



Assisting the **BOSSHOLE**

The Bosshole Files: Book 1

Kristin MacQueen

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Kristin MacQueen

Published by Kristin MacQueen, 2020.

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Assisting the Bosshole \(The Bosshole Files Book One\)](#)

[Playlist](#)

[1](#)

[2](#)

[3](#)

[4](#)

[5](#)

[6](#)

[7](#)

[8](#)

[9](#)

[10](#)

[11](#)

[12](#)

[13](#)

[14](#)

[15](#)

[16](#)

[17](#)

[18](#)

[19](#)

[20](#)

[21](#)

[22](#)

[23](#)

[24](#)

[25](#)

[26](#)

[27](#)

[28](#)

[29](#)

[30](#)

[31](#)

[32](#)

[33](#)

[34](#)

[35](#)

[36](#)

[37](#)

[38](#)

[39](#)

[40](#)

[41](#)

[42](#)

[43](#)

[44](#)

[45](#)

[46](#)

[47](#)

[48](#)

[49](#)

[50](#)

[51](#)

[52](#)

[53](#)

[54](#)

[55](#)

[56](#)

[Want a bonus chapter?](#)

[What's next for the Bossholes?](#)

[Interview with the Bossholes](#)

[Author's Note](#)

[Stay connected with me!](#)

[Also by Kristin MacQueen](#)

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First edition. March 15, 2020.

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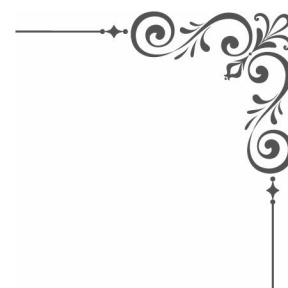
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Her – Cole Swindell
Wanted- Hunter Hayes
One Thing Right – Marshmello, Kane Brown



Parker



STARING ACROSS THE board room table, I exchange glances with my two best friends, Lucas and Owen. They roll their eyes as Mr. Anderson drones on and on about what we should be doing with the company. He's one of the older employees here. He isn't happy to have three *younglings*, as he calls us, come in and take over things. My dad, along with Lucas' and Owen's, formed this investment company when they were fresh out of college, now that they want to retire and enjoy their money, they've passed the reins over to us.

"You really should be taking the advice of more seasoned individuals. You're so young, you don't know how things should be run in this company."

I let out a loud sigh. Every single meeting is the same, Mr. Anderson criticizes us because of our age and aggressive business strategies. They know nothing about us or our knowledge of investing.

"If you're done, Mr. Anderson, I'd love to address *my* employees. Mr. Coleman, Mr. Powell and I know what we're doing. We don't need your approval to make decisions around here. Contrary to what you believe, we've been learning how to run this company since before we graduated high school. Our fathers are still on the board and have a say in every major decision, but they've yet to disagree with what we propose to them."

Owen and Lucas push their chairs away from the table, taking their places on either side of me. We always present a united front, always.

"Mr. Anderson, if you feel we aren't able to run this company to your liking you're free to leave and find a new job." Lucas gestures to the door.

"Don't expect a letter of recommendation though, I wouldn't want my name attached to someone who likes to undermine their bosses in front of their employees," Owen adds, crossing his arms over his chest.

The three of us make an interesting team. Owen's blunt, in your face and built like an ox. You'd expect to find him on a football field, not in a board room. Lucas is our voice of reason; he remains calm in every situation and has a massive heart. I'm the asshole. I don't take shit from anyone, I'm cold and ruthless. I'll stop at nothing to get what I want.

"Mr. Powell, you know that's not what I'm doing. I'd never undermine you or question your decisions."

“Then what exactly are you doing? Because I'm done with you wasting my time.” I stare him down, enjoying when he squirms in his chair.

“I'm... I'm just saying there's other ways.”

“Do you think your ways are better than the men who sign your paychecks?” Owen raises a brow.

“Of course not!”

“Mr. Anderson, I think it's time for you to go back to your office before you upset us anymore, we wouldn't want to make any decisions we might regret. Please refrain from coming to any future meetings until you learn to keep your bitterness over us running the company to yourself.” Lucas stays calm.

“Mr. Coleman, please-”

“Mr. Coleman asked you to leave. If you can't do it yourself, I'm sure Mr. Powell would be all too happy to help you.”

I've never witnessed someone move so fast in my entire life. He shoves all of his papers into his briefcase and is out the door in less than thirty seconds. Not bad for a short, overweight, sixty-year-old man. I'm almost impressed.

“Now, does anyone else have an issue with how we run this company or may we continue with this meeting and make this company some money?”

A round of *No, Sir's* is heard throughout the room. Lucas leads the rest of the meeting, knowing Owen and I have short tempers and won't put up with much else from our employees.

“Is there anything else anyone needs to share with us?” Lucas asks when he's finished.

“Mr. Scott?” An older curvy blonde woman from human resources raises her hand.

“Yes.”

“Your new assistant is starting today. Their name is...” She shuffles through several papers before she continues. “Logan Johnson.”

“Thank you.”

“Please be nice to them, this is the fourth assistant you've had in three months.”

“Are you saying that's my fault?” I raise a brow, hoping to intimidate her.

“Mr. Scott, I've known you since you were in diapers, you can't scare me. Yes, it's your fault. The last two came to me in tears within two hours of

meeting you. It's hard enough to find someone qualified to work for you, can't you make an old lady's job easy and don't make the good ones leave?"

"I'll try my hardest, but I won't make any promises." I throw her a wink.

The boys follow me back to my office, shutting the door behind us. We don't need our employees overhearing our conversations.

"Can we just fire the prick?" Owen asks, dropping into a chair like a child. He picks up the football on the edge of my desk, throwing it up in the air. I keep it there just for him.

"I second firing him." I hold a hand up, plopping down in my leather high back chair behind my desk.

"We can't fire the asshole."

"Why not, Luke? He acts like we're stupid." Owen pouts.

"Because if we fire him, the rest of our employees will think we'll fire anyone who challenges us. We want them to challenge us when we're wrong and voice their opinions."

"No, we don't." Owen and I blurt out at the same time, our brows furrowed together.

Lucas throws his head back laughing, it takes him a few moments to control his laughter enough to continue our conversation. He might be a hard ass in the business world but when it's the three of us, he's the lighthearted jokester.

"Ok, ok. We don't *want* them to challenge us or voice their opinions but we do *need* them to feel like we care about their thoughts and opinions. If they believe we're as cold hearted as you assholes act, no one will want to work for us. People want to believe their bosses care even if they don't."

"Can we offer him a retirement package nice enough he'll want to leave?" I smirk.

"No, Parker. They'll see through that in a second. Everyone knows the two of you want the prick gone. We have to either let him quit himself or wait until he retires. He's like sixty-five, he can't last too much longer."

"Thank fuck. If I have to watch him chew with his mouth open in the lunch room one more time, I'm gonna punch someone."

"You don't even eat in there, none of us do." I chuckle to myself.

"Yeah, well, sometimes Tina makes cookies and puts them in there. I threatened to fire her if she doesn't deliver them to my desk herself, but she just laughed and told me I knew where the lunch room was."

"Did you?"

“Did I what?”

“Know where the lunch room was?”

“Fuck no! I asked three different assholes and they all thought I was joking, walked away chuckling. I had to ask the cleaning guy.”

“Jerry.” Lucas nods his head.

“What?” Owen and I ask in unison.

“Jerry... he’s the cleaning guy.” We stare at Lucas, blinking in surprise. “What? Do you not know your employees? Jerry’s been working here for like twenty years.”

“I don’t need to know their names; they just need to know their jobs and do it.”

“What he said.” Owen throws a thumb my way.

“And you two wonder why no one will approach you.” He rolls his eyes, shaking his head.

“We’re totally fucking approachable,” I protest.

“We’re like giant teddy bears,” Owen adds.

“You two are as approachable as a hungry lion during feeding time and you know it. You catch more bees with honey than vinegar.”

“You catch more bees if you steal the damn hive,” Owen grumbles under his breath. I try to hide my laughter; Lucas gets upset when we don’t take him seriously. My body shakes with effort, Owen notices and starts chuckling right along with me. Lucas scowls but when we laugh even harder, he joins in with us. Soon we’re all holding our stomachs, tears forming in our eyes.

“Mr. Scott?” The intercom chirps.

I take a deep breath and let it out before pressing the button to respond.

“Yes.”

“Logan Johnson is here.”

“Who the hell is that?”

“Mr. Scott...” I can hear the eyeroll and loud sigh. “First off, I told you Logan is your new assistant and second, you’re on the intercom, people can hear you, please try to be pleasant.”

“Oh, Ms. Sampson, if I was pleasant it would ruin my reputation and make people think I’m nice. I don’t want either of those things to happen.”

“When you, Mr. Powell and Mr. Coleman are done, please instruct Logan on what you need done.”

“Is this one gonna cry?”

“If you could be nice, none of them would cry. Why can't you be more like Mr. Coleman?”

“This company would crumble if I was more like Lucas. I can be a bit more like Owen if you'd like.”

“Oh please, no. I don't need another of Mr. Powell.” Owen leans over my desk and presses the button himself, a scowl firmly on his face.

“Doris! What the fuck did I do?”

“I've had five complaints this week about your language and less than desirable attitude.”

“Oh, sweetness, my language is colorful but nothing to cry about. My attitude would be fantastic if people did their fucking jobs correctly the first time, but not all our employees can be like you, Doris.”

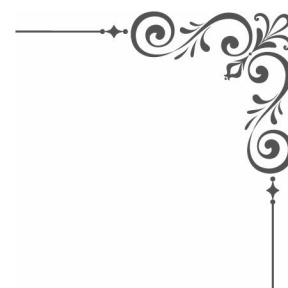
“Flattery will get you everything, Mr. Powell. Also, stop calling all the women pet names, people are complaining.”

“What if I start calling the men pet names too? Then no one will be left out and they can't complain.”

“Mr. Powell...” Doris lets out a long sigh. “Please don't call any of your employees pet names, especially the men.”

“Got it! So just the ladies! Thank for clearing that up, sugar.”

“Mr. Scott, Logan will be at the assistant's desk waiting for you. Please don't be long.”



Logan



TODAY CAN'T GET ANY worse than it already has been. When I woke up there was no hot water, I had to take an ice-cold shower. When I ran down the street so I wouldn't miss the train, my heel got stuck in a grate and broke. I had to stop in the first shoe store I saw and buy a new pair. Of course they only had stripper red heels with six-inch spikes in my size. Thankfully I wore a red blouse this morning. It doesn't look horrible but I feel like I look like someone who sleeps her way to the top instead of a hard-working employee.

When I stopped to get coffee, I dropped it as soon as I stepped out of the shop, but I didn't have time to go back in and get another one. Such is life, I'll survive without coffee... somehow.

I suck in a deep breath, blowing it out slowly as the elevator doors open to my new home away from home. Scott, Powell and Coleman.

"Can I help you?" A perky woman sitting behind a desk tilts her head, examining me.

"Um, yes, I'm Logan Johnson. I'm looking for Ms. Sampson."

"Do you have an appointment?"

"Yes. Today's my first day, she asked me to meet her at ten."

"Perfect! I'm Cindy by the way. Let me give her a call and let her know you're here. You can have a seat."

I slowly lower myself onto the soft white leather couch a few feet away. Cindy answers one phone call after another, her chipper voice brings a smile to my face. I hope everyone here is as nice and happy as Cindy seems to be.

The click of heels draws my attention to an older woman walking towards me, a large smile on her lips.

"Logan?"

"Yes." I stand, smoothing down my pencil skirt.

"I'm Doris, it's nice to finally meet you in person." She holds out her hand, shaking mine.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, I'm happy to be here."

"Let's hope you still feel that way at the end of the day."

Wait... what?

My brain scrambles for reasons I wouldn't be happy here. That's not normally something you hear on your first day of a new job. I'm searching for some way to respond but honestly, what do you say to something like that?

“I'm sure I'll love it here.”

“How much do you know about Mr. Scott?”

My brows furrow together as I try to remember what I read last night when I researched the company a little bit more to prepare for my first day.

“Oh... uh... Mr. Scott was the top of his class at Harvard.” I follow Doris down a long hallway with offices on either side. “His father started this company with Mr. Powell and Mr. Coleman, who both have sons. When they retired the three sons took over. They seem to be taking more risks but so far it has paid off.”

Doris stops abruptly, I almost bump into her but I stop just in time. She turns to face me, brows raised.

“Whatever you do, don't mention them making risky decisions. That's a sure way to get yourself fired.”

Without waiting for my response, Doris spins on her heels and continues down the hall. We stop at a desk in front of the corner office and she presses the intercom button.

“Mr. Scott?”

I listen to the exchange, finally understanding why Doris said hopefully I'd still be happy about being here at the end of the day. Mr. Scott sounds... difficult. Yeah, difficult seems like a nice way to describe him.

“I'm sorry about him.” Doris sighs, glancing at the ceiling. “He's a bit of a pain in the ass and rude doesn't even begin to describe him. He's full out nasty some days, but if you can handle him, this is an amazing job... just don't cry. He'll fire you on the spot if you cry.”

“Has he really made other people cry?” I swallow thickly. There's no way he's that mean, they have to be exaggerating. But when I meet Doris's gaze, she winces and confirms my fear, he really is horrible.

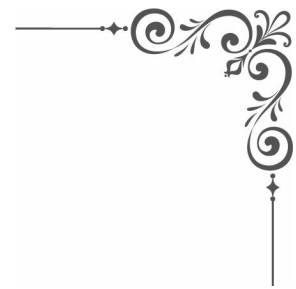
“Sadly, the last two assistants left crying within two hours of meeting Mr. Scott. The one before them lasted only thirty minutes before they said this wasn't worth the paycheck... I'm gonna be straight with you, Logan. I need you to stay, I'm out of options for Mr. Scott, no one wants to work with him and I'm too old to deal with his grumpy ass anymore. If you make it past ninety days, I'll make sure you get a large raise.”

Damn, I could really use that raise for all of those overdue medical bills, the treatments and tests I'll need to continue. It's going to cost a large fortune. Not only does this position pay well, but if I got a large raise, maybe I could finally be out of debt.

“I’m here for the long run.” I say confidently, squaring my shoulders.

“Let’s wait until you meet Mr. Scott, then we can see how long you plan on staying around... I have to meet another new hire, make yourself comfortable until Mr. Scott decides to grace you with his presence... it could be awhile.”

“Thank you, Doris.”



Parker



“HOW LONG ARE YOU GONNA keep Logan waiting?” Lucas arches a brow.

“I don’t know... an hour or two. What does it matter? The asshole is getting paid.”

“Because it’s rude. He knows you’re aware he’s here.”

“Yeah, but I don’t care. I’m the boss, I do what I want and the sooner he realizes that the better.”

“You’re such a prick.”

“Listen, Lucas, we can’t all be super nice and happy like you. Some of us are human.” Owen tosses the football at Lucas’s head; he catches it without even looking.

“All I’m saying is would it kill the two of you to be a little nicer to our employees?”

“Yes,” We say in unison.

“I tried to be nice, calling them darling and honey, sweetcheeks and sexy, but noooooo, they don’t like that shit. So, I’ll stay an asshole.” Owen shrugs, grabbing a piece of chocolate out of my stash in my second drawer. He pops it in his mouth before moving to my couch, laying down like he owns the place.

“You called someone sweetcheeks? Sexy? It’s amazing we haven’t been sued for sexual harassment yet,” Lucas grumbles. “I’m going, I have shit to do. Introduce yourself to Logan and try to be less... you. They’re gonna run outta assistants soon... Owen, go see if Tina has any cookies for you.”

“Oh, Tina always has some cookies for me.” He wiggles his eyebrows suggestively.

“I’m gonna go find a lawyer for our impending lawsuits.” Lucas rolls his eyes, buttoning his suit jacket and straightening his glasses. The man looks like a stereotypical businessman, unlike Owen and I. “Let’s go, Powell.”

Owen grumbles under his breath but slowly rises from the couch and follows Lucas out the door. They both stop right outside, Owen shakes his head, chuckling.

“Fuck, this is gonna be good... Call me later, Parker. I want to know all about your new assistant.”

I roll my eyes; I swear he finds humor in my misery. Logan is probably some dorky nerd with no socialization ability. He probably takes everything seriously and will cry within twenty minutes. I let out a long sigh, praying for him to resign quickly.

“Logan, get in here,” I growl.

Dropping into my chair, I pull up my schedule for the day, refreshing my mind with what I need to get done. When I hear footsteps, I begin talking without ever glancing up.

“Alright listen, you probably aren’t going to last the day working for me. Apparently I’m mean. I expect you to answer my calls, but never put anyone except Lucas Coleman or Owen Powell through to me without checking first. I don’t give a damn if my mother is calling, you check with me before you put her through to me. You’ll handle my schedule, make sure appointments don’t overlap and confirm meetings the day before. If I ever show up to a meeting to find my client isn’t there, you’re fired. Don’t question me or my decisions, you’re my employee and nothing more. We aren’t friends or buddies, don’t call me when you’re drunk or on the weekends when you want someone to hang out with, I have Owen and Lucas, I don’t need more friends. Never address me as Parker, I’m Mr. Scott to you.” I shuffle through the papers on my desk, searching for one in particular. When I find it, I continue, “Here’s a list of shit that’s your responsibility, don’t disappoint me, I won’t hesitate to fire you.”

When manicured nails reach out for the paper, I finally turn my attention to my assistant with furrowed brows. I swear, if he paints his nails he’s fucking gone.

My eyes travel from the red fuck me heels, up toned legs to a black skirt that hugs every delicious curve this woman has. A red blouse barely covers the swell of her breasts, a black jacket buttons right below those gorgeous mounds. Long brown hair hangs in waves and she’s biting her fucking bottom lip, making my brain head south. She has a cute little pert nose and large gray eyes outlined perfectly in eyeliner and mascara. Jeez, I want to fuck this woman.

“What the fuck! Where’s Logan?” I demand.

The gorgeous woman opens her mouth to respond but I hold up a hand to stop her. I pound my finger on the speaker button, dialing Doris’s number.

“Yes, Mr. Scott? Did you scare off Logan already? I really thought this one would stick.”

“Where the fuck is Logan? I don’t have time for this shit!”

“When I left, Logan was at the desk outside of your office. I’m sorry, Parker, I’ll be right up.”

She disconnects the call, no doubt running to my office.

“Why would you let me go on and on about Logan’s work responsibilities when you aren’t Logan! You’ve wasted so much of my time. Do you even work here?” I level her with the same scowl that made my last assistant quit.

She lifts her chin, a confident stubbornness on full display.

“Yes, I do work here, Mr. Scott.”

Damn, my name rolls off her sexy lips like honey.

“Which department? Who’s your boss?”

She doesn’t shy away from my scowl, she looks almost... bored. What the hell?

“You are, Mr. Scott.”

She needs to stop saying my name like that or I’m going to bend her over my desk and Lucas won’t be happy with the lawsuit that would be sure to follow.

“Of course I’m your boss, I’m everyone’s boss.”

“Sir, I’m Logan Johnson, your new assistant.”

“But you’re a woman.”

“Thank you for noticing.”

I blink at her several times. Is this woman serious?

“Logan is a guy’s name.”

“Yes and no. Typically, it’s used for males more than females but it’s actually a gender-neutral name. My father was hoping for a son.” She shrugs like it’s not a big deal.

“Mr. Scott, I’m so sorry!” Doris’s voice floats through the door before she’s even in the office. “I don’t know what happ-” Her words die on her tongue when she spots the woman in front of me. “Logan? Where were you? Mr. Scott said you weren’t here.”

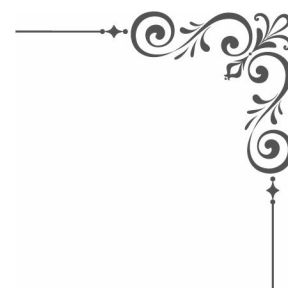
“Logan’s a fucking woman?” I spit out. Doris’s attention snaps to me, she blinks three times before she opens her mouth.

“Yes, Logan’s a woman.”

“Logan’s not a woman’s name, you coulda warned me.”

“Parker... can you just... not. This is your new assistant, *Logan*.” She gestures to the beautiful woman in the fuck me heels. “Please don’t scare her off, I won’t have a replacement.”

Doris turns on her heels and marches out of my office in a huff.
“Are you satisfied now that Doris has confirmed my identity?”
“Just do your fucking job.” I growl.



Logan



“I HAVE A FEW QUICK questions, then I’ll leave you. Will you be needing me to order lunches for you?”

“I can order my own fucking food.”

“Great, my last boss couldn’t. Do you want me to come along and take notes at your meetings?”

“Do you think I’m incapable of doing anything myself?”

“No, Mr. Scott. I’m just clarifying what is expected of me. I performed all of these duties and more in my last position. Am I expected to buy gifts for a wife, fiancé or girlfriends?”

“What the fuck, Logan! I can buy my own gifts.”

“Good, I hated that job. Am I expected to be available for you at all times of the day?”

I swear his eyes darken as his stare intensifies. I’d pay good money to know what’s going through his head right now.

“I expect you to answer my call night or day, but you don’t need to drop everything and come to the office.”

“Great, I’ll enjoy the freedom. If you don’t need anything else, I’ll be at my desk.”

I spin on my heels, adding an extra sway to my hips making my way to my desk. Muttered curses float through the air and I can’t help the smirk on my lips. No one expects me to last but they don’t know me. If I can overcome the last four years of my life, I can survive Parker Scott without a problem.

The morning passes quickly, I screen phone calls for Mr. Scott, add some meetings to his schedule and memorize the list of duties he gave me. At exactly noon, I knock on Mr. Scotts door.

“What!” He barks.

“Mr. Scott, I have some important things to go over with you.”

The most dramatic sigh I’ve ever heard comes from the other side of the door, before he bellows for me to come in. I take a deep breath and let it out, twist the knob and push open the door to the beast behind.

Papers are scattered across the surface of his desk. He’s tugging on his hair in frustration, his eyes darting from one paper to another before he shuffles through them, piling new documents on top.

“Is there anything I can help with, Mr. Scott?”

“Stop fucking calling me Mr. Scott,” He growls.

“I’m sorry, Sir. What would you like me to call you? You specifically asked me to call you Mr. Scott this morning.”

“Parker, just call me Parker.”

“Ok... *Parker*, is there anything I can help you with? You seem a bit frazzled.”

He levels me with a glare, even that does nothing to hide how attractive he is. His black hair was slicked back before he started tugging on the ends. His dark chocolate eyes have flecks of green in them. Parker lost his suit jacket he was wearing earlier, now only a white shirt adorns his chest. His sleeves are rolled up with care to his elbows and the top two buttons are undone, a tie hanging loosely around his neck.

“Fuuuuuck. Don’t call me Parker either.”

“I’m sorry?” I frown in confusion. “I really don’t know what you want me to call you.”

“Just... I don’t know but don’t call me Parker or Mr. Scott, anything but those.”

“Can I ask why?”

“Why what?” His attention is already back to the papers in front of him, completely ignoring me.

“Why can’t I call you Parker or Mr. Scott?”

“Fuck, Logan! I said don’t call me either of those.”

“Yes, Sir. Do you have time to go over your schedule for tomorrow or shall I come back later?”

“Might as well go over it now, I’m not making sense of this mess anyway.”

He motions for me to take a seat across from him. I slowly lower myself to the chair, smoothing out my skirt and crossing my ankles. I pull up his schedule on my tablet before I begin.

“You’re scheduled to meet with Mr. Smyth tomorrow for lunch, I called his office and confirmed with his assistant that he’ll be there. They asked that you bring the contract with you, Mr. Smyth will be flying home immediately after your meeting and won’t be able to meet later on in the week like you previously discussed.”

“He didn’t feel the need to tell me this himself? I have my entire day cleared on Friday for him!”

“I made it very clear it isn't appreciated they didn't reach out to us with this information when they discovered he wouldn't be there. You're an important man and you don't need people wasting your time. His assistant apologized and said she just found out; I made her aware it better not happen again.”

His eyes widen, surprise evident in his features.

“Oh, wow. Good. What else?”

“Mr. Barton's assistant called; he can't meet next week due to personal reasons. Jennifer wanted to know if we could move the meeting to this week or push it back to the following week. I said I'd check with you and get back to them, I wasn't sure if you were prepared for the meeting yet. Jennifer confirmed Friday at any time will work if you give me the go ahead.”

“I'm ready for the meeting. Friday works, schedule a lunch that will make Owen happy. Make sure you clear the time with Lucas and Owen's assistants before you get back to Mr. Barton.”

“I already did, they said it was fine. Is there anything else I can do for you?”

He stares at me for a few moments, grabs the back of his neck and huffs.

“No. I can handle myself.”

“Very well, if you need anything I'll be at my desk.”



Parker

“AREN'T YOU GOING TO lunch?”

“Yes, I'll eat at my desk.”

What the hell? Why wouldn't she want to eat with the rest of the employees? Doesn't she want to get to know people and make friends? If she stays at her desk all the time people are going to think she's just as much of a prick as I am.

“Why don't you eat in the lunch room like everyone else?”

“Do you eat in the lunch room?”

“Fuck no, I don't even know where it is.”

“Then why is it weird if I don't?”

“Well... because everyone else eats in there?”

“Mr. Powell and Mr. Coleman?”

I snort with laughter at the thought of Owen or Lucas eating with the employees. They wouldn't be caught dead in there, unless it's for cookies, but then they'd leave right away.

“They wouldn't step foot in there.”

“Exactly, so I'll take my lunch at my desk.”

She spins around, her curvy ass swaying back and forth as she walks away from me in those fucking red heels. This woman baffles me, every other assistant would've quit by now, most ran crying long before noon.

Why is she still here? What makes her so much tougher than the rest? Not only did she do everything I asked of her, but she went above and beyond.

I'd never admit it to Logan, but she's impressing me.

“Mr... Sir, Mr. Powell is on line two.”

“What?” I answer Owen's call.

“Logan's fucking hot.”

“Did you call me to point out the obvious or did you want something?”

“We're going to the Italian place for lunch. Be ready in five... actually ten, I have something to do.”

Before I can respond, Owen hangs up. I slam the receiver down and turn back to the papers in front of me. I swear I can never find the papers I'm looking for, there's got to be some way to organize this better but I'm the worst person for the job.

Two minutes have gone by when I hear Owen's deep voice on the other side of my door. I can't focus when he's around, it's why his office is on the other side of the floor. I fling the door open, finding him perched on the edge of Logan's desk, his flirty smirk plastered on his lips.

"Stop flirting with my assistant, fucker."

"I'm not, I was just welcoming Logan to the company. I invited her out for drinks after work but she hasn't accepted yet."

"And I'm not going to," Logan states, turning back to her computer.

"Aww, sweetheart, you don't mean that."

"Mr. Powell, I'm here to work, not socialize."

"Damn, Parker, she's perfect for you. Did you turn her into this or did she come this way?"

"Please ignore the idiots, Logan." Lucas flashes her a genuine smile as he saunters up to us. "I've tried to train them but it's hopeless, they're still assholes."

"I've noticed. It's fine, I've dealt with worse."

"Shit, there's worse than Parker?" Owen chuckles.

"Are we going to lunch or not?"

"Yes, I'm starving. Logan would you like to join us?" Lucas asks softly.

"I'm ok, promise."

"It'd be nice to get to know our newest employee, especially one we'll all be spending a decent amount of time with."

"It's fine, you guys go ahead."

Logan pulls a protein bar out of her purse and starts nibbling on it, turning back to her computer.

"Is that your fucking lunch?"

"What?"

"Is that shitty bar what you consider lunch?"

"Yes. There's nothing wrong with it."

"Nope, no. You're coming with us."

"Par... Mr... What the fuck do you want me to call you?" She snaps.

Owen and Lucas's eyebrows kiss their hairlines, their mouths hanging open slightly, eyes darting between Logan and I.

"I'll be back in an hour," I growl, stomping out of the office like a child. This woman gets under my skin like no one else can.



“SO... LOGAN’S FUN.” Lucas smirks over the rim of his coffee cup.

“Can we not?” I beg.

“Where would be the fun in that? That woman fucks with you and it’s amazing to watch.” Owen settles back in his chair, waiting for the entertainment to begin.

“She’s very beautiful,” Lucas states diplomatically.

“Oh please, she’s sexy as fuck. I’d do so much to her if she were my assistant.”

“This is why I had to pay a retainer fee today to secure a team of lawyers. It’s not a question of if we’re gonna get sued, it’s when. My bet is sooner rather than later with you talking about our employees like that.”

“Parker, can we switch assistants? Tina does a great job, but she doesn’t have an ass or rack like that.”

“You can’t just take his assistant because she’s hotter than yours, Owen. Sometimes I wonder why I chose to take over the business with the two of you. I could’ve made something of my life.”

“You’re worth twenty billion dollars, most people would consider that successful.”

“Yes, but I wouldn’t have to play daddy to you fuckers.”

“Aww, you want us to call you daddy? *Daddy, please, daddy! Harder, daddy! Punish us, daddy, we’ve been bad,*” Owen moans in a breathy voice.

“Shut the fuck up, man. People are starting to stare.” Lucas tries to sound stern but he’s laughing too hard for us to take him seriously.

“Oh! You should tell Logan to call you daddy!”

“Oh, hell no. It’s bad enough when she says Parker or Mr. Scott,” I groan.

“What’s wrong with how she says your name?” Lucas smirks, fucker knows exactly what’s wrong with it.

“She says it all breathy and shit, makes me think of her moaning my name as I bend her over my desk.”

“She’d never let you fuck her,” Owen mumbles around a mouth full of food.

“Well, unlike you, I’m not trying to fuck my assistant.”

“You’re not? Can I?”

“Seriously, should I just offer her a settlement right now?” Lucas throws his hands up in the air.

“She’s a little spit fire, she yelled at Parker on her first day. I bet she’s amazing in bed, spit fires always are.”

“I’m still trying to figure out why you didn’t fire her for that?”

“For yelling at me?” I question, Lucas nods, a serious expression on his face. “Fuck if I know. I should, she’d deserve it... but she actually did a great job today.”

Both of them stop chewing, their mouths fall open, half chewed food on full display. They glance at each other for a long moment before they turn back to me.

“Did he just?” Owen mumbles.

“I think he did... did you just say she did a great job? Are you feeling ok? Should we take you to the hospital? You have to be dying, there’s no other explanation. I’m scared, I can’t lose you. This company will crumble if I’m left with Owen to run it. He’ll get put in jail for all the sexual harassment charges and no one will respect me because I’m the nice one. I can’t take that kind of pressure, Parker! You have to fire her, it’s the only way really.”

I blink at him several times, I feel Owen’s gaze on me, he gives me a bewildered expression.

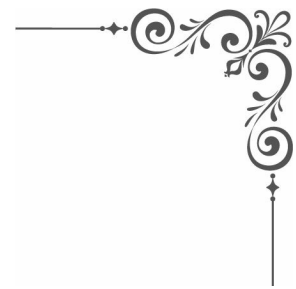
“You alright, buddy? You’re kinda flipping out over nothing.” Owen pats Lucas’s back.

“Over nothing! Parker isn’t nice, he doesn’t compliment people! This is a big fucking deal! He didn’t fire his brand new assistant for snapping at him, I think we’re losing him.” He wipes away a fake tear.

“Jeez, can you two grow up? She did everything I asked her to do and more. She went above and beyond, didn’t cry and didn’t piss herself when I yelled or scowled. That’s a hell of a lot better than any of my other assistants.”

“If she does everything you ask, you should ask her to suck you off under the desk.” Owen wiggles his eyebrows.

“Dammit! Do. Not. Do. That. Parker!”



Logan



“EMPLOYER.” I NOD TO Parker as he strolls by my desk. He groans before slamming his door shut. I have a hard time keeping my laughter to myself. It’s just a feeling, but I’m sure he wouldn’t appreciate me laughing at him.

I knock on his door and wait for him to yell for me to come in.

“I have a few messages for you and I talked to Mr. Barton’s assistant. He’s happy with lunch on Friday. I asked Mr. Powell and Mr. Coleman’s assistants which restaurants you prefer and checked with Mr. Barton’s assistant, then made reservations at the Mexican place on Second and Spruce. Reservations are at eleven forty-five and you will be in a private room for your meeting.”

“A private room?”

“Yes, it’s much quieter and you don’t need to worry about people listening to your business.”

“How much did we have to pay for that?”

“Nothing extra.”

“How did you pull that off?”

“I’m good at my job, Employer. I know how to convince people to do what needs to be done.”

“I want you at that meeting.”

“You told me you didn’t need me at meetings.”

“I changed my mind. I want you at it. If nothing else it will force you to eat something besides a fucking protein bar.”

My stomach rumbles at the thought of having a delicious Mexican meal. It’s not that I don’t eat, it’s just I live on ramen and anything else cheap. The thought of tasty lunch is a dream come true.

“Even your damn stomach agrees with me.”

“My stomach’s fine. If you want me at the meeting on Friday, am I supposed to come to the one tomorrow too?”

“Yes. I want you at all of my meetings.”

“Taking notes?”

“Shit, Logan, I don’t know. I’ve never done this before.” His fingers are back in his hair, tugging at the ends in frustration.

I’d give just about anything to run my fingers through his hair, to run my lips down his neck... oh my Lanta! No! No, no, no. I’m not thinking about my

new boss like this. That can't happen no matter how attractive he is. No matter how delicious he looks with his dress shirt stretched across his muscles, showing off each peak and valley.

“Logan!” Parker snaps his fingers in my face. When did he come to this side of the desk?

“Y-Yes?” I mentally face palm myself for stuttering. I can't show weakness in front of Parker, he'll pounce on any he finds.

“Where'd you go? You were just licking your lips. Jeez, do you starve yourself so much that you're licking your lips thinking about Mexican food?”

“What? No! Why are you so obsessed with what I eat?”

“I'm not!” He protests a little too strongly. My brows furrow, I examine him.

“I'll bring my tablet, take notes and sit quietly in the corner. If you need something, I can handle it and you can decide later on if you want to read my notes or if you want me to continue taking them in the future. Do you need anything else? Or shall I retreat to my desk to dream about Mexican food?” I roll my eyes as hard as I can.

“You have to call me Mr. Scott in front of clients. Then and only then.”

“Aye, aye, Employer.” I salute him before leaving him behind, an angry glare directed at me.



Parker



ALL I DID WAS TOSS and turn last night. I couldn't get a certain brunette fire cracker out of my head. She drives me absolutely crazy yet I crave more. Maybe I really am sick.

"Does my head feel hot?" I gesture to myself. Owen scowls.

"I'm not touching your fucking head. What am I, your mother?"

"Dude, just touch my forehead, I think I'm getting sick."

A devilish grin sweeps over his face, his eyebrow quirks up.

"She's under your skin."

"What's under your skin?" Lucas meanders into my office.

"Parker thinks he's sick. He saw something wiggling under his skin. He wanted me to feel his forehead but that was a hard fuck no from me."

"*Daddy, touch me,*" I moan, imitating Owen from yesterday at lunch.

Lucas slaps the back of his hand against my forehead before he drops into the chair on the other side of my desk.

"Fucker," I mutter under my breath.

"You're fine."

"Good morning, Employer." Logan's sexy voice floats through the door, I lean to the side, trying to see what she's wearing. I almost fall out of my chair but catch myself at the last second.

Owen howls with laughter, tears stream down Lucas's face.

"Fuck! I think he's sick! I see something wiggling in his pants!" Owen gasps between his laughter, making Lucas laugh even harder. He falls to the ground, clutching his stomach. I can't help the laughter bursting free from me, I can't keep a straight face when they've lost control like this.

Logan appears at the door, concern written all over her face.

"Are you all ok?" She stares at Lucas rolling around on the floor, gasping for air.

"Parker isn't feeling well," Owen says seriously before laughing even harder. I really wouldn't be surprised if he pisses himself at this point. Lucas is a lost cause; I hope he has extra pants.

"Aww, I'm sorry, is there anything I can do for you?"

"You should see if he has a temperature. He said he feels stiff."

She's at my side in seconds, a hand reaches for my forehead but I lean away from her.

“I'm fine.”

“Where do you feel stiff? Do you need a massage?”

Owen and Lucas roar louder than ever before, if they piss on my carpet, I'm going to kill them.

“Oh my gosh,” I mumble under my breath, dropping my head to the desk and banging it a few times.

“Please... stop...” Lucas wheezes. “Can't... breath...”

“What's wrong with them?”

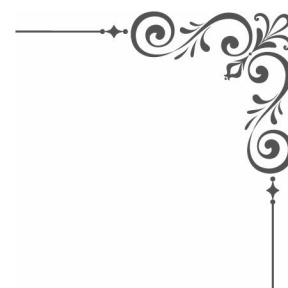
“Who the fuck knows. Can you shut the door on your way out? I don't need my employees seeing their bosses pissing themselves.”

“Yes. Let me know if you need me to cancel the lunch meeting.”

“I'll be fine,” I growl.

As soon as the door shuts, I drop my head back on the desk.

“I hate both of you.”



Logan



“I HEAR YOU’RE DOING a great job,” Mr. Coleman says as we step into the elevator.

“I am?” I glance to Parker, who has the biggest scowl in the world on his face.

“Why can't you keep your mouth shut?” He growls at Lucas.

“What? She deserves to know she’s doing a good job. You catch-”

“More bees with honey. Yeah, yeah we know.” Owen rolls his eyes.

“You’d think if you knew, you’d try it. Tina would be happier if you told her she does a great job.”

“I keep Tina plenty happy. I don’t need honey; I’ve got a great dick.”

My eyes widen but I keep my mouth shut. Being around the three of them is like hanging out in a frat house. I'm never quite sure what to expect.

“Dammit, Owen! There’s a lady in your presence, can't you control yourself!”

“What? I mean I can show her if she doesn’t believe me.” His hands move to his pants, unbuckling his belt and starts working his button before Parker backhands his stomach. “Mother fucker! What was that for?”

“I don’t need her quitting because you wanna get your dick wet and Tina doesn’t want it,” Parker mutters.

“Aww, you wanna keep me?” I slap a hand over my chest. “I'm touched.”

Parker’s gaze snaps to my hand, staring a little too long at my chest. When his eyes meet mine, his cheeks pinken ever so slightly.

“He doesn’t want you to be touched, he wants you to touch him. If you don’t want him, I'm available to touch too.” Owen wiggles his eyebrows.

Parker spins around, pinning Owen with a glare.

“I swear if you don’t shut the fuck up, I'm going to beat the shit out of you.”

The elevator goes silent, tension fills the space. As soon as the doors part, I rush out and straight to the limo waiting outside for us.

I can't believe they take a limo to a business meeting. It must be awesome to be as rich as they are.

The second we get into the limo; silence engulfs the car. It isn't an awkward tension like the elevator, more of a quiet moment for them to prepare. Gone are the frat boys, in their place serious businessmen. They each

have their brief cases open beside them, looking over documents. Owen and Lucas have neat stacks, stapled or paperclipped together, while Parker looks like he threw his papers up in the air then quickly collected them off the floor. This man is the most unorganized person I've ever met. I don't know how he's so successful.

When we pull up in front of the restaurant, they exchange glances before giving a silent nod. They climb out of the limo and Lucas holds out a hand, helping me out of the car. I give him a small smile; he seems the sweetest out of all of them.



SQUEEZING MY EYES SHUT, I try to suppress the moan begging to break free. This food is amazing, I don't think I've ever tasted anything so good in my entire life. When I open my eyes, Parker's gaze is locked on me. I duck my head in embarrassment, definitely not something I want my boss to see on my second day.

As soon as we're done eating, Owen takes lead and starts conducting business. He commands the room, all attention on him.

Mr. Smyth hands out a packet to each of them, ignoring me completely. Parker slides his over in front of me, I get to work reading through it immediately. He drones on and on about his business, taking it up, trying to convince the boys to buy his company.

Something seems off, I just can't put my finger on it. I scroll through the information I compiled last night on Smyth's company, comparing it to the documents Mr. Smyth himself gave us. They're completely different.

"Do we have a deal, gentlemen?" Mr. Smyth beams from his seat.

Owen begins to reach out to him, but I stop him.

"Mr. Scott, may I have a word with you before you make any decisions?"

"Ms. Johnson, can't this wait?" He's barely able to contain his anger with me interrupting his meeting.

"No." I state simply. Annoyance washes over his features before he voids his face of emotions.

"Please excuse us. We'll be back in a moment to sign."

Parker grasps my elbow, pulling me to the back of the restaurant, away from the table and any noise.

"What the fuck was that, Logan? I didn't bring you along so you could ruin my meeting."

“Oh my gosh! Shut up for a damn minute and listen to me!”

I sort through the papers still clutched in my hands, find the correct one and thrust it in his face.

“Right here...” I point to an area I highlighted.

“Yes, they’re good numbers for a company like Smyth’s. Which is why I’m buying it!” He hisses.

“But wait! Last night I was researching his company and I found different information.”

I scroll through the documents I saved on my iPad before showing him my findings.

“These are public record... his numbers don’t match with what I found.”

He scans the paper, then my screen. His eyes narrow, brows furrow and lips purse into a straight line.

“What a fucking piece of shit! He knew I wouldn’t buy his company if I’d seen the real numbers. I wouldn’t even be having this meeting if I saw these... How did you get these? I looked and couldn’t find them.”

“They were hard to uncover, but I knew they had to be there. It took me a few hours to find them.” I shrug like it’s not a big deal.

“You did this after hours? At home?”

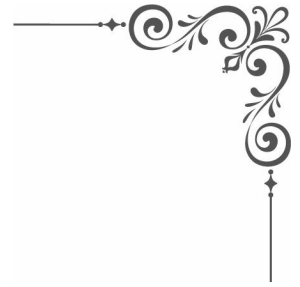
“Yes.”

“Why?”

“I don’t know. I wanted to make sure you had all the information you could possibly need.”

His gaze stays locked on mine for several seconds before he sucks in a deep breath and lets it out slowly.

“Let’s go bury this asshole.”



Parker

“MEETINGS OVER, BOYS,” I growl when I get back to our table.

“What are you talking about? We still need to sign the contract.” Lucas gives me a *what the fuck* look.

“We won't be buying Mr. Smyth's company.”

“Why not!” Mr. Smyth shoots out of his chair, his features filled with rage.

I slap the pages he gave us down on the table, addressing only my brothers in heart.

“This fucker doctored his numbers; Logan found the real financials. This company is shit and we're not attaching our names to it.”

Lucas and Owen rise from the table, they don't question our discovery. If one of us doesn't like something, we all walk away, it's what we do.

“Wait! You agreed to this! You can't just walk away!”

“You're done, Gerald. I'll make sure no one offers you a penny after you tried to fuck with us,” I yell, not even bothering to glance back at him. I'm causing a scene but I don't care, I hope everyone pays attention. Hell, I hope someone caught this on camera and posts it online so millions of people can watch it for years to come.

I walk with Logan at my side, Lucas and Owen behind us, out to the car. Feeling better and better with each step I take. Thank God I didn't fire her yesterday. She just saved us millions of dollars.

“LET ME SEE.” OWEN BARKS the second we're in the car.

Logan slides in next to him, handing over her iPad and the packet Smyth gave us.

“How'd you know?” Owen asks in awe.

“I researched the company last night. When Gerald was talking in the meeting, things weren't adding up in my head. I pulled up what I found and compared it. It's not that big of a deal.”

“Sweetheart, this is a huge deal. If you hadn't spoken up, we would've lost millions.” Owen turns his attention away from Logan and focuses on me. “If you're ever stupid enough to fire her, I'm taking her and not giving her back.”

“I’m sure she’d rather work for me, I’m much nicer.” Lucas smirks.

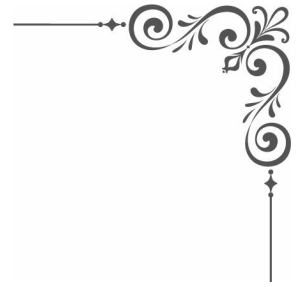
“Nope, I called dibs first. Can’t break dibs.”

“No one is taking Logan. She’s mine.” I end the argument. Logan’s eyes widen, she looks uncomfortable being the center of attention. “Thank you. You did a great job... I still can’t believe you worked on this for hours after work.” She shrugs her shoulders again.

“It’s my job.”

“No, no it isn’t. Your job is to answer the phones and be the gatekeeper to Parker and his schedule. None of this was your job, darling.” Owen’s eyes soften slightly, making anger pulse through my blood.

He better not fucking touch her, she’s mine... my employee... my assistant... nothing else.



Parker



“HEY, GUYS.” LOGAN’S sexy voice floats through my door. She only talks like that to Lucas and Owen, I guess it’s lunchtime.

“Hey, sweetheart,” Owen says softly.

Since the ride back from the meeting yesterday, Owen has been all smiles towards Logan and sweet talking her. It drives me up a wall, but she loves it and Lucas finds it hilarious. In Owen’s head, she proved herself, she’s worthy of his attention as more than a piece of ass.

“How are you today, Logan?”

“I’m good! You boys going to lunch?”

“Yeah. You gonna come with us?” Owen asks her with hope flooding his voice. I don’t think he’s got a thing for her, but he definitely likes her as a person.

“No, I packed a lunch, thank you though.”

“I swear if what you consider lunch is another damn protein bar, I’m gonna lose my shit,” I growl, walking out of my office.

“I don’t know how many times I need to tell you, Employer, what I eat is none of your business.”

“Please, stop calling me Employer,” I groan, scrubbing a hand over my face. Why can’t she just let us feed her? Is it so hard?

Owen and Lucas watch us with amusement, their eyes darting back and forth between us like they’re watching a tennis match.

“What the hell am I supposed to call you then?”

“I don’t know! Call me Boss.” I throw my hands in the air in frustration. I don’t know what it is about this girl that drives me crazy.

“Alright, Boss, I’m old enough to feed myself, I don’t need your help.”

“Go to lunch or you’re fired,” I growl.

“You can’t do that! I need this job!”

“You can work for-” Lucas starts but Owen cuts him off with a shout.

“I called dibs! She’s mine!”

“These fuckers can’t have you. If you don’t want to lose your job, then go to lunch with us, you can’t eat that shit.”

“May I speak to you in your office? Alone.”

She marches into my office, crosses her arms over her chest and taps her toe in impatience. I’ve never wanted to pull a woman into my arms and make

her mine as badly as I do right now. Logan's the first woman to ever treat me like this. She doesn't give a shit if I'm her boss or that I'm worth billions. I'm pissing her off and she isn't afraid to let me know.

I saunter in my office, pausing right inside the door.

"Shut the door, please."

I do as she asks, a small smirk playing on my lips.

"I'm not going to lunch and you're not going to fire me over it."

"Oh really?"

"Yes! Parker..." She lets out a sigh. "I need this job."

"What happened to your last job?"

"I had to leave."

"Why?"

"Does it matter?"

"Yes, it does. You're an ok-ish assistant so I doubt it was that."

"I'm a great assistant and you know it... I got sick and I couldn't work for quite a while. When I tried to go back, they'd already filled my position. I've been searching for a job for months."

"Why are you only eating a protein bar for lunch? You need more than that."

"Why do you care so much! What I feed my body doesn't affect you or my job!"

I close the distance between us, not stopping until we're toe to toe and she's forced to look up at me.

"Because I make sure good employees are taken care of. Tell me the real reason you don't want to come and I'll drop it."

"I don't want to eat lunch with the bosses my first week here. One of two things will happen, people will think I'm trying to sleep my way to the top or they'll think I only got this job because I knew one of you."

"You don't even want to eat lunch with them so why do you care what they think."

"If I don't eat with them, they'll think I'm a bitch, which I am, but they won't think I'm a slut or that I don't take this position seriously."

"So, if I weren't your boss, you'd go to lunch with us?"

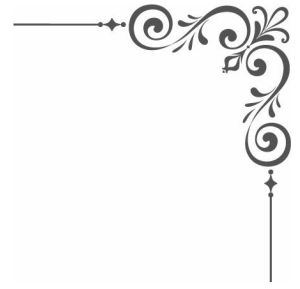
"No," She whispers.

"Why?"

"Because I can't afford it, Parker."

She pushes past me, marching out of my office, grabs her purse and continues towards the elevators.

Well, shit.



Logan



“HEY! HOW’S YOUR FIRST few days of work?” Carrie’s voice floats through my phone, calming me instantly.

“It’s ok, Parker Scott’s a real prick though.”

“Is he hot?”

“Oh my gosh, yes. So insanely hot, it’s not fair.”

“Uh oh, a cocky hot boss sounds fun.”

I chuckle at her; Carrie has a way of making me feel better no matter what’s going on around me. I don’t think I would’ve survived without her by my side the past few years.

“How do you feel?”

“Pretty good. I haven’t thrown up in months, so that’s a plus.”

“I’m glad you’re feeling good. I hated seeing you go through that. Are you sure you need to work? You seem stressed.”

“Yes, I’m sure. I need insurance, I can’t afford these medical bills.”

“Why don’t you move in with me? I have the room and it will save you rent money.”

“Carrie, I’m not your charity case, I need to do this myself.”

“We’ll figure it out, honey. You know I’m always here for you. Every step of the way. When’s your next test?”

“Saturday.”

“Do you want me to go with you?”

“No, I don’t want you to waste your weekend on me. I’ll be fine.”

“All I’d be doing is hanging out with you, I don’t consider that a waste at all.”

I check my watch, realizing I’ve been gone for much longer than I planned. As much as Parker drives me crazy, I’m not going to give him a reason to fire me.

“I gotta get back to work. I’ll call you later.”

“Alright! See ya later, girly!”

When I get back to the office, I listen to the messages and write information down for Parker on a sticky note. I head to his office and stick it to his phone; he should see it there. My gaze drifts to the mess on his desk. There’s no way he can find anything like this, I bet that’s part of the reason he’s so frustrated when he’s preparing for meetings.

I start sorting through papers, quickly figuring out which should be stacked together. I secure each pile with a paperclip and place them in the logical order. I'm about to stand and head back to my desk when movement at the door catches my attention. I glance up at the grumpiest face I've ever seen.

Great, just what I need, another run in with Mr. Asshole himself.



Parker

MY STOMACH DROPS WHEN I don't find Logan at her desk. Shit. Did she quit already? I run my hands through my hair, frustration rolling through my veins, I wasn't even trying to run this one off.

When I get to my office, I find Logan sitting in my chair, going through the papers on my desk. What the hell does she think she's doing? She has no right to be in my office or touching my shit.

I scowl, trying to figure out how to approach this, she's the best assistant I've ever had, I don't want to make her run away quite yet. She glances up before I discover what to say.

"Oh, hey. I was just sorting through your papers. You seemed to be having trouble locating specific ones earlier."

Fuck, she's observant. Maybe I need to be nice, get to know her and make sure she doesn't quit. When I don't respond she continues.

"I separated them into stacks that made sense to me, if they're not correct let me know and I can fix them..." I continue to stare, searching for something to say, anything would be great at this point. "Or maybe I overstepped and shouldn't be in your office without your permission. I'm sorry, Boss."

She jumps out of the chair like it's on fire, hurrying to the door. I grab her arm, stopping her.

"Normally I'd agree you overstepped, but this is exactly what I needed. Thank you."

"You're welcome... boss."

"Stop fucking calling me boss, it sounds weird."

"Are you joking right now? Please tell me you are."

"No, it's creepy weird."

"So, I can't call you Mr. Scott..." She holds up a hand and drops her thumb, "Or Parker..." She lowers her index finger, "Or Employer..." She drops her ring finger, "And now I can't call you boss either." She lowers her little finger, leaving only her middle finger in the air. I roll my eyes at her, she's all sass today. "Is there anything else I can't call you?"

"Just call me Parker," I growl.

"Let's see how long this last for, *Parker*."

"This is for you."

I hold up the bag from the restaurant. I asked for a second entrée and had them box it up. I don't know why I have this desire, almost need, to take care of Logan.

"What's that?" She tilts her head to the side in the most adorable way.

"It's from the little Chinese place down the street. The best lo mein you'll ever taste."

"You're giving me your leftovers? I'm no one's charity case, Parker."

"It's not leftovers! I got a second entrée."

"Why?"

"Like I fucking know! Seeing you eat a protein bar for lunch fucking bothered me! How much do we pay you per hour?"

"Shouldn't you know? You're my *boss*."

"I mean obviously I can find out but no, I don't know off the top of my head how much you get paid."

"I get paid forty-three dollars an hour."

"Is that a lot? I have no clue what assistants get paid."

She lets out a humorless chuckle, rolling her eyes at me.

"That's a hell of a lot. My last job I made eighteen dollars an hour."

"But you can't afford lunch?"

"I can afford to feed myself, Parker! I just can't afford to eat out every day. I have a lot of medical bills from when I was sick, not all of us can own a successful company and have more money than they'll ever need."

"How much do you need per hour? I'll make it happen."

"I don't want to be your charity case! I feel like a broken record today!"

She tries to storm past me, I reach out and grab her arm, stopping her once again.

"Stop, I'm not trying to offend you," I whisper. Her eyes dart to mine, fire burning in them. "You saved our asses yesterday. Smyth's business was going to cost us about seventy-five million dollars. We would've signed and never known how bad the company was really doing. You stopped us, you're the only reason we didn't sign. So yes, if you're having trouble, I want to help you. I take care of the people who look out for me and my brothers."

She lets out a long sigh, I stare at her for several long moments before she glances away, a pained look in her eyes.

"I need to stand on my own two feet, no handouts, Parker. Please respect that."

She marches out of my office, shutting the door softly behind her. I storm to my desk, drop into my chair and pick up the phone. I call Owen and Lucas, putting us in a three-way call, I need their agreement to do this.

“Man, you know I'm all for spoiling our girl. She's amazing. As far as I'm concerned, she can get a promotion.” Owen has such a soft heart under his hard exterior.

“She deserves this... though I'm surprised you're the one to initiate it.”

“That's because he's in loooovvveee with Logan,” Owen sing songs.

“I'm not in love with anyone,” I groan. “I don't know why I talk to you fuckers.”

“Because you loooovvveee us.” Lucas joins Owen.

“I do, but sometimes I wonder why... I'm gonna call Doris and get this started. Hopefully she can have the updated documents by the end of the day.”

“Are we promoting her?” Lucas asks.

“No, she's mine,” I growl.

“I think he's laying claim on her as more than an assistant.” Owen chuckles.

“Don't touch Logan or I'll kill you both.”

I hang up to them roaring with laughter. I'm glad they find this so funny. I'm fighting emotions I don't even understand for her and she fights me at every single turn.

“Mr. Scott? What can I do for you?” Doris picks up the call on the first ring.

“Hey, Doris...” I explain what I want done and she happily agrees. I think she's just excited she doesn't need to find a new assistant for me.

“I'll have it done within the hour and bring it up.”

“Thanks.”

I hang up and start reading through the stacks Logan organized while I was at lunch. She separated them perfectly and it makes it a million times easier for me to focus. Why does she have to be so perfect?



Logan



“GOOD AFTERNOON, LOGAN. How’s your first week going?”

“I haven’t quit yet, so I count that as a win. What can I do for you, Doris?”

“Mr. Scott asked me to put together a new job description with different benefits for you. I just need you to sign this. Mr. Scott asked that the benefits be backdated to when you started.”

She hands me a packet with a big smile on her face. I furrow my brows, what’s Parker up to? I begin reading over the new job description. I’m expected to sit in on all meetings, work more closely with Parker on projects and... *eat lunch with Mr. Powell, Mr. Coleman and Mr. Scott at their restaurant of choosing every day, their treat.* Is this a joke? There’s no way that can actually be written in my job description.

I glance up at Doris, she’s smiling from ear to ear, clearly happy with the changes. I have no words, no clue how to respond to this.

I continue reading through until I get to the benefits section. Then my jaw drops, my brain stops functioning, all I can do is stare at the paper in front of me. After Parker and I had a discussion about how I was being massively overpaid here, he decided to raise my pay to eighty dollars an hour!

I turn my attention to Doris. Her smile is threatening to crack her face, she juts a pen in my face, nodding at me to sign. I glance back down at the document before standing and marching to Parkers door. I push it open without knocking.

“What the fuck is this?” I slam the papers down on his desk, leaning on my hands to get in his face.

“Yeah... I think she got the papers... I’m gonna have to call you back. If you don’t hear from me in the next thirty minutes, come save me.”

He slowly lowers the phone and hangs up, never taking his eyes off of me. Rage simmers under my skin, making me want to smack Parker.

“What the fuck is this?” I tap a finger on the document, pushing it closer to him.

He doesn’t even spare a glance at it. He knows exactly what it says and he looks a little scared.

“Lucas, Owen and I were talking at lunch and decided you needed a raise.” He shrugs his shoulders.

“Bull shit! You did this because of our conversation... after lunch. Don’t lie to me, Parker.”

“Fine! Yes! I called Owen and Lucas after you stormed out of my office and they agreed with me! We all think you deserve more than we would pay my assistant because you do more than anyone else has ever done!”

“Why can’t you just treat me like your other assistants?” I throw my hands up in the air, pacing the space in front of his desk. “I don’t want to be treated special because you pity me!”

“I can’t treat you like others because you’re nothing like them. I’ve never met anyone like you... I don’t pity you, Logan. Why would I?”

“Because I’m the poor sick girl! I’ve been treated like this my entire life, Parker! I didn’t want it from you.”

His brows narrow and that’s when I realize my mistake. Shit.

“What do you mean poor sick girl? What happened?”

“No! I’m not discussing my personal life with you!”

“Logan.”

“No! I’m your employee, we don’t know each other outside of these walls and I want to keep it that way. I’m not signing the damn papers.”

“Health insurance will kick in from your start date if you do, otherwise you have ninety days until coverage starts.”

He raises a brow at me. He has no clue what that means to me, no clue at all.

“I’ll take the insurance and expectations but not the salary and definitely not the lunches.”

“It’s a package deal. Take all of it or none of it.” His tone is cold, irritated. He hates that he presented a gift to me and I spit in his face. I only feel slightly bad, but money means nothing to him or the boys. They’ve had it their whole lives, they didn’t grow up poor like I did.

I was barely out of college when I found out I had cancer. I had just started a great job and only lasted a few months before I had to quit. I’m drowning in debt from the chemotherapy before and after my surgery, from not being able to work for over a year, then not being able to find a job.

I survived cancer and I survived being jobless, I refuse to start taking handouts now.

“Parker, please!”

He doesn’t say a word, he types something out on his cell phone then sits back in his chair, crossing his arms over his chest and stares me down. I let

out a scream of frustration, he gets under my skin like no one else can.

Minutes tick by until the door slowly opens and Lucas peeks his head in. Parker waves them in and nods to the couch. Both boys drop onto the cushions and wait like the good little boys they are. Clearly Parker runs this show.

“Mr. Powell, Mr. Coleman... Ms. Johnson wants to know if she can take the early health insurance and job expectations without the increase in salary or lunch. Please tell me your thoughts on this,” Parker speaks like he’s in a business meeting with the president instead of two guys he’s known his whole life.

“Well, I for one don’t think that would be fair. If I offer you a larger pay for more work and you turn it down, that hurts. That hurts real bad, Little L.” Owen gives me his best puppy eyes.

“Fuck, you have a nickname for her now?” Parker grumbles under his breath.

“We don’t give handouts, Logan. You’re only getting this because you deserve it, just take it and make the three of us happy.”

“No lunches.” I raise a brow.

“Hell no!” Parker and Owen growl at the same time. Their eyes snap to each other, narrowing. They stare, not backing down.

“Why do you want me to eat lunch with you all so badly?”

“Because you moan when you taste something good.” Owen wiggles his eyebrows, Lucas snorts with laughter and Parker literally just growls like an angry wolf.

“Stay away from her!” Parker hisses.

“Tell us, Logan. Are you married, engaged or dating anyone?” Lucas asks calmly.

“What? No, why?”

“Hmm, that’s good to know.”

“Why is my dating status being discussed?”

Owen bites his bottom lip, looking me up and down. Out of nowhere, a football flies at him, hitting him in the stomach... hard. He grunts with pain, leaning forward, clutching his abdomen and falls to the floor.

“Fuck! You bastard!” He moans.

Lucas’s jaw falls open for a moment before he completely loses it. Tears stream down his face, his laughter filling the air. Parker stands behind his desk, hands on hips, a glare that would scare small children or the elderly,

directed at Owen. Every time Lucas glances at Owen or Parker, he laughs even harder until he too falls off the couch and is rolling around on the floor.

My eyes dart from one man to the next, I don't even know how to react. I blink a few times completely lost on what just happened.

"Okay... I'm just gonna..." I throw my thumb over my shoulder, slowly backing away from the scene in front of me.

"Don't you fucking dare. You're not leaving this office until you sign this." Parker drops an expensive looking pen on top of the documents, anger radiating off of him.

I take slow steps, like a child who knows they're in trouble. I don't know why this is such a big deal to him, I don't even know why I'm fighting him so much. He's so sure of himself, that everyone will follow his command, it makes me want to push back and fight with him. I want to challenge him every second of my day.

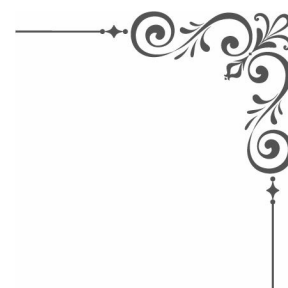
"This doesn't mean you win," I grumble under my breath. I lean over the desk, signing my name in the highlighted areas with a sigh of defeat. Parker leans in close, his lips a breath away from my neck.

"Oh, I won, honey. And I'll continue to win, because when I want something, I get it." His warm breath fans over my bare skin, causing a shiver to roll through my body. Please don't let Parker notice! I beg and pray he didn't catch my shiver. I knew I shouldn't have worn my hair up today.

When I pull back and lock eyes with him, a smirk spreads over his lips. Of course he caught me reacting to him, it was stupid of me to hope he wouldn't.

"Tomorrow's lunch is at the Mexican place with Mr. Barton, next week you can pick the restaurants."

"You're infuriating," I huff before spinning on my heels and walking out of the office.



Parker



“SHE HATES YOU.” LUCAS chuckles when Logan slams my door.

“That’s not hate, that’s sexual tension. One day we’re gonna walk in to them fucking on the desk.” Owen clamps a hand on my shoulder.

“Are we ready for tomorrow?” I sigh, trying to push aside my thoughts of Logan. Thinking of her isn’t going to solve any of my problems right now.

“The numbers I have look good but fuck if I know. I thought Smyth’s numbers looked good too, now I’m questioning every decision.” Lucas runs a hand through his normally neat hair, that’s quite messy today. He tugs his glasses off, pinching the bridge of his nose. I don’t think I’ve ever seen him like this before.

“What’s wrong, Luke?”

“I’m terrified of making the wrong decision. We have so many people who don’t think we can run this company, I don’t want to give them a reason to get others on board with them.”

“We’ll figure it out. We can’t always make the right decision; we’re bound to make a mistake sooner or later. Hell, we would have done it yesterday without Logan. Our dads made several mistakes and the company not only survived but thrived. We can do it too.” Owen reassures Lucas.

“Can Logan check this one out too? Or do you think she hates us too much right now?” Lucas winces, it kills him when people get mad at him.

“Hey, Little L, we need you,” Owen says softly into the intercom.

A few seconds later the office door opens and in walks the gorgeous girl who haunts my dreams. She refuses to meet my gaze, causing an ache in my chest. I wasn’t trying to offend her; I was trying to help. Most people would’ve jumped at the new benefits, but not Logan. No, she gets mad at us for recognizing we need her and wanting to pay her appropriately.

“What do you need help with?” She asks, her voice void of emotion.

“Could you research Mr. Barton’s company and give us your thoughts?” I soften my voice. Her eyes meet mine and hold for a moment before she focuses on her tablet.

“I researched it last night. These are the numbers I found...” She hands the tablet to Lucas, who begins skimming the information quickly.

Thank you. I mouth to her. She shrugs her shoulders but doesn’t break our eye contact.

There are so many things I want to say to her, so many things I want to do to her. I scan her body, she's breathtaking today. A dark gray skirt, royal blue blouse and a white cardigan, she looks like a sexy librarian.

"Where's the fuck me heels today?" I smirk. She tilts her head to the side, clearly confused.

"I don't own *fuck me* heels..." Her brows draw together as she tries to figure out what I'm talking about. I catch the moment it clicks and her beautiful lips form a perfect 'O'. "Ugh! I was rushing my first day here and my heel got caught on a grate and broke. I had to stop at a store and buy a new pair. That was all they had, I felt like a stripper."

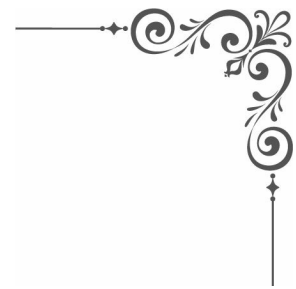
"I liked them." I bite my bottom lip, scanning her body once again.

I don't act like this; this is how Owen acts. I don't flirt with my employees; I don't check them out. I growl at them and bark orders. But this woman... this woman has turned my world upside down.

"Oof!" Air puffs out of me when a football collides with my stomach. I hunch over and fight the surge of bile fighting to come up. "Owen" I moan. "You mother fucker!"

"Now we're even! If I can't look at Little L like that, neither can you, asshole."

I'm going to kill him, it's only a matter of time. Logan has turned lifelong friends into enemies over that sexy body and massive brain of hers.



Logan



MR. BARTON'S LATE AND Parker isn't happy. He makes us order lunch, refusing to let Mr. Barton waste our time any longer.

I take the first bite of my fajita, letting out a moan as the flavors wash over my taste buds. When my gaze lifts to the boys, three sets of eyes are on me.

"What?" I ask as soon as I swallow. "Do I have something on my face?"

"Oh, honey, you have no idea, do you?" Lucas shakes his head with a chuckle.

"No idea about what?" My brows draw together, my gaze hopping from one guy to the next.

"How fucking sexy you are or how hard you're making Parker right now," Owen teases, glancing down at Parker's lap.

Parker on the other hand, stares directly at me, but doesn't say a word. At least not until Owen and Lucas start discussing something else.

"If you moan like that every time you eat, I'm going to revise your contract so you have to eat every meal with me," Parker whispers, his lips brushing against the shell of my ear. Heat fills my cheeks, butterflies dance in my stomach and my skin burns where he touched me. I wiggle in my seat, trying to get comfortable after what he just did to me.

A satisfied smirk appears on Parker's lips, when I glance at Owen, his smile matches his friend's. Why do they all have to be so attractive?

"I'm so sorry I'm late, gentlemen." A tall middle-aged man says as he plops down between Owen and Lucas. "Traffic was a bitch."

"It's fine. We ordered without you." Parker waves the waitress over to take Mr. Barton's order.

This meeting goes much smoother than my first one and soon we're signing papers and heading back to the office.

"On Monday, you're sitting next to me at lunch." Owen smirks.

"Okay... Why?"

"So, I can whisper things in your ear and make you blush like Parker did. What exactly did he say?"

I roll my eyes but tell him anyway, hoping it will embarrass Parker... it doesn't.

“If I keep moaning when I eat, he’s gonna make me eat every meal with him.”

“Can we do that?” He glances back and forth between the guys. Parker shrugs a shoulder like *Why not?* And Lucas shakes his head like *What the fuck is wrong with you two?* “I think we should. Do you have any single hot friends you can bring?”

“I don’t think Carrie could handle you.” I giggle thinking about the two of them together.

“Carrie? That’s not a very sexy name.” Owen strokes his chin in thought. “Let’s see a picture of her.”

“She’s not gonna like that unless I have a picture of you to show her.”

A devilish grin appears on his lips, he slides closer to me, throwing his arm around my shoulders. He holds his phone out, taking a selfie of us. Within seconds my phone beeps with the picture.

“How do you have my number?”

“For work reasons... and maybe so I could invite you to dinner next week.”

Parker growls from the other side of the limo, his eyes narrow on Owen’s arm still around me. Owen notices and wraps his other arm around me, tugging me against his hard chest in a bear hug.

Owen’s more attractive than should be allowed. He’s broad, muscular, covered in tattoos and has a deep gravelly voice I love listening to. He’s the bad boy in a suit, but it’s so much fun to joke around with him.

Lucas is the sweetheart, the care giver, the sympathetic one of the group. He’s tall, with lean muscle, long shaggy hair and glasses. He always has a smile and is genuinely concerned with how you are. I could talk to him all day and never tire of his company.

No matter how great Lucas and Owen are, neither one of them hold my attention. No, my attention is solely focused on the broody man pouting in the corner of the limo. He’s a mystery I can’t figure out. One second he’s hot and the next he’s cold. I can’t decide if he wants to keep me or fire me. I want to peel back the layers, discover what he keeps hidden away from everyone else.

“You’re under his skin, don’t ruin him,” Owen whispers in my ear before letting go. I eye him for a second before I slide next to Lucas, making him take a selfie with me.

“Why do I need to take a selfie? I’m not the one wanting to see Carrie.”

“No, but Carrie’s gonna wanna see you,” I chuckle. “It’s more fun if she knows what you look like if we’re gonna talk about you constantly.”

“Thank goodness I’m the nice one, I don’t have to worry about what you’ll say about me.”

I tilt my head back, letting a laugh break free.

“Oh, but the things I say about Owen and Parker...”

I’ve been attracted to Parker since I walked into his office, but after he whispered in my ear and Owen saying I’m under his skin, I wonder if something could happen between us.

I move to the spot next to Parker, leaning in close to take a photo of us.

“I’m not taking a selfie for your friend,” He hisses.

I stare up at him, his focus on his phone, trying his best to ignore me.

“What if I want one for me?” I whisper. His eyes snap to mine, searching for the truth. “Please, Parker,” I beg in a breathy tone.

He lets out a low groan before he slips his arm around my shoulders, I take advantage of the situation, using the picture as an excuse to melt into his arms. I place a hand on his hard chest and smile at the camera. I snap a few photos before I move mere centimeters away, wanting to stay as close as I can to Parker... Mr. Scott... My boss... Fuck!



Logan



THE CHAIR IN THE WAITING room is uncomfortable, my appointment time has come and gone, but I'm still sitting here. I hate the waiting; I hate not knowing if something's wrong with my own body. If I have something as serious as cancer, shouldn't I know? But I didn't last time.

I take a deep breath and let it out. This is just precautionary, there's no other reason to be getting another mammogram. It's a yearly annoyance to make sure we don't miss it if the cancer returns.

"Ms. Johnson?" A young tech calls my name. I give her a tight smile and stand. She's the same tech I had last year.

"Hey..."

"You ready to get this over with?"

I blow out a breath and nod, following her to the room. My hands shake slightly, nerves consuming my body. The same feelings I get every time I have a test, I'm terrified of them finding something, I can't go through it again.

"Take a breath, Logan. We don't expect to find anything, but it's better to check, you know that."

"I know. I'm just scared," I whisper.

"I know, sweetie. I can't take away your fear, but I'm with you and will do everything I can to make sure this is as painless as possible."

"Having my boobs squished between plates while you take the x-ray is anything but painless, Sarah." I pin her with a glare. She laughs at me.

"It's not like I want to cause you pain... Alright strip from the waist up, put the gown on, opening in the front. Let's get this over with and get you a clean bill of health."

"Fine," I groan. She leaves the room to let me change, coming back a few minutes later.

Sarah's good at her job, she's less painful than other techs I've had and I appreciate that. Once the test is over; she leaves to let me get dressed.

When I exit the room, she pulls me into a big hug.

"I'm praying for you, girly."

"Thanks. I'm hoping they don't find anything."

"Me too."

I'm only feet out the door when my phone rings. Carrie.

“Hey...”

“Shit. You sound miserable, what happened? Did they find something?”

“No... not yet at least. The x-rays won't be read until Monday. I just... I hate doing this. I hate the fear and unknown. I don't wanna worry for the rest of my life about the cancer coming back.”

“I know, I wish I could help. How about we go out tonight?”

“I just want to stay home and watch TV. I'm exhausted from work.”

“Ok... Well then I'll be over in fifteen minutes.” I chuckle, Carrie doesn't take no for an answer.

“Bring me food if you're gonna crash my peaceful night.”

“Deal! Be there in thirty minutes with pizza!” She hangs up without saying bye.

When I get home, I toss my purse on the table, slip into yoga pants and an oversized sweatshirt before collapsing on the couch. Carrie doesn't knock when she gets here, just walks in like she owns the place.

“So... Tell me about these boys you work with.” She drops down next to me, snuggling close.

“Oh! I have pictures for you!” I grab my phone off the coffee table and scroll to the photo of Owen and I. “This is-”

“No! Don't tell me! I wanna guess!... Damn he's hot. Do you have photos of all of them?”

“Yeah, scroll further.”

She flips through one picture then another of Lucas with me. There's several of me with each of the guys.

“This one has to be Lucas; he seems too nice to be Owen or Parker.”

I smirk when I see the photo she stopped on. Lucas is smiling sweetly at the camera, his arm wrapped gently around my shoulders.

“Yup, that's Lucas.”

“He's sexy as fuck with those glasses.” She scrolls to a picture of Owen and I. “This has to be Owen; he seems too flirty to be Parker... What I wouldn't give to work with these men.” She shakes her head smiling. “Which means the one I haven't seen yet has to be Parker.” She scrolls until she finds him. “Did you look at these photos?”

“Briefly, why?”

“This man is in love with you.” Her wide eyes find mine. I snort with laughter.

“What the hell are you talking about? Parker doesn't love me.”

I grab my phone out of her hand, chuckling until my gaze falls on the photo. Where Lucas gently laid his arm over my shoulder and Owen pulled me playfully into him, Parker holds onto my hip, a possessiveness in his pose. He isn't looking at the camera, instead he's staring down at me. Carrie's right, his gaze holds something more. But it can't be love and affection. There's no way Parker feels like that, but the way he's looking at me... How did I not notice before?

My focus goes to my hand on his chest, my thoughts drift to the hard muscles I felt beneath my palm, the rapid beating of his heart, the warmth of his skin seeping through the fabric of his shirt. I smile thinking how perfect it felt to be snuggled into his side, his arm wrapped around me, his thumb stroking my hip. I'd give anything to be back there right now.

"Oh, my Lanta! You're in love with Parker!" Carrie squeals.

"What! No! No, no, no. I'm not in love with Parker!"

"The lady doth protest too much, methinks."

I level her with a scowl, which only makes her laugh.

"You know I hate when you quote Shakespeare!" I moan.

"Only because you don't understand it." She laughs even harder.

"I'm not in love with Parker," I mumble, shoving a piece of pizza in my mouth.

"You can say it as much as you want, but a picture speaks a million words."

"It's a thousand words, Carrie." I let out a loud sigh. She waves me off with a smirk.

"Whatever. Either way, a thousand or a million words, they all scream the same thing. You love Parker and Parker loves you."

"I can't love someone I just met a few days ago!"

"Sure you can, it's called instalove."

I roll my eyes so hard it hurts. Carrie honestly believes people can fall in love at first sight... I don't.

"It wasn't instalove, more like instahate."

"But now?"

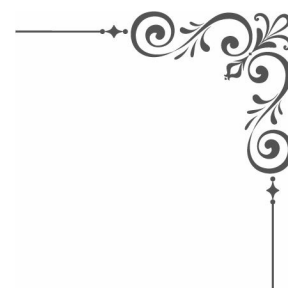
"I don't love him! I like him, but love is a little strong."

She munches on her pizza, deep in thought for a few minutes. I turn my attention back to the photo of Parker and me. We look happy together, like the perfect little couple.

“My suggestion? Take a chance on him, don’t push him away just because he’s your boss.”

“That’s exactly why I should push him away,” I grumble, biting off a large piece of pizza and chewing angrily.

I can’t get involved with my boss, no matter what feelings are passing between us.



Parker

THE MEMORY OF LOGAN cuddled up at my side, her hand on my body, has me itching for a reason to touch her again. I tap my fingers on my desk, trying to come up with a reason to ask her to come in here, but I've got nothing.

"Logan?" I call out the open door. This is what's become of my life, I now keep my door open in hopes of catching a glimpse of Logan throughout the day.

"Parker?" I can hear the smile in her voice, making the corner of my lips twitch.

"Can you come in here?"

"Sure." She walks in with a swagger that makes me laugh. I never know what to expect with this woman. "What can I do for you, *Mr. Scott*?"

She perches herself on the edge of my desk, crossing one bare leg over the other, making my mouth go dry. I lean back in my chair, trying to keep some much needed distance between us.

"Um..." I try to pull my attention away from her legs, but it's so so hard. "I can't find the paper." I swallow hard, lifting my gaze to her eyes, then dropping to her lips.

"Which paper?" She smirks.

"The paper... for the Newton buyout... I think."

"You think?" She giggles, twisting to the side, reaching across my desk and grabbing the exact document I wasn't actually looking for. "This one?" She arches a brow. I don't bother glancing at her findings, I don't need anything but to have her near me.

"That's the one." I grab the paper and throw it back on my desk, exactly where it was before she came in here, never removing my attention from her.

"Wanna tell me what you really wanted?" She challenges me.

"Nah, I'd rather not."

"Parker..." She draws out.

Ever since the limo ride back on Friday, Logan's been flirtier with me. I'm not sure what changed but I'm not going to complain about it. I'm loving this new side of her.

Moving my chair closer to her, I lean in close. I place one hand on either side of her hips, caging her in, her legs between my own. I gaze up at her,

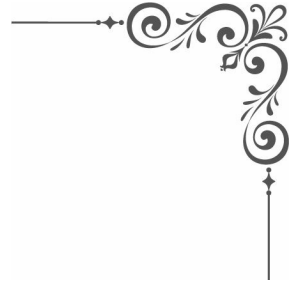
moving my hands closer until my thumbs stroke the outside of her thighs.

“Logan...” I whisper in a husky voice.

She leans forward slightly, but before I can claim those lips I’ve been dreaming about, there’s a pounding on the door. Owen saunters in with Lucas following behind him. Mother fuckers.

“Worst timing ever, boys,” Logan chuckles, raising to her full height and spinning on her heels.

“Nope, don’t leave us, we have things to discuss.”



Logan



“I’M NOT THE BOSS, OWEN, I’m a lowly assistant.” I smirk.

“Like fuck you are!” Parker protests. “You know damn right well we don’t see you as an assistant. You’re a peer to us, you aren’t lesser in any way.”

I blink in surprise several times; this is the last thing I’d expect to hear out of Parker’s mouth. Lucas, sure. Owen, maybe but not Parker.

“He’s right, Little L, your opinions, thoughts and views are important to us,” Owen says softly.

“We’re making an announcement at the meeting, you’re the new executive assistant, the only one in the company.” Lucas smiles like a proud father.

“Do we have to make a big deal out of this?”

“Yes. Everyone needs to know you’re to be respected and you deserve the position we’ve given you. I won’t put up with anyone questioning your worth to this company.” Parker’s gaze is heavy on me, his words warming my heart and making me want to know him even more.

He isn’t the hard-ass businessman everyone thinks he is. He doesn’t trust easily, but when you prove to be faithful, he takes care of you. I’m so glad I found this job and this man.

“Aww, are you saying I’m more than just a pretty face?” I bat my eyelashes at him, trying to lighten the mood slightly.

He takes slow steps, like a lion stalking its prey, until he stops in front of me, forcing me to tilt my chin up to maintain eye contact. His warm palm cups my cheek, I lean into it, enjoying the touch.

“You are definitely more than a pretty face.”

“You gotta pretty ass, tits *and* face.” Owen clarifies, making Parker and Lucas groan in unison and has me rolling my eyes.

“You’re gorgeous and smart. A dangerous combination,” Parker says softly.

“Guess you better keep your distance then.”

“Oh, Honey, he couldn’t keep his distance from you if he tried,” Lucas chimes in.

“Let’s get to this meeting and we can talk later,” Parker whispers, leading me with a hand on my lower back to the conference room.

We settle in long before anyone else arrives. Parker at the head of the table, Owen on one side, Lucas and I on the other.

“How many times do you think Anderson’s going to bash us today?” Lucas mumbles.

Before the boys can answer him, people start filing into the room and taking their seats. As soon as everyone’s here, Parker starts the meeting.

“...The Smyth buy has been canceled.”

“Whose doing is that?” A plump man with a combover asks.

“Ours.”

“Why would you back out of that deal? It was amazing. I did so much work to find a company like that, I presented it to you on a silver platter and you ruined it. I told your fathers you three weren’t ready to take over this company, all you do is screw around, you have no clue how to be a businessman.”

Parker’s jaw clenches so hard, I’m worried he might chip a tooth. His arms hang at his side, his hands fisted, itching to punch this man in the face.

I push my chair back and stand; I’m not putting up with this. I cut him off mid-sentence earning myself a glare.

“Excuse me, sir. I have no clue who you are or what your position is in this company, but frankly I don’t care. You have no idea why they pulled out of the deal, why are you attacking them like this?”

“Who are you? I’ve never seen you in this office before.” His eyes narrow on me.

“This is Logan Johnson, our new executive assistant,” Lucas states in a calm but stern voice.

“Didn’t take you three very long to get a piece of eye candy to stare at, huh?”

“Watch your words, Anderson,” Parker growls.

“You see... Mr. Anderson... I’m so much more than a piece of eye candy. I actually care about the company I work for and want them to succeed... unlike you.” I raise a brow, daring him to argue. And, of course he does.

“Excuse me? You listen to me, princess. You might be new here but don’t be confused, I’ve been at this company since the beginning and care more about it than any of them.” He gestures to Parker, Owen and Lucas.

“Aww, well I’m glad you think of me as royalty, but sadly I’m not. My name is Logan but you can call me Ms. Johnson. And I doubt you care more about this company than these men do. If you did, you wouldn’t have

presented them with the Smyth company because it was worth millions *less* than what you or Smyth were claiming.”

“What are you talking about! That company is worth over one hundred fifty million dollars!”

“No, Mr. Anderson, it’s not. It’s only worth about eighty million, but you didn’t do your homework. You took what Mr. Smyth said to be truth instead of looking into the company by yourself. I did though. I checked up on the company the night before the meeting, even though it isn’t my job. I did it on my own time and stopped these men from signing the contract when I saw the documents you and Smyth were presenting them.”

“She saved us millions you would’ve cost us,” Parker growls.

“She’s lying!”

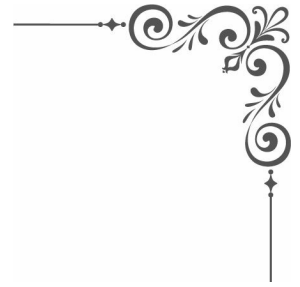
“She’s not, but if you care to keep insulting Ms. Johnson’s character, you’re free to quit or I’m sure we could fire you.” Parker glances over at Doris who gives him a slight nod. They have reason to fire him now.

“This is ridiculous! She’s only an assistant! She shouldn’t be touching any of this! She shouldn’t be at meetings; I’m not even allowed at meetings with clients!”

“Because we don’t trust your ass. And Logan is so much more than an assistant. She’ll be at every meeting the three of us attend from here on out. She might even handle some meetings alone because we *trust her*.” Owen levels Anderson with a glare that would make any human wiggle in discomfort.

Damn. I’m glad I’m on these men’s good side. I can only imagine how miserable they could make my life if I wasn’t.

My gaze falls on Parker, he must feel me staring, his hardened eyes move to me, instantly softening. His lip twitches but he refuses to smile, he needs to keep his expressionless exterior, he can’t allow anyone to see beneath the mask he wears.



Parker

I LEAVE THE MEETING early with Logan by my side, I can't deal with Anderson anymore. If I had to sit and stare at his face for one more second, I would've fired his ass faster than he could argue. He was completely disrespectful to Logan and what she's done for this company.

Logan heads to her desk, but I gently grasp her wrist, leading her into my office, shutting the door behind us. I drop into my leather desk chair, tugging her to my lap.

Wide eyes stare up at me, a smirk tugging at the edges of her plump lips.

"Parker..." She breaths.

"Logan..." I grin, she's beautiful. I want to run my hands through her hair and over the curves of her waist. I want my lips to trace every inch of her flesh and make her mine. She's already mine, we both know it.

"What are you doing?" Her gaze snaps to my hands caressing her waist.

"If you don't want this then tell me now," I whisper into her hair, my breath fanning over her skin.

"I can't," She mumbles.

I pull back, staring at her. Have I read this all wrong? I thought she felt the same way I do. She's been flirting constantly. Shit.

"You can't what?" I squeeze my eyes shut; I don't want to see a look of pity on her face.

"I can't tell you I don't want this... because I do."

My eyes fly open, falling on her beautiful smile. She wants this, she wants me.

"You do?"

"I do."

"Oh, thank fuck!"

"Aww, were you worried I was turning you down and bruising your precious ego?"

"No. I was worried you didn't want me as desperately as I want you."

I place a kiss on her neck, her pulse beating erratically under my lips. Her hand slides up my chest, threading through the hair at the nape of my neck. Mine skim up her back, tugging her closer to me. I move my lips up her neck, kissing along her jaw line, towards her lips.

My office door bangs open and Owen saunters in.

“Motherfucker,” I groan.

Logan’s head falls against my shoulder, her body shakes with laughter.

“Oh, shit,” Lucas mutters under his breath. “Owen, you seriously need to stop barging in his office. I don’t wanna walk in on them fucking one day.”

“Speak for yourself, I’d love to walk in on them fucking. It’d be like watching a real life porno.” He bites his bottom lip, his eyes traveling up and down Logan’s body.

“I’ll fucking kill you.”

I rip my phone off my desk, calling the maintenance department. They answer on the second ring.

“Hey, this is Parker Scott. I need a lock installed on my office door... I know no one has access to it once I leave... I don’t want people to have access when I’m in here either... Mr. Powell... Thank you.”

“Did you seriously just ask for a lock to keep me out?” Owen’s jaw falls open.

“Yes. The door only locks when the door is shut and my key fob isn’t close. There’s no way to lock it when I’m here.”

“Wow... I don’t think I’ve ever been so offended in my entire life...” His eyes snap to Lucas. “Are you gonna push me outta your life too?”

“If I have someone like Logan working for me, then yes.”

“What the fuck! I thought we were brothers! Sharing everything with each other.”

“I’m not sharing Logan,” I hiss.

“Fine! I’m not sharing my girl with you then either!” He roars.

“You don’t have a girl!” I yell back.

“Oh, but I will! I will! Just to piss you off!”

“You’re gonna date someone just to piss off Parker?” Logan’s brows knit together but her expression is full of amusement.

“Aww, sweetie, you don’t know me at all, huh? I’ll do just about anything to piss off Parker.”

“We both know you won’t break some girl’s heart just to annoy him.” She crosses her arms over her chest, staring him down.

He narrows his gaze at her but doesn’t say a word. I swear Logan’s the only person who can get to him like this.

“Come on, Big Man, you’re a big softy. We both know it and I love that about you. You wouldn’t hurt someone on purpose.”

“I’d hurt Anderson on purpose,” He grumbles under his breath.

“Only because he hurts the people you love,” She says softly.

Logan rises off my lap but I grasp her hips, tugging her back towards me. She kisses my cheek, pats my chest and rises again. This time I let her go.

I stare as she rounds my desk and plops down on the couch between the two men I consider my brothers. She cuddles into Owen’s side, hugging his waist. He wraps her in his arms and kisses her forehead. I don’t understand their weird relationship but I don’t need to. Logan fits in with my brothers like she was made for us, she’s ours now and we’re never letting her go.

“I won’t put up with how he spoke about Logan.” Lucas breaks the silence. “That was uncalled for and he will be punished.”

“What can we legally do?” I ask.

“I’m going to speak to Doris, but he said she was a piece of eye candy in front of a board room full of people, that’s more than enough to prove sexual harassment. We can write him up, maybe even fire him.”

“You’re not firing him,” Logan says firmly.

“What the fuck, Little L? He’s acting like you shouldn’t be here, you deserve to be here more than he does!”

“We’ll catch him on something better than sexual harassment and bury his ass. I think he’s hiding something and I’m going to figure out what it is.”

“Logan...” Lucas begins, his gaze darting between the three of us.

“Please, Lucas? You can have the sexual harassment on file, but let me figure out what he’s hiding before you toss him to the curb.”

“Fine.” I scrub a hand over my face. I hate having someone like him in our company, but at this point, he’s been here for so long, what’s a few more months? “But if he touches you or makes you uncomfortable, I need to know right away.”

“Thank you.” She rewards me with a beautiful smile.



Logan



MY CELL PHONE RINGS for the third time and I still can't find it. I finally dump the entire contents of my purse onto my desk, snatching up my phone the second I see it.

"Hello?" I answer without checking to see who it is.

"I'm looking for Ms. Logan Johnson."

"This is her."

"Ms. Johnson, this is Dr. Garfield. I'm the radiologist who read your mammogram."

"Hi..." I whisper, my eyes squeezing shut. I know what he's going to say. A painful ache fills my chest, reality crashing into me.

"I hate to be the one to tell you this..."

"My cancer's back," I whisper.

"It's a possibility. I'm sorry. We found a mass on one breast that seems to be cancer. We've sent our findings to your surgeon."

"Is it the same side?"

"Yes, it is."

I blow out a breath I didn't realize I was holding. If it's the same side it means it might not have spread throughout my whole body... right?

"Do I need to call them and schedule surgery?"

"You should call him to see what your best option is for this round. This time we caught it early, Logan."

"Thank you."

I hang up, immediately calling Dr. Rodger's office. The secretary puts me through to him as per his request.

"Logan, I'm sorry to hear from you under these circumstances."

"Me too." I whisper.

"We could do a needle biopsy and see if this is cancer again..." He trails off.

"Or?"

"Or we remove your breast completely and hope your cancer doesn't come back again. We'll check your lymph nodes and make sure it hasn't spread."

"Which treatment do you recommend?"

“If you were my daughter, I’d suggest we perform the mastectomy. I don’t think it’s worth chancing this again.”

“Let’s do it.”

“I can add you to the schedule next week if that will work with your schedule.”

“The soonest you can do it, I’ll make it work.” I swallow hard, fighting to keep the tears at bay.

“Perfect. Monday morning I have an opening. The hospital will call you Friday afternoon with your surgery time and any other information. I’m sorry, Logan. I wish you didn’t have to go through this again.”

“Will I need chemotherapy again?”

“If it comes back as cancerous, I’d suggest it. You’re so young, it will decrease the chances of cancer cells in the rest of your body.”

“Ok. Thank you, Dr. Rodger.”

I hang up, taking deep breaths to calm myself. I need to tell Parker.

My mind races with all the possibilities. He could fire me. I’ve barely worked here a few weeks and now I’m going to be out for a month or two, recovering from having my breast removed.

Holy shit... I have cancer again.

It takes me a few minutes to regain my composure, when I do, I take soft steps to Parker’s door and knock. When he glances up from his desk, a smile appears.

“Hey. You know you can come in whenever you want, you don’t need to knock.”

“Ok...”

His smile slips, concern fills his features causing my chest to tighten once again. My stomach rolls with nausea and I squeeze my eyes shut. The last thing in the world I want to do is ruin everything that’s happened between us. Life was pretty perfect before Dr. Garfield called.

“What’s wrong, Logan? You’re worrying me.”

He slides his chair back to stand but I hold up a hand to stop him. If he comes over here and touches me, I’m going to crumble. I need to stay strong; I need to control my emotions or I’m going to be a mess until Monday.

“I need off on Monday...”

“That’s no problem. Is everything ok?”

I shake my head, not meeting his gaze.

“I’m going to need off for one to two months.”

His dark brows pinch together, his mouth opening and closing several times.

“Logan...” My name falling off his lips, tearing down the walls I'm trying to keep up.

The first tear slips free, falling down my cheek. Parker's on his feet in seconds, rushing around his desk and tugging me into his arms.

“What's going on? Talk to me.”

“Did my healthcare kick in already?”

“Yes... You're scaring me, what's wrong?”

“My cancer's back,” I say barely above a whisper.

Parker tightens his arms around me, pulling me as close as he can. One hand is wrapped around my waist, the other holds my head against his chest, he slowly strokes my hair, kissing my head every few seconds.

The love and care he's showing me makes me crumble. A sob breaks free, all the sorrow I'm holding inside releases into Parker's chest.



Parker



CANCER? LOGAN HAS CANCER? The ache in my chest spreads each and every time I think about it. Wait... she said her cancer's *back*, meaning she had it before. Shit. That must be why she had to quit her last job. Pieces of her past fall into place, that's why she's in debt, why she can't afford anything.

Movement in the hall catches my eye, Owen and Lucas are walking towards my office, confusion on their faces. I shake my head; they can't come barging in here right now.

Owen motions to Logan and makes a motion asking if she's crying. I nod my head, he motions asking if she's ok, I shake my head. I can't believe Logan's sick. Owen motions one more time, telling me they're leaving and to call him.

Those two are the best support system I could ask for; I know they'll both be here for Logan too. They think of her as one of us, just like I do.

I walk over to the couch, bringing Logan with me. When I sit, I place my back against the arm rest, pulling Logan onto my lap, us both laying, taking up the entire piece of furniture. I've never been more thankful I let Owen pick out my couch. This is the most comfortable thing I've ever sat on.

"What's happening on Monday?" I ask softly. I hate being kept in the dark but if she doesn't want me to know, I'll respect that too.

"I-I have to have surgery."

"You don't need to answer any of my questions if you don't want to... what type of surgery?"

"A mastectomy."

Shit. Breast cancer. I can only imagine how she's feeling right now. My mom had breast cancer, she survived but had to have both of her breast removed. She had a hard time for years. She felt like she wasn't a woman any longer, she didn't feel feminine at all. My heart breaks for Logan, I don't want her to feel the way my mom did.

"I'm sorry. What can I do to help?"

"Don't fire me?" She lets out a humorless chuckle.

I pull back and stare down at the woman I've fallen for. Is she serious right now? I'd never fire her, especially for medical reasons.

“I’m never firing you. You focus on recovering, your job will be here for you, darling.”

“Thank you, Parker.” She traces lazy circles on my chest. I hold her closer, never wanting to let her go.

“What type of cancer did you have before?”

“Breast... same side. I had a lumpectomy. I went through chemotherapy but I guess it came back...”

“Can I... Can I be at the hospital on Monday?”

She pulls back, brows pinched together, staring at me.

“You want to be there? Why?”

“I care about you, Logan. I want to be there to support you. I know Owen and Lucas will be there too... if you let us.”

“Really?”

Tears fill her eyes, silently streaming down her face. She’s vulnerable, raw and I love it. I want this side of Logan, I want her sassy and confident side, I want her cocky and challenging side. I want all of her each and every day.

“Yes. You’re ours, darling. We take care of what’s ours.”

“I’m yours.” She sighs into my chest, snuggling even closer.

I enjoy the feel of Logan in my arms, my mind running through all the information she’s dumped in my lap today. Logan’s stronger than I ever thought possible.

Soft snores draw my attention to the beautiful woman gripping my shirt like her life depends on it.

I refuse to wake her up, learning your cancer returned has to knock the energy out of your system. I glance at my watch, it’s eleven, the boys will be here in forty-five minutes if not less to go to lunch. I slide down a little lower on the couch until my head can lean on the arm rest and get comfortable. I yank the blanket off the back and spread it over my sleeping beauty. We cuddle a little closer and I close my eyes, this is perfection.



A FINGER POKES MY CHEEK again, harder this time. I swat it away and let out a groan. When I try to stretch, I realize there’s a weight on my chest. I peek down at Logan and reality crashes back into me. Logan’s sick.

She’s still sound asleep, I glance to my side knowing what I’ll find. Owen and Lucas are sitting in my chairs, their gazes focused on me.

“So now we get a nap time?” Owen smirks.

“Shhh, I don’t want her waking up.”

“What’s going on, Parker?” Lucas asks softly, his paternal tendency taking over.

“I... I can't tell you... Not unless she says it's ok.”

“What the fuck! Is she ok?” Owen whisper yells.

“No. She’s going to be gone for a month or two starting on Monday.”

“What the hell happened?”

“I'm awake, you can stop whisper yelling at Parker,” Logan mumbles against my chest. She tries to push off me to sit up, but I tug her back against me.

“Rest, Logan. We don’t have anything that needs to be done today.”

“Don’t do that, Parker. Don’t you dare pity me!”

“Anyone wanna clue us the fuck in?” Owen grumbles, but we ignore him, stuck in our own battle of wills.

“I don’t pity you.” I softly brush a hair away from her face, tucking it behind her ear.

“Then don’t treat me any different now that you know.” Her eyes beg me to understand.

“I don’t pity you but that doesn’t mean I don’t want to take care of you.”

“I'm not yours to take care of.”

“Like hell you aren’t,” Owen, Lucas and I all growl at the same time.

“What’s going on, Little L? I can't help if I don’t know,” Owen whispers, concern etched in his features.

“I have... I have cancer again,” She whispers, staring down at her hands.

“Shit,” Lucas mumbles under his breath.

“Cancer?” Owen whispers, his expression filling with pain. He stands and paces the length of the room, running his hands through his hair. “Ok, we can handle this. You can have surgery, right? Get chemo and radiation, you’re a fighter, the strongest woman I know.”

Logan pushes off of me, stands in front of Owen, forcing him to stop his pacing. She wraps her arms around his waist, holding him tightly as his world crashes around him. Owen doesn’t handle things like this well. He’s a control freak at his core and when he can't control the things going on around him, he’ll do everything in his power to fix it.

“Big Man, calm down. There’s nothing you can do to make this better.” Logan tries to soothe him.

“Yes, I can! There’s always something. We can find you a better doctor or surgeon! We can find new treatments or something! Shit, I don’t know, Logan! We’ll figure it out though.” Tears fill his eyes, his carefully constructed walls falling down as he lets the first person other than Lucas and I in.

“I’m having surgery on Monday. It’s going to be ok, I survived one round of cancer, I can do it again.”

“You can’t leave me, Little L,” He whispers, completely raw and broken.

“I’m not. I’m right here, Owen, right here.” She holds his face in her hands, forcing him to meet her gaze.

Owen holds on to her like if he lets go, she’s going to disappear right in front of us. He doesn’t know how to handle this. Fuck, neither do I.

“Where’s your cancer?” Lucas asks.

“My left breast. I’m having a mastectomy.”

“Shit! These gorgeous things are what’s killing you?” Owen whines, staring down at Logan’s breasts.

“Get your fucking eyes off her tits!” I growl.

Owen throws me a smirk over his shoulder but doesn’t spare her breast another glance.

“What time?” Lucas pulls out his phone, probably putting it in his schedule.

“I don’t know yet, I’ll find out on Friday.”

“What happens afterwards?”

“I’ll probably start chemotherapy and possibly radiation. I won’t know anything until after my surgery though.”

“I’m sorry, darling.” Lucas stands and envelopes Logan in his arms. He doesn’t hold on to her as hard or as long as Owen. He’s logical and calculated but full of caring and empathy. Owen is unpredictable, a loose cannon with a massive heart for anyone willing to put up with his shit.

“I wanna be there,” Owen speaks up, when we all turn to stare at him, he clarifies. “I want to be at the hospital during your surgery.”

“I already told her you would.” I give him a small smile.

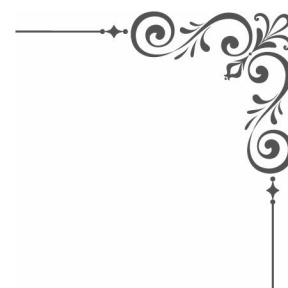
“Me too. I’ll clear our schedules for next week. You now have yourself three servants for the week,” Lucas adds.

“You guys would do all of that for me?” Logan’s voice is barely a whisper, tears filling her eyes once again.

“I told you, you’re mine, darling. We take care of what’s ours.”

“But you barely know me!” She cries.

“We know everything we need to know. You’ve had our backs from the beginning and now we have yours. Anything you need will be taken care of; you don’t need to worry about a thing.”



Logan

“WHAT’S YOUR FAVORITE food? Restaurants? Desserts?” Owen taps the pen on his notepad impatiently.

“Oh my gosh, Owen! Chill out! You don’t need to know every detail of my life. I’m having surgery, I’ve done it before. Last time I only had Carrie; I don’t need help.”

“I don’t give a fuck what you think you need! I’m not leaving your side!” Rage simmers in his eyes, he’s got the biggest heart I’ve ever seen.

“Big man, you need to work. Someone’s gotta run this big company.” I stretch my arms wide, motioning to the office.

“Parker can do it.”

“Like hell I can! If any of us gets to be with Logan, it’s gonna be me!” Parker growls.

“Fine! Lucas can do it!” Owen throws his arms in the air in frustration.

“Don’t tell me what to do, fucker. I want to be there for Logan too.” Lucas barely glances up from the papers on the desk.

Owen and Lucas have been spending a lot of time in Parker’s office. I think it’s so they can all keep an eye on me, but they keep denying it. I’m not stupid though. They don’t know how to handle the fact I’m sick.

“You guys can’t take off of work for the entire time I’m off.”

“Says who?” Parker grumbles. “We’re the damn bosses, I’d love to see someone try to stop us.”

“Parker! I’m serious!”

“So am I, sweetheart. I told you, you’re ours and we take care of what’s ours.”

“I can take care of myself; I don’t need you all missing work to take care of me.”

“No way in hell are you taking care of yourself! You can’t push us away, Little L, I won’t allow it.”

“Fine! You can take off next week but no more!”

“You’re not the boss of me,” Owen grumbles under his breath, making the rest of us laugh.

THE WEEK HAS FLOWN by quickly. The guys check in on me constantly, asking if there's anything they can do for me or how I'm feeling. They ask me a billion questions a day, coming up with lists of my favorite things and foods. Friday afternoon comes faster than I'd like. I'm on my way home from work when I get the call from the hospital with my surgery time.

I blow out a deep breath and step through my apartment door. Carrie's sitting on my couch, a bottle of wine on the coffee table with two glasses.

"I thought we could have a night in." She smiles at me.

Her blonde hair is twisted into a messy bun on the top of her head. Her blue eyes sparkle beneath long eyelashes. Carrie's gorgeous, but she doesn't recognize her own beauty. She thinks she's plain, ordinary, she's not though. If she ever realizes how gorgeous she is, she'll have the boys lining up to date her.

"Ahh, yoga pants night, my kinda night!" I change out of my pencil skirt and blouse, throwing on a pair of stretchy pants and an off the shoulder sweatshirt. This is every girls clothing of choice.

"Whatcha want for dinner?" Carrie bounces on my couch.

"Eh, whatever you want. The guys have made me choose lunch every day this week. I'm getting tired of choosing."

"Alright, let's check yelp and see if we can find something new."

I flip on the tv, looking for something on one of the half dozen streaming accounts Carrie has. Before I can find something for us to watch, there's a knock on the door. I groan, making my way to the door. When I swing it open, I don't expect to find three men staring back at me.

"Hey, Little L. Miss us?" Owen's leaning an arm on the door frame, smirk in place.

"Didn't I just leave you?" I laugh.

"I needed to see you again, these fuckers insisted they come along." Parker reaches for my hand, stroking the back with his thumb.

"How'd you know where I live?"

"We own the fucking company! You think we can't go through your HR file?" Owen quirks a brow.

"Who's here?" Carrie call from the living room.

"Is that Carrie?" Owen smirks, trying to peek around the door.

"Yes," I groan. "Come in, you might as well meet before Monday."

Owen swaggers into my apartment with Lucas on his heels, whispering how Owen better be on his best behavior. He really is the dad of the group.

Parker steps up behind me, enclosing me in his arms, his face nuzzles my neck, making all the stress evaporate out of me.

“I missed you.” He breaths against my skin, making me shiver.

“I saw you an hour ago.” Giggling I turn around in his embrace so I'm facing him. I snake my hands around his neck, staring up at him.

These men have quickly become the most important people in my life, along with Carrie. But Parker? Parker's the most important one of all.

“If I could keep you by my side at all times, I would.”

He leans down and kisses my cheek then my neck. We have yet to kiss for real, thanks to Owen always barging in, but that's ok. We're taking things slow, like we have all the time in the world... but we might not. What if the cancer is too advanced? What if I don't survive this time? What if we're running out of time?

“Hey, where's that pretty little head of yours?”

I advert my gaze, shaking my head as tears prick my eyes. I don't want to break down tonight, I want to have one last night with my friends before my world crumbles.

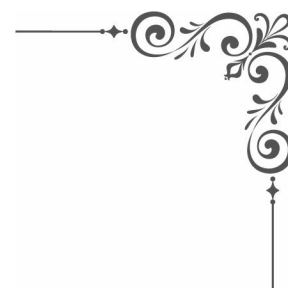
“Logan... What can I do to take your mind off of Monday?”

His eyes dart to my mouth, his tongue peeks out to wet his, he closes the distance between us. I stop him with a hand to the chest, I don't want him to kiss me to take my mind off my cancer. I want our first kiss to be when the thought of staying away from me sounds like a nightmare and we can't wait one more second.

“Don't do that to take my mind off it, don't ruin our first.”

He gives me a shy, embarrassed expression, making my heart melt. So many people see the tough businessman exterior Parker hides behind, but he's so much more than that. Once you sneak under his skin you find this amazing man who stands beside you, helping with whatever he can and holding your hand when there's nothing he can do.

“Let's go make sure Owen hasn't scared Carrie yet,” He whispers before his hands grip the back of my thighs, he picks me up and carries me towards them. I wrap my legs around his waist, my arms tightening around his neck and I burry my face in his shoulder. I can only imagine the things that will be said when we walk in there.



Parker



THE SECOND I STEP INTO the living room; all eyes are on us. Owen's devilish smirk appears, Lucas chuckles to himself and the woman on the couch looks scared.

"Hey, Carrie, I'm Parker." I hold out a hand to shake hers, never putting Logan down. I'll carry her forever if it keeps her wrapped around me like this.

"Parker! Put me down." She throws her head back laughing, the sound filling my chest with warmth and happiness.

"Nah, I don't wanna." I settle on an overstuffed chair, Logan on my lap. "How much is Owen traumatizing you?"

"Why the fuck do you always assume it's me traumatizing people? What about Coleman?" Owen pouts like a child.

"Lucas couldn't traumatize someone if he tried. He's too sweet for that. We both know you're a bit much, Big Man." Logan earns a wink from Lucas who isn't nearly as innocent and sweet as he likes to make people believe and a scowl from Owen.

"You hurt Big Man," I whisper in her ear.

"No! Owen! You know I love you! Don't be mad!"

"Did you hear that, Parker? Your girl loves me." His triumphant grin makes me want to punch him in the face. Logan's eyes snap to mine, fear in her features.

"I... I... Parker..."

"Stop, sweetheart, it's fine. I'm not mad."

I'm not, I don't expect her to tell me she loves me, that's a different type of love than she has for Owen. I get that and I'm not threatened by her love for him or Lucas.

"So, Carrie, what do you do for a living?" Lucas comes to the rescue, saving us all from an awkward silence.

"Oh, uh, I'm a real estate agent."

"I wish my real estate agent looked like you," Owen mumbles under his breath, Carrie's eyes widen, her cheeks turning a soft pink color. "I would've made sure to spend a little more time in the walk-in closet with you." He winks, making her cheeks darken even more.

"I swear we can't take him anywhere," Lucas groans.

“Um, Logan? What do you want for dinner?” Carrie tries to turn the attention away from her, but Owen has his sights set on her, there’s no getting away from that man once you’re on his radar. The more she ignores him the more interested he’ll become.

“Let’s just get white pizza and sweet Thai chili wings.”

“Ugh, I think she was made for Parker.” Lucas rolls his eyes.

“What’s wrong with pizza and wings?” Logan’s bewildered expression finds me, I shrug but smirk. I know exactly what’s wrong with it.

“Nothing is wrong with normal pizza and wings, but white pizza? And sweet Thai chili wings? Parker orders the same thing every time we get pizza. That shit is nasty,” Owen grumbles.

“Well, you can order your own food, Carrie asked what *I wanted*, not you.”

“Fine, can we order from Alfrado’s?” We all nod in agreement. Owen walks out of the room and places the order.

“You alright?” Logan asks Carrie.

She nods her head but her wide eyes are telling a different story.

“He’s... he’s a lot to deal with. He came in here staring at my ass and asked me if I was into kinky shit.”

“I want to say you get used to him... but you don’t. The things that come out of his mouth will never stop shocking and offending you. I’ve known Owen and Parker my entire life and I’m still shocked every time he opens his mouth.” Lucas shakes his head.

“How can he hold a job? I mean, how does he not get fired?”

“Easy, he owns the fucking company.” I chuckle. “We couldn’t fire him if we wanted to.”

“Wait... the three of you own Scott, Powell and Coleman?”

“I’m Scott.” I grin.

“I’m Coleman.” Lucas adds.

“Owen’s Powell.” Logan laughs when Carrie’s already wide eyes widen even more.

“You guys are worth like a billion dollars.”

“Twenty... billion.” Lucas corrects, then winces. “Each.”

Her jaw drops open, her eyes darting from me to Lucas before settling on Logan.

“Damn, did you tell her my dick size while I was gone?” Owen saunters into the room, plopping down next to Carrie, placing his arm on the back of

the couch behind her.

“See what I mean? I never stop being shocked.” Lucas gestures towards Owen.

“I know! Right!” His eyes widen and he nods eagerly. “Every time I take a piss, I’m shocked at what God gave me.”

“We weren’t talking about your dick.” I roll my eyes, snuggling closer to Logan, she gives me a sweet smile, laying her head on my shoulder.

“Well with how Carrie’s mouth was hanging open, what else was I supposed to assume?”

“We told her how we can’t fire you because you own a multibillion-dollar company with us.” Lucas rolls his eyes. “She was shocked you could do anything successful.”

“Wow, that hurts, darling. You barely know me, and you think so lowly of me. At least Little L loves me.” Owen shoots me a shit-eating grin, I growl under my breath, making Logan laugh.

“All the love in the world, Big Man.” She blows him a kiss, earning herself the biggest smile I’ve ever seen from Owen.

“What’s your boyfriend do?” Owen asks Carrie.

“I don’t have a boyfriend.”

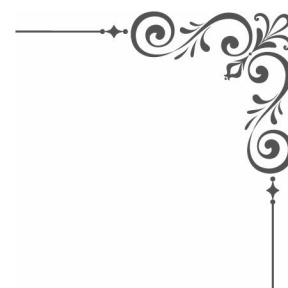
“Good to know,” He whispers, sliding closer to her. Her gaze snaps to Logan and she mouths *help me!*

When the doorbell rings she jumps off the couch and rushes to the door, but Owen isn’t deterred in the slightest. He saunters after her, pulling out his wallet as he goes.

Logan pulls away, but I tug her back.

“Parker, I need to get plates and drinks.”

“I’m sure I can find them.” I kiss her forehead and leave her on the chair while I figure out where the hell anything is in this kitchen.



Logan



“YOU GUYS DON’T NEED to do so much for me,” I whisper to Lucas.

“Let us, but especially Parker. He’s been drawn to you since the second you met; he’s had this overwhelming need to take care of you. If you don’t allow it, you’re gonna hurt him.”

“Why does he feel like he needs to take care of me?”

“I don’t know, darling. I don’t question good things crashing into our lives though, only the bad.”

My brows slam together, my gaze locked on Lucas, what the hell does that mean?

“I’m good things?”

“You’re fucking great things. Probably the greatest thing that’s ever happened to us.”

“But... why?”

“You give Parker someone to protect, Owen someone to joke around with and me someone to care for. You’ve completed us in this weird way we didn’t know we needed. You make us stronger and more relaxed. You can’t get rid of us, L, we won’t survive without you.”

“What if I don’t survive? What if the cancer has already spread too far?”

“Honey, don’t think like that. You said they caught it early, let’s just assume it’s all going to be alright, at least until we know for sure.”

“Ok,” I whisper.

“And trust me, if there’s one thing I know, it’s that money gets shit done. The three of us would spend our entire fortune if it saved you.”

Tears well in my eyes at Lucas’s words. I’m overwhelmed by the love they have for me in such a short time. I can’t even remember what it was like to not have these boys in my life.

“For fucks sake stop grumbling about me paying. Didn’t they just inform you I can afford dinner? I’ve never met anyone who fights so much about a free meal and that’s saying a lot because I know Logan.”

“Just because you have money doesn’t mean I can’t afford to feed myself!” Carrie huffs beside him, Owen’s carrying four pizza boxes and Carrie’s holding two large bags of food.

“Are you one of those people who try to pay when you go out on a date too?” Owen raises a brow.

“I-I don’t.”

“You don’t what, princess?”

“I don’t date.”

“What the fuck are you talking about? Why not?” Owen practically throws the boxes of pizza on the table before whirling around to face Carrie, hands on his hips.

Carrie gives him a small shrug and tries to step around him, but he stops her, raising his brows. Her mouth opens and closes several times, but no words come out. My heart breaks for her, I know exactly why she doesn’t date.

“Because, Owen...” She lets out a long sigh, her eyes squeezing shut. “I’d have to be asked on a date to go on one.” She pushes past Owen, marching to the bathroom and shutting the door quietly.

“Fuck,” He whispers.

I pat him on the back as I step up behind him.

“It’s alright, Big Man, she’ll get over it. You poked her sore spot though.”

“How does she not get asked on dates? She’s gorgeous.”

“Because guys don’t see past the shy girl.”

“I see her,” Owen whispers.

“Good. Show her, she could use the confidence boost.”

When Carrie comes back, we all sit down to eat. Owen leaves her alone for the most part, he feels bad about pushing her so much. Big Man with an even bigger heart.

“I have to get going, I have an early showing in the morning.” Carrie gives me a pout. I stand and pull her into my arms, she’s my family, my best friend.

“I’ll call you tomorrow night.”

“Deal. I’ll pick you up Monday morning at five.”

“Thank you.” I squeeze her even tighter.

“Of course.” She pulls back so she can look at the guys. “It was nice to meet you guys... some of you more than others.” She glares at Owen.

“Oh, come on, princess! I said I was sorry!”

She gives them a little wave, grabs her bag and is out the door.

“Shit!” Owen grabs his jacket, running after her. “Carrie, wait! Let me walk you to your car!”

The door opens and a loud sigh fills the air.

“I can walk to my car all by myself, Owen! I doubt any guys will be attacking me in the parking lot if I can't even get a date.”

“I never said you couldn't get a date! I know you can walk to the car by yourself, but I want to talk to you!”

“Well, I don't wanna talk to you!”

“I don't really give a flying fuck, sweetheart. I'm walking you out whether you like it or not.”

“Don't call me sweetheart!”

“Fine! Let's go, sweetcheeks.” He drapes an arm over her shoulders. She pushes his arm off her and quickly walks out, leaving him shaking his head.

“Don't call me sweetcheeks either!”

The door shuts on their arguing, blanketing the room in silence. Parker, Lucas and I exchange glances before we all burst out laughing.

“How long until they start fucking?” Lucas asks with a smirk.

“Two months tops.” Parker chuckles.

“Nah, Carrie won't give in that easily. I give her six to nine months if Owen doesn't lose interest first.”

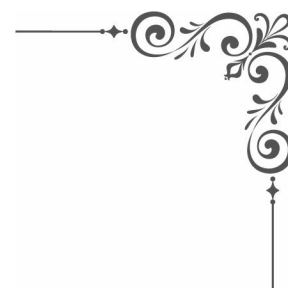
Two sets of eyes dart to me, amusement clear in their expressions.

“What?”

“Oh, darling, you know nothing about Owen. The more Carrie pushes him away, the harder he's gonna come after her. She doesn't have a chance in hell of getting him to back down.”

“I think Owen's met his match.” I smirk. I know Carrie, she won't break for him.

“This will be fun to watch.” Parker leans back into the couch, dragging me with him. His hand splays across my stomach, he kisses my forehead before resting his against me.



Parker



“I’M SCARED... WHAT if-”

“No, Owen. No what ifs. Not today.” Lucas cuts him off, squeezing his shoulder with a gentle hand. “We need to stay strong for Logan.”

“I know, but I’m terrified.”

“Me too, but we can’t let her see it. Be the rock she needs to lean on.” My voice softens. The boys were there for me when mom went through her cancer. They were always by my side, being the shoulders I needed to lean on.

The sun isn't even up yet when the three of us climb the steps to Logan’s apartment. Why the hell does she need to have surgery so early in the morning? I knock softly on the door, not wanting to wake any of her neighbors.

“Hey...” Logan swings the door open wide, letting us in.

“Morning, Little L.” Owen kisses her head.

“How are you feeling?” Lucas asks, hugging her tightly.

“I’m ready for this to be over.”

“It will be soon.” I stand with my chest to her back, my arms folded around her stomach. She melts into my embrace, releasing a shattering breath.

Logan’s breaking my heart. She’s terrified, but she doesn’t want us to know. She’s not alone, all of us are just as scared as she is. We’re going to be with her every step of the way though.

“What are you guys doing here? I thought you were meeting us at the hospital.”

“We couldn’t stay away, Little L. You mad?” Owen winces, maybe we overstepped the boundaries, but we needed to be here with her.

“No, I’m not mad. I’m glad you guys are here. I need you.”

“But mostly me, right? ‘Cause you love me more than them.” Owen smirks.

“Yeah, Big Man, I love you the most.” Logan chuckles, holding her arms open for him. He steps towards her, but I don’t loosen my hold.

“Aww, it’s a Logan sandwich! Come over here, Lucas, join the sandwich.”

The three of us surround Logan, hugging her and surrounding her with our love. The door creaks open, I glance over my shoulder to find Carrie with wide eyes, tip toeing in.

“Join the Logan hug.” Owen and Lucas hold out an arm, inviting her in. Carrie rolls her eyes but steps into their embrace.

“Alright, enough hugging, we’re gonna be late.” Logan groans when we squeeze her tighter.

I text the driver, telling him to pull around to the front of the building. He’s waiting when we get there.

“What the hell?” Carrie groans. “Why can't we drive to the hospital like normal people?”

“Get used to it, it’s pointless to fight them.” Logan laughs at my side.

“Come on, sweetness, you can sit next to me.” Owen grins before sliding into the limo.

“You owe me... big time.” Carrie sucks in a deep breath before she slides in after Owen, Lucas follows her chuckling.

Logan makes a move to get into the limo, but I stop her.

“Hey, I'm gonna be by your side the entire time.”

“Thank you. I couldn’t do this without you.”

I help her slide into the limo, saying a silent prayer for everything to go well today. We pull up in front of the hospital far too quickly. I want time to stand still so we can have a little bit more before we have to deal with what today might entail. But I also want to fast forward, know what we’re dealing with and our plan of action.

Logan sucks in a deep breath, letting it out slowly as she stares at the hospital doors. Her hands are trembling, her eyes fill with tears. I’d do anything in the world for this woman. If I could take away every fear I would. If I could take away her cancer I would. I’d give her everything.

“We’re gonna be with you every step of the way,” Carrie whispers, reaching out a hand to squeeze Logan’s.

She gives a silent nod before moving to the door and climbing out. I'm right behind her, threading my fingers through hers the second we’re both out. Spinning Logan towards me, I cup her cheek, staring into those beautiful gray eyes of hers.

“I’m here for you, but you have to tell me what you need. I’ll do anything, all you have to do is ask.”

“I just need you to hold me.” She peeks up at me through her eye lashes.

“I think I can handle that.” I smirk, pulling her flush against my chest, running a hand up and down her back, trying my hardest to comfort the woman I’ve fallen hard for.

We walk hand in hand with Lucas, Owen and Carrie behind us. Logan gets registered and we sit in silence until she’s called to pre-op to get changed and prepared for surgery.

“Can't we come with her?” Owen asks the nurse.

“I'm sorry, sir. You need to wait until after she’s prepared for surgery, then we can bring you back.”

“That’s bullshit. She needs us!”

“It’s ok, Big Man. I’ll be ok for a few minutes; you’ll be back in no time.” She kisses my cheek before she stands and follows the nurse to another area.

Owen grips the back of his neck, anxiety rolling off him in waves. I bet he’s going to start pacing the second Logan goes into surgery and not stop until she’s in recovery.

My gaze drifts to Lucas. His foot is tapping a fast rhythm against the tiled floor. He’s leaning his elbows on his knees, his chin on one hand, tapping the same speed with his index finger on his chin. He’s going to be pacing right alongside Owen.

And then there’s Carrie. She has her nose buried in a book, but she isn't reading it. She’s checked her watch at least a dozen times in the past two minutes. The calm cool and collected mask is exactly that, a mask hiding the anxiety and fear she’s feeling.

Leaning my head back against the chair, I let out a slow breath. My eyes drift closed, my mind on my girl and nothing else. Every possibility filters through my thoughts. I’ve been researching everything and anything about breast cancer I can find since Logan told me. I want to be there for her and to help her the best I can.

I haven’t told her yet, but I already have my condo set up for her to come home with me. I bought a bed and moved around my living room to make it fit. There aren’t steps to worry about or nosy neighbors... Well, that’s not true. My neighbors are nosy as fuck but Logan won't mind them one bit.

“Logan’s family?” A different nurse calls from the door Logan disappeared through earlier.

“That’s us!” Owen bolts out of his chair and over to her. “Can we see her now?”

“Yes, but you can't upset her.”

“Do I look like someone who's going to upset Little L? That's insulting, woman! Take me to my girl!”

The woman blinks several times, clearly at a loss of words. Owen tends to have that effect on people.

“I apologize for Owen, he's a little anxious.” Lucas cups the woman's shoulder, doing his thing and smoothing things over after Owen or I screw shit up.

“I completely understand, it's no problem at all.”

She leads us straight to Logan, who smiles when she spots us coming through the door. She pats the spot next to her and I sit down on the edge of her bed. Owen sits at her feet on the opposite side, not waiting for an invitation at all, but bulldozing into her space.

“Hey...” Logan whispers, gripping my hand tightly. She's trying her hardest to be strong, but I see through her. She's terrified and I can't blame her because. So. Am. I.

“What can I do?” I keep my voice low enough that only she can hear me.

“Hold me.” Her cheeks stain a light pink, she doesn't like needing someone else.

I slide closer, resting my back against the raised back of the bed. Logan curls into my side, laying her head on my chest, threading her fingers through mine once again.

“I'll hold you forever.”

“What do you need, Little L? I need to do something; I can't just sit there when you're in surgery.”

“Find someone to water my plants for me,” She deadpans.

“Who the fuck cares about your plants! I'll buy you new ones!” Carrie chuckles from the chairs to my right, Owen's gaze snaps to her. “What's up with you?”

“Logan doesn't have any plants.”

Logan shakes with silent laughter when Owen's glare lands on her.

“Please, Logan, I want to help.” His voice softens, I don't miss him calling her Logan either. He *never* calls her Logan. It's always Little L, sweetheart, darling or any other pet name he can think of at that moment, but never Logan.

“Could you organize some meals for me? Even if it's just getting food delivered?”

“Done! What else?”

“Uh... you can clean my apartment if you really want to.”

“I don’t do that, but I can hire someone who does. I’m more than willing to give sponge baths if needed though.” He smirks, until Lucas smacks him upside the head.

“I’ve got the baths covered,” I growl.

“Damn, ok. I was only trying to help.”

“Logan, are you ready?” A man dressed in scrubs asks as he approaches.

“No, but might as well get it over with.” She shrugs.

“I’m Dr. Rodger, I’ll be performing Logan’s mastectomy and Dr. Perkins will be doing her reconstruction.” He turns his attention back to Logan; I war with my mind to pay attention rather than over process everything I’m seeing and hearing. “Who would you like me to talk to after your surgery?”

“Parker.” She swallows hard, fighting to keep her tears at bay. “You can talk to any of them, but definitely Parker.”

“Ok, and what relation is Parker to you?”

Logan’s eyes snap to mine; we’ve never discussed anything that’s happened between us, we’ve just gone with the flow.

“I’m her boyfriend.” I keep my eyes on her when I answer. I’m rewarded with the biggest smile ever.

“Very well. They’re setting up the operating room for you now. You’re going to have the nurse and anesthesia out here shortly to talk to you. I’d suggest starting to say your ‘see ya later’s’ now. Do you have any questions for me?”

Owen opens his mouth to speak but Logan holds up a hand.

“Not now, Big Man, you can ask all your questions later.” He pouts, but slams his mouth shut.

“Ok, I’ll see you back there in a few minutes.”



Logan



AS SOON AS THE DOCTOR leaves Lucas embraces me.

“We’re gonna be waiting for you, you’re going to be fine, darling.” He kisses my cheek then steps out of the way for Carrie to come over.

“You can do this, you’ve beat this before, you can do it again.” Carrie squeezes me tight before she takes her place next to Lucas. She’s still not comfortable around the guys but she’s trying her hardest for me.

Lucas wraps her in his embrace as a tear trickles down her cheek. He strokes her hair, whispering something in her ear.

“Little L...” Owen’s eyes fill with tears.

“Carrie and I are going to meet you both in the waiting room.” Lucas smiles over at me. He’s protecting his brother the only way he knows how. He’s giving him a chance to break down with no one else around. Taking care of him without being asked, being Lucas.

I watch them walk out, the second they’re gone, I turn my attention back to Owen. The man who wormed his way into my heart and improves my life dramatically.

“Big Man, it’s ok.” I reach for his hand and tug him closer.

“You have to be ok; you just have to. I can’t handle anything else. I can’t live without you by my side, helping me fuck with Parker.”

Tears slip down his cheeks, but he doesn’t try to hide them, Owen’s letting me see a vulnerable side he hides from everyone. I’ve never felt more loved than I do in this moment, watching one of the strongest men I know crumble because of his love for me.

“I love you, Owen, so much,” I whisper, brushing away a few tears.

“I love you too, Logan.”

He kisses my cheek before walking out to the waiting room, leaving Parker and I alone.

“I’ll be by your side the second you’re allowed people,” Parker whispers into my neck, placing a gentle kiss over my pulse. I nod, not able to speak or I’ll break down. I don’t want to be that person sobbing on their way to surgery. “Logan...” Parker places a finger under my chin and tilts it until I’m forced to look up at him. “I meant what I said, baby. I’m yours and you’re mine. I want to take you out on a real date after you recover... without Owen and Lucas tagging along. I want to show off my girlfriend to the world.”

“I want to show off my boyfriend.” I grin thinking about getting to spend time alone with Parker. It feels like Owen or Lucas are always around when we get to spend time together. Hell, Owen has interrupted our almost first kiss at least a dozen times.

“I love you, baby.” My brows kiss my hair line, tears fill my eyes and there’s no chance of me making my way into the operating room without crying.

“Really?”

“Really. I’m so glad you became my assistant and I didn’t make you cry or quit on the first day. I thank God every day for bringing you into my life and letting me experience love for the first time. I don’t know what I’d do without you.”

“I love you too, *Mr. Scott.*” I giggle when he lets out a groan, discreetly adjusting himself in his pants.

“That’s just mean, darling.”

I snuggle up closer to him, not wanting this moment to end. When I see the nurse headed our way I want to scream, I want more time with Parker. I don’t want to leave my bubble of happiness and be thrust back into my harsh reality that I have breast cancer for the second time in less than five years.

“Hey, baby?” Parker whispers in my ear.

“Ye-ah.”

My voice stutters when Parker leans in, his lips a hair width away from mine. I hold my breath, thinking he’s going to kiss me, but he doesn’t.

A throat clears, but we don’t care. I hold up a finger, they can fucking wait.

His arms envelope me, holding on to me like his life depends on it. He whispers words of encouragement, telling me how much he loves me and he’ll be there when I wake up.

When we finally break apart, Parker rests his forehead against mine while we collect ourselves, trying to reign in our emotions. When we turn towards the person who cleared their voice, I find a young nurse smirking and shaking her head.

“Sorry about that.” I blush.

“I’m not sorry at all, not even a teeny tiny bit.” Parker shrugs.

“I don’t blame you, if I had a guy who looks like that, I wouldn’t be able to keep my hands off of him.”

“Fuck, it’s a female version of Owen,” Parker mumbles in my ear. I snort with laughter, unable to stop.

“It’s time for you two to say your goodbyes.” The nurse smiles.

“No goodbyes, I’ll see you as soon as you wake up... I love you, baby.”

“I love you too... Mr. Scott.”

He lets out a low groan, kisses me on the forehead again, then raises from my bed. I keep my eyes locked on him until they wheel the stretcher out of view. Right before I lose sight of him, Parker blows me a kiss and winks.



THEY WHEEL ME BACK into the operating room. I glance around at all the equipment they have. A table in the corner is covered in metal instruments. A woman stands in front of it with some sort of a paper gown on and rubber gloves. She’s smiling at me... Well, she’s wearing a mask so I don’t know for sure if she’s smiling, but her eyes seem to be smiling.

“Alright, Logan. Do you think you can move from the stretcher to this bed?” The anesthesiologist takes my pillow, placing it on the new bed.

“I think so,” I mumble, the anti-anxiety meds are slowly creeping in, making me tired.

“Great job, just a little bit more. Place your hands at your sides, feel the bed and try to center yourself.”

“It’s so tiny.”

“Yeah, it’s a one size fits no one.”

The anesthesiologist moves around, placing a blood pressure cuff on me, some stickers and a few other things. After several minutes she finally turns her attention back to me.

“You ready?”

“As I’ll ever be.”

“Good. Pick a happy place you want to go to. It can be anywhere you want.”

“The office.”

“Like the tv show?” She chuckles.

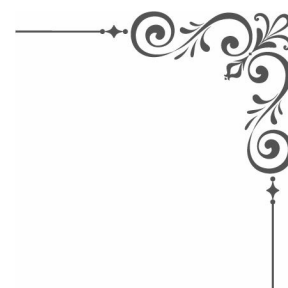
“No, my work.”

“Work is your happy place?” She stares down at me like I’m crazy.

“That’s where I met Parker and where I get to spend the most amount of time with him.” My words start to slur, but I don’t stop. “I love Parker. I love him.”

“If I worked with men that looked like that, work would probably be my happy place too.” The nurse snorts beside me.

I keep repeating my love for the man of my dreams, over and over again. Soon the sleepiness overtakes me and I dream of the office. Of Parker hugging and kissing me. Of Owen and Lucas harassing us the entire time. I’ve found my happy place.



Parker



THE SECOND I STEP THROUGH the doors Owen is on his feet, storming my way.

“How is she?”

“She’s good, happy and smiling when I left her.”

“How the hell can she be so strong? I’m a fucking mess.”

“I told her I love her.”

Owen takes a step back, his eyes wide, mouth hanging open. He blinks several times, his mouth opening and closing but no words come out.

“You told her you love her?” He whisper yells.

“I do.” I shrug.

“No shit... I’m just shocked you told her... hell, I’m shocked you even realized it. Lucas and I had bets on how long it’d take you to comprehend how you felt.”

“How much did you just lose?”

“Five grand. That motherfucker is too perceptive, it’s like he knows our moves before we make them.”

“So, you owe me five grand, I take it.” Lucas saunters up to our sides, a sly grin on his face.

“How the fuck do you know that?” Owen’s brows knit together.

“He’s happier than I’d expect considering his girlfriend’s in surgery right now. He told her he loves her, and she said the same, it’s the only explanation.”

“Told ya, perceptive as fuck.”

“Do we know how long the procedure will take?” Lucas asks, rubbing the back of his neck.

“No, she wouldn’t let me ask questions!” Owen complains.

“It should be about two to three hours before we can see her.”

“How do you know?” They both ask at the same time, then glare at each other.

“I’ve researched everything there is to know about breast cancer, mastectomies, recovery and anything else I could think of since I found out. I talked to mom and dad, asked everything I could think of.”

“Damn, you’re prepared.” Owen runs a hand over his face.

“I might have had one of those adjustable beds delivered over the weekend for the living room.” I scrunch my nose, wincing.

“Does she know?” Lucas’s wide eyes focus on me.

“I didn’t want to tell her yet, but she’s going to need help. I’m going to make her stay with me and have the three of us around.”

“Let’s just wait and see what she has to say about this.” Lucas chuckles and shakes his head.

“I’m exhausted, I’m gonna sit for a while. I’d try to sleep but we all know I won’t.”

I collapse into the chair next to Carrie. Her eyes are locked on the book she had before, but once again she isn’t reading. Tears slowly fall down her face, her hair blocks most of it but I catch the sniffle she tries to hide.

“Come here, darling.” I hold my arms open, I’m shocked when she willingly falls into my embrace.

Logan said Carrie’s uncomfortable around men, I never expected her to let me hold her.

“It’s gonna be ok, she’s a fighter... Did she tell you about her first day working for me?” When she shakes her head, I continue, telling her one story after another about Logan and I butting heads with each other.

When I run out of stories, we both lean our heads back and close our eyes. I didn’t know Logan was getting any sort of reconstruction or an axillary dissection. I didn’t even think of asking her so many different questions.

“Can you tell us what’s going on with Logan Johnson? It’s been an hour.” I open my eyes, finding Owen harassing the nurse from earlier.

“Sir, I have no information about Logan. I’ll call you when I do.”

“Can’t you check on her and let us know? Fuck, I can’t keep pacing around this waiting room not knowing if she’s ok!”

“I’ll see what I can do, but you don’t want to rush them. The doctor and nurses are doing their best taking care of her.”

“Just call them, I can’t stand not knowing,” He growls.

“I’m sorry, he’s very attached to Logan. He doesn’t know how to control his emotions right now.” Lucas tries to soothe the pissed off nurse.

“Owen, get over here,” I snap. He heads my way with a firm scowl on his face.

“How can you just sit here and relax?”

"I'm not," I hiss. "I'm fucking terrified but harassing the nursing staff isn't going to help Logan. You need to chill the fuck out before they kick you out of the hospital and you can't see her at all. Go comfort Carrie, she's been crying the entire time."

"Fuck! Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

"Because I thought you'd make it worse," I answer honestly. "Don't upset her more."

"I'm not gonna upset her at all!"

"Owen, I love you like a brother, but you're a bit much sometimes. She doesn't know how to handle you. Be gentle with her."

"I can handle a crying woman, Parker," Owen growls before stomping away.

My eyes never leave him, tracking him over to Carrie, watching him drop into the chair next to her. He takes her hand in his, threading their fingers together and holding her when she begins to cry again. He might be a pain in the ass, but he does know how to handle an upset woman. He's surprisingly soft considering his rough personality.

"Mr. Scott?" A voice comes from behind me; I spin on my heels to face the person.

"Yes, that's me."

Dr. Rodger comes to my side, a smile on his lips eases some of the anxiety swirling in my chest.

"Logan's doing great. I removed her breast and did the axillary dissection. All of her lymph nodes were negative."

"What does that mean?" Lucas asks from beside me.

"That's great news. It means her cancer hasn't spread to her lymph system."

"So... she's cancer free?" I whisper.

"She should be. We're going to go ahead with the chemotherapy to make sure any possible cancer cells are killed, but it's looking good. I'll have the report back tomorrow on what type of cancer it is. My hope is it's the same type as before and we somehow didn't get all of it."

"Are you saying you hope you fucked up last time?" Owen growls from behind me.

"Yes, because it's a more promising outcome for Logan than if she has a different type of cancer this time."

“Thank you, Dr. Rodger. I appreciate you taking care of Logan.” I shake his hand, resisting the urge to smack Owen on the side of the head.

“It’s my pleasure, she’s a wonderful young woman...” He pauses, a small smirk playing on his lips. “She kept mumbling the same thing when they were putting her to sleep.”

“What was it?”

“She kept saying ‘I love Parker’. When the anesthesiologist told her to pick a happy place to dream about, she said the office, they asked why, and she said because that’s where she met you and where she gets to spend the most time with you. Take care of her, Parker. She’s the type you keep and cherish for the rest of your life.”

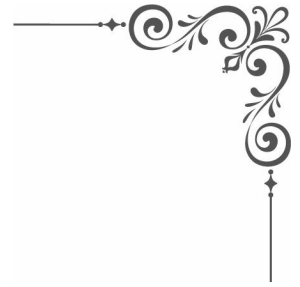
“Don’t worry, Doc. If Parker doesn’t take care of her, I will.” Owen smirks, this time I throw my elbow back, landing a solid blow to his stomach. He groans, clutching his abdomen but doesn’t step away.

“When will we be able to see her?”

“Dr. Perkins is still working, but I don’t expect him to be too much longer. I’d say within the hour, mostly likely sooner.”

“Thank you.”

We shake hands again before he walks back through the doors to the operating room.



Logan



I GROAN, ROLLING MY head from side to side. There's too much noise, the lights are too bright and I'm freezing. I peel my eyes open, wincing when the light becomes even brighter. I find a nurse at my side; she smiles down at me when she notices me awake.

"Hey, Logan. How are you feeling?"

"I'm cold," I whisper, my throat sore from having a tube down it during surgery.

"Aww, I'm sorry. I'll get you another warm blanket right away, is there anything else you need?"

"Parker."

She smiles, her eyes softening. She presses a few buttons on the monitor and jots down a couple things on her tablet before she walks away. She comes back with two warm blankets, placing them against my skin, removing the cold ones.

My eyes drift closed, the effects of the anesthesia still wearing off. I slip into a peaceful sleep, dreaming of Parker and only Parker.



I WAKE TO A WARM HAND holding mine, a thumb stroking my skin. Slowly blinking my eyes open, I find Parker holding my hand in his.

"Hey..." I rasp.

A smile spreads over his face, he scoots his chair closer and kisses my forehead.

"Hey, baby. How are you feeling?"

"I hurt a little, but I'm ok."

He glances over his shoulder and waves a nurse over.

"Logan said she's in pain. Can she have any medication?"

"Sure. On a scale of one to ten how bad is your pain?"

I try to adjust on the bed, pain radiates through my chest, it's worse than I thought.

"A seven." I wince.

"A seven is more than a little pain." The nurse smirks.

"Well I didn't try to move until after I claimed to be in a little pain. Fuck, this hurts."

“Stay still until the meds kick in, it should only take a few minutes.” She says softly, cleaning the IV port and injecting the glorious pain meds into it.

“Thank you.” She nods and walks away from us, closing the curtain around my bed as she goes. “Did Dr. Rodger talk to you?”

“Yes. It’s good news, baby. Your lymph nodes were negative for cancer. We just need to wait until tomorrow to see what the breast tissue reveals.”

Tears prick my eyes, I let out a sigh of relief, an invisible weight evaporates from my chest. I was worried sick the cancer had spread to other parts of my body, terrified this time I wouldn’t be able to survive. I’m still not out of the woods, but knowing the cancer is most likely contained, relieves some of the worry and fear coursing through my body.

A sob breaks free as tears begin to fall. I can’t hold in my reaction to this amazing news.

“Thank you for being here with me, Parker. I wouldn’t have been able to do it without you!”

“You could have, Logan. You’re so much stronger than you realize.”

“I’m tired of being strong,” I whisper.

“Then lean on me, baby, I’m not going anywhere.”

“Alright, Logan, it’s time to get you out of here and into a room.” The nurse says, bouncing to my side. She removes the blood pressure cuff, pulse ox and a bunch of other wires. Then hangs my IV on the pole at the bottom of my bed and grabs my chart. “You’re moving to the third floor, room 324.”

When we get to the floor, there’s a hushed discussion about me before I even make it in my room. The nurse who brought me up comes back over with a smile on her face, but the nurses she spoke to seem annoyed.

“Looks like you have some good friends in high places. You’re getting a private room.”

My gaze snaps to Parker, he holds his hands up.

“It wasn’t me, Logan.”

“I bet I know who it was,” I grumble.

“I’d bet I know too.” He smirks.

The nurse pushes my bed into room 324, I find Owen sprawled across the extra, sound asleep, Lucas stretched out in a chair and Carrie sitting quietly in the corner. The nurse hooks up all the wires once again then leaves the room.

“Little L!” Owen blinks open his eyes, he brightens the second his gaze lands on me, he bolts out of bed and over to my side. “How are you feeling, darling?”

“I’m ok right now.”

“We were worried about you, sweetheart.” Lucas comes to my side, concern filling his features.

“Logan...” Carrie’s eyes fill with tears the second she moves closer. She doesn’t have to finish, I know, I get it. This is the second time she’s been through this with me, the only one who’s stood by my side both times.

She grips my hand in hers, squeezing tightly. That movement alone expresses everything we can’t find the words to say. We both chuckle, tears streaming down our faces.

“Owen?” I call, he returns to my side in a second. “What the fuck did you do?”

“I have no clue what you’re talking about, Little L.” The corners of his lips tip up slightly.

“You’re a fucking liar.” I laugh but then let out a groan. “Damn, that hurt... How much did you pay so I’d have a private room?”

“I didn’t pay a cent.”

“Then how did I get this?” I motion around the large room.

“I took care of it.” Lucas winces.

“How much, Coleman?” I narrow my eyes on him, he fidgets under my stare for a few moments before he lets out a deep sigh.

“Half a million.”

“Dollars?” I sputter, my eyebrows sky rocket to my hair line, my jaw falls to my chest.

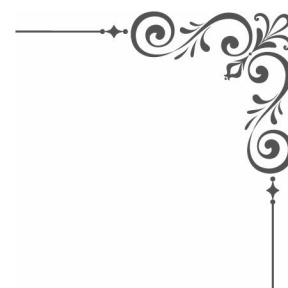
“No, puppies.” Owen rolls his eyes.

“You can’t spend half a million dollars for me to have a private room for two days! That’s crazy!”

“It was a donation to the hospital; they need funds and I have plenty. Doesn’t matter, it’s already been done.”

“Well, fuck. I was betting Owen did it.” Parker chuckles beside me.

“Now I wish I did,” Owen grumbles.



Parker

“WHERE ARE WE GOING? My apartment’s that way.” Logan gestures out the window.

“I know where you live, but you’re not going home.”

“I’m not? Where am I going?”

“You’re staying with me.” I hold my breath, unsure if she’s going to flip out or go along with this. No matter what she’s coming home with me.

“Parker! You can’t just take me to your apartment!”

“Yes, I fucking can,” I growl. “You’ll have more help at my place. You just had surgery three days ago.”

“But I won’t have any of my stuff!”

“I’ll buy you some new stuff or you can make a list and I’ll grab the things from your place.”

“Parker! You don’t get to make decisions for me!”

“Logan! Just let me fucking take care of you! Why is it so hard for you to let someone else help you?”

“Because I’ve never had someone to take care of me before!” She huffs, staring out the side window. “You’re not my boss right now, you’re my boyfriend, don’t confuse the two.”

“What the hell does that mean?” My gaze darts to her briefly before I focus on the road again.

“When we’re at work, you’re the boss and I have to listen, but when we’re at home, we’re equals. You have to keep the two separate if you want this to continue.”

My chest tightens, is she already questioning our relationship? How can she be mad that I want to take care of her? Every woman I’ve ever met expected me to take care of them in every way possible... Then Logan bulldozed her way into my life and flipped everything upside down.

We don’t talk the rest of the way to my condo, each of us staring out the windows, jaw clenched. Logan’s stubborn and challenges me every chance she gets. I love that quality in her, she’s not willing to go along with the flow, she questions things instead of just falling in line. But right now, I’m seriously hating it.

I pull into my marked parking spot and hop out of the car, rounding to Logan’s side before she can take off her seat belt. When I open the door, she

turns to face me, trying to get past me. I step between her legs, stopping her.

“Baby, I don’t want to fight with you. Let me take care of you, lean on me for anything and everything.”

Her eyes search mine, her stubbornness slowly fading away. She lets out a sigh, reaching for my hands.

“This is all new, Parker. Last time I only had Carrie to help me, now I have Carrie and three guys who don’t understand boundaries. Carrie would offer things or ask what I wanted, but you three...” She shakes her head, staring over my shoulder, lost in thought. “Lucas donated half a million dollars just so I could have a private room. You’re letting me stay in your condo so you can take care of me and God only knows what Owen’s done or is planning to do. Because I know damn right well, he isn’t about to be topped by you two. All of this after you guys gave me a massive raise, job promotion and take me out for lunch every day for free. You three never gave me a chance to get used to this, you came into my life like a tornado... What happens when you leave and I’m left trying to pick up the pieces of my life? The disaster left behind after the tornado courses through, that will be what’s left of my life.”

“Don’t think like that, baby. None of us are planning on ever leaving your side... You’re like this missing piece we’ve been looking for our entire life. You fit with us, you make us better, stronger. Owen trusts you like he’s never trusted another person outside of Lucas and I. You should’ve seen him in the hospital, he yelled at the nurses and doctors, wanting to know how his Little L was and when he’d be able to see you. Lucas cares about you in a way he’s never cared about anyone else. He’ll always care about us but with you, it’s like this need. That’s why he made the donation, he needed to make sure you had the best and didn’t want you to have to share a room.”

“What about you?” She whispers softly, her fingertips drawing circles on my stomach.

“Damn, baby, you make me crazy.” I shake my head, trying to put the way she makes me feel into words. “If anyone else treated me the way you do, I’d fire their ass in a second, but you walked into my office like a wet dream with those fuck me heels on. Not only did you figure out how to deal with the beast, but you bit back. I have this intense need to protect and take care of you, it drives me crazy when you fight me on it. You wiggled your way under my skin and into my heart without me realizing and I don’t want you leaving.” I kiss her forehead, letting my lips linger.

“Fine,” She says so quietly I almost miss it. I pull back, gaze locked on her.

“Fine?” I raise a brow; she rolls her eyes.

“Fine, you can take care of me... but only until I'm better.”

“How about I take care of you until you're better and then we'll revisit the topic.”

“I feel like I'm not gonna win this discussion and I'm tired, so I'll agree for now.”

“Smart woman.” I smirk.

Grabbing Logan's bag from the hospital, I throw it over my shoulder and help her out of the car. I've never been so happy to have a close parking spot. We're in the elevator in seconds.

“You have the penthouse?” She rolls her eyes.

“There's three, it's not like I'm the only one.”

Logan shakes her head, but I catch the smile she tries to hide. She closes her eyes, leaning her head back against the wall.

“Let's get you some food then a nap, you look exhausted.”

“Did you just tell me I look bad?”

“What? No! I said you look tired.”

“Which means I look like crap!”

“Logan...” I growl, scrubbing a hand over my face. “Sweetheart, you just had surgery, your body needs time to heal and lots of sleep.”

“I'm sorry,” She whispers, peeking up at me.

“For what?”

“I'm a fucking mess. My emotions are all over the place and I'm taking shit out on you.”

Tears flood her eyes, I drop her bag, wrapping my arms around her, careful not to hurt her. I kiss her head, rub her back, trying to soothe her the best I can.

“I understand. Don't worry about it. I love you and I'm not going anywhere. Take out all your anger on me if that's what you need, as long as you take out some love on me too.”

A slow smile spreads across her face just as the elevator doors open. I thread my fingers through hers, leading her to my door.

“So, who lives in the other two penthouse condos?”

The second the words leave those gorgeous lips, both doors swing open, Owen and Lucas smirk when they find us in the hall.

“Are you freaking kidding me?” Logan rolls her eyes once again. “I’m shocked you don’t just share a condo. I swear I’ve never seen three straight guys so attached at the hip before.”

“But are we sure Lucas is straight?” Owen quirks a brow when Lucas glares at him. “When was the last time you went on a date, Luke?”

“Shut the fuck up, Owen. Not all of us like to slip into any willing pussy.”

“I think someone hit a nerve,” Logan sing songs in my ear, only loud enough for me to hear.

“Sometimes it’s better to hit it and quit it.” Owen shrugs.

“And sometimes it’s better to be mature and act like a man instead of a boy,” Lucas counters.

“Enough,” I growl, leveling them each with a glare.

“What’s going on with them?” Logan mutters under her breath.

“Emotions have been high; they don’t know how to cope.”

“Why?”

I give her a *really?* look, her mouth forms a perfect ‘o’ when she realizes they’re so worried about her.

I open my door, leading Logan through and slam the door on the two idiots in the hall. I stare at Logan, her gaze sweeps over my home.

“This place is amazing.” I give her a tour, ending in the living room, where I had the adjustable bed placed. “Parker, this is too much.”

“It’s not. I wanted you to be comfortable in any part of the house.”

“So... You bought a second bed? For the living room?”

“I figured you could sleep out here if you didn’t want to go to our room.”

“Our room?” A slow smile spreads over her lips, she steps closer to me. Her arms start to raise, trying to wrap them around my neck but I stop her.

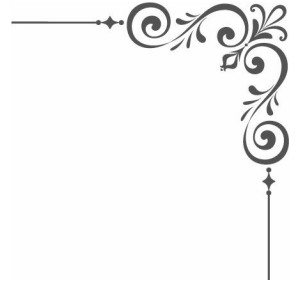
“Baby, you can’t raise them that high yet... but yes, our room.”

“I like the sound of that.”

The door swings open, Owen and Lucas arguing as they stomp in, never once glancing our way.

“Will you two shut the fuck up? I’m tired,” Logan groans, dropping on the edge of the bed.

“Shit, I’m sorry,” They both mumble at the same time, they glare at each other before turning their attention back to Logan.



Logan



“WHAT CAN WE DO TO HELP you?” Lucas runs a soothing hand down my back. “Can we get you something to eat?”

“Why are you always trying to feed me?”

“Because you eat like shit,” Parker growls from the kitchen. He brings a cup of hot tea over and places it on the night stand.

Yup. He bought a damn night stand to go next to the random bed in his living room.

“Stop judging me and my eating habits! I have a lot of bills to worry about.”

“What kinda bills?” Owen peeks over the back of the couch.

“Don’t worry about it, it has nothing to do with you, Big Man.”

“I’ll find out anyway,” He mumbles under his breath, dropping back into a laying position on the couch and out of my sight.

“Shouldn’t you all be at work?”

“Nope, we’re here to take care of you.”

“You can’t stay home with me forever.”

“No, but we can for as long as we want. We own the damn company, remember?”

“Oh, how could I ever forget? The three bossholes.”

“What did you just call us?” Owen’s head pops back up.

“A bosshole... like an asshole boss.” I shrug my shoulder; his smile widens until it takes over his face.

“I like that. Parker? Can I get that put on my office door? Bosshole Powell.”

“Are you seriously that proud of being an asshole?” Lucas draws his brows together.

“Well, I mean, I’m not gonna change so I might as well embrace it.” Owen shrugs, turning his attention back to Parker. “So, can we Papa Parker?”

“Do whatever your heart desires, Owen. I don’t give a shit what your door says.”

“Nooooo,” Lucas groans, throwing himself back on my comfy bed. Seriously what is this made of? “Parker, who knows what he’s going to put on there now! You literally just gave him the go ahead to put anything on it!”

“Lucas, chill. How much trouble can he possibly get into? It’s a freaking door,” I mutter under my breath.

“Challenge accepted!” Owen lets out an evil laugh, while Lucas groans even louder next to me.

“I’m sorry.” I lay back, snuggling into Lucas’s side. He pulls me closer, placing a kiss on my cheek.

“It’s ok. He woulda done it without Parker’s permission... How are you feeling? For real. Not that shit you feed to Parker.”

“I don’t-” I start to defend myself but Lucas gives me a bored look. “Fine! I do but only because he worries too much. I’m in a lot of pain but nothing I can’t handle.”

“Are you taking your meds?” I nod my head. “The amount they told you to take?” My nod shifts to shaking my head no. “Why the hell not?”

“I’ll be out of it and sleepy. I can’t take care of myself if I’m like that.”

“You don’t need to take care of yourself, that’s what we’re here for. Just let us in, Logan.”

“Fine. But only because this hurts like hell,” I mumble.

“Hey, Parker, Logan’s in pain, can you get her some meds?”

Within seconds a bottle of water is in my hand and Parker’s helping me sit up. He knows how painful it is for me to push myself up, so he practically lifts me.

“What else can I do for you, baby?”

“I’m good, really. I don’t need anything. You’ve all done so much.”

My ringtone fills the air, I let out a groan. I don’t want to get up and get it, but I don’t have to. Parker grabs it out of my purse before I can move a muscle.

“It’s Carrie, do you want me to tell her you’ll call her back or do you wanna talk to her?”

“I’ll take it, she’ll worry if I don’t talk to her... Hey, girly.”

“Hey, where are you? I’m at your apartment and you’re clearly not here.”

“I’m at Parker’s. He doesn’t understand the word no.”

“Is it ok if I come there? I took off from work today to hang out with you.”

“You didn’t have to do that, but yes, please come.”

“Alright, text me his address and I’ll be there ASAP! Love you!”

“Love you.” I hold my phone out to Parker, he takes it with a scowl.

“Send her your address. If you’re gonna keep me here like Rapunzel then I’m

having my friends over.”

“We’re already here.” Owen peeks over the back of the couch again. He’s like an adorable man child.

“Carrie isn’t, but she’s coming.”

“Oh, I’d love to see Carrie come.” He wiggles his eyebrows.

“She hates you, ya know that, right?” Lucas pipes up from beside me. We’ve both cuddled together in bed, getting comfortable, Parker scowls from a standing position next to me but doesn’t say a word.

“She doesn’t hate me.” He rolls his eyes. “She just doesn’t wanna admit she wants me, ‘cause she does.”

“Not everyone wants you, Big Man.”

“That’s true, you want Parker... But she’s not you. She can’t resist this boss hole.”

Lucas groans from beside me, dropping an arm over his face. Before I know what’s happened, Parker’s kissing my cheek, waking me up.



“BABY, CARRIE’S HERE.”

“Did I fall asleep?”

“Yeah, you were out cold.”

“Damn pills,” I pout.

When I try to sit up in bed, Parker shakes his head, handing me a remote. He presses a button and the head of the bed raises.

“What is this fancy shit?”

“It’s adjustable. I thought it’d make things easier for you.”

“You’re amazing, you know that, right?”

I hold my arms open for him; I just want to feel him wrapped around me. I want to feel wanted and loved.

Parker shoves Lucas off the bed, climbing in next to me, snaking an arm around me.

“Get your own fucking girl, Logan’s mine.”

“I’m not trying to steal your girl.” Lucas rolls his eyes.

“Told ya! He’s not into chicks.”

Lucas grabs a can of soup off the counter and tosses it over the couch. A loud groan fills the air, followed by a string of muttered curses.

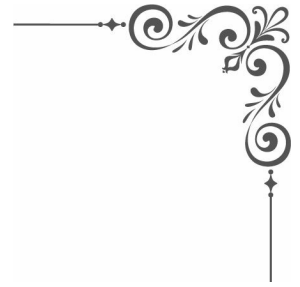
“I’m going home, I’ll check on you later, Logan.” He stops in the open doorway, calling over his shoulder. “Parker, make sure she takes her meds

like the bottle says, she's in more pain than she's telling you."

"I thought we were friends!"

"I love you, darling. I don't want to see you hurt, take the damn meds."

He slams the door behind him.



Parker



CARRIE LOOKS UNCOMFORTABLE sitting in the living room. Her gaze travels around the room, taking in my condo.

“Your home is gorgeous, Parker.”

“Thanks. Where do you do most of your business?”

“Most of it’s in this part of town, I specialize in high-end exclusive properties. I’ve never seen a condo quite like this. Everything’s beautiful. Did you hire a designer?”

“Lucas did.” Owen chuckles. “He found our condos, then insisted we couldn’t live in bachelor pads and made us hire his interior decorator. Biggest waste of money ever.”

“Do you live around here?”

“See, Little L, she likes me! She wants to know where I live!”

“Oh my gosh,” Carrie mumbles under her breath. Her cheeks heat, she’s avoiding Owen’s gaze. The more she pushes him away the more he’s going to want her.

“I can show you my condo, it’s better than Parker’s. Bigger too.” He wiggles his eyebrows, making Carrie’s cheeks turn an even darker shade of red.

“N-no, that’s ok. I came to see Logan.”

“Fine, but the offer’s always there. You can come to my place any time you want, but there is a no shoes policy... along with a no shirt policy.”

Carrie jumps off her seat, practically jogging over to Logan.

“How do you deal with him all the time?” She hisses under her breath.

“Eh, he’s not bad once you learn to ignore the flirting and pervy comments.”

“I don’t think I could ever get used to it... Do you need anything?”

“How about this, when I need something, I’ll ask one of you and until then we’ll assume I’m ok,” Logan snaps a little.

“Logan...” I growl. Carrie’s going out of her comfort zone by just being here, she could be nicer. Logan squeezes her eyes shut for a few seconds before she lets out a deep breath and looks at Carrie.

“I’m sorry. I’m tired and today’s been a lot. I’m just having trouble.”

“Do you want me to go?”

“No, it’s not you. It’s just... I don’t know. I haven’t fully processed everything yet.”

“It’s ok. Like you said, it’s a lot. You get some rest and I’ll come back tomorrow.”

“You don’t have to leave.” Logan reaches out a hand to her.

“No, it’s fine. Feel better.”

I glance over at Owen; we exchange a look. Something’s going on between the two of them. I lift my chin, silently asking him to check on Carrie. He nods his head and stands.

“I’ll text you later.” She gives us a tight smile. “Thank you for having me, Parker. Your home’s lovely... Thank you for taking care of Logan.”

“Let me walk you out.” Owen’s voice is gentle, filled with concern. He’s really not as much of an asshole as everyone believes.

“I’m sure I can find my way out; I found my way in all by myself.”

“Will you just hush and let me be a gentleman? Is it really so hard?”

“To believe you just want to be a gentleman? Yes, that’s hard for me to believe. Very hard.”

“Wanna talk about something else that’s very hard?”

“Oh my gosh! How does any woman want to be around you?”

“They like my hard parts.”

The door closes but I can still hear their muffled voices moving further away from my door.

“Logan...”

“I know, I know. I’m trying here, Parker. This is really hard for me, ok?”

“Talk to me, baby. What’s going through your head?”

“I don’t feel like myself, I feel less... like I’m no longer complete. This isn’t mine.” She gestures to her chest. “It’s fake. I guess I didn’t think losing one of my breasts would be so hard. I figured by getting an implant, I’d feel the same, but I don’t. I feel like I’m not a woman anymore, I feel broken.”

“I’m so sorry, baby. I know what I think doesn’t matter, but I don’t see you as anything less. I see a beautiful woman in front of me. One who has fought hard and is overcoming everything life throws at her. I see the strongest person I know. One who has gone through cancer twice, almost completely alone and yet you’re still fighting for another day. You amaze me, Logan. You aren’t less because you had your breast removed, not in my eyes.”

Silent tears trickle down her cheeks, a shuddering breath shakes her body. I envelope her in my arms, holding her as tightly as I can without hurting her. There's no reason for her to feel like anything less than she did the first day she walked into my office but I understand it. I know exactly where she's coming from, my mom went through the same thing.

"My mom had breast cancer. She had to have both breasts removed. I remember she felt the same way you do. You could talk to her, if you want. She'd love it. She knows all about you... not your cancer, but everything else about you. She's been begging to meet you, but I wasn't sure if you were ready for that... if we, our relationship, was ready for that."

"You want me to meet your parents?"

"I do, baby. I wasn't joking when I said I wasn't letting you go. I love you; I plan to have you in my life forever."



Parker



“DOES ANYONE HAVE ANY questions before we leave? I won't be in the office the rest of the week, but you can reach me by phone or email. I'm not sure what Coleman and Powell plan to do.”

“We'll be reachable by email and phone too.” Lucas smirks from above his coffee cup.

“Yup! So, don't call us unless it's important,” Owen adds with a scowl.

“Where are you going?” Mr. Anderson narrows his gaze at us.

“We're not going anywhere; we'll be at home.”

“This is the third week you've all be out. This is crazy. You claim to care so much about this company yet you're never here.” Mr. Anderson starts on us once again. I roll my eyes, unable to hide my irritation any longer.

“Why the fuck do I have to be here to care about it? I can do everything I do here, at home,” Owen growls.

“It's bad for morale, employees will think you don't care... even more than they already do,” He mutters the last bit under his breath.

“My girlfriend just had surgery. She's in a lot of pain and I'm going to take care of her while she recovers. If you have a problem with that feel free to bitch, but it isn't going to change a thing.”

“Fine, but why are Lucas and Owen out? Did their girlfriends have surgery too?”

“First off, it's Mr. Coleman and Mr. Powell to you. You're not their superiors or even equals, it'd behoove you to remember that.” I fold my arms over my chest, daring him to argue my point.

“Second, Mr. Colman and I don't have girlfriends. That's just crazy talk.”

“Third, Parker's girlfriend is family and we take care of family.”

“So, who's in charge while you're all playing nurse?”

“Mr. Anderson, that's very rude and insensitive,” Doris speaks up with a scowl. “These men haven't done a thing to make you think they aren't putting this company first. They've worked their butts off since they took over for their fathers. I for one am happy to hear Parker has found someone he loves enough to put before work. I hope Lucas and Owen do the same.”

“Doris! Doris is in charge!” Owen jumps from his chair, startling Anderson. “Let's go fuckers, our girl's been left alone for too long.”

“You can't leave Doris in charge, she's head of HR. She doesn't know anything about the business side of things.”

“Fine. I'll facetime you the entire day so you can ask me each and every little question and I'll be in charge.” Owen leans down, mock whispering in Anderson's ear. “You might wanna throw a towel over your computer after lunch time. That's my lotion time if you catch my drift, wouldn't wanna make work awkward after I come back. Definitely don't want you trying to catch a peek of my goods in the bathroom either.”

“How the hell did you ever become the boss? They should've made you a silent partner.”

“Because people trust me a hell of a lot more than your sleezy ass,” Owen growls before stepping away. He clamps a hand on my shoulder. “Let's go get your girl.”

“Where's Logan?” Anderson raises a brow. “She's your second in command, right? She's been MIA too.”

“Who the hell do you think his girlfriend is? No one else can put up with his grumpy ass.”

“You can't date your assistant!”

“Why the fuck not?” I narrow my eyes at him. “Who made you the fucking boss?”

“It's against policy. You can't date a subordinate.”

“Doris? What's your opinion on this matter?”

“Well, considering Miss. Johnson is technically in charge of all the assistants, she answers to Lucas, Owen and Parker. Therefore, Parker isn't her only boss and I'm ok with it. They both came to me and signed a consensual relationship agreement before they started dating. I have no problem with them being a couple, they're stronger employees together than they ever were apart.”

“He should have to have a new assistant!”

“Mr. Anderson, if you would like the daunting task of finding an assistant for Parker who won't quit within a week or run away crying before the end of their first day, then feel free. He's gone through fifteen assistants in the last six months. Agencies won't send me anyone new for him. Logan's a unicorn; we're never going to find another person who can handle him like she does.”

“She's great at handling him too. I've seen the results of her doing so.” Owen wiggles his eye brows, making Anderson's cheeks burn a bright red.

“She knows exactly what he likes and how he likes it,” Lucas adds with a shit-eating grin.

Normally he isn't one to encourage Owen, but we're all sick of dealing with Anderson thinking he knows what's best for this company and our own lives.

“Now, if there's nothing else, I'm going to get back to my girl.”

Owen and Lucas pin Anderson with a glare, daring him to open his mouth. When no one else speaks up, I turn and walk out of the boardroom. I don't go to my office or to check on anything. I head straight to my car and get home to my girl.



Logan



THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN, my man struts in with a big smile on his face. He looks sexy as hell. A dark gray tailored suit, black dress shirt and turquoise tie. His hair is slicked back the same way he had it on my first day. If I thought the scowling broody man I met that day was attractive, he's got nothing on this version of Parker.

"Hey, baby." He kneels in front of me, hugging my waist.

"Hey, sexy." I peer up at him, a beautiful smirk spreads over his plump lips. They're just begging to be kissed. "How was the meeting?"

The door flings open again, Owen and Lucas filter in, plopping down on our couch.

"Anderson needs to be fired," Owen grumbles.

"We can't fire him just because we don't like him. We need proof he's done something worth termination." Lucas is definitely the glue that holds this company together. Without him, Parker and Owen would be firing people left and right. He's their voice of reason.

"Can we fire him for being an asshole?"

"Nope. Not good enough. If I could fire people for being assholes, I'd fire your ass in a second."

"I hate you sometimes."

"Why? Because I protect you and make sure you aren't sued?"

"Why can't you just be a bosshole like Parker and I?"

"Logan... I hate you so much for calling him a bosshole, it's his new favorite word."

"Sorry." I wince. "You know, Anderson gave you Smyth's company and it would have been a complete loss. Maybe he's trying to screw you guys over because he doesn't want you there. He might think if you make enough bad decisions, your dads will take the company over again."

Three sets of eyes snap to me. They don't say a word, just stare at me like I have five heads.

"He wouldn't... would he?" Lucas whispers.

"Anderson? That fucker would do almost anything to get rid of us, he's made that painfully clear," Parker growls.

"Little L, do you have something you're not telling us? Do you know about more companies he's dealt with that aren't worth what they're trying to

claim they are?”

“What? No! If I knew anything, I’d tell you guys. You know that.”

“If I give you a list of the companies he’s been dealing with, could you look into it when you come back to work?” Owen’s all business now.

Everyone thinks he doesn’t take his job seriously, but he does. He just enjoys harassing people and making them uncomfortable. It’s why he loves when Carrie’s over. He can make her turn redder than a tomato.

“Give me the list, I’ll start looking into things right away.”

“You need to rest.” Parker scowls at me.

“Babe, I can sit in bed and use a computer at the same time. I’m not running around. Plus, the doctor said I could probably return to work soon.”

“You don’t need to be doing this right now, it’s not important.”

“Just sent you the list!” Owen smirks when Parker turns his scowl on him. “What? She’s gotta be bored, your place sucks... can you go swimming yet?”

“I don’t think so. Maybe another two weeks.”

He nods his head, scrolling through his phone.

“There! In two and a half weeks we have a date, darling.”

“You’re not taking my girlfriend on a date!” Parker scrubs a hand over his face.

“Can I?” Lucas perks up.

“Fuck no! You’re the nice one, she’s more likely to enjoy a date with you.”

“He thinks you love me.” Lucas’s face splits into a huge grin.

“She loves me the most, right Little L?”

“I love all three of you, Big Man.”

“Get the fuck outta my apartment.” Parker yanks the door open, gesturing for Owen and Lucas to leave.

“He’s jealous, he knows you think I’m sexier than he is. I’m harder in all the right places, just ask Carrie.”

“Will you leave that poor girl alone? You’re gonna give her a heart attack with half the shit that flies outta your mouth.” Lucas shakes his head, dragging Owen out the door.

“You know I love you the most.” I tilt my head back to peek up at Parker with a cheeky grin.

“You better, you’re mine.”

“Mmmm, I love being yours.”

“Good, because I'm not letting you go.”

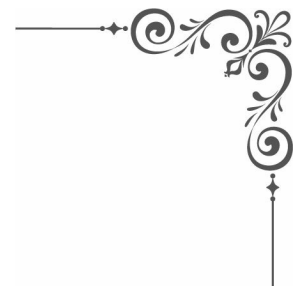
“Can you drive me to my place? There's a few things I need.”

“Just tell me, I'll send Owen to get it. He's been bitching that you never ask him for anything anyway.”

“Because I feel bad! You guys have been out of work since my surgery and I hate taking advantage of you.”

“Baby, we want you to rely on us. We want to help in any way we can.”

“Fine. Give me a piece of paper and a pen. I'll make a list for him.”



Owen

PUSHING OPEN THE DOOR to Logan's apartment, a grimace appears on my face. This place is a piece of shit, I don't know how we didn't notice when we came over before her surgery. She keeps her place neat and tidy, but it's a crappy apartment. The walls are yellowed from water damage, the carpet is stained and there's a crack the entire length of one of her windows.

I pull back the curtain to see what kind of view she has, scowling when I find a brick wall a foot away from her window.

"How the hell do you live like this? Don't we pay you enough?" I mutter to myself.

Pulling Logan's list out of my pocket, I scan the items she needs. I chuckle to myself when I read the last thing.

P.S. STAY OUT OF MY UNDERWEAR DRAWER!

I shake my head, a wide smile taking over my face. There's no way in hell I'm not looking now.

I grab her fuzzy robe, a box of makeup and hair stuff, and a few other things from the list. I grab the massive pile of mail I retrieved from her mailbox and start sorting through it. She doesn't need all this junk mail. I'm tossing one ad after another in the trash when my gaze falls on several hospital and medical bills.

I want to open them so badly, but I'm not going to do that without her permission. She'd probably dick punch me, she's threatened bodily harm before.

I scan the living room for anything else she might need that she didn't include on her list. My gaze falls on a stack of bills on the coffee table. I'm picking them up before I can think better of it.

"Holy shit," I mutter, flipping through one bill after the other.

I pull my phone out of my pocket without taking my eyes off the papers in my hands.

"Hey," Parker answers on the second ring. "What's wrong?"

"Are you near Logan?"

"Nah, she's sleeping. I'm in my office. Why? What's up?"

"Man, I just found a bunch of medical bills on her coffee table."

"How much?"

“They total to over five hundred thousand... Would she kill me if I pay them?”

“Probably... But do we care? She can’t pay that off.”

“Parker... She lives in a total dump... How did we not realize this when we come over before her surgery? She must have to take multiple trains to get to the office.”

“I was planning on asking her to move in with me. She’s it for me, I can’t live without her.”

“I’m bringing the bills with me. We’ll get them paid and then work on getting her moved in with you.”

I let out a very unmanly shriek when a mouse scurries across the floor, jumping onto the sofa like a five-year-old girl.

“What the hell happened?”

“There’s fucking mice! She’s moving now. I’m calling movers!”

His laughter fills the line, making me scowl. This isn’t funny. Rodents are nasty.

“Let me talk to her first, okay? I doubt she’ll be happy if everything she owns get delivered to my apartment without her knowing.”

“Wake her the fuck up and ask! I’m not letting Little L stay in this piece of shit apartment!”

“Alright, I’m going, jeez. Give me an hour.”

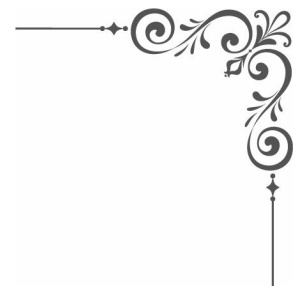
“I’m not staying here! I’ll be in my car until I hear from you... it’s nicer than this fucking place.”

I hang up to Parker laughing at me again. Fucker.

I jump from the couch to a chair, reaching as far as I can to grab the stuff Logan wanted off the table. I scan the floor for more mice before I hop off and dart to the door. The second I open it, another mouse scurries past me. I shriek, running out of there faster than I’ve ever ran before. I’m pretty sure I could win a marathon with how fast I’m running.

I rip open my car door and drop into the seat, slamming the door behind me. Fuck this shit. I’m never going back in there ever again.

Logan doesn’t have a choice; she’s not staying here. If she won’t move in with Parker, I’ll get a condo for her in our building.



Parker



I PACE THE WIDTH OF my living room; I've been wanting to ask Logan to move in with me since she had surgery. That was almost six weeks ago. But I was afraid she'd say no. She had so much going on; I didn't want to add any stress. If she didn't want to move in, I didn't want her to feel like she couldn't stay here while she was recovering.

"Mr. Scott, why are you pacing?" Her raspy voice is sexy as hell.

"I thought I told you not to call me *Mr. Scott*," I groan, discretely adjusting myself.

"Why are you pacing, babe?" Logan gives me a soft smile, her beautiful eyes locked on me.

"I wanted to talk to you about two things... I was waiting for you to wake up."

"Hmm, I don't think I've ever seen you nervous before... Well? What do you want to talk about?"

I suck in a breath and blow it out slowly. Why am I so nervous? She's right, I'm never scared of anything. But this is a big deal. If she says no... I don't know what I'll do.

"Parker? You're scaring me. What's wrong?"

"I want you to move in with me," I blurt out before I can stop myself. I wince when her eyes widen.

She doesn't say a word, doesn't even move a muscle. She blinks once... twice... three times. It's the only sign she's even alive. Fuck.

"Logan? Baby? Please say something."

"I... I don't know what to say... We haven't even known each other for that long... Are you sure you want this?" She gestures between the two of us.

"I'm abso-fucking-lutely positive. If I didn't want you living here, I never woulda forced you to stay here for the last six weeks. I love you, Logan. I don't want you to ever leave."

"Ok," She whispers.

"Ok?" My brows furrow together. "I tell you I love you; I want you to move in and never let you leave... And you say ok? Seriously? What the fuck, Logan!"

A slow smile spreads across those plump lips I want to kiss and nibble on. It takes time but she gets out of bed and strolls over to me. She still can't raise

her arms too high, so she settles on wrapping her arms around my waist. She gazes up at me with amusement in her eyes.

“Ok as in, ok let’s do it. Let’s move in together.”

“Really? You want to move in with me?”

“I do... but first we need to do something.”

“What? I’d do anything at this point.”

I stare down at her, a smirk tugs on the corner of her lips. She runs her hands as far up my chest as she can without causing herself any pain.

“What do we need to do, baby?”

“This...” She whispers softly.

She stands up on her tippy toes, pressing her soft lips against my own. I’m stunned for a moment before I spring into action. I grip her hips, tugging her against me. I hold her tight, deepening our kiss until she’s moaning in my arms. Her tongue swipes against my bottom lip, begging to tangle with my own. I can’t get enough of her, she tastes amazing, her kisses are full of desire and passion.

I take slow steps forward until I’ve backed her up against the bed. I lift her carefully, placing her on her back, then straddle her body. She giggles when I place a kiss on her neck, then her jaw. I kiss every inch of exposed skin before I pull back.

She bites into her red and swollen lip, her eyes sparkling up at me. Her fingers slide under my t-shirt, running along my abs.

“I thought we should probably kiss before we move in together,” She whispers, tugging on my shirt until I go back in for another kiss.

“I can’t believe it took us that long to have our first kiss. Don’t people normally kiss before professing their love for someone?”

“Yup, that’s how people normally do it... But Owen-”

“Is a mother fucker.” She giggles softly.

“We came close quite a few times.”

“We also came close to me bending you over my desk and-”

My phone rings loudly, I groan and roll my eyes. It’s Owen’s ringtone.

“That mother fucker!... What the fuck do you want now?” I growl into the phone.

“Did you ask her?”

“Yes.”

“So, she said no?”

“No, she said yes.”

“Then why do you sound like a miserable son of a bitch?”

“Because you’re always ruining shit.”

“Were you fucking her?” His voice rises, equal parts hope and surprise.

“No.”

“Kissing? Have you even kissed her yet? I don’t think I’ve ever seen you kiss her, Parker!”

Logan giggles, ripping the phone away from my ear and puts it on speaker phone.

“Yes, you’re ruining us kissing.” She grins up at me like she just won the lottery.

“So, you’re moving in?”

“Yup. He’s mine.”

“Good, then I can hire a moving company and get your shit out of that dump.”

“No, I can pack my own stuff.”

“Fuck that! It’s gonna take you weeks before you can lift anything. I’m hiring people.”

“Owen! No! Why can’t you just leave it go?”

“Because there’s fucking mice here! That’s nasty! I’m gonna kill that little asshole.”

“No! Don’t kill Nibbles!”

“Please tell me you didn’t name the fucking mouse. Parker? Tell me she’s joking and didn’t name the mouse!”

“He’s my friend.” Her cheeks heat, a shy expression filling her features.

“I think she’s serious, Owen.” I chuckle, I know exactly what Owen looks like right now.

He’s terrified of rodents. Mice, hamsters, chipmunks. Anything that’s quick and small scares him.

“He’s a damn mouse! He should be killed!”

“Yes, he’s a mouse, but I like him. He knows not to come in my room.”

“How in the hell do you know he doesn’t come in your room? Do you know for sure?”

“Well, no, I don’t know for sure that he stays outta my room.”

“I screamed so loud when I saw that thing scurry across your floor, your neighbors probably thought someone was trying to murder a cat.”

“You’re such a drama queen, you know that?”

“Your stuff will be delivered to Parker’s on Monday,” He growls into the phone.

“I’m sorry Nibbles scared you... Do you think you can catch him so I can keep him as a pet?”

“Fuck no! If he got outta his cage he could get in my condo!”

“Like I said, drama queen.” Logan rolls her eyes, a shit-eating grin on her face.

“Ok, we’re hanging up. I wanna kiss my woman.”

I end the call before Owen can argue, drop down to my elbows and kiss Logan, showing her exactly how I feel about her without words.



Logan



“WAIT!” I NUDGE PARKER back. He shakes his head, dipping back down to continue kissing me, I turn my head to the side at the last second, causing him to kiss my neck instead of my lips. He doesn’t seem to mind. I can feel his smile against my skin, his warm breath making me shiver.

“Parker...” I moan embarrassingly loud. “You said you wanted to talk to me about two things... What’s the other thing?”

“My parents are coming for dinner,” He mumbles against my neck.

“Wait, what! What time?”

“Around six.”

I glance at the clock, it’s already quarter after four. Panic sweeps through me. I’ve never met a boyfriend’s parents before and I’m definitely not going to do it in ratty clothes and messy hair with no makeup.

“Get off me! I need to go get ready!”

“No, baby, you look beautiful.”

“Parker! I won’t move in with you if you don’t let me look pretty.”

He sits back on his heels, still straddling my waist. Amusement lights up his eyes, a slow smirk spreading across his lips.

“You already look pretty, stunning in fact.”

“Oh shush, I look like crap.”

The door swings open, I let out a yelp thinking Parker’s parents came early... they didn’t.

“Owen! You scared the crap outta me!” I scowl at him.

His eyes are wide before they narrow with a big cheeky grin.

“Did I interrupt something?”

“Don’t you always?” Parker mutters under his breath.

“I can sit and wait while you finish. I don’t mind watching.”

“Nope! We’re done! I need to get beautiful.”

“You already are, Little L.” Owen raises a brow, pointing a finger at me. He drops onto the couch, making himself comfortable.

“Aww, thanks, Owen. That’s so sweet.”

“Are you fucking kidding me right now? I just told you I thought you looked beautiful and you told me to get off you or you weren’t moving in, but this jackass gets an *aww that’s so sweet*.” Parker mimics me. Owen barks out

a laugh, he laughs so hard he rolls off the couch and onto the floor with a loud thump.

“But you’re my man, you’re required to tell me I’m pretty.” I bat my lashes at him, feigning innocence.

“You’re lucky I love you and think that’s really cute.”

He grips my chin, placing a firm kiss on my lips before he rolls off of me and lets me go.

“Tell me when they’re here!... Owen! Where’s my makeup?”

He swipes a finger under each eye, clearing away the tears from his laughter and points to a big bag by the front door. I grab the box then a devilish grin breaks across my lips. This is gonna be great.

I pull a big fluffy makeup brush out of my box, slipping the handle up the sleeve of my sweatshirt, stroking it like a pet. I glance over at Parker, he shoves his tongue in his cheek, trying his hardest to keep a straight face.

“Aww, you did bring Nibbles! That’s the sweetest thing ever, Big Man!”

“What! How’d that fucking thing get in there!” His scream is higher pitched than I’d ever expect from a man like Owen.

He jumps on the couch, moving as far back as he can. I walk slowly towards him, petting my makeup brush.

“No! Logan! Get the fuck away from me!”

“Aww, C’mon, Owen. It’s just a little itty bitty mouse. He doesn’t bite... normally. But with how loud you’re screaming you might scare him enough to bite.”

“What the hell is going on in here?” Lucas walks in the door, his brows furrowed together.

“She’s got a fucking mouse! She named it!”

“Do you wanna pet Nibbles?”

I spin on my heels, making my way over to Lucas. I slip the handle of the makeup brush out of my sweatshirt, showing him what it really is. He’s able to keep himself composed, but just barely. He pinches his lips together in a straight line.

“You’re gonna give him a damn heart attack, you know that, right?”

“How is he this scared?”

“I have no clue. It’s not like he’s ever lived in a house with mice, his mom woulda set it on fire.”

“Don’t pet it! Kill it!” Owen’s face pales when Lucas rubs his hand over my brush.

“He’s cute. What’s his name?”

“Nibbles.” I smirk, chuckling softly since my back is turned to Owen.

I spin on my heels, speed walking towards Owen. He lets out another shriek, one that threatens to burst my eardrum. When I reach the couch, he jumps onto the coffee table then over to a chair. I don’t know why he doesn’t just get on the floor. The *mouse* is in my hands, not on the floor, but whatever.

“C’mon, Owen, he wants to meet you.”

“I swear to you, Logan. If you bring that fucking thing near me, I’m gonna kill it.”

In one quick motion, I pull the brush out of my sleeve and chuck it at Owen, while screaming “Nibbles! No!”

The brush hits him in the chest, a blood curdling scream erupts from him. He stumbles backwards, flipping over the chair, screaming even louder. A loud thump followed by a groan and another shriek fills the air.

I can’t hold it in anymore. I gently drop onto the couch, clutching my stomach, tears streaming down my cheeks. I’ve never seen such a big muscular man this scared before.

Parker’s rolling on the bed, laughing so hard I’m afraid he’s going to pee on my bed I love so much. Lucas is facing away from me, but with how hard his body is shaking, he’s either laughing insanely hard, or he’s having a seizure.

Owen’s head peeks over the top of the chair, he narrows his eyes on me. My brush gets tossed at me, hitting me square in the forehead. I try to pinch my lips together but another round of laughter bubbles out of me.

“I don’t like you very much.” Owen stands up, brushing off his pants and marches out the door, shutting it softly behind him.

“Oh my gosh! That was amazing.” Lucas sucks in a deep breath, letting it out slowly.

“I don’t think I’ve ever met a guy who can scream like that.” Parker throws an arm over his face.

“Dammit! He’s mad at me now!” I groan, letting my head fall back in the couch cushion.

“What’d you expect, babe? He’s more sensitive than people think. You just took his biggest fear and literally threw it at him.” He starts laughing all over again, Lucas joins him.

I let out a deep sigh and stand. I step over Lucas's body and stop with my hand on the doorknob.

"Is Owen's the left or the right?"

They're laughing so hard they can't talk. The both point to the left, never even looking my way.

I knock softly on the door to the left, praying he doesn't hate me as much as I think he does. When he doesn't answer, I twist the knob, surprised to find it open.

I walk in the door, shocked at how gorgeous his condo is. It's set up just like Parker's, but so different. He has dark leather furniture and a very minimal number of things. It looks more like a bachelor pad than Parker's, but it fits him. I tip toe through the living room, but I don't see him.

"Owen?" I call out, I don't want to scare him again.

"Go away!"

I follow the sound of his voice, pushing open the last door at the end of the hallway. Owen's laying on his bed in a pair of low-slung sweatpants and nothing else.

Skin is stretched taut over his muscular back, tattoos covering most of his skin. His body is a work of art in more ways than one.

"Owen..." I gently drop onto the bed next to him, cuddling up to his side. "I'm sorry. I never meant to upset you."

"It's fine. You can go back to Parker's."

"No, it's not fine. I love you; you mean the world to me. I never shoulda done that."

"I love you too, Little L, don't worry about it."

I feel bad knowing I upset a man who's become so important to me. Someone who has been with me every step of the way through my surgery. He's dropped everything to help me countless times.

"I like your tattoos," I whisper, running my fingers over his skin.

"Thanks." His sad voice and lack of jokes, makes me want to cry.

"Carrie would love them."

He props himself up on an elbow, facing me with a cheeky grin. There's my Owen.

"Yeah?"

"Yup, she's a sucker for guys with muscles and tattoos."

"That's good to know. What are you a sucker for?"

"Bossholes." I deadpan.

He chuckles, threading his fingers through mine.

“What’s the deal with Carrie?”

I shrug a shoulder, not meeting his gaze.

“She’s uncomfortable around guys, always has been. She was shy and quiet in school, overlooked very easily. It probably didn’t help that I was the outgoing cheerleader, always the center of attention.”

“She doesn’t like me, huh?”

“I don’t know... I think you scare her.”

“Go get dressed, Little L. You’re running outta time before mama and papa Scott show up.”

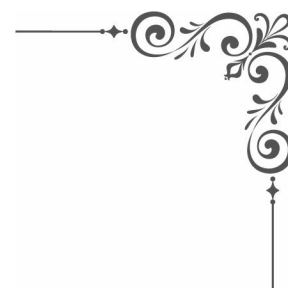
“Oh shit! I completely forgot!... Are we ok? I really am sorry.”

“We’re fine, sweetheart. I’ll stop by to see you later.”

I smack a big kiss on his cheek before I head to the door. I stop in the threshold, peeking at him over my shoulder.

“I love you, Big Man.”

“I love you too, Little L.”



Parker



LOGAN BLOWS THROUGH my apartment like a tornado. She's nervous like never before. She showers in about three minutes, rushes to our room, slamming the door behind her. I let out a soft chuckle. I love how much she wants to make a good impression on my parents, but she doesn't need to worry. They're both laid back and supportive people. They'll love Logan because I love Logan.

I place an order to the little Italian restaurant down the street, it's Logan's favorite. I set the table and blow out a breath. There's nothing else for me to do but sit and wait for them to show up.

I'm a neat freak... at home. My office is a disaster but my home is spotless. I can't explain it. With nothing to clean up and no food to prepare, I drop onto the couch and rest my feet on the coffee table.

I hope Logan can relax and be herself tonight when my parents are here, I don't want her to be uncomfortable. A thought hits me, a smile spreads across my face. I know exactly how to make this better for Logan... I think.

Shooting off a group text message, I settle back into the couch. I lean my head back, closing my eyes for a few moments. I've been so tired lately. Logan doesn't know it, but I wake up constantly to check on her. I hate having her sleep in a different room.

Sometimes I hear her moan in pain when she's sound asleep. It makes me feel useless and incapable of taking care of her. If I could take away all of her pain, take it on myself, I would. In a heartbeat. I'd do anything for Logan and she doesn't even realize it.

A knock on my door pulls me from my thoughts. Logan comes rushing out of our room, smoothing her dress down and fixing her hair.

"Do I look ok? I feel like all I've worn lately is sweats."

"You look beautiful, baby. Stop worrying."

Gripping her hand in mine, we walk to the door. I wink at her before I open the door. Mom's infectious smile spreads over her face, making dad smile too.

"Hey, honey. How are you?"

"I'm good, mom. Really good." Mom wraps me in her embrace, squeezing tightly. When she lets go, her gaze shifts to Logan.

"Oh! Wow, you're gorgeous."

“Mom, Dad, this is Logan. Logan this is Daphne and Wade.”

“It’s so nice to meet you, Mr. and Mrs. Scott.”

“Oh, please, call us Wade and Daph. Otherwise we sound old.”

“Well, ya kinda are.” Owen’s voice comes from the hall.

“Shut up, you little shit.” Dad drags Owen into a headlock, messing up his hair. It takes Owen a moment to get out of his grasp. He runs his fingers through his hair, messing it up even more.

“Watch it, old man. I’m not afraid to fight you.”

They both burst out laughing and pat each other on the backs. Lucas kisses mom on the cheek before shaking dad’s hand.

“Let’s all move into the living room and outta the doorway.” I lead Logan over, settling us on the couch.

Mom sits on the other side of Logan, while dad, Owen and Lucas take up the second couch.

“I’m so happy we’re finally getting to meet you, Logan. I’ve heard so much about you.”

“You have?” Her wide eyes find mine; I wince slightly. Nothing’s worse than having your mom tell your new girlfriend you talk about her all the time.

“Oh, yes! Parker doesn’t shut up about you. I hear you’re an amazing assistant.”

“I hear you saved the boys asses,” Dad adds with a shit-eating grin.

“Wanna hear all the fuckups you made with our dads? I gotta list ready.” Owen raises a brow, but his voice is full of amusement.

“No need, I know each and every one of them. You don’t become the best in the business without a few setbacks.”

“Damn straight. But Little L is the best, saved us her first week on the job. We didn’t even ask her to look into the company.”

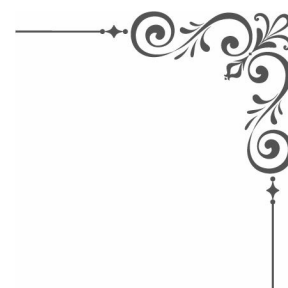
Dad’s eyes widen, guess he didn’t know that little bit of information.

“Really?”

“Yes. Parker asked me to attend their meeting and I didn’t want to be the only clueless person there. I researched for a few hours the night before. During the meeting Mr. Smyth made his company sound amazing but what he was saying wasn’t matching up to what I remembered reading the night before.”

“Son, don’t let this one go. She seems pretty amazing.”

“She is,” I whisper softly, stroking the back of Logan’s hand with my thumb.



Logan



DAPHNE DROPS DOWN ON the couch next to me. The men are all in the kitchen, cleaning up dinner and doing the dishes.

“How are you feeling, sweetheart?” There’s a level of concern in her tone I don’t expect. She barely knows me but she seems to have so much compassion and empathy for me.

“I’m doing ok. Still a little sore.”

“I remember that. It takes so long to get back to feeling like yourself. If you don’t mind me asking... What were the results?”

“It seems like it’s the same type of cancer I had last time. It hasn’t spread to my lymph system. The surgeon thinks maybe he didn’t get all of it last time.”

“Are you getting radiation or chemo?”

“Just chemo for a few months. But I’ll be getting more frequent checkups for the next few years.”

“How are you emotionally?” She gives me a knowing look.

“Did Parker talk to you?”

“No, sweetie. He’d never tell me personal stuff like that. I just remember how hard it was for me. I had a double mastectomy. I remember being so thankful they caught it in time. Parker was only in elementary school at the time and I couldn’t imagine him growing up without me. But part of me hated knowing I lost a part of myself. I felt like less of a woman, like I wasn’t feminine anymore. Wade helped me a lot back then. He told me how beautiful I was every day. He made me feel like I was feminine and the same woman. He’s the one who saved me from that mindset.”

“That’s amazing. He seems like a good man.”

“He is... Parker’s exactly like him, just a little rougher around the edges. Parker’s always been guarded and tough to deal with, but once you get past his hard shell, he’s a total sweetheart.” She glances over her shoulder at her son. Pride fills her gaze; she loves him so much. “Owen’s the same way. Lucas is the only one who wears his soft side like a badge of honor, but he can be just as vicious as the other two.”

“I honestly can’t imagine not having the three of them in my life. They’re amazing men to have in your corner.”

“They are. I hope you stick around.”

“We’re not letting her go.” Owen plops down beside me, putting an arm around my shoulders.

“Are you behaving at work, Owen?”

“Mama Scott! Have I ever misbehaved at work?” A shocked expression fills Owen’s features, his hand flies to his chest.

“You know Doris and I go out for lunch a few times a month, right?” She raises a brow.

“In that case,” The shock evaporates, replaced by a devilish smirk. “I get in trouble constantly. Do ya really expect anything else, Mama Scott?” He shrugs his shoulders.

She pats his knee in a motherly way, a genuine smile playing on her lips.

“No, sweet boy, I’d never expect you to behave.”

“Ugh. Sweet boy? You’re gonna ruin my reputation.” He grimaces, rising off the couch, heading back to the guys. He calls over his shoulder as he walks away. “I gotta go drink some hard liquor and get my man card back after that comment.”

“You’d have to have a man card to lose it.” Lucas laughs, taking another sip of an amber liquid.

“That’s rich, coming from the biggest pussy in the room, Logan and Mama Scott included.”

Lucas glares, but doesn’t add anything. He turns back to Mr. Scott, continuing their conversation like Owen never spoke. There’s some brewing tension between two of my boys, but I’m not sure why.



Parker

“PARKER...” LOGAN WHINES from the bathroom.

“What’s wrong?” I toss another empty box onto the floor. I feel like we’re never going to be done unpacking. I swear she had more crammed into her seven hundred square foot apartment than I have in my four *thousand* square foot condo.

I chuckle when I get to the bathroom door, finding Logan on the floor, hair a mess, things spread out on the ground around her. She ducks back under the sink, pulling even more out.

“What are you doing, sweetness?” Leaning my shoulder against the door frame, I cross my arms over my chest, a smirk in place.

“I can’t fit everything under here! There’s too much crap.”

“So, throw some of it out.”

Her eyes snap to me, I instantly regret my comment. Living with a woman is going to take some adjusting, but I’d do anything to keep Logan here.

“I can’t just *throw* it out. It’s all my makeup, hair stuff and everything else I need! But you have so much under here.”

“So, throw out my stuff.” I shrug a shoulder. I don’t give a shit about any of it.

“Parker! I’m serious. There’s isn’t enough room for both of our stuff... I guess I could keep my things in the hall bath and get ready in there...”

I squat down next to her; take an entire box of shit I don’t care about and toss it in the trashcan. Her eyes widen to a comical point, a gasp leaves those kissable lips.

“Parker! You can’t just do *that*.” She gestures wildly to the trashcan.

“Why not?”

“That stuff’s expensive and it’s your things.”

I stand, closing the distance between us, holding out a hand to her. Logan takes it instantly, warming my heart. Pulling her up, I take her chin in my fingers, lifting until she’s forced to look at me.

“Baby, I don’t care about any of it. I want you here even if it means all my things are moved or thrown out. I don’t care about the material things, only you. It’s just stuff, if you throw out something I actually want, I’ll buy a new one.”

“That’s stupid. I just have so much stuff, I don’t wanna take over your space though. This is still your home, not mine.”

“This is your home,” I growl. “I never want to hear you say it’s not. This is your home, our home. I’ll change the damn deed if it makes you feel better.”

“You’re not changing the deed. What if things don’t work out between us? What if one day you don’t like my shit being all over your stuff? What if you don’t want to see my bras on the back of the bathroom door? Or my shoes thrown by the closet because I’m too lazy to put them away like you do? What if you decide I’m not what you want?”

I lean down, making myself eye level with Logan. She’s fucking crazy if she thinks I’d ever want her gone. She’s it for me, there will never be another woman I want in my home, in my life.

“I’m never going to change my mind about you. Things will work out because we want them to.”

“But what if-”

“No, baby, no more what ifs. We’re going to live with each other. We’re going to get engaged and then get married. We’re going to be in love for the rest of our lives.”

“Parker... I need to talk to you about something.”

Her eyes fill with tears, catching me by surprise. Lifting her into my arms, I go to our bed, placing her down gently. I crawl in next to her, my back against the headboard, and tug her into my arms.

“What’s going on?”

She draws on my chest with her finger, staying silent for a few minutes. I don’t push her to talk, giving her a chance to put her thoughts into words.

“I don’t want to have kids...” Her words are barely a whisper. She doesn’t look at me, doesn’t do anything but continue running her fingers over my bare skin.

“Logan...”

“If that’s a deal breaker I can move back into my apartment.”

“Baby...”

“No, I get it. I really do. Most people want kids, I’m not going to blame you for that.”

“Can I-”

“It’s not your fault I don’t want them, you deserve to have the life you want. I’ll just pack up my stuff before we unpack the rest.”

I open my mouth again, this time she cuts me off before I can even say a word.

“I wonder if Owen can give me the number to the moving company. Wow, that’d be so embarrassing, having them move my stuff out of here and back to my old place within two days. Maybe I’ll find a different company to use.”

I let out a sigh, flipping her on her back. A gasp leaves her mouth, but she finally stops talking. I straddle her hips, pinning her hands next to her head, staring down at her.

“You gonna let me talk now?”

Wide eyes stare back at me. She nods, wordlessly, like a good little girl.

“I don’t want you to open your mouth until I’m done.”

She opens her mouth to argue, but I’m faster. I press my lips to hers, preventing her from talking.

“I said no. Got it?”

Another wordless nod, this time with a scowl.

“Good... You don’t want kids?”

She shakes her head, her eyes filling with tears again.

“I’m ok with that, Logan. Do I really seem like the dad type?”

She glances up at her hands pinned above her head. She’s holding her thumb and forefinger close together on both hands. I can’t help but chuckle. I love this woman.

“I’m not. I could be a fun uncle but I don’t think I’d be the best dad. If you wanted kids, I’d happily have them with you, but it’s not necessary for me... I’m curious though... Why don’t you want them? You’d be a fantastic mom.”

She stares back at me, doesn’t say a single word. When her lips turn up into a devilish smirk, I roll my eyes.

“Now you can talk.”

“Thanks, boss... My dad had cancer, so did his mom and her mom. I’m worried that my child would get cancer and I couldn’t handle knowing I’m the reason they got it. I don’t want to pass on these genes. I don’t want that thought always lingering in the back of my mind, wondering when they’re going to be diagnosed. What type will they get? Will it be caught in enough time for treatment? Will it be an aggressive form? Will I be around to help them through it, or will they be alone like I was?... I can’t handle that, Parker.”

“I’m so sorry, sweetheart. We don’t have to have kids at all. I’m happy being just us... but if you wanted to have some, we could always adopt. They wouldn’t share your DNA.”

She shakes her head, the first tear escapes, making my chest ache. There’s nothing I hate more than seeing my girl cry.

“I’d always be terrified. I can’t handle the thought of getting cancer again and this time not surviving... How many times can you get cancer and survive? I’ve had it twice, Parker. Twice! It could happen again.”

“And you’ll beat it again. I’ll be right by your side through everything. We’ll have ups and downs, none of it matters as long as I have you by my side.”

“I don’t deserve you,” She whispers.

“No, you don’t. You deserve so much better than me, but I’m happy you settled.”

She rolls her eyes, but I catch the small smirk she’s trying to hide.

“Is that a smirk, Ms. Johnson?”

“No, Mr. Scott. I have no clue what you’re talking about.”

“Damn, I love the way you say my name.”

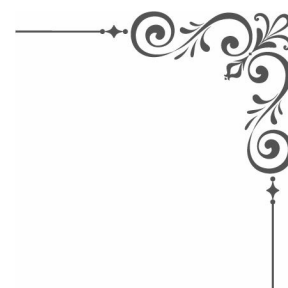
“*Mr. Scott...*” She whispers in a breathy moan and I groan. “*Parker*. Which do you like better? *Parker* or *Mr. Scott*.”

“I don’t give a damn, as long as my name is the only one you say like that.”

I crash my lips into hers, she wiggles and moans beneath me. I free her arms, but only so I can run my hands over every inch of her body. She moans into my kisses, her fingers trail up and down my torso, over my shoulders and down my arms.

“I love you, Logan.”

“I love you, *Mr. Scott*.”



Logan



“I DON’T KNOW HOW YOU deal with him all the time. He’s just sooo...ugh!” Carrie throws her hands up in frustration.

“He’s harmless.” I chuckle, taking a sip of my hot chocolate.

We met in a little café down the street from Parker’s... I mean *my* place. Since I moved in with Parker, Carrie and I haven’t been able to get a single second to hang out alone. If Parker isn’t there, Owen or Lucas stop by. When Parker is home, he wants to be right there with us. I love all of them to death, but sometimes I just need to spend time with Carrie... Alone.

“How can you say he’s harmless? He’s so vulgar and flirts non-stop. I swear that man could make a stripper blush.”

I throw my head back in laughter. Carrie gets so wound up when it comes to Owen. He gets under her skin like no one else can.

“Owen’s all talk with very little bite... unless you’re into that thing, then I’m sure he’d bite.”

Carrie’s eyes bulge, her mouth falls open. Before she can respond, a familiar voice floats through the air. A kiss is placed on my cheek, at the same time Owen slides into the seat next to Carrie and Lucas drags a chair over from another table. Parker squeezes my thigh, letting his hand linger there.

“Hey, baby. We got bored and missed you.” He flashes me a panty melting smile.

“Did you miss me, Carrie?” Owen wiggles his eyebrows, smiling so big his dimples make an appearance.

“I told them you two wanted some time alone but they didn’t want to listen to me. Surprise, surprise.” Lucas rolls his eyes, giving us an apologetic look.

“How can we miss you when you’re always around?” Carrie raises a brow, clearly annoyed she has to deal with Owen once again.

“Are you mad?” Parker whispers in my ear, his warm breath fans over my skin making me shiver. He chuckles when he notices, snaking an arm around my waist, tugging me close. Placing a gentle kiss on my head, he lets out a little happy sigh.

“Nah, I’m not mad. Carrie definitely is though.”

“Do you want us to leave?”

“No. I wanna stay in your arms forever.”

“I think that can be arranged.” He kisses my temple.

“You guys are seriously the most adorable couple.” She plops her elbows on the table, resting her chin in her hands, giving us a dreamy smile.

“We could be more adorable,” Owen mutters in her ear.

Carrie jumps away, knocking her drink over in the process. It spills all over Owen and herself, drenching their laps completely.

“Well, shit. When I said I’d make you wet, I never meant this way. My way would be much more fun.”

“Ohmygosh!” Carrie lets out in one loud moan, covering her beet red face in her hands.

“Exactly!” Owen’s face lights up, he points at her, a huge smile in place. “You’d moan exactly like that! *Ohmygosh!*” He imitates her moan in a breathy voice.

“Logan... I... I gotta go. I’ll call you later.” Carrie hops up, grabbing her purse.

“Carrie, sit the fuck down. I’m just messing with you. Plus, you look like you pissed yourself and people are looking.” Owen grabs her wrist, tugging her back down.

“You look the exact same way! This is all your fault!”

“How’s this my fault?” He rears back like someone slapped him. “You’re the one who flipped the fuck out.”

“Because you were all up in my personal space! Do you always have to be inches from me? Why can’t Lucas sit next to me? Why does it always have to be you?”

“Because Lucas is asexual, he doesn’t give a shit about a pretty girl.”

“I am not!” Lucas’s brows furrow with anger. Owen rolls his eyes, waving him off.

“You are too. You couldn’t care less about flirting with a woman.”

“Just because I can hold a conversation that doesn’t revolve around flirting and sex doesn’t mean I don’t or can’t flirt. I don’t feel the need to overwhelm a woman.”

“See! I’d much rather sit next to him.” Carrie motions to an innocent looking Lucas at the end of the table. Owen narrows his eyes, his gaze bouncing between the two of them.

“Does Lucas give you a lady boner?”

Carrie stares up at the ceiling, muttering a prayer and letting out a deep breath. When she turns her attention back to Owen, she glares at him.

"I'm not answering that."

Carrie jumps out of her chair, this time she's quicker than Owen, running out of the café.

"Motherfucker," Owen mutters, racing after her.

"Oh, stop looking at her you perv! I got her a little too wet and she made me cream myself, mind your own damn business!" Owen roars at some guy staring at Carrie.

"So how long do you think it will take for him to admit he wants to date Carrie?" Lucas leans in with a smirk on his face.

"I thought Owen didn't date." I frown, does he want to date Carrie?

"He doesn't... Or at least hasn't dated in the past," Parker adds.

"Then why would he want to date Carrie?"

Lucas and Parker share a look, a slow smile spreading across both of their faces.

"Because she doesn't want him," They say at the same time.

"She can't be the first woman to turn him down." I roll my eyes, chuckling. But when I glance back at them, their expressions make me second guess my thought. "Wait... really? First ever?"

"Eh... Yeah, kinda. Married women turn him down, but I don't think a single woman has ever turned him down. He's hot and he knows it. He could charm the panties off a nun." Lucas rolls his eyes making Parker choke out a laugh.

"So, she's a challenge? He'll nail her and drop her?"

"Nah, I didn't say that. Owen's a whole hell of a lot of things, but heartless isn't one of them. I think he genuinely likes Carrie. It's kinda weird, she's not really his type, but whatever."

"And what's his type?" I arch a brow. Owen would be the luckiest man in the world to land a woman like Carrie.

"You," Parker growls.

"Me? What do you mean, me?" My voice squeaks, that's the last thing in the world I expected him to say.

"You're sexy as fuck, confident, flirty, and know how to banter with him. You're as close to perfect for Owen as anyone I've ever met." Parker shrugs his shoulders like he didn't just drop that bomb in my lap.

I swat at Parker's chest several times, he chuckles, grabbing my wrist. He places gentle kisses on my palm, before dropping our hands to his lap.

"You can't just say something like that! Are you saying Owen likes me?"

"Owen loves the shit outta you." Parker drops another bomb on me.

"But not like that," Lucas adds, easing the terror building in my chest slightly. "He loves you like a sister."

"You promise?" I beg, I need to know Owen doesn't have feelings towards me. I'd never want to come between him and Parker. If I ruined their friendship, I'd never forgive myself.

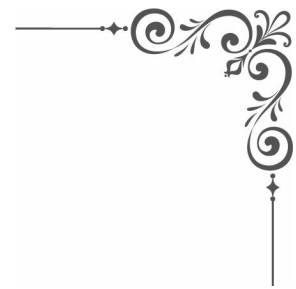
"Yes, darling. You have nothing to worry about. Owen and I knew we didn't have a chance with you from the moment we met you. Parker's your perfect person, not us."

I furrow my brows. Did Lucas like me as more too? My brain runs a mile a minute, trying it's hardest to figure out if he's ever shown any indication of liking me as more than friends.

"Stop that!" He chuckles. "I'm not harboring a secret crush on you, I promise. You and Parker were made for each other. You're an amazing woman, I won't act like you aren't, but you're not my perfect person."

"That's the sweetest thing ever!" My hand flies to my chest, tears welling in my eyes.

"Shut the fuck up, Coleman. You're gonna make my girl cry," Parker growls, tugging me closer. He nuzzles his face into my neck, peppering me with kisses.



Parker



“I PAID IT ALL OFF,” Owen says on a sigh, dropping onto the couch in my office.

I pause, lifting my gaze from the documents I was going through.

“Explain *all*.”

“Oh, ya know, over half a million in past due and I called the hospital and gave them my credit card number. They promised any new bills will be charged to me and no bills will be going out to Little L.”

“Good. I’ll give you money.”

“No. You won’t.”

Owen crosses his arms over his chest, a defiant scowl on his face. I narrow my eyes; Owen doesn’t do something like this often. He normally just goes along with the flow, but this is my girl. She’s my responsibility.

“You’re not paying for all of it yourself, it’s too much.”

“Oh, c’mon, Parker. We both know this is barely anything to people like us... but someone like her,” He gestures to Logan’s desk. “This is huge. Just let me have this, let me feel like I’m helping someone for once in my life. You get to give her a better home.”

“Fine. But only because when she finds out she’s gonna be pissed and I can feign innocence.”

“There ya go! It’s win win for you! She’s not in debt and you won’t get in trouble!”

“What would Parker get in trouble for?” Logan bounces into my office, presses a kiss to my cheek, then pushes my chair back so she can sit on my lap. My arms instantly wrap around her waist, melting her body into my own.

“Being an asshole.” Owen shrugs.

“Oh, he’s the biggest asshole ever.”

“Hey! I’m sitting right here!” I pout up at her.

“Yes, you are. And I love you with all my heart.” Her fingers thread through my hair, wasting all the time I spent getting it to lay flat this morning.

Kissing me slowly, Logan moans into my mouth. She doesn’t care if Owen’s in the room, we’ve grown used to him or Lucas being around at all times. We don’t care anymore. If they don’t like it, they can leave.

“You keep doing that, Little L, you’re gonna turn this chubby into a full-blown boner.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, I didn’t realize this was your office. I stupidly saw *Parker Scott* and thought it was his.” She rolls her eyes, tugging my arms tighter around her.

“What are you doing here anyway, baby?”

“Am I not allowed to visit my boyfriend at work?” Her brow raises in a challenging way.

“Oh, you can visit me any time you want to, sweetness. I was just wondering if there was a reason.”

“I’m cleared to work again. I’m coming back tomorrow.” A sly smile spreads across her lips.

“So... I get to see you every second of the day again?”

“Yup. Until you get sick of me and either fire me or kick me out.”

“If this fucker fires you or kicks you out, I’m hiring you or making you move in with me.”

“She’s mine, lay the fuck off,” I growl, glaring at Owen.

The fucker chuckles, laying down on my couch, making himself comfortable. Clearly, he plans on staying for a while.

“Mr. Scott!” Someone barks from outside my door. I instantly scowl, no one talks to me like that.

The second the overweight form of Mr. Anderson comes into view it makes more sense. He has no respect for Owen, Lucas or I.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Anderson. I don’t have a meeting with you on my busy schedule. You can make an appointment with my assistant when she returns to work tomorrow.”

“She’s right there!” Anderson motions to Logan, still seated on my lap.

“Yes, she is. But she isn’t cleared to return to work until tomorrow... so... she’s here as my girlfriend and nothing else today.”

“You’re not busy at all! You’re in here with Owen, goofing off as usual.”

“Excuse me! We do *not* goof off.” Owen spits the words like they leave a bad taste in his mouth. “We are simply partaking in immature behavior. There’s a vast difference.”

“Oh my gosh! I really can’t believe your fathers left this company to you two and Lucas.”

“Watch it, Anderson! Lucas is the hardest worker out of all of us, he doesn’t deserve to be insulted when he isn’t even here to stand up for

himself.”

“Thank you, Owen. But I heard exactly what Mr. Anderson thinks of me.” Lucas slides in the door, pushes Owen’s feet off the couch and plops down next to him.

“What do you want, Anderson? You have our full attention, but it won't last for long,” I hiss.

“I have a new company I think you’d be interested in buying.” He adjusts his tie like he’s uncomfortable.

“Ok. Please put the information on Ms. Johnson’s desk. She can deal with it in the morning.”

“No! This is for the three of you to look at! Not some secretary who’s sleeping with the boss.”

“Who the fuck do you think you are?” Owen roars, jumping off the couch. Lucas pulls him back down, holding him back from going after Anderson again.

“Then give it to me, please,” I huff out my irritation but keep my voice fairly calm compared to how my blood is boiling on the inside.

A satisfied grin takes over the schmuck’s face. He throws his shoulders back, strutting over to me like he somehow won.

Stupid fucker.

Taking the file in my hand, I throw him a tight smile. He steps away from my desk, thinking he got his way.

He didn’t.

As soon as he’s in front of my door, a smirk spreads over my face. I hand the file to Logan, placing a lingering kiss to her forehead.

“Can you look into this for me?”

“Anything for you, *boss*,” She coos.

Anderson’s jaw drops, his face turns cherry red and his eyes bulge. I swear his head might explode.

“Are you kidding me, Parker?” He shouts.

I don’t move, don’t blink, barely even breath. I stare down the man who’s been a thorn in my side since the day we took over the company.

I slowly stand, taking Logan with me. I place her in my chair and round the desk, getting right in Anderson’s face. We’re toe to toe, he has to look up to meet my eye, but I don’t care. This ends now.

“It’s Mr. Scott to you,” Logan says in a sing song voice. “I don’t understand why that’s so difficult for you to remember.”

“It would behoove you to remember your place in this company, because frankly, I'm getting tired of reminding you. Every single takeover or buyout goes through Ms. Johnson. There's a reason for that. It's not because she's my girlfriend, it has absolutely nothing to do with where I stick my dick at night.”

“Or during the day!” Owen interjects with a smug smile.

“Our decision to do things this way is purely because of her ability in figuring out if a company is worth a damn. Owen, Lucas and I have more important things to do than look at every single one our employees bring to us. We trust Ms. Johnson to bring us the ones worth a damn and to chuck the inadequate ones. This is our decision, nothing you say can or will make a difference here.”

His eyes narrow, his breaths come quickly but he doesn't dare speak.

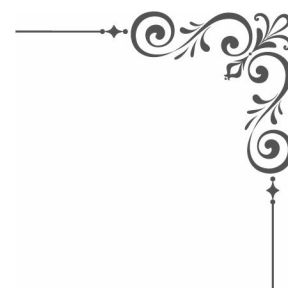
“As you love to remind us, our fathers don't work here anymore. We run the show now. That means you'll learn your place or you'll find yourself in the unemployment line. Do we understand each other?”

“Crystal.” He practically spits at me.

“Good. I'm glad we had this talk. Now, if you'd excuse us, we have some immature business to deal with.”

I march back to my desk, sweep my beautiful girlfriend into my arms and kiss her like she's the air I breath.

No matter what internal tornado is swirling inside of me, Logan has the ability to calm the storm, bringing peace inside of me once again.



Logan



I SEARCH THROUGH THE documents I've compiled on all the companies Anderson is working on. There's no way this is all correct. If it is... Anderson's trying to ruin the company.

Whipping my phone out of me pocket, I text the boys and head straight to Parker's office.

I've been looking into Anderson's work for weeks, finally able to get it all together. I've spent a boatload of time and energy spent on this. However if I'm right, it's worth it.

"Hey," A massive smile breaks across Parker's stubbled cheeks. He's sexy as hell with his five o'clock shadow.

"Parker... there's a problem."

His brows knit together, his beautiful smile morphs into a scowl. Before he can open his mouth to respond, Lucas and Owen stroll into the room, similar scowls adorn their expressions.

"What's going on, Logan?"

"Remember how you guys asked me to look into the companies Anderson was working on?"

"Yeah, what'd you find?" Owen leans forward, resting his elbows on his knees, concern filling his features.

"Well, I found a lot. I haven't had a chance to make copies for each of you, I wanted to get my findings to you as soon as possible."

"Little L, spit it the fuck out. What'd you find?"

I roll my eyes at Owen, but I don't blame him. This is his company, his livelihood, his legacy.

"Anderson had two separate folders on his computer. There was a document for each company in both folders. I found it odd because a lot of the information was the same."

"How'd you get on his computer?" Owen scowls.

"It's a company computer. I was able to remotely access it using my own. He had the folders password protected but he's an idiot. His password was password. He probably never thought anyone would actually figure things out and trace it all back to him."

"Damn, you're a smart cookie. Remind me not to piss you off. I don't need you browsing my computer, work or home."

“You said a lot of the information was the same. But?” Parker pushes.

“But, when I started looking into each company by myself, I figured out one folder contained the real information and the other is doctored financials. He’s been making you all believe these companies are better than they really are.”

“How much better?” Lucas growls, catching me off guard. He’s normally the calm and collected one, but everyone keeps warning me he can be just as vicious as Parker and Owen, I just never believed it.

“He’s telling you these companies are worth almost double their actual value.” I wince.

“Are you fucking kidding me!” Lucas roars, leaping off the couch. “I’m going to murder this fuckhead! How many of the companies he’s brought to us have we actually purchased?”

“Thankfully, you’ve only bought three of the ones he found.”

“Logan... How much money have we lost?” Parker pinches the bridge of his nose.

“Uh...”

“Just rip the damn band-aid off.” Owen sounds absolutely defeated.

“About fifty million. You’ve only purchased smaller companies so far... It looks like he was building up to larger ones. The latest one he’s working on is three hundred million, it’s only worth about one hundred seventy-five million.”

“How the hell is he benefitting from this? Why ruin the company you work for?” Owen rubs his temples.

“So... I have a friend who’s a detective in the area... I asked him to look into Anderson’s financials. He’s getting a kickback from the companies. Not nearly as much as they’re profiting but a large amount. It looks like he’s made well over five million dollars since you took over the company.”

“We’re gonna bury him!” Lucas paces back and forth. “Call the cops! I want him arrested!”

“Chill the fuck out, Lucas. You’re supposed to be the calm one, we need to think about this. Figure out what the best course of action is, we can’t just run in there, guns blazing.”

“Logan?” My name falls from Parker’s lips, it’s barely a whisper. I whip around to face him. He looks exhausted, defeated and gutted. My heart breaks seeing the man I love in this condition.

“Yeah?”

“What should we do?”

“What? This isn’t my company. You guys need to figure out how you want to handle this, not me.”

“I trust you. You’re the only person in the world I trust other than them and family.” He gestures to the boys; they both nod their heads in agreement.

“What do you think, Little L?”

I squeeze my eyes shut, suck in a deep breath and let it out slowly. I give myself a little bit of time to gather my thoughts before I square my shoulders and tell the boys what I think.

“You should act like we think each and every company he’s found is great. Let him think he’s winning. Give him another month, see how cocky he gets with it. I’d bet he’s going to bring you bigger and bigger companies. Don’t purchase any of them but get him to keep bringing them to you. I’ll contact my detective friend, see if we have enough to get him arrested on.”

“That sounds like a great plan.” Parker motions for me to come to him, I obey happily. He tugs me onto his lap, placing a gentle kiss on my neck.

“How do you feel?”

“I’m ok. The first round of chemo was kind to me.”

“When’s your next treatment?” Lucas stops his pacing, his face softening dramatically when he turns his attention to me.

“Tomorrow,” I whisper. I hate having to go, I hate how I feel afterwards.

“What time is it at?” Alarm fills Parker’s features. He shuffles the papers on his desk, looking for... something. His desk is an absolute mess.

“One.”

“Shit! I have a meeting at one fifteen.”

“It’s fine. I can go alone. I was by myself for most of my chemo treatments last time. Carrie couldn’t take off from work each time and even if she could, I never would’ve let her.”

“I’ll see if I can cancel.” He’s frantically searching for something else.

“Parker, stop.” I grab both of his hands in my own. Bringing them up to my lips, I place a gentle kiss on his knuckles, peeking up at him through my eyelashes. “I’m gonna be ok, go to your meeting.”

“I don’t want you to be alone.”

“She won’t be. I don’t have any meetings tomorrow; I can go with her.” Owen’s eyes lock on mine. “Let me come with you, Little L.”

I let out a small groan. I can’t tell him no when he looks at me with those puppy eyes. I want him to come, I really do, but I feel bad. These guys have

been putting their lives on hold, switching around their schedules and dropping what they're doing to come to my rescue time and time again.

"You don't have to, but I won't tell you no."

"Well, I wouldn't have listened even if you said no. Asking was more out of respect, but if you said no, I was still gonna come. Frankly I don't give a fuck what you want." He shrugs without an ounce of apology, a smirk playing on his lips.

"Oh, I know." I arch a brow at him, his eyes narrow as he examines me. Trying to figure out exactly what I'm talking about. "See, I got an interesting phone call right before I came in here..."

"Oh? What about?" Owen brushes a piece of imaginary lint off his shoulder, trying to feign innocence.

"Well, I sent in my monthly payment for my past medical bills and imagine my surprise when they called saying I didn't owe anything. My entire bill was taken care of."

"That's crazy. Must have been a clerical error, just roll with it."

"Over five hundred thousand dollars? I think not. The question is... which one of you bossholes paid off my bills?"

I stare at Parker for a second, he definitely knows who did it, but it wasn't him. My gaze shifts to Lucas who looks just as surprised as I was... which leaves me with Owen.

"Owen? Have anything to say for yourself?"

"Parker shouldn't have done that without your permission." He makes a tsking sound, shaking his head at Parker.

"We all know it wasn't me, she'd fucking kill me. I finally got her to move in with me, I'm not about to screw that up!"

"Owen..." I try my best to imitate the growl Parker does.

"Little L," He groans, throwing his hands up in the air. "Yes! Ok! Yes, I did it and I'm not even a little bit sorry! You'd never be able to pay off those bills, but I could. I won't even notice that money being gone, just like Lucas won't notice his donation to the hospital being gone. Just let it go, it's not that big of a deal."

I ease my way off of Parker's lap, dropping onto the couch next to Owen. Taking his hands in my own, I gaze up at him.

"It's a huge deal... Thank you, Big Man. It means a lot to me."

I tug him into a tight hug. I love these men more than I ever thought could be possible.

“Well, damn. I thought she’d hit you or I woulda paid for it myself. It’s not fair that he gets all the loving,” Parker grumbles under his breath.

I smile into Owen’s chest, enjoying being wrapped in his arms. When I pull back, I kiss him on the cheek before going over to Lucas. I envelope him in my embrace, kissing him on the cheek.

“Thank you for the donation to the hospital, you didn’t need to do that but I appreciate it. It was nice to have a room to myself while I was there.”

My gaze locks on Parker, a smile tugs on the corner of my lips.

“Boys... Can I talk to Parker alone?”

“Are you gonna blow him?” Owen’s shocked voice fills the air. “Or let him bend you over his desk like he’s been dreaming of doing since you showed up that first day.”

“Fuck, Owen! Shut the hell up!” Parker growls, his eyes never leaving me.

I place one knee on either side of his hips, straddling him in his office chair. His Adam’s apple bobs as he swallows hard, his hands find my hips, gripping tightly.

“Thank you for all you’ve done for me over the past two months. You’ve taken care of me, put me before everything else and loved me like I’ve never been loved before. I don’t think I would’ve made it through this without you by my side. You were my strength when I had none left, you were my muscles when I couldn’t support my own body and you were my shoulder to cry on when everything got to be too much. I love you so much, Parker. I don’t want to spend a single second of my life without you by my side.”

His hand moves to the back of my neck, yanking my body against his. Our lips crash together in a fiery kiss, leaving both of us breathless. He moves to my jaw, then neck, kissing and nipping as he goes. A need burns inside of me, I want more. More of Parker, more from our relationship.

“I need you,” I whisper breathlessly into his ear. “Get out!” I growl, pointing over my shoulder to the door. I know Lucas and Owen are still here and I want them gone.

“Nah, I’d rather stay and watch. This is better than any porn I’ve ever seen.” I can hear the smirk in Owen’s voice.

“Let’s go, asshole. Give them some privacy,” Lucas mutters.

When they don’t leave fast enough, Parker snaps, the little bit of control he has left evaporating into thin air.

“Get the fuck outta my office.” His eyes never leave mine.

The second the door latches, his lips are back on mine. Kissing every inch of exposed skin, when he runs out of new places to show his attention to, he begins unbuttoning my blouse.

I don't waste a second, unbuttoning his shirt just as quickly as he's doing mine. I've seen Parker shirtless numerous times over the past few weeks, but I've never gotten to run my hands over his chest and back. I've never been able to enjoy the feeling of his bare body under my hands.

"Are you sure you want this?" Parker groans when I rock my hips against him. "There's no rush, baby."

"I'm tired of waiting. I need you more than I need anything else."

He tugs my arms out of my blouse, throwing it on the floor. When he tries to unclasp my bra, I stop him. I don't want him to see the bright incisions, I don't want him to be reminded of how broken I am.

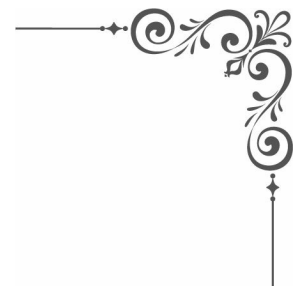
His eyes meet mine, brows furrowing slightly. His stare is begging me to let him in, be raw and vulnerable with him. His fingers move for the clasp again, his eyes never leaving mine. This time I don't stop him. I squeeze my eyes shut, not wanting to witness his reaction when he sees my body and scars for the first time.

Light touches trail over my breast, making me suck in a harsh breath. He peppers my skin with kisses before he presses a firm but loving kiss to my lips. His tongue swipes across my bottom lip, begging for entrance. We taste each other, moaning and groaning without trying to contain ourselves. When Parker pulls back, I don't want to give up the connection we have.

"You're fucking beautiful, baby. Every damn inch of you." He runs a finger over my scar when he says that, bringing tears to my eyes. "I wouldn't change a thing about you."

Before he can say anything else, I climb off his lap, lean over his desk and hike my skirt up. If Parker thinks he's the only one who's been dreaming of him taking me bent over his desk, he's horribly mistaken.

He lets out a growl, but wastes no time fulfilling his fantasy.



Parker

DAMN. NO MATTER HOW much I try to focus on work, my mind keeps drifting back to my beautiful girl. Every time I look at my desk, my mind drifts to having her bent over it, her moans filling the air. I'll never be able to work in this office ever again without having her on my mind.

"Parker?"

"Yeah, beautiful?"

"Stop staring at your desk and get to work."

A slow smile spreads across my face. She knows where my mind goes, she knows I can't stop thinking about her. I can't stop thinking about *us*.

"Can you come in here? I can't find the papers for the MaGillicutty takeover."

"We both know you don't need help finding the documents." Logan smirks, swaying her hips a little more than normal as she makes her way over to me.

My hands instantly find her hips, caressing her through the thin fabric of the skirt.

"You're right, I just needed to see you."

"You can see me from your desk."

"I think we should move your desk in here."

"Then neither one of us would get any work done." She chuckles softly.

"I'm not getting much done when your pen keeps falling off your desk and you have to go searching for it." I quirk a brow at her. A light blush stains her cheeks. We both know that pen isn't falling by accident.

"I'll have to tape it to the desk."

"Yeah, you do that, baby."

"Aww, look at the lovebirds." Owen falls onto the couch, his gaze locked on us.

"Hey, Owen." Logan flashes him a gorgeous smile.

"Hey, Little L." He smiles back just as big. Then his smile turns devilish. "How was the sex yesterday?"

"Shut the fuck up," I growl but Logan just laughs.

"It was great, Parker's amazing."

"You little minx." Owen chuckles, Logan shrugs one bare shoulder, not caring one bit. "We gotta get going, don't want to be late to your

appointment.”

“Ugh, do I have to go?” She throws her head back into my chest, letting out a groan.

I can’t even imagine what it’s like to be in her shoes, constantly having to battle with her own body.

“Baby, you know you need to go. I wish I could be with you; you should’ve let me cancel the meeting.”

“No. You’ve put enough of your life on hold for me, no more.”

“If you’re feeling good tonight, do you want to go out for a date?”

Her face lights up, a slow smile spreading across those lips that are just begging to be kissed.

“Mr. Scott, are you asking me out for a date? And not demanding I go?”

“You don’t have to be a smartass.”

“No. No, I think we need to mark this day on our calendar and celebrate it for the rest of time. *The day Parker...* What’s your middle name?”

“James.” I roll my eyes, but I can’t hide my smile.

“*The day Parker James Scott asked instead of demanded.*” She moves her hands in an arc like she can imagine the banner in her head.

“If I didn’t love you, I’d bend you over my lap and spank you,” I growl in her ear.

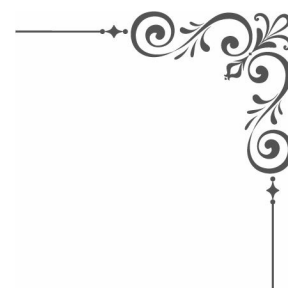
“You promise?”

“Oh my gosh! You turned her into a female version of me!” Owen’s wide eyes stare at Logan in horror. It takes him a few moments to recover. He jumps off the couch, takes Logan by the elbow and tugs her off my lap. “We need to get you out of here! No more sex for you!”

“Parker! Make him stop.” She giggles, trying to pull free from Owen’s grasp.

“I love you, baby. I’ll call you as soon as I’m done with my meeting and we can figure out tonight.”

“I love you!” She presses a kiss to my lips right before Owen drags her out of my office and to the elevator. I can hear her laughter the entire way.



Logan



“IT WILL TAKE ABOUT an hour for your IV to finish. Is there anything I can get for you before I go?” The young nurse gives me a kind smile.

“No, I'm ok. Thank you.”

She nods before spinning on her heels and going to take care of her next patient.

“Tell me what I can do to make this easier for you.” Owen threads his fingers through mine, giving my hand a tight squeeze.

“There's nothing you can do, Big Man. Just sit with me and make me forget.”

“I can do that... Did you ever hear the story of when Parker took his first home economics class?”

“I've never heard any stories of you guys growing up.”

“Oh, Little L.” He shakes his head with a chuckle. “I have enough stories to keep you entertained for days.”

I cuddle into his side, laying my head on his chest and focus on his deep voice, giving me bits and pieces of the man I've fallen in love with.

“Our home economics teacher was hot and young, like early twenties, just graduated college. And here we are juniors in high school. She was teaching us to make some fancy pastry and asked who knew how to crack an egg with one hand... Parker did not, but that wasn't going to stop him. So, he raises his hand and she picked him. He marches up to the front of the class, giving the teacher a smirk. Her panties are melting just looking at him. Then he takes the egg and slams it down on the table. Egg goes *everywhere* and the teacher starts screaming ‘What the fuck, Parker!’. He jumps back, startled by her anger and knocks three dozen eggs on the ground, they sprayed all over the room, coating all of us in a snotty mess. For the rest of the year she wouldn't let him do anything, he had to sit in the corner and watch. She gave him a passing grade just so she wouldn't have to see him in her class the following year.”

Tears stream down my face, my whole body shaking as I imagine a young Parker trying to impress his attractive teacher. I'm sure he had his sexy little smirk down pat by then. I can only imagine what the three of them were like in high school.

“Oh my gosh! That's amazing! Tell me more.”

“When my sister used to follow us around, we’d get annoyed. No one wants to have their baby sister bugging them. Lucas got the great idea to chase Avery around the house, saying he was going to kiss her. He never knew, but Avery’s always had a massive crush on him. She wasn’t going to let him know that though. So, she’d run away and he’d chase her, it was a little game they played. One weekend she was in a rotten mood, our dog had just died and she wanted nothing to do with anyone else. Lucas started chasing her, not because she was bothering us, but because he was trying to make her smile and laugh. Avery got mad, said if he didn’t stop, she was going to hit him with a frying pan and she did. She slammed it into his head when he came around the corner. His head started bleeding, my mom came in the room and started screaming like Avery had killed Lucas. But head wounds always bleed a lot so there was blood everywhere. When my dad asked Avery why she hit Lucas she shrugged her shoulders and said she warned him if he didn’t stop, she was going to hit him with a fry pan. She never got in trouble! Lucas still has a scar right above his right eyebrow from it.”

“Aww, poor Lucas! He was just trying to make her feel better!”

“You’d think he woulda learned his lesson after that and stopped trying to be nice to everyone, but nope. If getting hit in the face with a fry pan doesn’t convince him, nothing will.”

He continues telling me one story after another about their younger years, making me laugh and smile. I practically forget where I am, completely distracted by him.

“I wanna hear a story about you. What made you turn into this cocky asshole?” I smile up at him, I love hearing all about my boys growing up.

“Ahh, that’s a story for another day. It looks like our time here is done.” He motions to the nurse taking out my IV and placing a bandage over my arm.

“You’re no fun.” I pout.

“It’s not a fun story, Little L. It’s actually a very sad story.” His features cloud over with misery and sadness.

“Owen...” I whisper, grabbing his arm. My brows furrow together, I search his face but he’s giving nothing away.

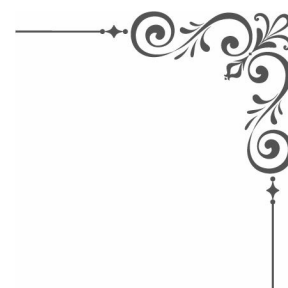
“It’s alright, sweetheart. I can’t change the past. I don’t want to tell that story today though.”

“Some day?” I ask cautiously.

“One day, just not today. I promise.”

“Ok.”

He holds his hand out, when I take it, he threads his fingers through mine, placing a gentle kiss on my forehead before leading me out of the office.



Parker



WHEN LOGAN GETS HOME after her chemo, I know there's no way we'll be going out on a date. She's nauseous and doesn't feel well. I make her some soup, hoping to calm her stomach.

"I'm fine, really, Parker. I don't need you to baby me."

"I know you don't, but I want to."

"What would I do without you?" She smirks up at me.

"I wanted to talk to you about that..."

She rears back, her brows bunching together.

"You wanted to talk about my life without you? What the fuck?"

"What? No!"

"Then what are you talking about?"

I run a hand through my hair, my nerves are fried, I'm screwing up everything.

"I don't want to talk about you living without me... I wanted to talk about us being together... forever."

She waves me off, grabbing the bowls off the table, heading to the kitchen to do the dishes.

"We already discussed this, Parker. We've already decided on spending forever together, remember? That's the only reason I moved in with you."

I take a deep breath, letting it out slowly. Frustration is building, making me angrier by the second. I need her to be quiet for a few minutes so I can say what I need to.

"Logan," I sigh. "Please stop moving around and listen to me!"

She gently places the dishes in the sink and moves in front of me, placing a soft hand on my chest. She stares up at me through her lashes and bites into her bottom plump lip, driving me crazy.

"I can't imagine life without you by my side-"

"Me either, that's why we live and work together." She gives me a *duh* look and rolls her eyes.

I've never wanted to strangle and kiss someone at the same time before, yet here we are.

"Logan..." I growl. "Please just hush for a few minutes."

"Hey, Mr. Bossy Pants, this isn't work, you don't get to boss me around here."

I drop my head back, staring at the ceiling, praying for strength with this woman.

“Please, I'm begging you, just let me talk.”

“Ok, but then I want to go swimming. Your amazing homemade soup made me feel a lot better. I guess that home economics teacher taught you something other than how to crack an egg.” She gives me a shit-eating grin.

“Fucking Owen,” I groan, scrubbing a hand over my face. “Fine! We can go swimming, but can we please talk first.”

“What are we doing right now? Isn't this talking?”

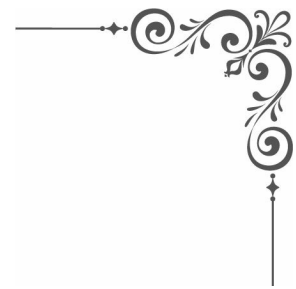
I let out a growl of frustration, turn and march to our bedroom. I tug the box out of my pocket and toss it over my shoulder, not waiting to see if she catches it or not.

“I wanted to ask you to marry me but since you won't give me the chance to ask, here's the damn ring.”

I slam the bedroom door, dropping onto the bed. Resting my elbows on my knees, I slam my face into my hands. I had it all planned out, this beautiful speech to tell her exactly how I felt and how much I want to be with her for the rest of my life, but nooooo. That spit fire I fell in love with came back full force tonight, reminding me of how frustrating she can be.

Yet, I couldn't imagine spending a single day without her by my side. I'd never take another woman to be my wife no matter how much Logan can drive me crazy.

The door creaks softly as it's pushed open as quietly as possible. When a small hand lands on my thigh, my frustration from a few minutes ago evaporates almost instantly. She's the calm to my storm.



Logan



“I WANTED TO ASK YOU to marry me but since you won’t give me the chance to ask, here’s the damn ring.”

A black velvet box sails through the air, I’m barely able to grab it before it falls to the ground. I stare at Parker’s retreating form, my mind going a mile a minute.

I just ruined whatever he had planned. I ruined my own proposal without even realizing it. I can’t even blame him. I was being smartass, giving him sass each and every time he tried to open his mouth to talk. I knew he was getting frustrated, but sometimes I like to push him a little. Sometimes I miss the man I met my first day of work.

I open and close my mouth several times, but can’t find the words I’m looking for. When Parker slams our bedroom door shut, it shakes the picture frames on the walls. I don’t think I’ve seen him this upset since we went through the whole *What do I call you?* phase. Thank God that’s over.

My attention turns back to the box in my hands. I gently lift the lid; a gasp escapes the second my gaze settles on the most beautiful ring I’ve ever seen. It’s a gorgeous round solitaire, it has to be almost a two-carat diamond. It’s surrounded by smaller diamonds that go down the split rose gold band. It’s absolutely breathtaking.

I want to slip it on my finger so badly, but I won’t do it until Parker asks me for real. I take slow steps towards our room. I need to apologize; I shouldn’t have been trying to upset him.

When I push the door open, the familiar squeak fills the air. I wince when I find Parker seated on the bed, looking utterly defeated. I did this to him. I turned what should have been an amazing night, into frustration and anger all because I was *trying* to rile him up.

I kneel in front of him, place a hand on his thigh. I let out the breath I didn’t realize I was holding, lifting his chin until he’s forced to meet my gaze.

“I’m so sorry, Parker. I was trying to rile you up, but I didn’t realize what you were trying to do. Sometimes I like to see the man I met the first day I came into work. I like to see the stubborn bosshole I fell for from day one...”

“You’re not wearing your ring.” His soft voice surprises me, I expected him to be angrier.

“You didn’t ask me.” I shrug.

“Yes, I did.”

“No... you said you were gonna ask, then tossed a ring box at me. It’s not the same.”

A small smile tugs at the corner of his lips, but he doesn’t say a word.

“Did you open it?”

I nod once, in a way I regret opening it. I should have waited until he proposed for real.

Parker cups my cheek, staring into my eyes. He’s searching for something but I’m not sure what.

“Ask me,” I barely whisper. I bite my bottom lip, tears filling my eyes.

His thumb traces over my lip, tugging it from between my teeth.

“Logan...” His brows scrunch together. A half sob, half laugh burst free from me.

“Elizabeth,” I choke out. He nods, a small grin making an appearance.

“Logan Elizabeth Johnson, will you please do me the honor of being my wife?”

“Yes!”

I practically throw the ring box at him. His deep, rich laughter fills the air. I hold out my hand, impatiently waiting for him to slide my ring on. The second it’s on, I launch myself into his arms, kissing him like he’s my dying breath.

I don’t think I’ve ever been happier in my entire life. Screw the pool, I want to enjoy my future husband tonight.



Logan



BY THE TIME WE FINISH eating dinner, I'm feeling much better. I'm so tired of being at home or work. I just want to get out of the condo and do something fun.

"Can we do something?"

"It's almost ten... What do you wanna do? I'll make it happen."

"Can we go swimming? Owen keeps talking about it, I have no clue where he planned on taking me but that sounds nice right about now."

A sly smile spreads over Parker's kissable lips. Every feature lights up like he's barely able to contain his excitement.

"What?"

"Go get changed. We leave in five."

It takes me almost ten minutes to get ready. Not because I'm high maintenance, but because I couldn't remember where I put my bathing suit. I feel a little funny wearing a bikini for the first time since my surgery. My body is on full display, but it's odd, I know not all of this is me. It's fake.

I let out a deep breath, taking one last glance at my new body. Whether I love it or hate it, I can't change it. This is my new reality.

"Holy shit, Little L," Owen practically moans when I enter the room. His eyes take in every inch of my exposed skin until Lucas smacks him on the back of the head.

"Stop ogling Parker's girlfriend."

"Uhh..." My gaze snaps to Parker, I'm not sure if he wants them to know or if this is supposed to be kept between the two of us. I assumed he would have told them he was going to propose, but now I'm not so sure.

"She's not my girlfriend." Parker says over the rim of his mug. This man is addicted to drinking hot tea, never coffee.

The boys' eyes snap over to Parker, they widen to a comical level before they glance over at me.

"What the fuck do you mean she's not your girlfriend? You up for grabs, sweetheart?" Owen wraps an arm around my bare waist, kissing my shoulder softly with a smirk playing on his lips.

"Not exactly."

Thrusting my left hand in his face, waiting for what I'm showing him to register.

“Fuck! You’re engaged?” His eyebrows kiss his hairline, shock evident in every move he makes. His gaze locks on Parker. “Really? This isn’t a joke?”

“Why the hell would I joke about wanting to spend the rest of my life with Logan? She’s my person.”

“She is... I just never thought I’d see the day you’d find someone to spend the rest of your life with. I’m happy for you, Park, really.”

They wrap each other in a bro hug, complete with back slapping. Lucas envelopes me in his arms, kissing my temple lightly.

“Congratulations, darling. You two are perfect for each other.”

“Thanks, Lucas.”

Owen palms Lucas’ face, pushing him away, wrapping me in his own embrace. I swear if the grin on his face gets any larger it’s going to split his face in two.

“Alright, let’s get to the pool!” Owen tugs me with him towards the door.

“Wait! I don’t have shoes or a towel. Hell, I don’t even have clothes on! I can’t go out like this!”

“Sure you can. We’re only going down the hall.”

“What?” I stop in my tracks, forcing Owen to stop too.

“He didn’t tell you where the pool is?” He chuckles softly. “Makes sense, Parker hates the pool.”

Owen leads me to a fourth door in the hall, pushing it open to reveal the most beautiful pool I’ve ever seen. There are three hot tubs spread out around it, a dry and wet sauna and an area with gym equipment.

“Why is no one else here?”

“Because this is ours. We bought the condo that used to be here and transformed it into our little oasis. Only the three of us have access to it.”

I walk further in, taking in everything around me.

“Wow... it must be nice being rich.” I glance over my shoulder, finding a cocky grin on all three of the guys faces.

Parker’s hands are in the pockets of his bathing suit, looking slightly uncomfortable. Lucas is busy grabbing towels for everyone and Owen is stripping his shirt off.

“Hot tub or pool?” Parker asks.

“How about hot tub first? My neck is tight, I’d love the hot water to soothe it.”

He nods, taking off his own shirt, then leading me to the hot tub furthest from us.

“Why are there three?”

“Well... initially it was so we could each have people here but still have our privacy. Now, we keep each one set at a different temperature. This one is mine, it’s the hottest one.”

“Seems fitting.” I wiggle my eyebrows, earning myself a deep chuckle.

Parker gets in, holding out a hand to help me. He plops down on one of the seats, but when I try to sit next to him, he tugs me until I’m between his legs. His large hands instantly go to massaging the kinks out of my neck. I’m moaning in ecstasy within seconds.

Water laps at the edge, signaling Lucas and Owen’s arrival. They’re quiet for a few minutes, but I can feel their eyes on me.

“Stop looking at me,” I mutter without opening my eyes.

“I can’t. I’m trying to figure something out.” Owen’s gravelly voice soothes me even more.

“What are you trying to figure out?”

“Which one is fake?”

My eyes snap open instantly, narrowing on Owen. But then I realize Lucas is staring too.

“Are you fucking kidding me right now! You’re both staring at my tits trying to figure out which one is real and which is fake.”

Lucas has the decency to look embarrassed for checking out my chest, but Owen has no shame.

Parker’s lips tickle the shell of my ear, his warm breath fanning over my skin.

“I couldn’t tell until I got you naked, baby. You’re gorgeous, absolutely breathtaking. You can’t blame them for wondering.”

I groan, throwing my head back to rest on Parker’s chest.

“Left side is fake.”

“Huh... really? I seriously can’t tell the difference... Do they feel different?”

I peel my eyes open, finding Owen closer to me, examining my boobs like it’s his job.

“You’re not touching my boobs, Big Man.”

“There’s a slight difference in feel but they look the same.” Parker shrugs his shoulder. My eyes widen, I stare up at him with my jaw hanging open.

“Parker!”

“What? It’s true! I think it looks natural and only feels slightly different.”

“I can’t believe we’re having this conversation,” I groan into my hands, wishing the ground would open up and swallow me whole. “I hate all of you.”

“I didn’t even say anything!” Lucas protests, but it’s weak and he knows it.

“You were staring just as hard as Owen!”

“I’m just curious.” He huffs, crossing his arms over his chest in a pout.

“I have one more question... then I’ll leave you alone about your gorgeous tits.”

“What?”

“Do you still have your nipples?”

“Oh, my Lanta! Why me?”

“Yup! It’s why she was able to get implants right away; they didn’t take away any skin.” Parker sounds way too chipper for this conversation.

“How do you know this much?”

“Well, I’ve seen you naked... many times. But I also researched everything I could once I found out your cancer was back. I wanted to be able to support you any way I could.”

My gaze bounces between his eyes, the love and support I find staring back at me takes my breath away. I press my lips against his, mumbling the words I’ll say for the rest of my life.

“I love you so damn much.”



Parker

“PARKER... I DON’T FEEL good,” Logan moans from the door to my office. I’m out of my chair and to her side in a flash. She’s pale as can be and doesn’t look good at all.

“What’s wrong, baby?”

“I’m really nauseous and tired.”

“Alright, let’s get you on the couch.”

Lifting her into my arms, I close the distance to the couch and carefully set her down. I squat in front of her, draping a blanket over her.

“What can I do for you? Do you need anything?” I brush a few strands of hair out of her face, then cup her cheek.

“I don’t think so... I’m such a horrible employee. You should fire me.” She gives me a pitiful pout.

“Oh shush. You know there’s no way in hell I’m firing you. Plus, Owen and Lucas are already arguing over who gets you if you ever don’t want to work for me. There’s no getting away from us.” I smirk down at her, my smile widening even more then she flashes me an adorable grin.

“I hear there’s some good muffins in the lunch room.”

I let out a groan, making Logan giggle.

“I don’t even know where the lunch room is!”

Lucas struts into my office, his brows furrow together when he sees Logan on the couch.

“What’s wrong?”

“She doesn’t feel good. Do you think you can sit with her while I try to figure out where the lunch room is?”

“I swear, if this company was left in yours and Owen’s hands it would crumble in a matter of hours.”

“Alright, asshole. Do you know where the lunch room is?”

“Yup. But I’m not gonna tell you. Go figure it out all by yourself and I’ll stay with my girl.”

“She’s *my* girl, fucker.”

“Better get going, this might take you all day! And no asking Jerry, that’s cheating.”

“Who the fuck is Jerry?”

“You’re beyond saving,” Lucas mutters under his breath shaking his head. He shoves me out of his way to pull a chair over to Logan’s side.

“I’ll be back soon, baby.”

“Thank you.” She blows me a kiss and I’m off. I’d do just about anything for that woman.

It takes me a solid ten minutes to find an employee willing to point me in the right direction. The rest think I’m joking around and offer no help whatsoever.

I grab two of every type of muffin, happy no one else is in there. I’m sure they’d have issues with the billionaire boss taking all the free muffins.

When I get back to my office, I find the last thing I expected to see.



Lucas



“I HATE SEEING YOU NOT feeling well. What can I do?”

“There’s nothing you can do, Luke. This is just a side effect of the chemo. It sucks, but it’s what happens.”

“I know, I just hate it. I don’t like not being able to do something to make this better.”

“The three of you are so lost.” She chuckles softly. “You’ve finally found something you can’t just throw your money at to make it all better. My body doesn’t give a shit how much money you have.”

“You know we don’t care about the money, right?”

“Only because you’re used to having it. Money doesn’t make you happy, but having it makes life a little easier. Before I met you guys, I felt like I was barely keeping my head above water... you three swept in and turned my life upside down in the most amazing way possible.”

“We love you, Logan.”

“And I love you guys.”

Logan squeezes her eyes shut, sucking in a deep breath through her nose. If I didn’t know better, I’d swear she actually turns green.

“Trash can!” She chokes out.

I jump out of my chair like someone bit my ass and rush to grab one from Parker’s bathroom in his office. Just as I get back to Logan’s side, she starts vomiting. Everywhere.

“Oh my... Shit!” I groan, my stomach churning. I don’t do vomit. I can handle just about anything else but puking.

I turn my head to the side, trying my hardest to pretend this isn’t happening. I’m covered in vomit that isn’t even mine.

“I’m so sorry,” Logan groans. I risk opening my eyes to check on her, boy is that a big mistake on my part.

As soon as I see the mess around me, my stomach wins the battle. I make it half way to the bathroom before my lunch makes a reappearance. I drop to my knees, heaving again and again.

“What the fuck happened in here?” Parker’s words come out half a whisper in disbelief and half a growl.

“She puked on me,” I mutter between dry heaving. I don’t think there’s anything left in my stomach anyway.

“So, you decided to try to outdo her? It’s a side effect for her... But you? What the fuck’s wrong with you?”

“I don’t do vomit!”

“I’m so sorry, Lucas.” Logan’s soft voice comes from the couch. I wave her off but I’m not very convincing when I’m still dry heaving on my hands and knees.

“C’mon, baby. Let’s get you cleaned up.” Parker helps Logan to her feet, leading her into his bathroom. He scowls at me with a head shake, he looks so disappointed.

The shower turns on... Yes, we have showers in our bathrooms at work. We’ve spent many nights here, working until the wee hours of the morning. The couches are comfortable because we’ve slept on them more times than we can count. There are showers because our employees can’t know we never went home.

“Jeez, what the hell happened?”

I glance over my shoulder, finding Owen standing in the doorway. His eyes are wide, a grimace on his face.

“Logan puked on me!”

“Ohhh, so you lost it?”

“Yes! At least you understand.”

“Yup, you wanted to take attention away from the sick one and onto you. Such a drama queen.” He smirks. Little shit knows how much I can’t handle vomit.

“You’re a fucker, you know that?”

“I do, but do you think you can tell the women in the office? Some of them didn’t get the memo.”

“Owen?” Parker calls from behind the closed door.

“Yeah?”

“Do you have any spare clothes in your office? Something Logan could wear?”

“Yeah, I’ll be right back.”

He throws me another smirk before he leaves, shaking his head as he goes.

I struggle to get up, my body weak and shaky. I tug my phone out of my wet pants, grimacing the entire time. I scroll through numbers until I find someone who can clean up this mess for us. Within minutes I have a

company scheduled to come out in twenty minutes with a crew to clean Parker's office. I'm never going to hear the end of this.

When Owen comes back, he chuckles at me still sitting on the floor, stepping over the wet spots on the carpet until he gets to the bathroom door.

Parker opens the door wide enough to grab the clothes, making sure his body fills the doorway so Owen can't see in. He'd definitely try to catch a peek of Logan in the shower if given the chance.

"He's gonna kill you when he's done." He smirks when he comes to sit down near me.

"It's not my fault!"

"Says the man covered in puke."

"Logan started it!"

"Are you really childish enough to blame it on the woman going through chemo? She can't help it; it really isn't her fault."

"I know it's not her fault!" I fall back onto the carpet, groaning when my hair becomes wet.

"Yeah... I wouldn't have done that if I were you. You might wanna go shower."

"I don't even have a change of clothes."

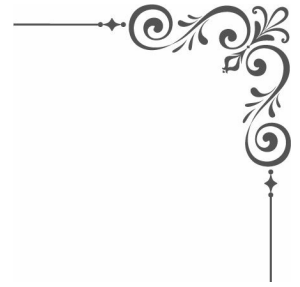
"I might have something I can give you."

"Based on that shit-eating grin, I don't think I want it."

"Would you rather walk around covered in vomit? I guess you could go home but how will you ever get in your car without making a mess of your seats?" His smirk grows even larger.

"Fine! Bring them to my office, I'm gonna puke again if I don't get cleaned up."

I have a feeling I'm going to regret this but I have no choice.



Logan



“WHY ARE WE HERE?” I whisper to Owen.

“You mean other than the fact Parker’s office is gross as fuck? Trust me, you’ll thank me later for this.”

I settle into Parker’s lap on Lucas’s couch, he rubs a gentle hand up and down my back. He’s the best when it comes to making me feel better.

The water turns off, making Owen’s already mischievous grin widen even more. I can only imagine what he’s up to.

“Motherfucker!” Lucas growls from inside his bathroom.

“What’d you do?” Parker’s lips twitch with amusement.

“Luke needed some clean clothes. I gave Logan one set and I only had these left.” He shrugs a shoulder, acting innocent, which we all know he isn’t.

The bathroom door flies open, a pissed off Lucas standing in the doorway. His glare is trained on Owen.

“Oh, fuck! It’s even better than I ever imagined!” Owen howls with laughter, clutching his stomach as he falls to the side.

My entire body starts shaking but it isn’t from my own laughter. Parker has silent tears of laughter streaming down his face.

Lucas holds his arms out at his sides, looking down at himself.

“Where did you get these? Did you rob a child’s closet?”

He’s wearing a skin tight white t-shirt that ends well above his belly button. The pants look like he was poured into them, ending just below his knees. He looks absolutely ridiculous.

Pushing myself off Parker’s lap, I take pity on Lucas since no one else is going to.

“Give me the shirt and pants, you can have these.” I motion to the clothes hanging on my thin body.

“Listen, when I gave Logan those clothes, I didn’t know you’d need some too! Or I would’ve given her the smaller clothes.”

“But where did you even get these?”

“They’re Avery’s. She left them at my place, I was supposed to take them to her today, but obviously they were needed elsewhere.” He shrugs a shoulder like he’s the good guy here. “It’s not my fault my sister’s tiny as fuck. Complain to her, not me.”

Lucas tug the shirt a few times but he can't get it off. Owen rolls his eyes, coming to help him. When the two of them can't get it off, Parker joins in on the fun.

"How hard can it be to get this off?" Parker mutters, pulling as hard as he can.

It takes them much longer than I would've thought to get Avery's shirt off of him. When they do, Lucas stumbles back, tripping over a chair and falls flat on his ass. A loud groan leaves his body.

"Are you ok?" I kneel down beside him, brushing his long shaggy hair out of his face. I'm shocked Anderson's never made a comment about it.

"Just fucking great."

"Let me get changed so you can wear normal clothes... I'm gonna need those pants too."

He lifts his legs into the air, motioning to the boys. They each take a leg, tugging with all their might. They drag him around the room until he grabs onto the legs of his desk.

A burst of laughter breaks free from me, I double over, tears trickling down my face. The boys stop everything and just stare at me.

"You alright over there, Little L?"

"Yes... Oh my... fuck..." I gasp between laughs. "Can you... imagine if... someone... walked in... right now!"

They glance at each other before they all burst out laughing, even Lucas.

After we're all able to regain our composure, they wrestle Lucas out of Avery's pants, leaving him only in a pair of boxer briefs and give everything to me to change into. The sweatpants and t-shirt fit perfectly. I hand over Owen's clothes to a thankful Lucas.

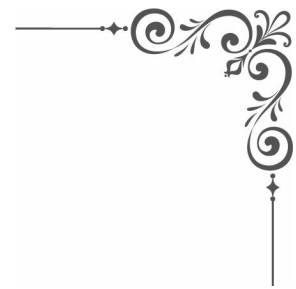
"I'm really sorry about what happened." I squeeze his hand. "I feel terrible."

"Don't even worry about it, Logan. We both survived... Me? Barely, but I survived somehow. Can we not make it a habit though?"

"Deal! Next time I'll puke on Owen."

"Sounds like a great idea." Lucas smirks.

"Wait! What? Why the hell am I getting puked on?"



Parker

“Do you have the documents for our meeting on Friday?” I glance up from my desk, my gaze focusing on my gorgeous fiancé laying on the couch.

She’s almost done with chemo, but is still having a rough time with the nausea and fatigue. I decided it’s better to have her in my office... and near a bathroom, just in case. Most of her work she can do from the tablet, and anything else we’ve been delegating to Lucas or Owen’s assistants.

“Yup! They’re in your middle right drawer.”

I quirk a brow, not believing she knows exactly where they are without a second thought. When I jerk the drawer open, I smirk, she’s never wrong. She’s so organized she always knows exactly where everything is.

“Have I told you today I don’t think I could go back to surviving without you?”

“Are we talking at work or at home... or in the bedroom?” Her voice lowers to a seductive tone at the end.

I throw my head back; a deep chuckle fills the air. I love this woman.

“Work.”

“Then... nope! Not today. But I enjoy hearing it.”

“Mr. Scott!” Anderson’s voice barks from the hall. I roll my eyes so hard I’m shocked they don’t fall right out of my head.

“What do you want, Anderson?” I ask on a hefty sigh.

“Did you get a chance to look at those companies I gave you?”

He steps into my office, not looking anywhere but at me. I turn my attention to Logan.

“Did you get a chance to look at them, Ms. Johnson?”

“I did. I have my report ready for you when you have time to look at it.” Logan smiles. She loves pissing off Anderson.

We discussed these companies with Owen and Lucas three days ago. We already know they’re complete trash. Logan was right, as usual. Anderson has been bringing us bigger and bigger companies, trying to get us to waste more and more money. If we took half the deals he’s presented us, we’d be out of business by the end of the month and he’d be rolling in money.

“I brought those to you, Parker. I expected you to look into them, not your *assistant*,” He sneers.

“And as you’ve been told countless times, everything goes through Ms. Johnson now.”

“Does she have a business degree or any sort of background that qualifies her for this position beyond her physical appearance?”

I’m out of my seat in the blink of an eye. Standing toe to toe with him, my fist clenching his shirt.

“Parker...” Logan’s voice holds a warning, but I ignore it. He’s attacked Logan since the second he met her. No one will talk to my future wife like this.

“If you ever talk badly about my *fiancé* ever again, I’ll make your life a living hell. She doesn’t need a degree or experience when she’s naturally talented at this job. It’d behoove you to keep yourself in check and keep your fucking mouth shut. I won’t ask again.”

I push him away from me, causing him to stumble before he regains his balance.

“I have a meeting set for tomorrow afternoon to talk about the deals. I’m making a presentation and Mr. Scott, Mr. Powell and Mr. Coleman have decided to discuss which companies they believe would be in the best interest for all of us. I think everyone will enjoy the outcome that way, understanding the pros and cons. Maybe it will help with future prospective deals, helping employees know what they’re looking for.” Logan throws him a sweet as sugar smile, but I see the venomous glint in her eyes. She can’t wait to strike on this bastard.

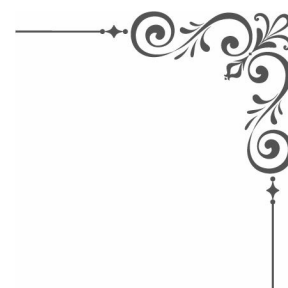
“Oh, ok. That’s sounds like a great idea.” Anderson’s thin lips turn up at the corners. He thinks he’s won, but that’s the furthest thing from the truth.

I catch sight of Lucas and Owen making their way to my office. I don’t need Anderson here when they come in.

“Mr. Anderson, if you could please give us the rest of the day to handle our thoughts on those deals, we’ll give you our answer tomorrow. Powell and Coleman are coming now to go over Ms. Johnson’s findings.”

“Oh! Of course! I’m excited to attend the meeting tomorrow.”

The fucker walks out of my office with an extra bounce in his step. I can’t wait to destroy him. Anyone who thinks they can ruin my company is going to be taken down. We don’t back down; we protect what’s ours.



Logan



THIS IS THE LAST PLACE in the world I want to be right now. I've been nauseous and dizzy most of the day, but if I tell Parker that, he'll insist on canceling the meeting. I just want this over with. I want Anderson in jail and out of this company. It will be one less thing for me to worry about.

"Is everything ready?" Lucas questions the second he walks into the boardroom.

"Yup. The detective is sitting in Parkers office, listening in and waiting for his cue to come down here."

"Is this how shit normally works?" Owen pipes up.

"Nah, but Parker wanted to see the look on Anderson's face when he realizes he's going down. Nelson went along with it; he hates scummy people."

"Whatever, I just want this dickhead out of my company for good."

"Should we be handling this with employees witnessing it?" Lucas questions for the hundredth time.

"Yes. If you don't show proof of what he's done, your employees will believe you three fired him because you butt heads."

"Quiet, here he comes," Parker hisses under his breath.

Anderson strolls in with a confident smirk on his face. I wonder if he's pulled this shit before with their dads and got away with it, or if he's just confident in his assumption the boys are stupid.

Doris and a few other employees enter the room and take their seats. Once everyone is present, I immediately hand out a packet of information. I know from experience Anderson never even glances at them.

"Please don't look ahead in the packets, there's some information that will only make sense in time. We want your full attention on Mr. Scott, Mr. Powell and Mr. Coleman."

"Actually, Ms. Johnson, I'd love if you took lead on this. The rest of us can add in our two cents if needed." Parker gives my hand a reassuring squeeze like he didn't just drop this bomb in my lap.

"Great," I hiss, running a hand down my skirt, buying me a little bit of time to pull myself together.

I'm an idiot, I should've told Parker I wasn't feeling well. He never would've asked me to do the presentation if he knew, but I can't tell him

now. He'd throw me over his shoulder and carry me all the way to our condo if he had to.

"Sorry, I wasn't prepared to be the one presenting this... Here are five companies Mr. Anderson has brought to the attention of Parker, Owen and Lucas. If you flip to page two through sixteen you can see the financial information Mr. Anderson provided."

I give them a few minutes to look over everything, letting them digest the information for themselves. I glance at Parker, he nods his head, giving me a slight grin. *I love you* he mouths; a genuine smile takes over my face for the first time. I'd do anything for this man.

"So, what does everyone think about these companies?"

"They look like solid investments," One man mutters, searching the documents again.

"I think we'd be stupid not to buy them out." Another adds.

"Exactly. That's what we thought too." Lucas keeps his voice calm and in control, not giving away his true emotions at all.

"Do you see anything negative about them?" Owen probes.

A round of disagreements fill the room. They all love what they're seeing.

"Perfect. That's exactly what we wanted to hear from all of you." I give them the sweetest smile I can muster, meeting each and every person's gaze.

I open my mouth to continue, but the world starts to sway, my vision blurs and I stumble before I'm able to catch my balance. Parker and Owen are at my side faster than I can blink. They practically carry me to a chair and force me to sit. Owen motions to Lucas for him to continue the presentation.

"Are you alright, baby? Do you need to go to the hospital?" Parker's concerned gaze warms my heart.

"I'm ok, just a little dizzy. It's from the chemo."

"Did it just start?" Owen's brows furrow together.

"No, I've been dizzy all day."

"Logan..." Parker growls. I hold up a hand to stop him from continuing.

"I just wanted this over with. I promise after the presentation is done, you can be the knight in shining armor and whisk me away to our condo in the sky."

"You're such a smartass." He smirks, shaking his head. "Fine, you can stay, but you're staying next to me."

“If that’s my only option.” I roll my eyes, catching another smile tugging at the corner of his lips.

“Now that you’ve read all the information the companies and Mr. Anderson provided us... Let’s flip to pages seventeen through twenty-two and take a look at the real financials and information they didn’t provide.”

We turn our attention back to Lucas, just in time to see Mr. Anderson’s world crash down around him.

“What are you talking about! I gave you all the real information!” He’s seething, filled to his breaking point with rage.

“As you can see, the numbers were doctored to make them more appealing. The companies would make a killing and we’d lose millions on each and every one of them. Not only would the failing companies make a huge profit, but so would Mr. Anderson who’s been getting a kickback from each and every company he’s brought to our attention since we took over the business from our fathers.”

“Is this true, Richard?” Doris holds a hand over her chest, her features filled with shock and horror.

“Do you actually believe these immature boys who can barely run a company? They made bad decisions and deals, now they want someone to blame it on so their daddies don’t get mad!” His face reddens to an unhealthy degree.

Doris, as well as every other employee in the room, stares at Owen, Lucas and Parker before bouncing their gaze back to Anderson. None of them know what to think or how to react. On one hand they don’t want to believe their bosses could be that horrible, blaming their mistakes on a single employee to look better for their dads. But on the other hand, they don’t want to accept one of their coworkers could be such an underhanded piece of scum.

“Mr. Anderson, Detective Nelson and his amazing officers would love to have a little discussion with you down at the precinct.” I motion to the door with a smile on my lips.

Owen, Parker, Lucas and I stand as Nelson walks in the door. Anderson swivels around in his chair so fast he almost falls out of it.

“I’m not going anywhere with you! I haven’t done anything wrong!”

“Well, lucky for us, we have evidence and bank statements to prove otherwise.”

I swear if steam could actually come out of someone’s ears, it’d be coming out of Anderson’s right now. His face is so red it looks like it’s going

to pop right off.

“Mr. Anderson, you’re under arrest. You have the right to remain silent...” The officer goes on, reading Anderson his Miranda rights and slapping cuffs on his wrists.

“I’m going to make you regret this! You haven’t seen the last of me!” He hisses.

“Oh! Detective! Did you hear him threaten me? That’s probably not gonna look too good for you.” Owen flashes him a pout before a smirk takes over his features.

“I would’ve gotten away with everything if it wasn’t for that slut!” He growls.

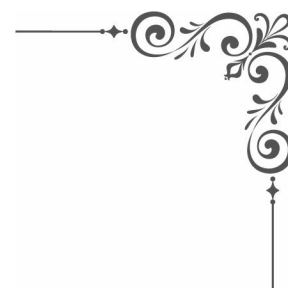
“Yeah, you’re right.” Parker drapes an arm over my shoulders, tugging me closer. “If we hadn’t found this amazing woman, you probably would’ve gotten away with more.”

“But Doris made the smart decision to hire her, Parker made the smart decision to keep her around, and the three of us made the ingenious decision to bring her along to meetings.” Lucas moves to stand next to Parker.

“Logan will get another promotion... probably your job. But we like her, unlike you. We trust her, unlike you. We value her as an employee and a human, unlike you.” Owen appears at my side, taking my hand in his.

The four of us present a united front for the company but also behind closed doors. The three of them really are like brothers, always looking out for each other. Being accepted into this, it’s been like a dream come true. I have a family once again, people who love and care for me. People who will stand by my side through the good and the bad.

I’ve found the man I love, the one I want to spend the rest of my life with. I know no matter how long I have left on this earth; Parker will be by my side. Carrie, Owen and Lucas will be cheering us on. Life will be perfect.



Parker

Three months later



IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG for a judge to rule in our favor and throw Anderson in jail. The companies who made the deals with him were also brought in on charges. We didn't get our money back, most of it was already spent anyway, but we don't care. We're just happy to have Anderson out of our company for good and to have people we trust on our team.

After the word spread about what Anderson did, people seem to be respecting us more. They realize we're not screwing up the company and we really do care about what happens with it. Everyone is working harder than ever; it feels like we're a real team for the first time. I owe it all to Logan. If it weren't for her, we never would've realized what Anderson was doing.

"Baby? You ready yet?" I've been sitting on the couch for over thirty minutes waiting for her.

"Almost! Five more minutes!"

"Logan! You've said that every five minutes for the past forty-five minutes!"

"I know! I'm sorry! It takes time to look good."

"You're such a drama queen. You'd look beautiful in a trash bag."

Footsteps come from our room, moving closer.

"Are you saying I wasted my time getting all dolled up for you?"

I pull myself off the couch, spinning to respond to her. The second my gaze locks on her, my mouth goes dry and I forget how to form words.

Logan's absolutely stunning. She's wearing a skin tight black bandage dress with a deep V-neck. Her hair falls in loose curls, half is pulled up into an intricate design. Her make-up is heavier than normal, making her gray eyes pop. I chuckle when my gaze drifts to her shoes, those red fuck me heels finish off her look.

"Damn... you look gorgeous. You sure you wanna go out? We could stay here... I have a few ideas of how we can stay busy tonight."

She closes the distance between us, a palm sliding up my chest, resting over my heart.

"Down, boy. We can do that later. Let's go out and enjoy our first date and *maybe* you'll get lucky later on." She trails a finger down my torso until she reaches my belt, her dark gaze never leaving mine.

“*Maybe?* It’s not a sure thing?”

“Nah, it’s a first date. I’m not easy.” She winks, swaying her hips as she strolls away to find a coat.

“You’re gonna be the death of me in that dress... Can you even wear panties in that thing?”

She glances over her shoulder, a sly smile spreading across her shiny lips.

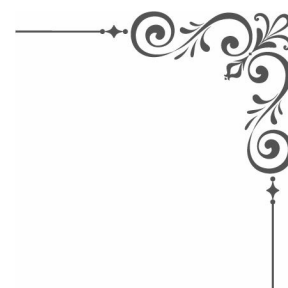
“Nope. Can’t wear anything under it.” She throws me a wink, stepping through the door, leaving me behind to pick my jaw off the ground.

I race out the door after her, not even bothering to lock my condo. I come up behind her, wrapping my arms around her waist. Her hair cascades to one side, exposing the smooth skin on her neck to me. I slowly kiss up and down, moving to right behind her ear.

“You can’t say something like that to me. This is worse than the day I met you, I want you so bad.” I nip at her ear, making her giggle.

“Patience, Mr. Scott. Good things come to those who wait...”

The elevator dings, sliding open for us. I stumble in after her, never releasing her from myself. I never want to let her go.



Logan



WHEN WE GET TO THE little Italian restaurant we're seated almost immediately. The hostess leads us to a little table in the back. It's dimly lit, candles flicker on each table giving off an intimate atmosphere.

"This is beautiful, Parker."

"Yeah, it is." His eyes never leave mine; he can't stop staring at me.

"So... tell me... was all this," I motion to myself, "Worth the long wait?"

"Every fucking second. It's taking every ounce of strength I have to stay on this side of the table. I want to devour you."

"Hmm. Maybe after dinner."

He lets out a low groan, my smile widens even further. I love this man.

"Good evening, Mr. Scott, Ma'am. I'm Veronica. May I get you something to drink while you look over the menu?"

Parker orders us two glasses of wine before Veronica scurries off and he turns his attention back to me.

"Do you bring dates here often?"

"What? No!" His eyes widen in horror.

"She knew your name."

"Because we had reservations!"

"Ok. I believe you... but I still don't like it," I mumble under my breath.

Parker rolls his eyes but he's chuckling quietly.

"I don't know what I want, everything sounds so good." I pout.

"So, get everything."

"What? No! That's crazy!"

He shrugs a shoulder, amusement lighting up his eyes. Parker reaches a hand across the table, taking mine in his. He presses a sweet kiss to my fingertips, his thumb caressing my skin.

"Will you order something for me?" I ask softly. His eyes turn mischievous and I know I've made a mistake. "One thing, Parker! One!"

"How do you know I'll pick something you'll like?"

"We've been eating at least one meal a day together for over six months. I'm confident you won't fuck it up." I smirk when his deep chuckle fills the air.

When Veronica comes back with our wine, Parker orders our food before making a toast.

“To a life full of love and happiness with you by my side.” We clink glasses before taking a sip.

Our conversation shifts to work, the boys, Carrie and finally our wedding. We enjoy our first night out alone. No Owen and no Lucas. It feels magical and surreal, but I love each and every second of it. I can’t wait to spend the rest of my life with this man.



Parker

“HURRY UP,” I GROWL, basically dragging Logan behind me. Her giggles fill the air, warming my heart.

“What’s the hurry?”

“That dress and those fuck me heels! Your body is driving me crazy.”

She pulls me to a stop, I twist around, narrowing my eyes on her.

“C’mon! Why are you stopping?”

“There’s no rush, Parker. We have the rest of our lives.” Her voice is barely a whisper, her small hand cups my cheek. I lean into her touch but it does nothing to calm the desire racing through my blood.

“I need you... now.”

My lips crash into hers. My hands roam her body, skimming over every inch, memorizing her curves. A moan leaves her plump lips, drawing my attention. I thrust my tongue into her mouth, tasting and savoring her.

“Parker...” She moans when I move my lips down her neck, sucking lightly.

“Yes, baby? What do you need?”

“I need you...” She says breathlessly.

I don’t waste another moment. I pick her up, throwing her over my shoulder, racing to the elevators. She screams, reaching to pull her dress down over her ass. I push her hands away, covering her exposed skin with my own. Her laughter grows even louder.

When we step into the elevator, I let her slide down my body until she’s standing in front of me. Our lips meet in a heated kiss. This is the first time we’ve been alone for longer than an hour or so. The first night we’ve had to just be us. No Owen, Lucas or Carrie to ruin it. No thoughts of Anderson or the company. Just us.

My hand skims up her leg, pushing her dress higher until I’m cupping her bare ass.

“You should wear this dress every day,” I growl in her ear.

“We’d never get any work done.”

“The boss won’t care.”

“It’d distract Owen.” I feel her smile against my lips.

“Fuck Owen.”

The elevator door opens, we stumble out, still kissing each other like if we stop we'll die.

I press Logan against the wall next to my condo, bringing her arms above her head. I hold them in place with one hand, the other trails down the curve of her side, over her hip, dragging this sexy dress up her thigh once again, this time keeping her covered.

I kiss down her neck, nipping as I go. When I run out of new skin to show my love to, I move to her cleavage. Her breaths come out in pants, heart racing below my lips, matching the rhythm of my own.

A door opens and shuts, drawing my attention away from the woman who crashed into my world, turning it on its axis.

"Oh, don't stop on my account." Owen smirks from his side of the hallway. He motions to us, "Please, continue. Let me just set my phone up to take a video. I could use this later on during my self-love session."

"Go the fuck away!" Logan half begs, half demands, shaking in my arms. Owen chuckles, shaking his head with a shit-eating grin.

"Inside, Mr. Scott. We have unfinished business to attend to."

Logan wiggles out of my grasp, fixes her dress and opens the door. She grabs my tie, dragging me in behind her.

We spend the rest of the night and well into the morning, savoring each other's bodies. Showing our love and desire without words.



Carrie



DRUMMING MY NAILS ON the smooth table top, I check my watch again.

“Where is she?” I mutter under my breath, glancing around the bar again.

Playing with the straw in my drink, I make a mental list of all the stuff I need to do tomorrow to prepare for the open house on Sunday. I need to get flowers, a cookie scented candle and store-bought cookies. I can’t be trusted to make cookies people might eat. I don’t need possible buyers to end up in the emergency room with food poisoning.

“If it isn’t the sexy blonde bestie who hates my guts.” His deep, gravelly voice makes goosebumps break out across my skin.

I squeeze my eyes shut, preparing for the force that is Owen Powell. I hate how my body responds to him. I hate that he’s the most attractive guy I’ve ever laid eyes on. Logan says he even has tattoos. Tattoos are my kryptonite; I can’t resist them no matter how hard I try.

But it’s not like I’m ever given a chance to resist a guy with tattoos. I’m always the friend, never the girlfriend.

Don’t get me wrong, I’m thrilled that Logan has found Parker. She deserves every good thing life throws at her after everything she’s been through, but I’m still jealous. Boys in high school always paid attention to her, never me. They were nice to me to get her to notice them. I was a tool to get what they wanted, nothing more.

Now you throw Owen into the mix. A man who flirts with anything with a pulse. Am I supposed to be flattered he’s turned his attention to me? I’m not. He doesn’t want me; he just wants a challenge. I guarantee if I gave in and flirted back, he’d fuck me and leave me... if he’s even interested in sex with me. Who am I kidding? Owen’s interested in screwing anything with boobs.

“You can’t pretend you don’t hear me, Carrie. We both know you can.”

I open my eyes just as he slides onto the stool across from me, unbuttoning his suit jacket.

“What do you want, Owen?”

“I want you to stop hating me. What do I have to do?”

I glance around the bar, my eyes landing on a group of guys talking to each other. One breaks away from the group, striking up a conversation with

a pretty brunette. They smile and laugh, quickly exchanging numbers before the guy goes back to his friends.

I want that. I want a guy to flirt with me and ask me out. I want to experience love.

“Stop flirting with me,” I whisper softly, turning my attention back to Owen.

His brows furrow, his gaze bores into me. I don’t know what he’s looking for but he won’t find it. I know how to keep my emotions locked down tight.

“Ok. I’ll stop flirting on purpose.” I open my mouth to object but he holds up a hand. “It’s second nature to me, Carrie. But I’ll stop purposely making you uncomfortable.”

“Really?” My brows raise in surprise. He shakes his head softly, sadness fills his eyes but it’s gone in the blink of an eye, making me question if it was ever really there.

“I’m not nearly as bad as you think I am.” His voice softens ever so much.

Movement at the bar draws my gaze back over to the guys. A different one is talking to a redhead and another is flirting with a blonde. At least they’re well rounded in what they’re attracted to.

“You like them?”

“What?” I jerk my wide eyes back to Owen. “Who?”

“The guys at the bar. You keep staring at them.”

“I don’t even know them; how would I like them?”

“Why don’t you go talk to them?”

“I can’t do that!” I squeak out.

“Of course you can. You’re gorgeous, much prettier than any of the girls they’re talking to now.”

“Then why aren’t they approaching me?”

“You don’t exactly put off an inviting vibe, they’re not gonna come over here if they think they’ll waste their time.”

“So I’m just a waste?” I scowl at him.

“Hey, that’s not at all what I’m saying.” He reaches across the table, taking my hand in his before I can pull it back. “At the end of the day, no guy wants to be turned down. We tend not to put ourselves out there unless we feel like we have a chance.”

“You don’t seem to mind getting turned down.” I raise a brow, daring him to argue. He leans back slight, chuckling, but doesn’t let go of my hand.

His thumb strokes my skin, making goosebumps reappear.

“I’m not trying to date you, darling. Just a chronic flirt. If I wanted to date you, I’d woo the fuck outta you.”

“You said I wasn’t a waste of time, but then just said you don’t wanna date me. Which is it, Owen?”

“You’re not ready for someone like me. You’ve never dated anyone before, I’d be the worst first boyfriend in the world.”

“I hate Logan for telling you that, it’s so embarrassing.” Tugging my hand away from him, I cover my face with both of them. I wish a hole could appear and swallow me whole so I could avoid this conversation entirely.

“Stop it. You shouldn’t be embarrassed. You just need to work on not being so... closed off. Work on your confidence and talking to guys more often so you’re comfortable.”

“How am I supposed to do that?”

“I don’t know. Find someone to help you.”

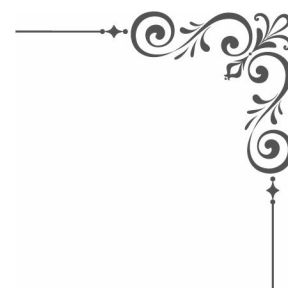
I meet his gaze, no matter how much I want to look away, I refuse to. He’s right, if I want to find a guy, I need to learn to be comfortable around them.

“Will you help me?” I ask barely above a whisper.

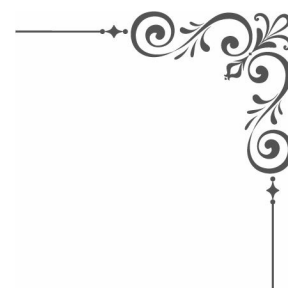
Owen’s eyes widen before they narrow. He keeps his gaze locked on me for several moments before he responds.

“Help you with what exactly?” He asks slowly, almost like he’s afraid of my response.

“With everything!” I throw my hands up in the air. “I want a boyfriend, I’m tired of being alone. Will you help me... become more... approachable? Confident? Able to be around men?”



Sign up for my [newsletter](#) to get a bonus chapter for Assisting the Bosshole.



Want to know what Owen's story is? Check it out [here](#).



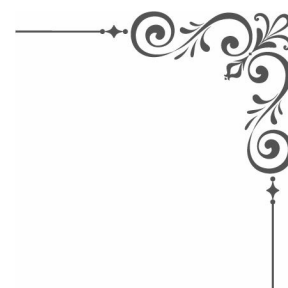
Carrie hates me. There's no question about it, she's even told me. I'm shocked when she asks for my help with getting a boyfriend. The problem is I don't want to do that; I want the position for myself. But I'll never be enough for a woman like Carrie, she deserves so much better than what I can give her.



I'm a disaster when it comes to men. I don't know how to flirt and I've never been kissed. All I want is for my prince charming to come into my life. I'll do just about anything to get him, even beg Owen to help me. If the playboy himself can't help me land the man of my dreams no one can. But what happens when he's the only man I want?



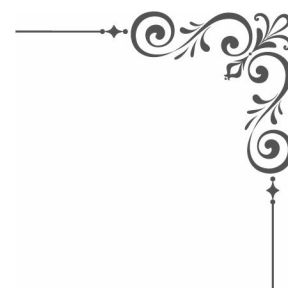
Have you ever wished you could ask your favorite characters a question?
Now you have the chance! If you have a question of your own, ask it [here](#) or
join my [readers group](#) and post it there!



Thank you so much for reading the first book in the Bosshole Files. I had a blast writing this book. These characters are so much like my husband and I.

I love each and every one of them, but Owen might be my favorite. Shhh, don't tell Lucas or Parker. I'm working on Owen's book now and I don't think you're going to expect his story one bit!

As always thank you to all my readers for following me and supporting my writing. I couldn't do any of this without you! My Betas, Alphas, and CPs- I don't know what I would do without you guys!



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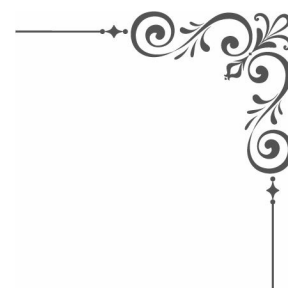
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