drove away from them, my mood turned from relaxed and carefree to a sort of pensive pressure in my chest. Tonight I had that awards ceremony with Jason. I didn't even want to go. Maybe I should suggest he take Madilyn.

I rolled my eyes at myself. There's no proof Isha. The kiss on the forehead could have been innocent, just like Jacks was when he kissed you on the forehead. I scoffed, fat chance of that. I did an internal check on my emotions. Besides the pensive feeling, I felt nothing else. I was surprised I didn't feel any guilt. I mean I danced in the arms of two ne a*s men, who had their lips and hands all over me. But I didn't feel guilty. In fact, I felt vindicated. Was that the right word? No, it wasn't. My brain was still a little mushy from last night, but it was a boost to my condence that two gorgeous men wanted me. And then all the money I made for that bartender, and now the video with all those positive comments from both men and women.

I pulled up to my driveway and saw Jason's car was there. I was a little surprised. I thought he had a lot of showings today?

I stepped into the house. Jason jumped up from the couch.

"Where have you been? I came home and you weren't here."

"You just got home now?"

"Yes, I told you I had to pull an all-nighter and I crashed at the oce on my couch."

"Right. Well, I drank a little too much last night and instead of driving home drunk, I crashed at Savvy's Mac's and Jack's place."

I saw the tips of his ears turn red. I knew he liked Savvy just ne, but Mac and Jack were a different kettle of sh. He was extremely jealous of them. They were respected members of the community, volunteer reghters. They helped feed those less fortunate from the excess of food they grew. Twice a month there is a farmers' market. At the end of the day, whatever food was left over, Mac and Jack gave it away to those that could use it. There weren't a lot of people in our town that were down on their luck, but there were a few. So, they gave away the extra eggs, cheese, milk, and vegetables that didn't sell. Jason wanted the prestige that they had, but he was too selsh. He didn't volunteer for anything, and he would never be caught dead at the farmers' market. The closest thing he did to charity was give a donation to the salvation army when people were out and about with their red buckets and bells during the holidays.

"Well did you forget we have the awards ceremony tonight?"

"No. I'm home, aren't I? There's hours until then."

"Yeah, well, don't you need to pamper yourself, nap and get all dolled up. That takes a while, right?"

"Not for me, it doesn't." I gave him a look as if to ask if he's ever paid attention as I got ready.

"Right, sorry. Listen, I know things have been hectic, and we haven't spent a lot of time together lately. I've just been busy."

"Yeah, I know. With your clients," I deadpanned.

"This is for the future, Isha. I am going to be getting huge commissions from this. This will help my business. By the way, Aaron Grayson is going to be there tonight. He's one of the people that I am going up against for Best Real Estate Agent of the Year. He and six other people. To be named Real Estate Agent of the Year in the whole state of Colorado is a really huge boost to anyone's career and their business or the business they work for, so I am going to need you to be on top of your charming game. Aaron is my biggest competition too. He just landed a multi-million-dollar account. He found the building for a security business that is opening a new branch in Denver, and a huge f*cking house for the CEO and the team of men that live with him. Which is weird, but whatever. Guess they're all close. Clients will be there tonight too. Maybe see if you can work some of your magic and poach some of the clients from the other guys?"

"That's a little underhanded, don't you think?"

"Can't you just help me without your moral bullsh*t meter."

I just stared at him and then walked away.

"Where are you going?"

"To go take that nap and pamper myself for tonight."

"Oh, okay. Be ready by six."

I walked into our room and slammed the door. When did he become so f*cking power and money-hungry? He wants me to help him poach clients? I think not.