

This Gorgeous Woman

Dawson

Walking around the ballroom at the Harper Hotel with Aaron Grayson, my realtor turned friend, we discussed how I was liking the property he found for me and three of my ve best friends. My best friends are now my partners in Becks Security. I offered to change the name, but they all agreed that Becks Security was established and there was no need for it.

Cruz and Stafford decided they wanted to stay in Las Vegas at my starter branch. I had also made them partners, so I put them in charge of that branch. They were in the process of adopting siblings, a little boy and girl. They've been married for two years and wanted to take that next step. We were all happy for them.

I wanted out of Vegas. I needed a change. I felt tainted there after being hired by a scumbag that I really should have done more research on, but the money talked at the time, and, honestly, at that time in our lives, none of us really cared where the money came from, until we found out the truth of what the client hired us for.

The fact that before we left the client to be taken care of by a bada*s MC, the client gave us millions in bonuses and high recommendations didn't hurt us one bit. We actually relished it. Getting rid of the scum of a human tracker and the man that worked for him gave us great satisfaction.

Mr. White, the scumbag client's praise on our website, boosted us to the top for tracking felons, kidnap victims and runaways. We had never been so busy in the last two years.

Moving to Denver, Colorado was my decision. I was prepared to do it on my own and start all the way over. But Mic, Ford, Davis, Stanford and Cruz came to me. They wanted to invest in the company and become partners. They each took a ve percent share of the company while I kept seventy-ve percent of the company. Then Mic, Ford, and Davis wanted to move with me.

Stafford and Cruz wanted to stay in Vegas. They loved it there and wanted to raise their family there. They had friends that were outside of us. We would miss them, but of course we'd all visit and stay in touch because of the company. This wasn't goodbye forever.

"We love it. It's perfect for our needs. There's enough bedrooms for all of us to have our own space. Mic and Ford turned the downstairs study into an epic game room. And Davis turned the basement into an awesome theater room. He got those chairs that recline all the way back and the screen covers one whole wall. We can watch movies, sports, news, whatever on that thing. You should come over now that we have it nished. We're going to have a barbecue tomorrow, we'll eat outside on our deck, even go swimming if you want to come over at around six. You can bring that girl you've been seeing. What's her name?"

"Ava," Aaron said, with a dreamy smile. "We've been seeing each other for six months. She's f*cking beautiful. Red hair, freckles all over her delectable body, the greenest eyes you've ever seen. She's got the longest legs."

"Careful, you'll turn me on."

He chuckled. I'd known him for the last year now. He was a really cool guy.

"Hey man, why didn't she come with you tonight?" I asked.

"Her mom's sick, she's taking care of her, she's a good girl."

"I'd like to nd a good girl, someone I can see a future with."

"What about your dynamic?" he asked nervously.

I chuckled, and slapped him on the shoulder.

"No need to be nervous asking that. Mic, Ford, Davis and I, we're as close as brothers. Hell, we're closer than blood brothers. We've shared everything for the last eight years except women. My friend's and I have talked about sharing a woman. It just seems right to us. Especially the three that live with me. We don't like to be separated. We're different from the two we left behind. They're married to each other and are committed to just each other now. Mic, Ford, Davis and I, we have an extremely special bond. I love these men. I can't see a future without them, but we also need a woman, to soften our edges, you could say. Someone we could take care of as well as us being taken care of. We've had individual lovers, but they didn't like how close we were to each other. We can be a little much, I guess you can say."

"I don't know if I could share Ava," Aaron said.

"I don't think a lot of men can share their women. Anyway, so, what happens if you win this award?" I asked

"If I place in any of the top three, I get a bonus. My bosses are very generous. I heard that there's a fty-thousand-dollar prize and a new car for the rst place winner. If I win that, I will also get a matching fty thousand from my bosses. If I get second, I get twenty-ve and third I'll get ten. Either way, not bad for selling some houses, commercial buildings and plots of land. But I think Jason Baxter will win this year. He just landed a multibillion-dollar client, and he bought twenty acres and a farmhouse. I can't hate the guy. He's a good real estate agent, he is always in competition with me though, and for some reason the guy hates my guts. He's got a f*cking gorgeous wife. Don't get me wrong, I am fully committed to Ava, but I can appreciate a beautiful woman. She has a phenomenal body too, and she is probably one of the nicest women I've ever met. I've bumped into her a couple of times in the past at networking events, but haven't seen her much in the last ve or six months I think. Jason used to bring her to every function, but lately I've seen him with another woman at the last two functions there were. He said she was the daughter of the billionaire client and his new secretary. When I inquired about Isha, he said she was busy. Speaking of, that's her right there. That's Isha Baxter."

I looked at where he pointed and saw Paul Montgomery, an old friend of my father's, looking down at a woman, whose face was only in prole but the back of her was what drew me. That a*s of hers had my mouth watering.

"Aaron, I know Paul Montgomery, that's with her. I'll meet you at our table," I said, not taking my eyes off of the exquisite woman next to him.

I heard Aaron chuckle as I walked off.

"Paul!" I called out.

He and the woman Aaron said was Isha Baxter turned. I chanted the times table in my head, so I wouldn't pop a f*cking hard on like a preteen boy at the site of the deep cleavage that was presented before me. I wanted to groan, because I could feel myself becoming hard. Paul introduced us. I smiled, and her blush had me wanting to see how much redder I could make her become. We talked, and I could tell Paul knew I was having a hard time concentrating on him, because my eyes kept itting back to Isha, even her name was beautiful.

When the lights dimmed, they turned to go to their table and I followed behind them, my eyes glued to her jiggling a*s.

I was pleased to see we'd all be sitting at the same table. I was less pleased with the man that was sitting beside her. He ignored her and I could tell it hurt her. I wanted to punch him in the face. If she was my woman, my sole focus would be her.

When the nominees were called to the stage, I watched her. I heard someone forcefully clear their throat and my eyes shifted, to the woman that made the sound. She was an overly made-up blonde, she looked like every other young blonde. She was very forgettable. She smiled at me and batted her eyelashes, I just looked away from her and brought myself back to Isha. I heard the blonde huff, but I didn't care.

When they were about to announce the winner, I tore my eyes from her and looked at the stage. I was disappointed that Jason Baxter won, but Aaron didn't look disappointed, he looked really happy, and I was happy for him.

The shock that went through me when that blonde threw herself into Jason's arms rocked me. I slightly listened to Aaron as he whispered that he had found out that the woman was Madilyn Montgomery, Paul's daughter. I was pissed for Isha. I didn't recognize Madilyn. She's twelve years younger than I am and the last time she was in my presence I was twenty-two at the time, and it was a welcome home party for me that my parents threw, so I didn't really pay attention to all the little kids that were running around.

I looked at Paul and he was livid, good. Madilyn had kissed Jason in front of everyone. Isha turned to look at all of us and I could see the hurt in her eyes. I wanted to scoop her up and take her out of there, but I had no right, she wasn't mine.

I watched Jason hand an envelope to Isha and as Paul gripped Madilyns arm and took her away. She protested the whole time, then I saw Isha grab her clutch and follow Jason out of the ballroom. I told Aaron I was going to leave, and I congratulated him on his second place. His bosses and colleagues had already started to surround him. He nodded to me and I hurriedly walked away.

I shamelessly eavesdropped on the one-sided conversation, and when Jason walked away like he had done a job well-done, I came up behind Isha. I was going to ask if she was okay, but she started to sway, so I wrapped my arms around her. She looked up at me, her eyes full of tears, and she lost all color in her face.

"You're extremely pale, we need to get you somewhere where you can lay down. Can I give you a lift home?"

She said, "Home please," and then she passed out. I grabbed the clutch that she thrustred at me and the white envelope that was in her other hand fell to the ground. I knelt and picked it up and then lifted her into my arms. She was as light as a feather.

My vehicle was luckily close. I got her in the passenger seat of my silver Lincoln Navigator and buckled her in. I opened her clutch and took out her ID. Her home was about a half an hour away.

"Hang in there sweetheart, I'll get you home."