

SOME CONNECTIONS
AREN'T MEANT
TO BE SIMPLE.



I LOVE

Twisted

He was her Dark Fairytale
and she was his Twisted Fantasy
And together they made Magic



LOVE TWISTED PRODUCTIONS

LOVE TWISTED

Some Connections Aren't Meant to Be Simple

Complimentary Reader Edition

Introduction - Chapter One - Early Correspondence

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BEFORE THE FIRST MESSAGE

An introduction to Love Twisted

Some love stories begin with a chance encounter. Others begin with a decision that should never have been made. *Love Twisted* begins with two married people who have almost everything they are supposed to want—and are quietly starving for something they cannot name.

Marcus and Felicia have built lives around responsibility. They have spouses, families, careers, obligations, reputations, and routines. From the outside, their worlds look established. They have learned how to keep moving, how to show up, how to answer the familiar question, “How are you?” with a reassuring smile. But behind those well-practiced answers are needs neither has been able to satisfy. They miss being desired. They miss the thrill of being discovered. They miss conversations that do not end with schedules, errands, and responsibilities.

Neither sets out in search of a grand romance. They are looking for passion, lust, excitement—perhaps a private place where they can briefly be someone other than the person everyone at home expects them to be. A discreet dating site seems to offer exactly that: a little mystery, a little danger, an encounter without the weight of promises. The arrangement, at least in theory, is simple. They can step outside the boundaries of ordinary life without stepping away from the lives they have already built.

Then a message arrives at the right moment—or the worst possible one. Felicia is preparing to walk away from the site when Marcus catches her attention. He is outgoing, confident, educated, and comfortable with words. His conversation moves easily from humor to candor, from a playful observation to an unexpected question. Felicia is more measured. She is careful about what she reveals and even more careful about what she allows herself to feel. Yet his voice, his directness, and the ease with which he engages her begin to unsettle her defenses.

What should have been a brief exchange becomes another message, and then another. They find themselves talking about their children, their work, their marriages, the disappointments they rarely say aloud, and the desires they have tucked away. The conversations stretch far beyond the practical business of arranging a meeting. They begin to recognize something in each other: not perfection, but attention. The startling feeling of being listened to. The dangerous pleasure of being understood.

By the time they sit across from each other for lunch, the attraction is no longer just a possibility on a screen. It has a face, a smile, a voice, and a presence. A simple meal becomes the first moment in a story neither can fully anticipate. The question is no longer whether they have chemistry. It is what they will do with it.

WHEN DESIRE BECOMES SOMETHING MORE

The story behind the connection

Their connection does not remain contained within a restaurant, a phone, or a carefully arranged hour. It grows into a relationship fueled by endless conversation and an appetite for each other that refuses to fit neatly into ordinary boundaries. There are stolen moments, daring encounters, and sex in places where neither ever imagined finding themselves. There are private jokes, impulsive plans, intimate discoveries, and the heady sense that each new experience makes the next one harder to resist.

But this is not simply a story about physical attraction. If it were, it might have been easier to leave behind. The deeper entanglement is the way Marcus and Felicia become part of each other's thinking. They share stories they have never told anyone. They debate, laugh, disagree, reassure, and sometimes wound each other. They talk when they should be sleeping. They reach for their phones when they should be focused on something else. They discover that intimacy can begin with a sentence long before it reaches a touch.

As their world expands, so do the stakes. What begins as a secret connection reaches beyond familiar streets and discreet meeting places. International trips bring adventure, anticipation, and the illusion of being free of the everyday. Introductions to family draw their separate lives closer in ways that can no longer be dismissed as casual. The relationship gathers memories, rituals, expectations, and complications. Every new experience offers another reason to stay—and another reason to question what staying will cost.

Marcus and Felicia are not presented as heroes who always make the right choices. Nor are they reduced to villains in someone else's marriage. They are adults making consequential decisions, sometimes selfish ones, while trying to understand why the connection feels so powerful. Their spouses and families remain real. So do loyalty, secrecy, jealousy, tenderness, guilt, and the fear of discovery. Desire may have brought them together, but it cannot answer every question that follows.

That tension is the heart of *Love Twisted*. What happens when two people find the excitement they have been missing, only to discover that excitement comes with attachment? When lust grows into companionship, when companionship begins to resemble love, and when love itself refuses to arrive in a form anyone can easily defend? Is a relationship defined by how it begins, by what it gives, or by the damage it may leave behind?

This story moves between the immediacy of personal correspondence and the fuller world surrounding it. The messages reveal the first sparks—the teasing, hesitation, curiosity, and emotional acceleration—while the narrative follows what those words set in motion. Names and identifying details have been fictionalized. The people on these pages are imperfect, the circumstances complicated, and the feelings often contradictory.

At its center is a simple, unsettling truth: sometimes the person who makes you feel most alive is also the person who forces you to confront everything you thought you knew about yourself. Marcus was Felicia's dark fairytale. Felicia was Marcus's twisted fantasy. Together, they made something that felt like magic. Whether magic can survive the realities of two existing lives is the question waiting beyond these first pages.

Some connections aren't meant to be simple.

LOVE TWISTED

Chapter One: One Last Look

Traditional novel adaptation · January 2021

Fictionalized from the approved chronology and adapted correspondence. Interior thoughts and scene details are dramatized; names and setting are fictional.

The Last Look

The decision had already been made. Felicia was going to close her account. She had told herself so in the morning and again in the afternoon, as if repeating it could make the small act of clicking a button feel final. Outside, the last light of a January day had gone blue. The wind pushed against the windows, rattling something loose near the frame. Inside, her house was warm, familiar, and full of the obligations that made it hers.

She was not unhappy every hour of every day. That was part of what made her restlessness difficult to explain. There were meals to plan, a daughter to consider, errands, schedules, and a marriage whose public shape looked far simpler than its private reality. The discreet site had offered an answer without requiring her to ask a more frightening question: what, exactly, was missing? After several disappointments, it had begun to seem less like an escape than another place to feel unseen.

One last look, she thought. Not because she expected anything to change. Because leaving something, even something foolish, had a way of making a person look over her shoulder.

The site called itself The Veil. Its name was a promise and a warning. Here people could say things they would never put in a public profile. Here, too, everyone could hide something important. Felicia scrolled past faces and phrases she had learned not to trust. Then she stopped. A photograph. A message. Nothing extravagant. A man who seemed to be asking whether they might connect.

She studied the face longer than she meant to. There was a directness to his expression that she liked. She had no reason to believe he would be different. Yet the possibility of a conversation, not another performance, was enough to make her answer.

A Stranger Who Could Write

Marcus had no way of knowing that his message had arrived at the edge of a departure. At his own laptop, he was looking for a kind of closeness he had stopped expecting at home. He could describe his situation in several ways, none of them entirely flattering. He was married. He had responsibilities. He was not looking to dismantle his life that night. But he was tired of living as though desire and companionship were things a person simply outgrew.

When Felicia responded, the exchange gathered speed. A question brought a joke; the joke opened a door to a more serious answer. They spoke about what they hoped for and what they did not want to pretend. The distance between them was measured in words and, for the moment, words were enough.

Marcus liked her way of answering. She did not give him the bland reassurance of someone trying to please a stranger. She challenged him, teased him, and occasionally made him wait. Felicia noticed something equally disarming: he seemed comfortable being enthusiastic. He wrote as though he meant the words. That could be dangerous, she knew. It could also be refreshing.

Their exchanges touched on the strange title that would eventually belong to the story itself: Love Twisted. Marcus wanted to borrow it. Felicia understood the impulse. There was something painfully accurate about the phrase, a description of wanting tenderness in a life where tenderness had become complicated. They could laugh at the name because it was easier than admitting how close it came to the truth.

They exchanged photographs and impressions. He seemed outgoing, quick to turn a line into a flirtation. She was more guarded. Neither mistook that difference for incompatibility. In fact, it gave the conversation a rhythm: he advanced, she measured the distance, and then she surprised him by moving closer.

Thursday Night

Thursday, January 28, 2021, became one of those evenings that changed character without announcing it. There was no dramatic event, only a series of messages that made the room around Felicia feel increasingly distant. A reply appeared. She smiled before she could stop herself. Another arrived. She read it twice.

Marcus was frank about his dissatisfaction. He spoke of choosing a discreet piece of happiness rather than accepting a life that felt emotionally flat. Felicia did not have to agree with every part of his reasoning to understand the hunger behind it. She had her own reasons for being there, reasons she was still sorting out. It was possible, she thought, to recognize someone else's loneliness without knowing whether he could be trusted with yours.

They discussed the possibility of meeting. A Friday lunch sounded practical, almost innocent, and therefore especially improbable. They were strangers who had only just begun to exchange messages, and already they were rearranging the next day. Outside, the weather was bitter. Inside, the conversation was warm enough to make winter seem irrelevant.

Before sleeping, Felicia considered what she had promised and what she had not. A lunch was only a lunch. A photograph was only a photograph. She knew how easily people used those sentences to protect themselves from the truth. Still, she wanted to see whether the man on the screen could make her laugh

across a table.

Friday at the Steakhouse

On Friday, January 29, the wind followed Felicia from her car to the restaurant door. She arrived first. It gave her time to settle into a booth, take in the room, and imagine the ways the afternoon might disappoint her. Perhaps the conversation would be awkward. Perhaps his photograph would be the best thing about him. Perhaps they would finish their meal politely and never speak again.

Then Marcus walked in. She recognized him before he reached the table. She stood to greet him, and they embraced. The gesture was ordinary enough to pass unnoticed by anyone watching. To Felicia it was a small surprise: the ease of it, the absence of the awkwardness she had rehearsed, the feeling that a voice from the night before had become a person in front of her.

They sat and began to talk. Not the strained exchange of résumés she had feared, but the sort of conversation that could wander and find its way back. They spoke about family, children, work, and the routines that shaped their days. Marcus's confidence was less imposing in person than it had seemed on the screen. He was animated and attentive. Felicia, who had planned to be cautious, found herself answering more freely than she expected.

There were pauses, of course. The small pauses that belong to a first meeting, when each person is quietly deciding whether the other can be trusted with another sentence. But the pauses did not feel empty. They were comfortable enough to let silence do some of the work.

Marcus paid for lunch. When Felicia arranged food to take home for her daughter, he paid for that as well. It was a modest gesture, but it registered with her. He was acknowledging the life waiting for her outside the restaurant rather than acting as though she had appeared there without one. That mattered more than he may have realized.

Neither had come to the restaurant with a declaration in mind. They were testing an idea. Could this person, so vivid in a string of emails, exist with the same warmth in daylight? By the end of lunch the answer seemed dangerously close to yes.

The Goodbye

Outside, the cold had not relented. Their time was up in the practical sense: there were other places to be and other people who would expect them. Yet neither seemed eager for the meeting to end at the

restaurant door. Marcus walked with Felicia toward her car. The distance was short, and somehow it took longer than it should have.

He joined her inside for a few more moments of privacy. The windows separated them from the wind and from the ordinary movement of the parking lot. They talked softly. Then came a kiss, gentle at first, with the hesitant certainty of two people who had imagined a moment without knowing whether it would happen. A touch, a smile, the awareness of how close they were sitting. It was not a grand promise. It was enough to change the meaning of everything that had preceded it.

Felicia understood that the kiss did not solve anything. They were still married to other people. Their schedules were still complicated. Discretion was still necessary. But the meeting had crossed a threshold: now there was a memory to return to, not just a fantasy to invent.

When they parted, she carried the warmth of the car into the cold afternoon. Marcus carried the same moment in a different direction. Neither knew what the next weeks would ask of them. Both knew they wanted another conversation.

And Now It Begins

The first message after lunch arrived that afternoon. Marcus marked the date as a beginning and told Felicia how much he had enjoyed seeing her. He mentioned her eyes, her lips, and the warmth he had sensed in her. She answered with pleasure. They had left the restaurant, but the conversation did not end there. It moved into the quicker, more immediate rhythm of WhatsApp.

A private language began to form. They could tease one another without explaining the joke. They could look back on lunch as though it had happened much longer ago. Marcus spoke of a journey. Felicia answered with her own mixture of daring and caution. The name Love Twisted returned, no longer just an amusing phrase but an idea they could inhabit together.

On Saturday they tested the edges of the new arrangement. Felicia worried aloud that a man new to this sort of connection might lose his nerve and leave her exposed. Marcus tried to reassure her. When he asked about an earlier affair, she declined to revisit it. They would have to make their own world, she insisted. He accepted the boundary. The exchange was brief, but important: even in flirtation, she intended to decide what parts of herself were available.

They began joking about writing chapters. She said hers would be better. He promised he had hidden talents and gave her a nickname: Sunshine. It was the kind of small invention that can make an unlikely relationship feel as if it belongs to the two people inside it. The nickname made her smile. It also made

the story feel more permanent than two days of acquaintance ought to feel.

Sunday brought another round of questions, jokes, and flirtation. There were ordinary references to social media and cigars, the kind of details that might become plans. Beneath them lay a new tension. They wanted the adventure to unfold naturally, but wanting something has a way of making people impatient. Felicia reminded Marcus that timing mattered. He heard her, even as anticipation ran ahead of them both.

At the end of January, there was no reason to call what they had love. There was a lunch, a kiss, an accumulating series of messages, and the intoxicating sense of being noticed. It was still possible to imagine that the rules would hold. That was the last simple thing about the story.

Next Chapter — The Rules Begin to Bend

In February, the ease of their messages will give way to the practical challenge of finding time together. A cigar lounge, hurried encounters, and the first hotel meeting will test whether the private world Marcus and Felicia have imagined can remain separate from the lives they already lead. The attraction is real. The boundaries are less certain.

THE EMAILS

January 28–30, 2021 · The messages behind Chapter One

These messages are drawn from the existing fictionalized and anonymized manuscript archive. They preserve its wording and sequence, including informal spelling and some transcription artifacts. Names and identifying details have been changed; this is not an unredacted reproduction of private original emails. Quoted reply chains and missing image attachments are omitted.

EMAIL 01 | Marcus Bradley | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 7:48 PM

I'm Marcus,
Be nice to see a picture of who I'm talking to?
Lovetwisted please explain the meaning behind the name.

EMAIL 02 | Marcus Bradley | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 8:05 PM

It's a good thing you didn't put a hint of a picture of your beautiful self in the Veil.
That said you're a beautiful woman and I'd like to think I'm east on your eyes.
Lovetwisted interesting name, care to explain? How can we help each other?
Marcus

EMAIL 03 | Felicia | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 8:24 PM

My explanation of my the Veil name LoveTwisted is
“He was her Dark Fairytale and she was his Twisted Fantasy And together they made Magic”

EMAIL 04 | Felicia | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 8:26 PM

Thank you for the compliment.
Didn't put a picture because I'd rather choose than have lots of different men sending me crazy messages.

EMAIL 05 | Felicia | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 8:33 PM

Are the pictures you posted recent?

EMAIL 06 | Marcus Bradley | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 8:36 PM

I love the love twisted meaning, can I plagiarize it? You say you don't know why you're here. I'm here because lovetwisted isn't happening at home and the reality is, it probably never will. I'm choosing a piece of discreet happiness over a mundane existence. The erotic fantasy of mutual desire and satisfaction not public, but oh so satisfying. A text that will bring a smile and make you moist/me hard as we dwell upon the sender. That's what I'm here for want to join me?

EMAIL 07 | Marcus Bradley | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 8:43 PM

This is me right now. I let my goatee grow.
Not the best picture

EMAIL 08 | Felicia | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 8:50 PM

That's a very nice picture. Thanks for sharing.

EMAIL 09 | Felicia | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 8:59 PM

You can absolutely plagiarize it. I got it off internet, lol.
Never say never. It might happen again some day.
I know it sound to cliché-ish, but life is too short to just give up on some things.
So, tell me your vision of us.
Are you able to ever go out in public! Bar, lounge, etc! Or only meet privately?
Are you really in Harbor Point?
What type work you do? I'm in the finance/legal field in the Government.
Been married 13 years but together 23 years. One kid.
I'm on the Veil because I'm bored.
I'm very outgoing, adventurous and like trying new things.
I think I may be going through mid life crisis. Lol

EMAIL 10 | Marcus Bradley | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 9:24 PM

Ok, I'm really in Westbridge, i live in Brook Hollow. Yes i can go out preferably not in the neighboring county. I'm a business development specialist in the construction industry(an ex a former employer guy) and own a business with my wife, im ex military. Been married 20 years, 2 step kids out of college and my son who is a college freshman. I too the Veil bored, i have play time mostly during the day, overnights would require some real finness.
A vision for us, erotic/teasing texts that leads to a quiet introduction in a public place. The chemistry in photos now comes alive, the conversation flows easily and half way thru we're day dreaming of the next time. As in any courtship a woman leads until she doesn't. I started the vision now you complete it, what's your vision for us?

EMAIL 11 | Marcus Bradley | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 9:39 PM

I'm a night owl so don't let me mess up your beauty rest, you definitely don't need it!

EMAIL 12 | Felicia | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 10:05 PM

Wow. You have a way with words. Mmmmmmm.
I'm in Eastbrook, lol. What is an ex a former employer?
I can see a conflict in our schedules already. I work during the day 8-5:30, off every other Friday.
Hubby is military also; ex marine. He also works the night shift 12 hours 4 nights straight and sometimes 6 nights.
See why I'm lonely.
How did you learn of the Veil? Any success with meeting nice people? My girlfriend told me about it.

EMAIL 13 | Felicia | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 10:09 PM

I the Veil reading a book, but I'm also getting sleepy. Not much rest this week

EMAIL 14 | Felicia | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 10:15 PM

I did not forget to answer your question regarding my vision of us. I will answer. I promise.

EMAIL 15 | Marcus Bradley | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 10:16 PM

a former employer - a former employer.

I have time freedom... sort of. I control my time. I golf on Fridays but could easily not(every other Friday.. just saying). I read an article

about the Veil and decided why not. It's been about a month. Meeting nice people and hooking up with someone are different. No

hookups. Seems like your romancing the idea but haven't decided?

You never finished the vision of us?

EMAIL 16 | Marcus Bradley | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 10:16 PM

Sweet dreams!

EMAIL 17 | Felicia | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 11:04 PM

This is what I envision: erotic texts like you stated. Meeting in public, being discreet. I would never do anything to jeopardize/ disturb your

home life, nor mine. We must connect and the attraction has to be there. I look forward to NOT leading: I've done that all my life.

If we do have that magical connection, I'd want to give you everything you're missing at home, the explicit sexual attention you so deserve.

I'm a beast in bed. Can you keep up! Haha. I prefer to under promise and over deliver.

EMAIL 18 | Marcus Bradley | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 11:06 PM

I thought you were sleep...

EMAIL 19 | Felicia | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 11:06 PM

I the Veil going to sleep now. I'll email you in the the Veil.

Wish I was a night owl but I'm not. Pleasant dreams.

EMAIL 20 | Marcus Bradley | Thu, Jan 28, 2021 at 11:09 PM

I'm sending a response to Keep you thinking all day.... hopefully....

EMAIL 21 | Marcus Bradley | Fri, Jan 29, 2021 at 12:43 AM

Hey mystery named fine ass woman,

The connection you yearn for and the attention you deserve. The only way the beast comes out is if someone uncages her. Here's what

your every other Friday could look like.

A different adventure, mountain climbing one week, his her massages another, a drive to hear the beach, zip lining when its warm and

sky diving to name a few. But all will conclude like this:

A hotel room with a steaming hot shower where you wash my body and i wash yours, soft wet kisses placed all over your body, laying you

on the bed and exploring your body with my tongue, allowing the tickle of your inner thigh to make you wet with anticipation. The soft

tongue tracing your outer vaginal lips and darting in and out. Stopping you before you orgasm and directing you to mount me allowing

every inch of of me to be engulfed by your body. Staring in your eyes as you ride your way to orgasm and just when you think it's over, i

turn you over and slow grind your body to till you melt into me and then my orgasm comes and if time permits we rinse and repeat!

A couple times a month,, random evenings hanging out, a real friend with benefits.

Join me?

What's a beast?

Want to join me? Next Friday you're off and golf can wait?

EMAIL 22 | Marcus Bradley | Fri, Jan 29, 2021 at 6:47 AM

Cant believe I'm up this early checking my email...wtf. i guess I wrote and excited my damn self...lol

It will be too cold and windy for golf today. I don't I know your name but must see if there really is a "magical connection". Meet me today

for coffee, lunch, dessert or just to say hello? I'll travel to you!

EMAIL 23 | Felicia | Fri, Jan 29, 2021 at 8:33 AM

Good morning!!

Wow!! You have my full attention and I love every written word in your emails. Sounds too good to be true. Sounds just like what I've been

missing. You're the handsome beast I need. Come on, be my beast, be what I've been missing. Let's make memories others only dream

of. We can do this. Let's give each the butterflies we had when we're teenagers. Let's live life to the max, together.

No one else have to

know. It's the perfect world you and I will create together.

EMAIL 24 | Felicia | Fri, Jan 29, 2021 at 8:35 AM

BTW, my name is Felicia.

Wait, wait, did you tell me your real name? LOL.

We have to have a level of trust with each other.

I'm STD free and COVID free.

EMAIL 25 | Felicia | Fri, Jan 29, 2021 at 9:08 AM

Pictures for you

EMAIL 26 | Marcus Bradley | Fri, Jan 29, 2021 at 9:09 AM

Hello Felicia,
I'm still Marcus. I'm std and covid free. I have covid test I can share, for 20 years I've been with only my wife. So, I'm new to this. I'm an extrovert, rarely at a loss for words. Ok, are the pictures recent and really you? I'm not being punked/catfished? I have never been into a woman and not known her name, and through the Veil, this seems to good to be true. I'm pinching myself....the Veil I dreaming!

EMAIL 27 | Marcus Bradley | Fri, Jan 29, 2021 at 9:26 AM

Ok I'm in! Have you had an affair before? Is this something you want or just romancing the idea? My guess is you're not just lonely but neglected. Which tells me with the right person the flood gates of passion open and oh how sweet it could be.
I have been on rations of sex for years and intimacy and passion are distant Memories. However, I'm not trying to blow everything up and start over. I need you to be my forbidden lover. With that i believe everything balances out. You say your adventurous, well this will be quite an adventure.... what do you think?

EMAIL 28 | Felicia | Fri, Jan 29, 2021 at 10:01 AM

No, Marcus. You're not dreaming. And yes, that is me now. I the Veil real. You're not being catfished. I hope you're new to this and I want to be the "only one" on your "to do" list. I'm happy/sad that you're new to this, because you're probably going to meet numerous women you want to communicate with until you find the right one for you to connect with. With that being said, don't move too fast. Lol. I'm glad you're an extrovert. I like that. You can help bring me out my shell.
the Veil is definitely real; however, some people say it's not and they have been catfished. My girlfriend has dated a guy from the Veil for the past two years. They are doing well.

EMAIL 29 | Felicia | Fri, Jan 29, 2021 at 10:11 AM

Yes, I've had an affair before. Not proud to say that. This is something I want with the right person and connection. When you say neglected, I take it you're referencing sexually. Yes. I had been for a couple years; sexually and emotionally. That's what

led to me having an affair. Wasn't right, but I'm human and have needs. I have a lot to offer the right person. I can be very intimate,

exploding with passion. With me, it will no longer be distant for you, but very near and available whenever you want or need it.

I don't want to start over either. We've worked hard to build the success we have over here.

Yes, I'm very adventurous. And, is there an application I'd need to fill out to be your forbidden lover?

Next step, we need to meet and greet.

By the way, how old are you?

EMAIL 30 | Marcus Bradley | Fri, Jan 29, 2021 at 10:42 AM

Hey Felicia,

You are a breath of fresh air. the Veil is a maze and trying to find a match is a challenge. I'm not looking for multiple partners, lovetwisted

with one person would be magical. I also believe when it's right, it's right. For you to think I'm handsome and me think your fine, the 1st half

of Chemistry is met, the 2nd is can I make you laugh/smile and do you get wet thinking about me? If so, then this is a formality, I'm much

better in person. No application needed. Everything about my the Veil profile was designed to hide my identity, i have a lot to lose. My

profile says I'm 49, I'm older, when we meet I'll see if you can guess my age. When can we meet? My lunch offer for today is still valid!

EMAIL 31 | Felicia | Fri, Jan 29, 2021 at 10:59 AM

What time can you meet for lunch? Our network has been down all morning, so I e been doing something real sexy, cleaning my daughters

room. Ugh!! Lol. My daughter is a piece of work!

EMAIL 32 | Marcus Bradley | Fri, Jan 29, 2021 at 11:03 AM

Anytime, you're right around the corner. What do you have a taste for?

EMAIL 33 | Felicia | Fri, Jan 29, 2021 at 11:16 AM

Idk. Idc. Any suggestions?

I know. We live too close. Lol!!

EMAIL 34 | Marcus Bradley | Fri, Jan 29, 2021 at 11:19 AM

Yep, this could be real adventurous. How about, a booth at the steakhouse?

EMAIL 35 | Felicia | Fri, Jan 29, 2021 at 11:22 AM

That's fine. Let's shoot for 1 or 1:30 if that's okay? Hopefully, our work computers will be up before then.

EMAIL 36 | Marcus Bradley | Fri, Jan 29, 2021 at 11:25 AM

1:00PM works. See you soon!

EMAIL 37 | Felicia | Fri, Jan 29, 2021 at 11:48 AM

Ok

EMAIL 38 | Felicia | Fri, Jan 29, 2021 at 12:39 PM

Hi. Our work computers just came up. I need to sign in for second.
Text me cell .

EMAIL 39 | Felicia | Sat, Jan 30, 2021 at 12:32 PM

Good afternoon,

Where are you?

Did you change your mind about me already?