



# Her Bro's Best Friend (Fortunately Forever #1)

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**Category:** Sport

**Description:** Alanis

My heart belongs in the quaint town of Everville, North Carolina, where charm and chaos collide.

When I crack open a fortune cookie that hints at my romantic destiny: You will receive unexpected kisses, in unexpected places, the last thing I expect is to fall head over heels for Chance, my brothers fiercely loyal best friend.

As summer nights heat up and tantalizing encounters ignite a simmering chemistry, I find myself swept into a whirlwind of passion that could ignite a family feud.

Still, as my feelings for Chance blossom, I wrestles with the looming threat of my brother's disapproval.

Caught between loyalty to my family and the undeniable pull of my heart, Ill have to navigate the twists and turns of our budding romance amid the uproar of all the unexpected kisses her fortune promised.

With the vibrant backdrop of Everville providing a canvas for love's most unpredictable moments—from stolen kisses at sunset to cozy encounters in the local diner—I learn that sometimes, the heart knows best.

**Total Pages (Source):** 9

# Page 1

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## CHAPTER 1

### ALANIS

Laughter around the table gets a little more than rowdy in the quaint, but considered fancy, Thai restaurant of Everville, North Carolina, but we can't help it. When the six of us ladies get together, we know how to have a good time.

And tonight is special. The excitement and the Mai Tais are flowing free. Tomorrow morning might not be a good time, but I'd rather regret things I've done, than regret never having done anything.

Sitting in the large U-shaped booth in the back of the restaurant, I glance around and smile at all my friends collected in one place, all together and so happy that I almost want to tear up.

Soon these meet ups will be less frequent and not the same.

Catching the eye of the hostess across the room, she cocks her head to the side with raised eyebrows, and I nod at her that we're ready. The hostess smiles, nods once, and heads back into the kitchen.

Lifting my glass of wine, I clear my throat. "Attention... ladies, your attention... a toast."

Millie and Jade stop chatting and glance my way, leaving it to Oaklynn and Holland to keep babbling away. With only a couple of moments before the surprise comes out,

I glare at the two ladies hoping they'll stop talking.

Jade elbows Holland. She looks up and sees that I have my wine glass lifted in the air. Oaklynn and her sober up while sitting straight to face me and give me their undivided attention.

I smile over at Millie, one of my dearest friends, for as long as I can remember. "To Millie, the big city of Charlotte may only be two hours away, but to us, it'll feel like the other side of the world. Your friendship is, has been, and always will be special. We love you, Millie. You'll be missed, but we're so excited that you're doing what's best for you." I lift my glass. "To your big move and all the successes yet to come! Cheers!"

"Cheers!" Everyone but Millie yells, and we clink our glasses, laughing and sipping, while all six of us are misty-eyed.

The hostess and our waitress come up to the table carrying a massive dinner plate-sized fortune cookie.

I called ahead of time to get this fortune cookie specially made. They're known to do this for special occasions, and with one of our besties moving away, we all could use a little good fortune on our side.

Millie's eyes widen as the cookie is placed in front of her. We all laugh because the cookie is bigger than her petite, elfish head.

"Now, come on, Millie. You do the honors. Break the cookie and take the first fortune."

Shaking her head, she grabs the cookie, and it's awkward to break open with just her hands. Jade snaps several pictures because Millie's concentration on breaking open a

fortune cookie is hilarious. She takes a deep breath, the concentration creating a line between her eyes, and then when she bears down again, the cookie cracks into six or seven pieces and pieces of paper float to the plate like wisdom confetti.

The hostess is even kind enough to grab the phone and takes a large shot with all of us smiling to the camera and our hands reaching inside the cracked pieces to grab and hold up a fortune.

Millie reads hers silently, then shrugs her shoulders.

“No, no, no. You have to read it aloud. What does it say?” Holland demands. As a lawyer, she’s known for being the take charge one of the bunch. Plus she’s just plain on the nosey side. I think it’s the need to know the truth or at least the truth that will get her clients—soon to be divorced women—the best for their futures.

“It says, ‘Listen for love, touch someone’s heart, and see what pops up.’”

All at once, everybody shouts, “In bed!”

Giggling, we circle around the table telling our fortunes. I realize the theme of this particular fortune cookie is all about love.

Is the restaurant hinting about something? They can’t possibly know that all of us are single. Or maybe it shows.

They probably do wonder why we meet here every month for dinner on a Friday night and never once a man joins us. Single and sisterhood works for us at the moment. At least, that’s what we all say aloud.

“Ok, Alanis, your turn.”

I haven't read my fortune yet. I bite my lip when my eyes cross the words quickly.  
“Yeah, right.”

“Read it!” says someone. “Come on, Alanis!” says another.

I say quickly, “You will receive unexpected kisses in unexpected places.”

“In bed!” echoes through the room and waitress laughs, but the receptionist shakes her head. I cringe, but inside I'm thinking that this will be a memory that I keep close forever.

Screw being socially perfect. There's a time to break the rules and norms.

We all laugh. Maybe it's the three pitchers of Mai Tais but I think it's here with my best friends that makes us livelier.

And possible a little obnoxious.

We've all been through some shit this last... decade.

Men.

Jobs.

Family.

It's a never-ending list of the worst of the worst and sometimes the best of the best times stand out, but the hard ones seem to make their way through more frequently.

And I may be laughing, but if only they knew how little action in bed I'm actually getting, they'd keel over in shock.

It's been... what? Oh, no... that can't be right. Fourteen months? No, ugh... fuck! It's fifteen now. It's the end of May. And that one back time in February of the last year didn't really shake the ground, if you know what I mean. Hell, I would've gotten more satisfaction while sitting at crossing arms when a train rumbles by.

I mentally groan. My hoo-hoo is going dry so badly that dust bunnies will start collecting down there.

Suddenly, the twanging sound of an old spaghetti western places a soundtrack in my head, and I see tumbleweeds rolling by.

Shaking my head out of that sad image, I force another laugh, but it's a little hollow and hurts this time.

I want love.

I want connection.

I want to be somebody's first choice in everything.

I want somebody to be my first go-to with everything in my life. The first thing they think about when waking up. The last when they go to sleep.

Flirting is something I'm great at. Hell, I need to be for my job. It helps me be the best of the best. Wait, that makes me sound like a sex worker—I'm not. But having the occasional reason to flirt is not real life. It definitely doesn't keep me warm at night or massage my feet when they hurt.

I reread the fortune, staring out the window and wishing as I shove it into my bag.

Real life sucks.

But who falls in love because of a fortune in a cookie?

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 8:37 am*

### CHAPTER 2

#### CHANCE

“Coming to you live from Everville, forty-five miles outside of Charlotte in the Blue Ridge Mountains. The quaint town and home of the Everville Triple-A baseball team, the Hound Dogs. I’m here with pitcher Matty Brown. Matty, you’re on a home stand and have a couple days off. How are you spending your time?” Holding my hand out like it was carrying a microphone to my best friend.

“Knock it off.” Matty pushes my hand away as he laughs.

“I need to practice!”

“Practice on Kian. He’s a ball and mic hog. He’ll love it. He’d keep you at it for hours, so you’ll get all the practice you need.”

I lift my brow and look around Matty’s living room, “But he’s not here, and he’s not my best friend. Last night, I didn’t act as his wingman to get him laid.” I drop my chin and stare him in the eyes. “That was you, if you don’t remember after all of the sex you had.”

He rolls his eyes and sits back in his seat, “Man, I knew you were gonna pull that out. Fine.”

I smirk and shake my hand back and forth in front of his face. He laughs and throws his hands up in the air in a why-not motion.



“So, Matty, what’re your thoughts on moving your way up in the league? Do you think it’s in your future and what would that mean to you either way?”

“Seriously, you’re gonna go there?”

I shrug, “I need to get the dirt. I’m a sports commentator, after all.”

“You’ll be a sports commentator soon enough.”

“Ouch, man.” I place my hands over my heart as if he wounded me. “That hurts.”

“Well, you’re not on T.V. Yet.” He smirks and that “yet” from my best friend is clear. He knows it’s going to happen for me. Maybe he knows it better than I do. His faith in me means a lot. Especially with how well-known he’s in the AAA league. It’s only a matter of time until he gets pulled into the majors. I feel it in my bones. It’s a symbiotic relationship of him wanting to play the sport and me to report the sport.

We hassle each other for a bit longer. We’re going for the cheap shots that only best friends can do.

“So, Matty, is there a special lady in your life?” I say in my serious TV voice.

Matty narrows his eyes at me, “Off limits, Clayton. Forever.”

Knowing that as an interview question, he’d never disclose any of that, but as my friend he’d tell me. But even if I became a TV commentator, I’d never talk about his personal life or discuss it either. Ever. That’s a line I’ll never cross with him. Unless he wants to discuss it with me on the air and says so explicitly, I’m a vault.

The door snaps open, and our attention drags toward the front of the house. Alanis walks in, and my breath catches in my throat.

Her usually brown hair is gone, dyed into this sassy, fiery red that perfectly plays off her alabaster skin tone. Her honey-brown eyes light up when she notices me, but there's a tinge of red around them like she had either a long or fun night.

Matty mentioned that she's living with him while her house is being renovated but seeing her still surprises me.

Or better yet, intrigues me.

She's most definitely not the pimply teenager she once was. Alanis is all grown up, with curves to make me want to fall to my knees and beg for even a moment of her time and an hour of her body.

A massive smile appears on her face, "Hey, Chance."

I stand up and get a little lightheaded, and my heart beats faster as my name rolls off her perfectly plump lips.

"Hi, Alanis," saying her name aloud makes me a little weak. Fuck! What the hell is happening?!

"I didn't know you were coming into town." She drops her keys on the table by the door and then hangs up her bag on the rack on the entry wall.

Her nonchalant attitude brings me and my ego down a couple of notches. Of course, why would this beauty be as affected by seeing me as I was by her? I'm her older brother's best friend and she's probably already got someone. A girl as stunning as her isn't usually single.

Please be single...

I try to shake myself from the constant hope. She should be happy either way.

“It’s been a long time.” She finally looks back at me, still with a kind smile.

I put my hands in my pockets, “Two years?”

“Nope. Three. June, on Father’s Day.”

She knows the exact day that we last saw each other. That says something, right?

We keep eye contact when Matty stands up and ruins the moment.

“Well, as touching as this reunion is... I’m gonna get the stink of last night off me.” Without another word, he walks to the back of the house.

The reminder of his presence flashes over me like a cold shower. Matty has made it abundantly clear that Alanis is and always has been off-limits. As soon as she was old enough to date, Matty enforced a firm bro-code rule. I’ve heard him drive home the reminder with his teammates, in high school... college, and now in the minors. I’m honestly surprised there isn’t a contract to sign for just being in her presence.

His extra protective nature comes from years of them being each other’s best friend, ride-or-die, needing help to bury a body type of siblings. They’ve always been close and growing up, I was envious of that. Not of them. It’s incredible they have that connection. But I wanted that for myself. Still do. A relationship with someone that feels right, simple, and gut deep. Matty comes close, but there’s always some forcefield with him. He’s not a human robot but damn close.

Taking in Alanis, I wonder what Matty would do now, though. It’s been years. And we’re all adults.

Man-oh-man is Alanis an adult.

Matty and I are as close as brothers, but there's no blood relation with either of them. What's the harm in a little flirting? It's not against the law of the land. Even if he would consider this house to be covered by Matty's Bro Rules.

But on one hand, Matty could kick my ass. I'm not a fighter. But would he really? And wouldn't Alanis be worth the chance? Even just to get to know her as an adult sounds like a chance I'm willing to take to get my face rearranged.

"So, what've you been up to?"

She lifts her fingers to her lips in a shhh motion. "It's top secret."

I tilt my head, "Are you in the Bureau?"

She giggles and jump starts my heart with that girly reaction. "No. What I do for a living is kinda... on the DL."

Confused, I think what that might be. "Like... as in Only Fans?"

Her laughter springs free, "No! Down. Low." She shakes her head and moves in closer to me. "I'm an airplane repo specialist. I find and return stolen, repossessed, bankrupt property and fly it back to its new or original owner. And they pay me."

I stare at her in amazement.

That's a real thing? Seriously?

I eye her up and down, as the information inspires me in a new way. I take in her body and realize that the poor saps probably know what's hitting them when she

gives them her best moves.

“No shit? What’s the pay like for something like that?”

She lifts a shoulder in a nonchalant shrug. “I only work two weeks a month. And it’s not a full two weeks. Only three days out of each week, and well... it’s quite lucrative.” She winks at me.

“Why not fly the friendly skies with a commercial airline?”

She stills, and her eyes shift as she stops to think about the question. “I think I like the challenge. It’s an interesting job. It’s unsuspecting. And it’s like I get to play someone else for a little while. I act a part.”

Memories of her in theater class play out in my head. Matty was so supportive that we made it to one showing of every play she was in. He’d get her a single rose, even if he had to borrow the money from me. I used to pretend that I hated being dragged along, but secretly I loved watching her up on stage. She’s got this magnetic energy and I couldn’t keep my eyes off of her. Not only an amazing actress, but also that she made the others around her better. I wouldn’t put it past her to still be convincing and captivating... and yet, gentle with her approach.

“You always were into acting. I remember seeing you in Annie . You stole the show. People couldn’t keep their eyes off you.”

Her jaw drops and her head tips to the side. “You remember that?”

“I remember, but you’ve changed... you’re... a...” I sweep my eyes slowly over every inch of her body. I’m devouring every morsel of every curve, sweet and decadent. My pulse beats harder. Finally, my eyes land and connect to hers—the sweetest blush blossoms on her cheeks. I fantasize about where else that blush

blooms.

“Alanis? Alanis?!” She jumps at Matty’s intrusive outburst. “Can you get me a clean towel from the dryer? I forgot to grab them.”

Alanis drops her eyes and huffs. “I swear I’m playing the role of our mother to him. It only got worse when I moved in.”

She starts moving toward the kitchen where the washer and dryer are.

Before she can proceed, I head into the kitchen, saying over my shoulder, “I’ll get him one.”

“No, you don’ have to do that.” Her heels click behind me.

Bending down, I open the dryer door and pull out the towels.

“Gotta love a man who does laundry,” she comments quietly.

Chuckling, I stand up and notice she quickly averts her eyes. I smile, loving that I caught her checking me out. “The dream of every woman?”

“Top ten desire material. For sure.”

Her voice has a lilt that makes me wonder what she’d sound like beneath me as I filled her and our bodies rubbing against each other. The imagery clogs my brain as her proximity has her perfume swirling around me. It’s bolder than I’d have thought she’d go for. But it makes my mouth water and only proves Alanis surprises me in many ways.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 8:37 am*

### CHAPTER 3

#### ALANIS

Chance lifts the basket, and I reach for the handles, my hands covering his. They're so warm, and a slight chill bolts up my spine and arms, making my fingers tingle. Luckily, I'll warm up later with the sun, when it gets up to the upper sixties for a perfect North Carolina spring day.

I tell myself the weather is the only reason for such a reaction.

"I can fold them."

"But folding is the best part," he protests, still holding on.

Now I know he's lying. Folding laundry is the worst part. Absolute worst. It's the part where we have to do something. Otherwise, it's a machine doing all the work.

At his 6'1" height, I can look up at him while he keeps his head down to watch me. My stomach flips at how close we are, and I want to shut my eyes and take in his scent.

He smells clean, like soap and mountain air. I want to roll myself up in him.

The fortune cookie comes to mind, and with our proximity and in such an unusual place, I wonder if it'll come true.

Could it be a kiss in the kitchen?

With Chance of all people?

But what would Matty think?

Ever since my dad died, he's upped his role as my protector. Even if I don't need one, Matty won't hear anything of it. I've listened to him scare away a few guys before. The guys from his team made it abundantly clear that they were sworn away from me, and they're not going to go against their teammate and buddy like that. It's some bro code that I swear dates back to the Medieval times. Plus, they know Matty can kick their ass. He's repeatedly proven that he can hold his own in a brawl. His irritability is the worst thing about him. Everything else is pretty great, but that... that's something he needs to examine with a therapist. But as much as we suggest it, he pushes back. Someday he's going to have to face the demons.

I sigh. There's no way Chance would go for me even if he weren't warned away from me. I highly doubt that Matty did that, though. We were kids the first time we met, so they never had to have that discussion. Matty probably thinks I see Chance like a brother. But my eyes see so much more.

Glancing up from folding a towel, I find Chance staring at me, and ever so slowly, he leans down, moving in closer. Never once wavering eye contact with him. Nips of adrenaline fuel my blood, and I move in.

The air around us heats up, and tension coils in my body. My lips tingle in anticipation—a kiss. I so want this kiss. I need this kiss. I can't stop this kiss...

“Alanis, we probably... need... to...” Change whispers, his breath brushing my lips, but our gazes never leave each other.



“Hey! I need a damn towel.”

Jumping, I spin around. My brother stands in the kitchen with only a hand towel covering his crotch. My body’s tension drops instantly as a cold shower of embarrassment douses me.

What the hell was I thinking? Chance and Matty are besties. Bro-code. They’ve been that way for as long as I can remember. I’m just the annoying little sister.

Heat flushes my cheeks as I replay what he was saying before we were interrupted. Oh god, Chance was probably trying to get me to move out of the way to get the towel to Matty. I inwardly melt to the floor.

As fast as I can, I dart from the room and head toward the hall. My feet a flash as I pass by my brother.

Matty’s voice echoes behind me. “What was that all about?” he asks Chance.

“We were deciding who had to get your pasty ass a towel. Seriously dude, get some sun.”

I laugh as I go into my room. Before closing the door, Chance appears in the hallway, leaning back against the wall with his arms crossed. His stare burns into me but I can’t look away. I want to get burned.

I shiver at his intense gaze, and he smirks. He’s sexy as sin and as cocky as the devil himself.

Licking my bottom lip and quietly closing the door, I think maybe it’s time to take a chance... on Chance.

## CHANCE

The sun has done its job and warmed everything up today. Lounging on one of the deck chairs, I drink a beer, watching as spring brings the town to life. The mountain is green for miles and the birds are returning to dive bomb unexpected worms from last night's shower.

I could've headed to the bed and breakfast that I'm staying at down the street while Matty stepped out for a team meeting. But the place was empty. I've visited the same B&B enough times that the owners are okay with me crashing without them being there and I can come and go with a code on the door.

And if I'm gonna be honest with myself, I want some time with Alanis. That is, if she ever comes out of her bedroom.

I take another heavy swig. I try not to think about her alone in her bedroom. Laying on the bed like some goddess, her hair in a red sunburst out of her head, her curves creating a road to ride on.

The slider door opens, and her perfume proceeds her. She steps out and sits in the chair next to me. We both gaze out over the yard, watching the flowers she must have planted because I don't see Matty taking the time. They're blooming brightly and softening everything up. It makes the place homier, giving a more feminine touch.

Her soft hand slides over mine as she grabs my beer out of my hand and takes a long swig.

I lick my lips, wishing her lips were up against mine and not the damn beer bottle.

Clearing my throat, I say, "What happens if you have to retrieve —repossess— an airplane?"

Handing my beer back, she shrugs and falls back into her chair. “There are other pilots along with me. We do what we have to.”

Sounds dangerous to me.

“How exactly did you decide on that career?”

She has that off-gaze thing she does when she’s thinking. I don’t mind because it gives me a chance to soak her in. Her sitting this close to me is causing my jeans to tighten and my palms to itch.

Just to touch her.

Just to hold her.

Just to never let her go.

“All I wanted to do was fly airplanes, but when I tried to go commercial, the pressure of having three hundred lives in my hands. Well, it was too much for me. I don’t care if something ends up happening to the plane if an emergency occurs. It’s just me up there, but the idea of having all those people —children and elderly— depending on me to get them out of whatever situation we find ourselves in, it was just too much for me to handle. So I became a repo woman.”

I pass her my beer, and she takes another swig, handing it back.

“So, do you dress up in all black and sneak your way into cockpits under cover of darkness?”

I ask the question jokingly, but that’s exactly how I picture it. Afterall, it’s not something that people discuss too often. But I have seen the social media videos of

repos of cars in the broad daylight, too.

Tipping her head towards me, she smiles. “No, I’m not a ninja.” She pauses, and I wait for her to answer. She seems hesitant to tell me. “I...” she swallows, “I flirt and use my womanly wiles to get my way into cockpits and then, oops, accidentally start the plane or helicopter, and then away I go.”

I hold some beer in my mouth before I try to swallow. At that point, I’d either be choking or spitting it out.

Finally swallowing, I hold her gaze. “Have you ever been in danger?” Worry prickles up inside my mind at the thought of her getting hurt or worse.

Nonchalantly, she relaxes back in her chair, shaking her head. “Nah, most people realize what’s really happening and that they’re caught, so they give up. Lots of them give me the bird, but I’m okay with it. After all, they should’ve paid their bills and it’s not my fault they didn’t. A hundred-thousand-dollar plane — or more — is not food or shelter. They’ll live.”

“Sounds dangerous.”

“Great, now you’re gonna tell me I shouldn’t do it, like Matty.”

“Nope. You’re a grown woman. You can handle yourself. I’m sure you take every precaution.”

That beautiful smile graces her lips once again, and she loosens up. “I do, we’re trained, and I even take extra classes to make sure, if need be, I can handle myself. But so far, I’ve never needed it.”

We stay quiet for a moment, then she sighs. “I think I’m an adrenaline junkie, like

Matty. Dad instilled it in us with his living life large. My knees were always too bad for sports, so I do this. I honor him in this way.”

“You skydived when you were....”

“Tandem, and I was four.”

“Four years old?” I whistle. My brain says that’s too young but look at her now. She has a fearlessness about her that’s highly intriguing.

“Matty was three.” She grumbles, and I hold back a laugh. “And then I did it again at twelve, alone. It’s supposed to be eighteen, but Dad convinced them to let me go, and away I went. He could sell snow to Eskimos, that man. It was the most amazing experience.”

The sparkle in her eye tells me she’s reliving the moments. She looks up into the sky with an awed expression. Excitement and thrill-seeking are a part of her. It’s part of what makes her so enticing.

I’m just so... boring.

“I don’t have that daredevil side in me.” Admitting it feels like I’m not living up to some standard she needs in her life.

Alanis drops her head and eyes me. “You do other things that I’d never do. You go in front of a camera. You ask the questions that everyone wants to know. You make up shit on the fly.”

I burst out laughing. “A lot of it is just that... bullshit. Sometimes I can’t remember the question I most recently asked.”

“You could’ve fooled me.”

She speaks so quietly that I can’t help but stare at her lips. They’re so pink and plump that I ache to nibble on them. To find out how they taste. I’d bet a year’s salary it would be like tasting the nectar of the Gods.

I lift my arm over the back of her seat and lean in.

“So you might not know it, but I’m single. And you? Are you dating someone, Alanis?”

She licks her bottom lip, and I bite back a moan.

“Smooth.” She pushes into my shoulder, and those electric jolts fire into me again.

“Hey, a guy’s gotta know. I certainly wouldn’t want to ask you out on a date if you’re seeing someone. Matty obviously wouldn’t mention it. Even though I have a feeling, I’d still take my chance if you were with somebody. It’d be more of a platonic outing, even though it’d kill me inside.”

Her eyes dilate, and she takes in a sharp inhale. “I’m not.”

I flip my fingers into her hair and play with the silky strands.

“Great. Then we’re going out tonight to the German restaurant up the mountain. I’ll pick you up at six.”

Before she can say okay, my phone shrills interrupting a very tempting moment.

Sighing, I lean back and look at it. Shit. “Sorry, gotta take this. Be right back.”

### CHAPTER 4

#### ALANIS

I stand in front of my full-length mirror, taking in my outfit, a curve-hugging red dress. By putting this on, I'm definitely asking —actually, screaming— for Chance to give me his undivided attention tonight. I've always been proud of my womanly curves. I've got the badonkadonk with a capital B. And a little cleavage never hurt anybody. But I make sure I always stay classy. With this knee-length dress with the slight slit up the leg and wrap-around front that showcases the girls, it's inviting without being glaringly obvious what I'm looking for.

Plus, I feel awesome in this dress, and that's all that really matters.

Glancing behind me at the clock, Matty still isn't home yet, and I want to sneak out before he gets back. He catches me and I know what he'll say, or at least I think I do.

Matty is overprotective, and most of the time, I love that about him. But I also easily get annoyed with him. In the end, though, my brother only wants me to be happy. That's all he's ever wanted and worked so hard for. It's what he makes sure to accomplish every day.

But I think I could be happy with Chance. He's sexy, intelligent, sweet, and funny. He's already best friends with my brother, so my brother likes him, which has always been questionable about guys I was attracted to before.

Cause there's been a string of real... winners . And I use that word in the most

sarcastic way ever.

There was the guy who thought giving his savings to someone who said they could pull an iceberg to Florida was a good idea. It wasn't. The iceberg wasn't real. I gave him my condolences on losing all his money, but that only told me how he handled his finances.

There was the guy who trained his parrot to call me "my bitch" when I walked into the room. "How's it going my bitch?" from a white parrot was a little amusing, but when I told him it was a cute trick, but I didn't want to be called that. He said he couldn't stop it after it started. The parrot was the one with the balls.

And lastly, there was the guy who decided to make shrimp ceviche when I was clear that I'm highly allergic and then tried to force feed me because he thought it would be cool to see what happens.

Death. That's what could happen.

I was outta there, fast.

But Chance didn't try to kiss me. And he didn't come back after taking the phone call. A little bit of me has my past with guys waving a little red flag. Even though I'm confident in every other aspect of my life— dating, is at the top of the "I'm Not the Best at This List."

That and sex, apparently.

There was one guy in college who I dated for a year. It was lust at first sight, and then he took my V-card and never looked back. I have to give him props for hanging in there for... a few weeks. But he was a ghost once the deed was done. I battled with the thought that I was terrible in bed.



The next guy told me I was “too cautious” and kept trying to get me to loosen up and enjoy sex. But for whatever reason, that didn’t work either.

Maybe some people don’t get the fireworks with sex, and being close to someone must be enough.

I mean, I do get a rush from my job. The thrill of stealing back airplanes and helicopters riles me like no other. It can take days to come down from such an adrenaline dose.

And for me, that’s been more exciting than sex or even giving myself an orgasm. Stealing a plane right in front of the person is the biggest turn-on a woman like me could ever have. The look on their face is priceless. Thinking about it gets my palms itchy and my heart racing.

But lately being around Chance does the same thing. Tingles. Everywhere. Toes to roots of my hair— zing, zing, zing!

Matty walks in. I hear his keys fall into the bowl by the door. His footsteps echo through the house as he heads into the kitchen. I wince at not getting out of here before now.

“Alanis, you want to go to Sip for dinner? Chance has something to do tonight, so it’s just me, maybe Kian, and a couple of guys from the team.”

Sip Happens is the neighborhood hangout. I go to dinner there occasionally, but Matty’s team is often there after games. They’re loud, boisterous, and kinda remind me of my girls’ group. I still recall a couple of times that Matty laid into them about even thinking about touching me. Every time a new player joins, he goes through a speech, loud enough so everybody in the bar hears what he says. It’s both annoying and endearing.

Come to think about it, my brother could also be a significant reason for my lack of quality experience with men. He scares everybody away from me.

Well, not everybody.

Not Chance.

I yell back, “I have a date.”

It doesn’t even take a second. His feet pound down the hallway, and he peeks his head into the doorway. His eyes go wide as he looks at me, then they narrow. “A date? Since when?”

I huff and glare back, “Since when the guy asked me out.”

The doorbell rings, and my knees shake.

He can’t possibly be this early?

I still have ten minutes.

Doesn’t he know that a woman wants all the minutes...

My heart becomes an out-of-control train, and I refrain from chewing my lip— no need to get red lipstick on my teeth.

Matty pulls his phone out of his back pocket and looks at the doorbell video. He laughs. “Well, you’re not going out with him . I’d kill him.” He taps his phone, and the lock on the front door unlocks.

Well, this isn’t going to go great. I blow out a long breath to try to decompress. I’m

never going to have a happy, loving relationship at this rate.

Will I ever have another orgasm not self-initiated?

I finish putting in my earrings and slipping on my heels. I grab my clutch and work my way to the hallway.

“Bro, let’s go,” a tenor voice echoes down the hallway.

My heart slows down, and I let out an exhale. Chance’s smooth bass voice is nowhere to be heard. It’s a little more high-pitched. Somebody else. Thank you.

“Alanis, I’m gonna head to Sip with Kian. Be safe. If you need me, call!”

“Okay. Thanks.”

Elation fills me and I do a little happy dance. It was a real possibility that he was going to hang out until I was picked up.

Explaining to Matty the whys sounds exhausting. Maybe I can just fly Chance and I somewhere and we can figure this out without the pressure of Matty on our back...

Probably not great to run away. Doesn’t scream “adult.”

Although I’ve always done the smart thing. Doing something a little off-brand doesn’t sound bad right now. Plus, I’m an adult. I want this.

“Later, Alan!” Kian calls out, his nickname for me making me shake my head.

Kian, the catcher to my brother the pitcher on the field, would’ve stayed, doing the intimidation thing, too. It’s bad enough I have one brother, now I have a freaking

baseball team who watches me like I'm their kid sister.

I enter the living room as the front door clicks shut and locks. Since I moved in, Matty set up a pretty impressive home security system.

Five minutes later, the doorbell rings, my heart sputters, and my stomach flutters.

It's him...

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 8:37 am*

### CHAPTER 5

#### CHANCE

The evening breeze is a little cool, reminding me that we're not into summer yet. I stand at the door with anticipation. After all, I saw her this afternoon, but in a crazy way, I'm already missing her. As soon as I left here, I wanted to turn around and never leave. Whatever this is, it's hit me hard and in a new and weird way, I'm okay with that.

The door opens, and before me is a goddess of every man's dream. Her beauty makes me burn in ways I've never experienced. It's like she could take me down to my knees and I would gladly stay there for her. Worshipping her.

Alanis is utterly and entirely breathtaking.

The sinful curves.

The bright red hair.

The classic red smile.

A pinup girl if I've ever seen one. I want to have portraits done of her. She's just completely stunning and every man will be turning their heads to watch her.

I work to let my jaw drop as I take her in. My heart aches at the sight before me.

I kick myself for leaving earlier today without saying goodbye, but the call was about an opportunity in Chicago for a station to do their five o'clock sports during the week. It's the call I've been waiting for in my career. It's the job. The one that can make or break my career.

I have to fly out in two days to do the interview. My gut churns.

Is it fair to start this when she's here? Could she move?

Her ninja skills are bound to be flexible. I mean she can fly herself places. That's like a superhero skill.

Her career choice impresses me. I didn't know airplane repo was even a thing, but apparently, it is. Knowing she does something so different and charged with uncertainty, I'm highly turned on by it. She's a little dangerous. And I like it.

But would she consider moving when Matty's here? Her whole life has been here in Everville. When their father died five years ago, Alanis was still in college. Matty vowed he'd be in this small town until she left. He's devoted to her, and she's devoted to him.

Her job and flexibility are both a blessing and a curse. It allows her to go when needed, but we'd also have to be apart for a week at a time.

I step into the doorway, "You're gorgeous," I whisper into her ear.

A shiver makes her slide against me. I hold in a smile at her reaction.

Good. She's affected too.

"Thanks." She turns her head a little and whispers into my ear. "You clean up kinda

nice yourself.”

I could listen to her whisper sweet nothings in my ear all night long. Preferably with a little breathlessness.

Slipping my hand behind her neck, I lower my head and tell myself not to kiss her, so I only dot a brush of a kiss to her forehead and then my stomach growls. Loudly.

Her soft laugh weaves itself around me. “Are you hungry for me, Chance?” She sucks in a deep breath.

My cock twitches.

She stiffens. “I didn’t mean...” Her face burns red.

I lean closer, my lips a hair’s width away from hers. “I’m starving, but... Alanis, let’s get some food first.”

Pulling myself away, I step out of the doorway and watch her as she moves out of the house and locks up.

“You know, it’s forty-five minutes up the mountain to get to Das Rhineland,” she mentions while biting her lip.

I stop. Shit. I can’t wait that long. “Oh... how about the ramen place on Main?”

A beautiful laugh floats in the air. “Yeah, I like that place, too.”

Lifting my hand to the small of her back, I guide her down the walkway to my car. “Before we start, can I ask you one question?”

“Sure.”

“Would you ever consider moving from Everville?” I hold my breath. Who knew such a question would tie me up in knots? Especially for a woman I haven’t seen in three years.

She rolls her tongue in her mouth as she thinks it over. “Probably not.”

Every hope and dream withers in those two words.

I give her a soft smile. Well, then, we’ll have fun tonight, but I need to keep my head on straight. I don’t want to play around and hurt her heart.

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ALANIS

We step into the restaurant and I glance across the room to the bar. Holland and Oaklynn teeter on bar stools, drinking happy-hour margaritas. Deadly, but you don’t realize it until it’s too late. Been there. They whoop out across the room, waving their hands in the air.

I laugh and wave back as they closely inspect Chance. I need to get this over with, or they’ll be hounding us all night, and I want to be alone with Chance.

Slipping my hand into his, electricity shoots up my arm. We squeeze each other’s fingers as we gaze at each other.

I look away first, leading him toward my two giddy friends.

“Chance, these two are my friends, Holland and Oaklynn.” I point to each



dramatically and Holland smiles and looks him up and down.

Oaklynn crosses her arms. “Wait, as in Matty’s best friend , Chance?”

“Yep, the one and only.” He nods at Oaklynn, his bass voice giving me a thrill.

She plays with the straw in her drink making a very annoying squeaking noise, that she knows gets to me, but other things are also getting to me. “Interesting. Verrry interesting.”

I glare at Holland and shake my head. Holland is known for starting things she shouldn’t, especially when one of her girls is involved. She can be a little mama bear and an instigator in ensuring the people she loves get what they want.

She knows I want Chance. I want him badly. But I need to do this on my own terms.

Oaklynn asks, “So, has your fortune come true?”

My head spins to her, and I glare. My face burns hot. Apparently, she’s taking over as the ballbuster of the group.

Tequila does really weird shit to people.

Holland smirks at me as if she’s proud of her little understudy in meddling.

“What fortune?” Chance asks, his hand squeezing mine with a soft hand kiss.

Oaklynn leans toward him, “Oh, it said?—”

“We better get to our table,” I say over her while squeezing Chance’s hand. I’m buzzing that he held my hand the whole time.

Chance smiles down at me. “Alright. It was nice meeting you, ladies.”

I glare at my friends over my shoulder but let Chance lead me away.

“Hope to see you again, Chance,” Holland yells, not caring that we’re in the middle of a crowded restaurant.

I’m thinking of leaving and going for German food right about now.

### CHAPTER 6

#### ALANIS

“You’re not serious, right?” he asks.

I cross my arms on my chest as the wait staff brings the check and I reach for it when it appears. “It’s dutch, Chance.”

“Now, I know that you’re a strong, independent?—”

“You’re making that sound like it’s not a good thing.”

He closes his eyes and when they reopen there’s a spark that makes me still. “It’s one of the sexiest things about you.” He sighs. “Fine. Dutch it is.”

I have a feeling that this conversation isn’t quite over.

He leans forward and his hand lands on mine as I place my credit card on the plastic tray. “I appreciate that you’re strong and confident and damn, I’m pretty sure that every man in this place has been staring at you all night... but I’d love to treat you to a meal... once in a while.”

“So you’d like to do this again?” I ask, my heart beating faster in my chest. The thump-thump-thump echoing through my body, igniting parts of me that are already buzzing.

“I’d like to do this for the rest of our lives, if I get the chance, Alanis.”

The wait staff breaks our locked eyes as the machine he puts my card into beeps.

I smile. “Guess I’m paying for this one.”

“Shit.”

“Too slow, Clayton,” I giggle through the words as I fill out the rest of the info to close out the tab.

“You’re sneaky.”

“I get paid to be sneaky, remember?”

He nods, but I can see the reticence in his eyes. “That still sounds dangerous to me.”

“I take calculated risks.”

“Am I a calculated risk?” he asks as we stand.

I turn to him, move in close, and rise to my toes. My lips hover just a breath away from his. “One, I’m willing to take.”

I close the distance. Our lips press softly and then his hand is behind my neck and the pressure is deliciously firm... demanding. And then we hear whooping from the bar.

He laughs against my lips. “I think we should... leave.”

He slips his hand into mine and gives a wave to the ladies at the bar. I give them a finger and they laugh.

My phone buzzes in my pocket and I pull it out as we slip out the door.

Holland: I am so happy for you, bestie. You deserve happiness. Ignore Oaklynn, she's upset that her fortune might never come true. Hopefully yours does.

My heart warms. I knew there was something happening with Oaklynn. She's normally not that drunk and not that obnoxious.

We step outside and the cool spring air makes me shiver. Without asking, Chance's jacket wraps around me, and instant warmth wraps me up in a one armed hug.

The night went by way too fast and I don't want it to end. The conversation between us flowed effortlessly. When we got into the topic of how I could get into the planes and helicopters, I was nervous to tell him that it took a lot of flirting, touching, low-cut shirts and even shorter skirts.

I heard him do a soft growl. Which, let's be honest, had my body humming even more for him. But he didn't blow a gasket. He took a breath and said he understood how that would be advantageous. As long as I'm safe about it all, he has to admit it's an exciting job. It's my passion and I'm not giving it up for him or anyone.

But I eased up on convincing him when he said that. I didn't realize I tensed up waiting for his judgment. But he didn't do that. It made me even mushier for him. I did ask him not to mention it to Matty, though. If Matty found out that's how I did it, he'd chain me inside the house and never let me go.

Chance agreed and I wondered if he thought about where Matty might chain him, if he finds out about us.

I inhale deeply, taking in his woodsy cologne, and wish I'm wrapped in his arms. How amazing would that feel?

Once I have my arms in the sleeves, Chance pulls me into his chest by the collar.

I gasp and stare at his lips.

That first kiss was a kiss, but I crave more. More of him than he might not want to give me. I've never been one to think about settling down. I've been focused on my career and getting off the ground— literally and figuratively. But this man has me thinking of white pickets, three bedrooms, minivans and a cat or dog... or hell, both!

I want it all. I want things I've never let myself think about when it comes to him.

But then I think about what the last guy said to me and I feel that caution sink in. Maybe I should just go home and wait for another night.

My body convulses at the thought. The tingles start between my leg and radiate out.

He leans down. I slowly close my eyes, and butterflies beat hard against my stomach. My heart leaps in my chest. My blood whooshes in my ears.

“Please, grab my dog!” I hear from behind me.

Chance and I startle at the loud intrusion and glance around the street. A very determined tiny Chihuahua barrels its way down the sidewalk, heading straight toward us.

I could curse that dog. I was so close.

In more ways than one...

But what can we do? We can't allow the poor thing to get hurt.

“I’ll go around the bench. You get in front of it. Hopefully, one of us can grab it or move it to the wall, and the owner can grab it,” Chance says.

I nod, and he moves quickly while I move in front of the dog as it nears. It yaps at me and turns around to run away but ends up running into Chance’s arms. Lucky pooch. And as soon as it does, it stops barking, like it knows he’s in charge.

The owner of the dog runs up, breathless. “Thank you so much. This guy is an escape artist.” The woman eyes Chance up and down and gives him a flirtatious smile.

My hackles slowly rise, but I have nothing to worry about. Chance hands over the dog and then slides his arm around me.

“No problem. Glad we were able to help. Would’ve been unfortunate if anything happened to him.”

“Right.” I curl into Chance’s side, and the woman frowns but thanks us again, and walks off with the little dog.

Chance moves in front of me and pulls me in. “Maybe I should take you back to?”

“No.” I place my hands on his chest and fall into him. “I don’t want to go back. I...I want to stay with you.”

He sighs. “Alanis, I’m going to interview for a job in Chicago on Monday.”

My heart skips and I wonder if I heard him right. When I replay what he said, instant sadness cools my body. He could be leaving. And so far away from here.

Panic plays tennis in my mind and heart, whacking my emotions back and forth. I’m already scared that he’ll leave. That has to mean something, but I’m not exactly sure

what. I finally connected with a man, and he's possibly going away.

I bite my bottom lip and look deeply into his eyes.

I've never liked change, but I've also never been to Chicago. It could be a good change. But even if it doesn't happen...

"Then." I give my most sultry voice. "I guess we need to enjoy tonight."

Chance's eyes flare to lust, his head leans down as his hands move up my waist to cup my neck, and his lips crash against mine.

There's no softness in the kiss. Only need. He ravishes my mouth and licks me open, diving in and taking every breath from my body. Who needs oxygen when Chance can kiss me into life?

He's brought me to true living because I've never once felt this. Not once.

In the blink of an eye, we are suddenly transported from Main Street to Chance's bedroom at the Bed & Breakfast. My body trembles with excitement as I try to stifle a giggle. The room is an excessive display of Victorian opulence, with soft whites and florals adorning every surface. But my attention is immediately drawn to the four-poster bed, beckoning me like a siren's call.

"Are you sure about this?" Chance whispers in my ear as he wraps his arms around me from behind. His lips trail down my neck, sending shivers down my spine. Has anyone ever kissed me there before? Or is it just Chance's touch that ignites such intense desire within me?

I cling onto his hands, afraid he'll pull away. "I've never been surer of anything in my life."



He smiles against my skin. “Good.” He tries to turn me around, but I hold him firmly in place, my fears gripping me and making me freeze. “Easy, Alanis. I have no intention of leaving tonight. You’re the only place I want to be.”

The thought of him leaving and not being able to have him for much longer makes me feel desperate and needy. Slowly, I release my grip on him and he turns me around, meeting my lips in a fierce and passionate kiss. His fingers deftly undo the tie on the side of my dress, revealing more of my skin.

Without hesitation, his hands glide under the material and trace patterns on my bare skin, causing goosebumps to peak in the path. He pulls me closer until I can feel his arousal pressing against my lower stomach through our clothes, and my barely-there bra allows my nipples to brush against the fabric of his shirt. A gasp escapes my lips as pleasure shoots through me.

I crave the feeling of our bodies connecting skin-to-skin, devouring each other with pure desire. Tonight, I want to lose myself in Chance and forget about everything else and forget about anyone else.

His kisses leave a trail of fire down my neck, igniting a primal desire within me. His hands roam hungrily over my back, swiftly undoing my bra as he makes his way to my stomach, teasing and tormenting me with his lips and tongue.

I grip his hair tightly, urging him on as he reaches the top of my panties, sending electrifying pulses through my body. I arch my hips, craving more of his touch.

He takes control, sliding his hand down around my waist and gripping my ass possessively. I can feel the heat emanating from him, knowing that he is the only one who can quench this burning ache inside of me.

My breath catches in anticipation as he inches closer, almost there. I writhe beneath

him, unable to contain my pleasure any longer. And just when I think I can't take it anymore, he nips at my thigh, eliciting a moan from deep within me.

But then his kisses move lower, heading towards my right leg. It feels so good... but no, wait... go back to where I need you most.

I try to form the words, but his hands are too distracting, exploring every inch of my body with precision and skill. I surrender to the sensations, losing myself in the moment.

As his mouth continues its tantalizing journey downwards, I'm reminded of the fortune cookie's message - maybe unexpected places were meant to be on my body and not a physical location.

I let this realization sink in as Chance worships me with his touch.

With one hand stroking me over my barely-there undies and the other gripping my thigh, he brings me to the edge of ecstasy and in another breath, I fall over the cliff. I cling onto him for support as waves of pleasure crash over me like a tidal wave.

He pulls off my panties slowly, never breaking eye contact with me. "You're so fucking sexy," he whispers before delving his tongue inside me, sending me spiraling into a frenzy of ecstasy.

I cry out his name as he expertly continues to please me, my vision blurring with white light. I'm on the verge of exploding again. And like the heavens have opened up, I'm consumed by another intense release that leaves me breathless and completely under Chance's spell.

I crave more of him, and we're just getting started.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 8:37 am*

### CHAPTER 7

#### CHANCE

Backing her to the bed, I bring down slowly from the second peak. That one even surprised me. My ego got a large stroke after she melted in my arms and my mouth. Twice.

Fuck...

Watching her break is the sexiest thing I've ever seen. I'll never get enough of watching her unravel before me because of me.

She lays out like a goddess with red flames of fire circling her head.

Our eyes meet and she whimpers, "Please."

To know she needs more is everything to me. I've never felt as calm in knowing what I want and yet electrified by a woman before. There haven't been many women in the past, I'm picky, I admit it. But this one is the one I've been waiting for.

I kiss my way up her body, softly caressing her to help her calm down. Because we're nowhere close to done, I want to push her to the peak once again. And again. And again.

I want her to beg for me to stop only to have it happen once more and she's Jell-O in my arms.

I kiss up to her chest and sneak my hands under her loosened bra and take large handfuls in my palms.

She mewls at the touch. I lean down and capture the sound between my lips.

Alanis pulls her head back and gives me a lazy smile. "You're overdressed."

I look down and laugh. Yep. She looks debauched, and not even a button is undone on me.

"Well, let's change that."

She bites her bottom lip and nods eagerly.

"Strip the rest of your clothes."

Her eyes widen with her smile. She stands and removes her dress and bra.

"Leave the shoes on," I whisper.

She smirks and does as I say. She's displayed before me on the bed, like the best buffet a man could ever request. So much to taste, lick, suck, and nip.

She raises a brow.

I smirk at her and give her a slow strip tease. When I stand before her naked, her eyes stray over my whole body, taking in every bit of me. I've never been so connected and desired by a woman before.

But Alanis is different because she's my woman. I know it. There's something cosmic and kismet about us meeting. Like something was intervening in our love.

She lifts her arms and reaches for me. I love that she needs me. Being hers is what I want to be.

I lay over her, and when our skin touches, we both gasp.

I lean down and kiss her mouth as she opens her legs and cradles me. I'm not able to wait. I need to be inside her. I reach down between us and line us up perfectly. Then ever so slowly, I'm inside heaven, and there's no turning back.

Her tightness is all consuming that within moments we're breathless, sweating, and lost to the world. She's meeting me thrust for thrust, kiss for kiss. She shows me no mercy by guiding me to what she likes and following where I lead. The partnership in our lovemaking is dynamic and addicting. There are only the two of us, and nothing can break this bond. Neither of us can last long.

Alanis roars in my ear, and I'm directly behind her. Never wanting to leave her, I roll us over, and she lays on top of me.

"Damn, that was better than... anything. It doesn't compare. It's beyond compare."

"Really?" Her shy question endears me even more.

"You're a tigress, baby."

She laughs. "And you're a tiger. That was unbelievable, Chance."

I lift her chin to look up at me, kiss her softly, and let her see everything in my eyes. "I love you, Alanis."

The words are a new type of release, but my heart breaks at the possibility of us never being together.

Her eyes mist, and she smiles. “I love you too.”

### CHAPTER 7

#### CHANCE

My phone rings in my pants on the floor. I ignore it and snuggle closer to Alanis. I calm down when the ringing stops, only for it to start over again.

“Come on,” I mumble and dig around the floor for my pants and pull out my phone, answering it. “What?”

“Dude,” Matty yells in a panic, “I can’t find Alanis! She went on a date. It doesn’t look like she came home. Fuck!”

I roll over and smile at her, sound asleep. “She’s okay, Matty.”

A pause on the other line. “And how do you know that?”

Alanis rolls over to me, snuggles closer, and opens her eyes. A bright smile lights up her face.

I sigh. “Because she’s here with me.” I’ll never ever deny having her by my side. It would be like I was denying that this is forever. Fortunately, I’ve found the one person I want to spend my life with. Whether here... whether there... wherever... it’s happening.

The line goes dead. I drop the phone, kiss her lips and nuzzle her neck. “I think we should get dressed, baby. He’s probably on his way over here.”

Damn him. I wanted another repeat performance. Having her three times already isn't enough. It won't ever be enough.

"I can handle him."

Shaking my head, "No, I want to do this."

Quickly we dress and are waiting in the living room when Matty bangs on the front door. The glass rattles and we look at each other.

"Open the fucking door, Chance! Alanis? Alanis, are you really in there?"

I look over to Alanis. "You ready?"

"Can we run away?" She pouts, making me want to bite her bottom lip.

I chuckle. "No." I get serious. "If he can't deal with this, we'll have to talk, but I'm here and I'm not going anywhere. Well, maybe, but we can talk about that, too."

She nods. "I do love you, Chance."

My heart grows bigger than my body. "Ditto, baby."

Opening the door, Matty blasts his way in, pacing the floor and giving me the evil death glare. "What the fuck is going on? Are you kidding me? I told you. I told you to leave her alone. She's been shit on by guys. She needs to be watched over, not seduced by you." Matty steps into me and works at intimidating me by getting in my face. I don't budge. I won't. He could knock me out and I'd wake up knowing that I would fight for her.

"Hey, I'm right here, you know." Alanis rolls her eyes, and I chuckle. She's equally



as sexy as she is cute.

And I'm not afraid of Matty. As much bark as he has, he's like that chihuahua. Someone's going to grab him and shut him up, too.

Matty pleads with Alanis. "Tell me it's not true." Then he glares at me, "And now. Now you go and take advantage?—"

Alanis stands tall and asserts herself with her brother. "No, he didn't. I wanted this. I love him, Matty."

Matty stops, his jaw drops, and he switches his gaze back and forth between us. "What? Love? No... what? I can't... No..." It's like he's a record, glitching and skipping.

"Yes . I'm in love with your best friend, and I think he feels the same."

"There's no think about it. I love her, too. Head over heels and never want to be apart from here again."

Matty rolls his tongue in his mouth, "And you'll take care of her?"

"Better than you ever could." And I meant that nobody would care and love Alanis as I will. "She's my dream. I feel like something brought us together, Matty. It's a dream come true."

He loosens up and paces around a bit. "I got called up to the major league last week by the Braves, but I was going to decline to stay here."

Alanis and I are both slack-jawed.

“I guess you get to live your dream, too,” Alanis says.

Matty stands in front of his sister. “Are you sure? Like totally positive because I’ll say ‘no’ to them and you can run out of?”

She smiles. “Matty, Chance’s interviewing in Chicago for a position at a station.”

“Man, why didn’t you tell me?” Matty shouts.

Whoa... change of subject and now he’s just as grouchy as before. This guy needs some major therapy.

“We’re telling you now. I could be covering you playing the Cubbies.”

“And you will be. I guarantee it.”

“Thanks, Matty. I appreciate all your support. You’ve always been there for me and I don’t think I would have believed in myself if I didn’t have you there believing in me.”

The honestly dissolves the tension. We do the whole bro hug that turns into a real hug.

This man could be my brother-in-law. Will be my brother-in-law.

I watch my woman as she rolls her eyes. “You two should kiss and get it over with.”

We all laugh.

I pull her in instead and kiss her. “You’re better at kissing than your brother.”

She pushes me away. “Ewww. How would you know that?”

Matty laughs, “You don’t want to know. You two want to get some brunch?”  
Forgetting he was about to punch me only moments ago.

You gotta love best friends. They can be as irritating as they are endearing.

“I’m starving.” I pat my stomach and look at Alanis.

She leans over and whispers in my ear, “You can eat me later, stud.”

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 8:37 am*

### EPILOGUE

#### ALANIS

“I think over there...” I point, the rocker swaying with the movement as I direct my brother to hang a picture of a pink chihuahua in the nursery. I rub my stomach.

He has two weeks off for Christmas and he wants to be here for the big day.

Only one more week until the need for that minivan is a reality. And this little surprised happened before he could put a ring on it. My finger being it.

I worried that he wasn't going to be happy about it, and when he started crying, I freaked out. But turns out that happy tears are a thing.

Now, it only meant that I really couldn't do my job, so when he was offered that job in Chicago, it was a no-brainer. It was time to move on. Away from Everville and my friends. It's been an adjustment.

I miss them. So much.

The front door opens, our little dog ChiChi barks, but quickly quiets, and I swear I hear more than just Chance's feet pad across the entry floor.

“Chance? Honey?”

There's nothing.

“Chance?” Matty calls out and again nothing.

Then four heads peek around the corner, all yelling “Surprise!”

Holy shit!

And then the hormones kick in. I’m bawling before I can even say “hello.”

One by one my friends come in and give me hugs. They all pat my belly like it’s the Buddha’s belly and I’m good luck. I think we all are good luck.

Chance steps into the room and squats down next to me, kissing my cheek. “Hey baby... and baby.” He palms my almost bursting belly.

“What are you all doing here?”

They all point to Matty.

“You did this?” I ask, my heart burning in my chest.

“I knew you needed your girls around you right now, so I contacted your pilot partners and had them flown here.”

Oaklynn steps up, “Swanky, private jet.” Her diamond ring almost blinds me and I grab for it. All the girls smile.

“When? How? Who?!” I ask and everyone giggles.

“That’s a story for another day, but let’s just say... the second time around can be twice as nice.”

And instantly I know who it is.

Her fortune was right...

All of ours were and she was the last one who needed to find her forever love.

“Let’s go have margaritas...” Holland says as she helps me to stand. “Well, not you.”

I take a step and I feel a trickle down my leg. “Oh my! My water just broke!”

The cheering is deafening. They’re all so excited to be here to meet this little one.

And so am I.

She’s going to be a part of the gang here in a few hours.

“Honey, can you grab my go-bag?” I ask as they help me waddle down the hallway.

“Already in the car.”

They all file out, hopping into the car Matty rented, and it’s just Chance and me left in the house.

“You ready for this?”

“Seems like we’re always facing something and you’re asking me that...” I say, wrapping my arms around him, but the first contraction sets in and grimace.

“We can face anything, Alanis. I’m so lucky to have you by my side and now, in six months we’ll be married.”

I promised him, six months after this one made her debut, and we’d walk down the aisle. “I can’t wait.” My stomach and back burn. “But... neither can she apparently. We need to go.”

Forever is just starting.

We'd love to know what you thought about Her Bro's Best Friend: Fortunately Forever 1.

And be sure to check out the second in the series, True Adventure. The story of Felicity!

Felicity

I thought I left my chaotic past behind—after all, what could go wrong when your ex-husband is worse than the devil himself?

As a curvy woman with thick arms and thighs, I know my worth, even if my former spouse never did.

With friends who've always supported me but I think secretly detested my ex, I'm on a journey of self-acceptance and rediscovery.

But Demon — I mean Damon — makes his reappearance at the most inconvenient times, it feels like I'm living in a never-ending nightmare.

Just as I'm beginning to embrace my voluptuous figure and mischievous spirit, I go on a stroll through the woods which turns into an unexpected thrill.

When Ben, a ruggedly charming police officer, rescues me from tumbling down a mountain side and then steps in to protect me from the lurking dangers of the past, I begin to wonder if my fairytale has a chance at a happy ending.

Could Ben be the true adventure my fortune cookie was speaking of?

In this captivating second story in the Fortunately Forever series, join me, Felicity as

I navigate the treacherous terrain of love, friendship, and the shadows of my past.

From humorous banter to heartfelt moments, this series dives into the ups and downs of friendship, love, and everything in between. In Everville, passion runs deep, and as secrets unfold and connections blossom, the power of love is undeniable—even for those who swore they'd never settle down. Get ready for a rollercoaster ride of laughter, tears, and just a sprinkle of fate!

Love the town of Everville?

You can find it in this series, too! Sip Happens !

The Sip Happens Neighborhood Pub is home to a group of guys who are the most eligible bachelors in the vacation destination town of Everville in the Blue Ridge Mountains. But eligible doesn't always mean looking. Maybe when they stop looking...love will find them.