

Title: Brutally Bitter by Allister Dean

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Chapter: The Boy Who

Cried Wolf

Part One

Everybody has a pet peeve of some sort. Mine happens to be when people continuously bring up or brag about how much money they have. Yes...we get it...you're loaded. Or are you?

Issac tends to throw dollar figures into any conversation whenever possible. Compensating for something, are we? He has brought up that his family owns one of the smaller towns on the outskirts of Nevada. That tells me he's a trust fund baby.

In the entire time we've been friends, not once have I seen him pay for anything glamorous. Anytime that the possibility may be true—like a trip to paradise—an excuse is always trailing behind the day before or of. So, do you really have money? Timothy who just moved to my hometown not too long ago, has also noticed this trend from Issac. Even posing the same questions that I've been waiting an answer for.

Skeptical? I think so.

Issac had brought up looking to buy a house. A 4-million-dollar house to be exact. So, on a random Saturday Timothy had spent a whole day with Issac looking at a barrage of houses—the kind that you would only find celebrities living in—and Issac found one that stuck out like a sore thumb. On Faretto Lane you can find a 5.28-acre, four bedrooms, 6 bathrooms, living room, family room, den, two fireplaces, ground pool, built in BBQ, all new appliances, and fenced luxurious Tuscan themed home. The house looks like a retirement home or even a small hotel. Could even pass off as a castle with its circular column.

Issac had finally found a place to call home after what...three years.

**GROUP TEXT MESSAGE THAT DAY:**

**ISSAC:**

*Wait till you see my house*

*Oh, btw they accepted my fucking offer for it*

**TIMOTHY:**

*Woot woot! Congrats! When's the closing?!*

**ALLISTER:**

*So, when does this all happen*

**ISSAC:**

*I am waiting for the official close date.*

A week later Issac posts in our group chat again.

**ISSAC:**

*34 days!*

Without him even realizing that he has now given us an official date, Timothy and I begin the count down.

*"If he doesn't get the house—after I spent nine hours with him looking at houses—I'm not going to talk to him anymore", Timothy said with a hint of irritation in his voice.*

*"This isn't a first for him. He pulls something like this all the time. I just don't understand why he says stuff like this?", I said.*

*“Instead of waiting just call the relator and confirm that the house is off the market. When I bought my house, it was immediately taken off the market.”*

*“Go for it”, I said.*

*“No, she’ll know it’s me.”*

*“Fine. I’ll call just to put this stupid house thing to rest. It’s starting to get on my nerves,” I said angrily.*

Wednesday came and I had a moment to make the call. A light voiced woman answered the phone. Without hesitation, I asked her if the house was still available. She may have been in a bad area as her connection was garbled a bit. But when she said it was still available everything started to crumble for Issac.

*“Are you in the market to buy a house?”, she asked.*

*“My partner and I are looking around and we saw this house,” I said with a cheery voice.*

So, I gave a bogus story. I needed an answer which she just confirmed. Thanking her over the phone I hung up. This confirms everything about Issac. No house and absolutely no money.

That same week I invited Mindy and Timothy over for dinner—spaghetti with cilantro meatballs. Timothy had brought one of his neighbors Mandy—a thirty-two-year-old woman in marketing who used to be 200 pounds and is now a petit blonde.

Timothy didn’t skip a beat and dove right into asking if I had called to see if the house was still available...

*“Did you call?”*

*“I did, and she said it was still available,” I said pouring wine into four glasses.*

*“I knew it!”, Timothy said with excitement.*

*“Let’s just wait and see in 30 days. If no house is presented and an excuse is given we will have our answer”, I said taking a sip of my Merlot.*

*“Alright. I’ll wait.”*

Maybe I should have just had Timothy make the call sense he wanted the answer. I personally let people make a fool of themselves calling out their bullshit. I guess were going to see how this whole house thing pans out.

A week later, at TJ Maxx shopping for the hell of it, my phone goes off. It’s a text message from Mr. Home Buyer.

**ISSAC:**

*How was the conversation with my Realtor?*

*The offer is in on the house that's easily found out on MLS without having to contact my Realtor...*

*It's extremely frustrating that you contacted my Realtor and asked questions on the home!!! Client confidentiality is a law in real estate!!!*

**ALLISTER:**

*I asked general questions...Is this house still available? So, no law was broken.*

**ISSAC:**

*She sent your entire conversation to me Allister and then tracked your number.*

**ALLISTER:**

*Once again, I didn’t ask anything specific about you and your offer on the house. Just general questions.*

**ISSAC:**

*Hmmm is the home still available? My partner and I are looking at homes... she fished to see if you were serious... you can't view the home without proof of funds. It is frustrating when my people call me asking me about weird phone calls. You know god damn good and well I have an offer in on the fucker.*

**ALLISTER:**

*Are you going to calm down so I can explain or are you going to stay mad?*

**ISSAC:**

*You can explain whatever you would like.*

*I don't like it that people are sneaking around behind my back. So, please explain to me???*

**ALLISTER:**

*So, here's the skinny. There's been doubt about this whole house thing and it has been brought up multiple times in conversation. It's getting to the point where it's ridiculous and wasted energy. All I did was just try to get confirmation by asking a simple question is the house still available or not. It was not trying to be malicious. Just confirmation that this whole house thing can be put to rest, that's all. Now if you're tired of people sneaking around creating doubt, put your money where your mouth is. Prove everybody wrong by obtaining the house. That's all I can say.*

**ISSAC:**

*Who's conversation though? I don't like that people are running their mouths about me! If you have questions you are more than welcome to ask me.*

**ALLISTER:**

*It's rude to ask, it's like asking someone how much they paid for their car. And your word isn't solid at the moment. There have been people saying that you're all talk. If I can confirm from someone else other than you then I can put rumors to rest. That's all*

**ISSAC:**

*I would rather people come to me and talk to me and I can give them the legal proof! There would only be two fucking people that know about this house other than you and that would-be Mike and Timothy. So, who is running their mouth?*

*If you have questions come to me, rude or not I would prefer that you come to me and if I feel it necessary you have proof I will.*

**ALLISTER:**

*Okay I am going to ask you...are you really getting the house?*

**ISSAC:**

*I have an offer in that's the photo I sent you my offer that's how it works I showed you the first part of a legally binding contract for an offer on a home.*

**ALLISTER:**

*And did they accept the offer?*

**ISSAC:**

*Call me. I will have a short discussion about what's going on with the house and then I hope it's all done from that point.*

Changing the conversation from text to a phone call, Issac explained that there is escrow still and other little hoops he still needed to jump through before everything is finalized.

*"People can still put offers on the house and it's still available", Issac said very fast.*

“You just told me the house was yours,” I said to myself.

*“Look. Just don’t bring up the house anymore. Until you have a signed contract and a key in your hand, just don’t talk about it,” abrasively I said.*

Issac agreed and quickly excused himself off the call as he had to go back to “work.” Texting Timothy next about what just happened, he was in much agreement that this was unnecessary drama and the lying he has caused.

*“He just needs to tell the truth,” Timothy said.*

*“We have 30 days. Then we will have our answer,” I replied.*

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