

Take That!

Presley Brookmore wasn't one to let an opportunity pass her by. All of her life her older brother Odin and his two best friends Cruz Hawley and Anderson Oak did everything they could to terrorize her. Everything from jumping on her sandcastles when she was a little girl to making fun of her when she got her braces at ten to interrupting her rst kiss when was thirteen.

It was the rst kiss which was on her mind now. While Odin and Anderson were always just on the right side of going too far, it was Cruz who didn't just straddle the line, he hopped over it with vengeance. Cruz always took their games too far and if she wasn't crying, he wasn't laughing, and man did that boy love to laugh.

She c****d her head to the side as she and her two friends, Sloane, Anderson's little sister, and Halima were sitting in a restaurant. One might argue it purely happenstance which put them in the same restaurant as Cruz Hawley, but Presley was certain it was fate.

"I haven't seen him in like ve, six years since he moved away. Anderson said he was back in Vancouver now. He moved back home about two months ago but I haven't seen him even once," Sloane nodded her head. "I swear to God he's even bigger now than he was back then."

"He's like a silverback gorilla." Halima grunted.

"He drags his knuckles like one too," Presley nodded. She looked at Sloane, "did you get into your brother's chat yet or not? I want to know if this date of his is important."

"Does it matter?" Halima shot an annoyed glance at the couple who were clearly on a date across the room. "You can tell from his body language and hers, they're f*****g tonight."

"Remember when they interrupted my rst kiss?" Presley thought back to Jason Whitman in eighth grade at the school dance and how when they pressed their lips together, Cruz who was helping her brother DJ the event, put the spotlight right on the swaying couple on the dance oor, grabbed a mic and gave the school her nickname which stuck straight through to college.

Sloane used her fork to pretend she was speaking into it and mimicked Cruz's voice, "aw look little red Ladybird is locking lips with the nerd. Shouldn't there be teachers making sure their braces don't get locked together?"

"Then he let out the piercing whistle to get the teacher's attention. Asshole." Halima muttered.

"Still not as bad as your graduation ceremony when the three of them were wearing bright red wigs screaming from the stands how they didn't think you would do it."

"I thought your mother was going to kill them." Halima echoed Sloane's grunt. "They were twenty-ve-year-old men still acting like frat boys."

"Jokes on them. They're now all thirty-two and they couldn't have a meaningful relationship if their life depended on it." Presley was glaring at the man aware every other person in the restaurant was also ogling him because it was a sight to see the billionaire out on a date. He may as well be a movie star the way people were staring. More than one person focused their phone's cameras at him.

"Ooh," Sloane giggled, "I'm in. I gured out the loser's password. It's eight inches all one word. I've seen my brother naked more than once from all the girls he used to sneak into skinny dip in my parents' pool. In his dreams is it eight inches."

"He's probably taking eight inches from Cruz," Presley snorted. "The man has big d**k energy, and we know he's packing. Too bad it's wasted on him."

"Apparently this is his third date with this girl. He said her father is one of his clients and he's really hoping to seal the deal tonight, in more ways than one." Sloane revealed.

"Douche canoe." Presley licked the back of her spoon, enjoying the last taste of the chocolate mousse they'd shared for dessert. "I know what I'm doing but can you settle the bill, call the uber and be ready to leave with me?"

"Oh god. Yes. What are you doing?"

"I'm going to f**k up this date so bad he's going to regret ever toying with me growing up."

"What was his deal anyway?" Halima asked angrily.

"He's Odin's ride or die. The minute Odin was pissed off his father got my mom pregnant before he was even divorced from his wife, he hated me and wanted to make my life a living hell. They have tortured and tormented me my entire life because Odin's mom cried or something. Was my mom smart to f**k around with a married man? No. Are they still together, going strong and the absolute picture of true love, absolutely. Even Odin's mom is friends with them again. She and Mom go to yoga and book club together and I had lunch with them a few weekends ago at the mall. She got over it, but Odin never did. Cruz has his buddy's back."

"We know all this but it's not like you did anything personal to him."

"Well, aside from the itching powder in their jockstraps before the rugby game when I was six."

"Which was because they ripped up all the paintings your mom put on the fridge."

"Or the time I poured sugar in Cruz's gas tank of his dirt bike when I was eight and his gloried moped literally seized in my dad's driveway."

"Yes, but you did it because the three of them burned your dollhouse in the repit."

"Dad bought me a bigger and better one, so f**k you Odin," she whispered under her breath.

"Oh, what about the time they came home from college second year because your dad was letting them borrow the cabin and they were leaving from your place, and you added the ghost pepper sauce to all three of their shampoo bottles and it got in their eyes."

"I was fteen and it was a stroke of genius. It ruined their entire weekend up at the cabin. Their poor girlfriends probably didn't get laid once since they were in so much pain." She reveled in the memory.

Halima was using her phone to scan the QR code on the table to virtually pay their tab. "Paid!"

"Sweet. Let's do this." She stood up lifted her chin and then, feeling the rush of power, her friends were sending her through their giggling cheers as they raced to the front of the restaurant to watch from a safe distance, she hiked her boobs up in her little black dress and marched towards Cruz Hawley.

He was so caught up in the conversation with the woman he didn't even notice her. His ngers lightly tracing the back of the blonde woman's hand on the tabletop, his lips in a hint of a smile as he listened to her. Drawing closer she heard the woman's voice, and it was babyish and whiny. She almost retreated from the way it pierced her eardrums, but she carried on.

Grabbing his glass of red wine off the table she ung it in his face, "Cruz Henry Hawley you are a lying sack of s**t. This," she raised her voice loudly as he pushed back from his chair in horror as red wine dripped off his face onto his pale blue shirt, "bimbo is why you left me this morning?"

"The f**k? Ladybird?" Recognition coated his features. "What the hell are you doing?"

"This, this woman is why you left me in the abortion clinic all alone with no support? Thanks for paying the bill by the way, but to make me take a taxi home, all alone?" she sniffed dramatically as his mouth dropped open in stunned disbelief at her accusation. "How dare you? You said you didn't want to have a baby, but I thought in general. I didn't think you meant mine specially. I did the procedure just this morning and my girlfriends brought me out because you ghosted me in an abortion clinic after six years together and I stumble across this little scene?"

"I swear to god," he gritted through his teeth as he glared at her, "I'm going to wring your neck."

"f**k you. Wring my neck?" she said it loudly. "You'll never be able to physically abuse me again. All the steroids you took to play rugby makes you a mean son of b***h but you're no longer my problem anymore. I hope you choke on a d**k and die!"

"What is going on? You made her get an abortion?" the blonde was wide eyed as her eyes darted between Presley and Cruz.

"Be careful of big buff billionaires who lie and cheat to get what they want. Let me guess, your dad is one of his clients? I've put up with this s**t so many times where you tell me, it's only for work," she mocked his voice. "Lies!" she grabbed the other wine glass on the table and ung it too. She was struggling not to laugh at his face. "I hate you Cruz Hawley, may all the abuse you ever inicted on me come back and bite you ten-fold on the ass. Oh," she looked back to the girl, "and if you're all excited about the s*x, don't be. I know you heard me mention the steroids, it didn't affect his size, but he needs to chew little blue pills like smarties just to get it up." She stepped back and lifted her chin, happy she'd delivered the equivalent of a sucker punch with her impromptu spiel, "if you ever come near me again, I'm calling the police. You know what they said last time when my arm got broken!"

"Your arm getting broken was an accident," she knew he was remembering the time he was sixteen and she was nine and he backed up his new car and hit her while she was driving her bicycle in the driveway. She'd spent an entire summer in a cast.

"Whatever you tell yourself," she huffed, "I never want to see you again."

She spun on her heel and made a beeline for the girls who were waving her frantically towards them.

"The ride share is here but holy f**k that was impressive." Halima was snort-laughing as she dragged Presley across the street into the waiting car with Sloane hot on their heels.

"Remind me never to get on your bad side" Sloane chortled.

They watched through the back window of the car while the car pulled away from the curb and the man came racing out of the restaurant stained with red wine and furious expression on his face.

"Take that Cruz Hawley. Take that," she dusted her hands together and smiled brightly. She might have waited a lifetime for it, but revenge was never so sweet.