

Chapter 3

A Part of My Life?

I would rather be gouging my eyes out with a rusty spoon! Why did I ever agree to this gala? What the fuck was I thinking?

Kennedy walked in... whining... he's such a fucking whiner! Two inches shorter than me...at 6'7... massive muscle... Can take down a full-grown assed bear single handedly... and he's a whiner!

“Whyyyy Kai! Why you making me go to this stupid thing? You could have had any one of those sluts out front go with you. Whyyyy me, Kai?”

I snapped “Shut the fuck up, crybaby! Jeezus! I'm not asking you to march to your own execution. Yet... But keep pushing me... I could change my mind! As for those sluts... Really, Kennedy? When have I ever escorted any woman to these things? Only my future wife will ever be on my arm in public! I will not have her humiliated because some tabloid sleazeball snapped a picture!”

Kennedy said “You have looked for three years, man! Are you sure you didn't dream her up?”

I growled “I did Not dream her up, asshole! I took her virginity, Kennedy! I had the best night of my life... and woke up to her being gone...with her blood smeared all over my... package! It’s what I tested to get DNA results... as gross as that sounds! I fell in love with her, Kennedy. Just like that. I looked into those electric blue eyes... and the bottom dropped out of my world! What do YOU suggest I do with that?”

He sighed and said “I got your back... in all things. I suggest we keep looking, brother! Now... we need to get to this fucking gala. The only good thing is Sol always has the best whiskey!”

I laughed... and just like that, I felt lighter. Kennedy is definitely a brother! Much more than my actual brother! Another story...another time.

I was announced and stepped through the door. Kennedy on my right. Every fucking person stopped what they were doing... even talking... to turn and stare at me. See why I hate these fucking things?

I heard Sol’s familiar laugh and turned to look for him. He was walking towards me... with an elegant woman on his arm... Ah! Must be the granddaughter.

He said “Malakai, my boy! It’s so good to see you! Allow me to introduce you to my granddaughter, Marisol Andrews.” Marisol. Different... exotic. I like it!

Her eyes started at my feet and slowly climbed all the way up. My eyes met hers... and I froze! It's her! It's my blue-eyed beauty... My woman! My dream come to life... Right here! In front of me!

I muttered some gibberish about looking for her... not finding her... the only thing I took away from our exchange is 'we need to talk' I'm game!

She walked away with another woman... and I couldn't peel my eyes off her. Sol asked "Something I need to know, there, son?" I nodded and told him "It's her, Sol! Remember? The girl I told you ran before I could get her number? The one I searched for? That's her! She's Marisol!"

He busted out laughing "Oh son! Life as you know it, just ended! Welcome to the roller coaster you just willingly stepped onto!" I wondered what he meant... but I was too happy to care.

I slammed two whiskeys and was sipping on a third... when a reporter stepped toward me and I said "No". He walked away.

The fourth time it happened, I was getting annoyed. So, I snarled "The next one of you bloodsuckers to approach me again, will walk away without your head! You will be leaving it with me!"

A soft voice behind me said "I threatened to snap my mom's hand off at the elbow a while ago... but your way works, too!" I laughed... it's so easy to laugh with her... I remembered that all along...and said "Your mom's hand, huh? Remind me to stay on your good side!" She murmured "You have."

Confused, I asked “I have what?” She grinned... a sexy full faced grin, that she didn’t even know was flirtatious as fuck... and said “Stayed on my good side.” And walked over to Sol.

Kennedy laughs and says “I get it now, brother. I see why you didn’t give up... couldn’t give up. The love you have for her is in your every movement!”

I glanced at him and said “She said I stayed on her good side. What do you think that means? Does that mean she will give me a chance? Or did she friend zone me? Am I just her friend? Oh God! I don’t think I could just be her friend, Kennedy!”

He busted up and said “Bro! Swear to me. Promise me right the fuck now! If I ever fall in love... and act like... YOU... shoot me! You can even use my gun... but promise me... you will shoot me!”

She laughed at something Sol said and side eyed glanced at me. I winked and she blushed so beautifully... then I remembered she did... that night, too. Adorable little blushes, with every piece of clothing I took off of her. Damn! Hard as a brickbat, now!

Luckily, a reporter got brave... that fixed my immediate problem. However, a new one arose... I turned around to pick my whiskey up... and a man and woman stood there...a younger couple behind them.

I reached around them, and grabbed my drink. The man said “Mr. Winters... we have seen the way you are looking at our daughter. We want you to stay away from her.”

I sneered... who the fuck does this joker think he’s talking to. Then, it dawned on me who this was! Marisol had told me all about it... our drunk night together.

“Marisol is a grown woman. Capable of her own choices. You see, I met Marisol, one night, nearly three years ago. When I met her, she was broken... her heart shattered in a million pieces. Her fiancé of two years was fucking her sister, because her parents thought it best to keep his dick in the family. And when Marisol couldn’t condone and attend the wedding of HER fiancé and HER sister, she was disowned... thrown out of her family. I offered that Marisol comfort. This Marisol, I offer MY protection!”

The boy in the back snarled “Yeah right, you comforted her... You fucked her, didn’t you?” I laughed and said “I never fucked Marisol. I will Never fuck Marisol. I did make love to her. Multiple times. What’s the matter, Jason? Realizing how bad you fucked up? The time to grow a pair of balls has passed you by, boy. Because, you see, not only did I make love to that beautiful woman... I fell in love with her. I wouldn’t change it for the world.”

Marisol’s voice sounded over my shoulder “You love me?” I spun around and held both her hands and said “Yes, baby... I do. I have loved you since that night, nearly three years ago.”

She opened and closed her mouth three or four times... looking like a cute little goldfish... and said “I... I mean... I ... I gotta go. I need to think. I umm... I will...

You will come tomorrow?" I smiled and whispered "Of course." And just like that, she was gone.

I turned to grab another whiskey... and there stood the Andrews family. I asked "Why the fuck are you still here?" They scattered like roaches when the lights come on!

I headed for the door... grabbing Kennedy as I passed... and we headed home. I said "I love her, bro. I really love her. What if she doesn't want to be a part of this life. A part of my life?"