

## **Mr. and Mrs. Bryce and Alexis Clark. An interview with K.M. Golland**

Hi, KM here. I get numerous questions a day, asking all sorts of things about Brylexis. Honestly, I love that you are all keen to find out so much more about my Mr. and Mrs. Clark. So, I figured the best way to give you the answers was to head on over to City Towers and ask the dynamic duo myself, which is where I am now. Well, I'm currently elevating to the 43rd Floor.

Alexis was right, you know, when she said these elevators were completely covered in mirrors. Best I utilise this and check that I don't have any remnants of the egg and lettuce sandwich I ate for lunch stuck between my teeth.

Right, teeth clean and debris free? Check.

Hair in place and no *There's Something About Mary* look going on? Check.

The elevator comes to a stop and the doors open. I step out and spot Lucy directly ahead, sitting behind the reception desk.

**Lucy:** Hi, K. How are you? It's been so long since seeing you last. Have you coloured your hair or something?

**Me:** Hey, Luce. Yes, I have. What can I say ... I needed a change.

Lucy laughs then smirks. *Yes, I kid you not, she actually smirks. It's a cocky yet sweetly enticing look for a woman. Oh my God! I can't wait to see Bryce smirk as well. It's been a while.*

**Lucy:** \*Puts her pen between her teeth and assesses me\* It suits you.

**Me:** \*Raises an eyebrow\* Are you hitting on me, Luce?

**Lucy:** Of course not. \*She smirks again\* I'm a happily married lesbian.

**Me:** \*Laughs\* I've heard they are very best kind.

**Lucy:** You're trouble you know. Come on, you. Bryce and Alexis are waiting in the apartment.

I follow Lucy through the foyer and into the penthouse residence, stopping briefly to covertly pay the entryway wall the respect it so richly deserves.

*He spun me around and pinned me up against the entryway wall, placing both hands against it on either side of my head.*

*Pinned in and with nowhere to go, I stared into his heated eyes. "I'm sorry, Bryce. I shouldn't have said any of that. It was inappropriate and rude. I'm so sorry."*

*He leaned in closer, only centimetres from my face. "Don't be sorry, you were right, except for one thing. I have found my match."*

*He wrapped his arms around my waist and pushed me up against the entryway wall, which had returned to being one of my favourite spots in the apartment.*

*I walked down the stairs in search of Bryce when he suddenly grabbed my arm and pinned me up against the entryway wall. "I can't wait another fucking minute, Hunny. I need to be inside you now."*

*Shit! Now I'm blushing, remembering all those moments from the books. Damn this wall has seen some serious action.*

**Lucy:** Take a seat on the sofa. They'll be down in a minute. Can I get you a drink while you wait?

I sit on the black leather sofa and take out my voice recorder and iPad.

**Me:** Just some water, please.

**Lucy raises an eyebrow.**

**Me:** Fine, I'll have a lemon, lime, and bitters.

Lucy raises her other eyebrow.

**Me:** Fine, you choose.

She smiles, and I hear bottles clink from behind the bar. Lucy is certainly a force to be reckoned with.

**Me:** So how's Alexander? He'd be ... what ... 11 years old now?

**Lucy:** Yes, he turned 11 last month. He's in grade five now. My God, hasn't time flown by?

I hear an affectionate giggle behind me and turn to see Bryce and Alexis walk into the room, Alexis smiling warmly and a step ahead of Bryce. He stops behind her and casually puts one hand in his trouser pocket. Quickly, I stand and greet them both.

**Alexis:** \*Embraces me, fondly\* K, it's been so long. How are you?

**Me:** I'm wonderful. Thank you for having me here today.

**Alexis:** Nonsense. You're welcome anytime, isn't she Bryce?

Bryce steps out from behind Alexis, places his hand on my shoulder and leans in to peck me on the cheek.

**Bryce:** Of course you are.

*Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god! I think I'm going to faint. He is even more handsome than the last time I saw him. One word ... fuck!*

Blushing like a fool, I clear my throat and sit back down while Alexis and Bryce sit opposite me. Bryce looks back over his shoulder toward Lucy.

**Bryce:** I'll have a scotch and coke, Luce.

**Lucy:** I'm not your housekeeper.

**Bryce:** I know. \*He smirks\*

And there it is. THE smirk. ::THUD:: <--- That's me fainting. Okay, so I metaphorically fainted. I didn't actually pass-out.

Alexis shakes her head and rolls her eyes with a smile.

**Me:** They haven't changed one bit, have they?

**Alexis:** I've learned to stay out of it.

**Me:** That's probably a good idea.

**Alexis:** Not 'probably', K. 'Is'. I've never met two people more stubborn.

**Lucy:** Yes you have.

**Alexis:** Who?

**Bryce & Lucy simultaneously:** Charli.

**Alexis:** \*Nods in agreement\* Alright, so yes, Charli is as stubborn as they come.

**Bryce:** \*Mutters under his breath\* Like mother like daughter.

Alexis turns to face him and squints her eyes, glaringly.

**Alexis:** I heard that.

**Bryce:** \*Laughs and feigns innocence\* Honey, if the shoe fits.

**Alexis:** If the shoe fits, I'll kick you up the arse with it.

**Lucy:** \*Laughs\* She would.

I laugh, too. I don't doubt it. Reaching for my voice recorder, I indicate that I'm about to switch it on. Both Bryce and Alexis nod their approval.

**Me:** So, Mr. & Mrs. Clark—

**Bryce:** I never tire of hearing that.

He leans back in the seat, drapes an arm over Alexis' shoulder and crosses his leg, resting his foot on his knee. *Holy shit! This has to be the sexy-laid-back-couch-position Alexis was always going on about.*

I quickly look down at my iPad to prevent from drooling.

**Me:** That's very sweet, Bryce.

Alexis noticeably relaxes and snuggles into his side.

**Me:** Are you always like this? So clearly in love?

**Bryce:** Loving her is as natural as breathing.

**Alexis:** He's going to do this the entire interview, you know.

**Bryce:** It's what I do.

::THUD::<---Yep, hit the deck again.

It takes me a minute to realise that I'm staring dreamily at the two of them before I snap out of it and embarrassingly scroll the screen on my iPad, getting up my notes for the interview.

**Me:** So...\*scroll, scroll, scroll\* ...both of you already know that I asked to come here today because I have been inundated with questions by fans wanting to know a little more about what the two of you have been doing for the past year.

**Lucy:** Not much really.

Lucy places a glass containing a clear fluid down on the table in front of me. Maybe she decided to give me water after all. She also hands Bryce what I assume is a scotch and coke and goes back to the bar to retrieve Alexis' soda.

**Me:** Thank you, Luce.

**Lucy:** \*Winks\* My pleasure. I'd love to stay and listen to this, but I've heard it all before. These two are soul mates. End. Of. Story.

**Me:** Well, according to my notes here, apparently it is not the 'end of story'.

I swivel the iPad around to show them the long list of questions I'd received.

**Alexis:** Shit. Crap. Balls! Best we get started then.

**Me:** Good idea. Alright, I'll start with one of the most asked questions. How are the kids? And more specifically, Shevone from the USA wants to know if Nate has a girlfriend.

**Alexis:** The kids are really good. Nate is twenty now and currently training as a pilot with the Australian Army Aviation Corps. He's too busy to have a girlfriend. Well...at least I don't think he has one. \*She turns to Bryce\* He doesn't have a girlfriend, does he? He'd tell me if he did.

**Bryce:** We could do some creepy research.

**Alexis:** \*Ponders the idea then shakes her head\* No. I'm sure he'd tell me if he did.

**Bryce:** \*Nods in agreement when clearly he doesn't agree\*

**Me:** \*Picks up my glass of water\* How about Charli?

**Alexis:** Charli is in her final year of secondary school and completing her VCE. She hopes to study a Bachelor of Fine Arts at Melbourne Uni.

**Me:** \*Smiles\* That doesn't surprise me.

I take a sip of my drink and nearly choke. *Jesus! This ain't water. What the hell has Lucy given me?*

**Bryce:** You alright?

**Me:** *No, I need mouth-to-mouth.* Yes, I'm fine. I just wasn't expecting what went down my throat.

**Bryce:** \*Chuckles\* That's Lucy for you.

**Me:** \*Coughs\* Sorry, you were saying...about Charli?

**Alexis:** Yes, she's always singing happily. She even helps out here at the hotel at the Kiddy's Klub, singing nursery rhymes to all the kids. They love her.

**Bryce:** She really is very good.

**Me:** And Brayden? He is still learning to play the guitar.

**Alexis:** Learning? He's better than his Dad.

**Bryce:** Honey, come on. He's good, but he's not THAT good.

**Alexis:** \*Pats Bryce's leg reassuringly\* It's only a matter of time.

**Bryce:** \*Places his hand on top of hers\* We'll see.

**Me:** Speaking of the guitar, Bryce, Michelle from the USA wants to know what your favourite song to play is.

**Bryce:** I wrote a song for Lex shortly after we got married. It's called 'Finally'. The guitar riff at the beginning of the song is a killer, but I love it. And I know she loves it, too.

He squeezes her hand gently.

She blushes.

So do I. \*Awkward moment on my part\*

Just as I'm about to ask the next question, the buzzer to the door sounds.

**Bryce:** That will be Sebastian. Please excuse me for a minute.

He gets up and answers the door.

**Bryce:** Thank you, Sebastian. Please just place it over there on the coffee table.

**Sebastian:** Certainly, Sir.

Sebastian walks toward us and places down the tray of food.

**Sebastian:** \*Politely smiles and nods at me then smiles at Alexis\* Good morning, Mrs. Clark.

**Alexis:** Sebastian, I don't know how many times I have to say this ... Please call me Alexis.

**Sebastian:** \*Looks uncomfortably toward Bryce\* Um...

**Alexis:** Don't you worry about him. I'll deal with my husband.

**Sebastian:** \*Nods again and sheepishly grins\* Thank you. Will there be anything else, Mrs...I mean Alex...Um, Ma'am?

**Me and Bryce:** \*Subdue a laugh\*

**Alexis:** No thank you, Sebastian.

Displaying a nice hue of pink, Sebastian walks promptly back to the door and exits the room, Bryce closing the door behind him.

**Alexis:** \*Glares at Bryce as he takes his seat\* You do that on purpose.

**Bryce:** \*Smirks\* What?

**Me:** \*Smirks, too\* *Geez, that smirk is contagious.*

**Alexis:** Don't play dumb with me. I don't want Sebastian to call me Mrs. Clark. It makes me feel old.

**Bryce:** So bearing my surname makes you feel old?

**Alexis:** No! You know what I mean.

**Bryce:** I don't.

**Alexis:** \*Grrrs\*

**Me:** \*Laughs out loud\*

**Alexis:** \*Looks at me astonishingly\*

**Me:** \*Puts hands up in surrender\* Sorry, I always wondered what your 'Grrr' sounded like. Now I know.

**Bryce:** Careful, she's about to do it again.

**Alexis:** \*Crosses her arms\* I am not. So, where were we?

**Me:** Well...you just answered another of Shevone's questions, so I can cross that one out.

**Alexis:** What question was that?

**Me:** Do you ever fight?

**Bryce and Alexis:** Yes.

**Bryce:** But we always make up...many times.

**Alexis:** \*Subdues a smile by biting the inside of her cheek\*

**Me:** \*Feels a hot flush\* I gather by 'making up' you are talking about making love? Good, this brings me to my next question. This one is by Lenae from the USA. What is your favourite sex position?

**Alexis:** \*smiles sweetly at Bryce\* You first.

She then uncrosses her arms and picks up a plate of chocolate covered balls, offering me one.

**Alexis:** Balls?

**Me:** Don't mind if I do.

I take a delicious looking chocolate rum ball and pop it into my mouth, Alexis biting down on hers.

**Bryce:** I like to fuck her every which way that I possibly can.

**Me and Alexis:** \*Choke on our balls\*

**Bryce:** You asked.

**Me:** \*Swallows awkwardly\* Well, technically I didn't. Lenae did.

**Bryce:** So, Honey, favourite position?

**Alexis:** \*Pops the last bit of chocolate rum ball into her mouth then seductively sucks her fingers\* That's easy. Up against the wall.

**Bryce:** \*Clenches his fist and relaxes it again\*

**Me:** \*Doesn't know whether to exit the room or get out my phone and set it to video\*

**Alexis:** Oh, and on the cars. I love it when he takes me on our cars.

**Me:** \*Clenches thighs together and nonchalantly drops my head to look back at my iPad\* Any car in particular?

**Alexis:** \*Tilts her head back in a fit of laughter\* No. They all offer a different experience.

**Bryce:** \*Chuckles\*

**Me:** Okay, moving on. While we are on the topic of cars, I'll ask these two questions next. First one is from Lisa. She is also from the USA. She wants to know what you were thinking, Bryce, when Alexis drove into your garage after Rick told her he had slept with Claire.

**Bryce:** \*Shifts in his seat\* Now we're getting serious. I think I liked the sex position question better. No, I was honestly shocked at first because Alexis was clearly distraught. I hated seeing her so upset. When she said that Rick had confessed to having an affair, I was even more shocked. I honestly didn't think he would actually come clean. The optimist in me said 'This is it, this is your chance', but the pessimist in me said 'That was too easy. Nothing in life is ever that easy'. All in all, I was both shocked and relieved, yet wary.

Bryce glances at Alexis, gauging her reaction to his answer. She leans across and gently pecks him on the lips. He smiles and looks relieved. I smile, too. It's really hard not to.

**Me:** Okay, another car related question. This one is from Lea, again from the USA. She wants to know what you were thinking when Alexis rang you and said she had been in a car accident.

**Bryce:** Terrified. Frantic. As you now know, the words car and accident in the same sentence are not ones I deal with very well. To be honest, I didn't really think much at all. I mainly just took action. I knew I had to get to her as soon as possible.

**Me:** Can I just say, that every time I drive along the Kings Way exit ramp, 'Up Where We Belong' plays in my head. Regardless of where your head was at, Bryce, what you did was terribly romantic.

**Alexis:** It was. He is and always will be my knight in shining armour.

**Bryce:** \*Leans over and pecks Alexis on the lips\* It's what I do, Mrs. Clark

**Me:** ::THUD:: ...yep, you guessed it.

Just as I am mentally picking myself up from the ground, Lucy enters the room.

**Lucy:** Sorry to interrupt. Bryce, Arthur is on the phone. He says it can't wait.

**Bryce:** \*Looks at me apologetically\* Sorry, but when Arthur says it can't wait, it usually can't.

He gets up and exits toward his office. Alexis and I both watch his arse as it moves away from us. Well, I watch his arse. I can only assume Alexis is watching it too. Except she normally gets a better view. A MUCH better view.

She turns back to me after his door has closed.

**Alexis:** You and I both know that Santa likes to interrupt.

**Me:** \*Laughs and covers my face, peeking through my fingers at her\* Okay, so this is a question from me. What the fuck were you thinking when Bryce was going to town on you while Arthur was on speakerphone?

**Alexis:** \*Leans forward and grabs her drink\* Oh my God! I was mortified yet highly turned-on at the same time. But, by the end of it, when all I wanted was to just climax and come apart in a heated sticky mess, I didn't really care. When Bryce and I are with each other like that, no one else exists.

**Me:** \*Impish grin\* It would appear so.

**Alexis:** I love him as much as any person possibly could. He was the missing piece to my life puzzle. A piece that deep down I knew was missing but had no idea what it was or where to find it.

**Me:** Well, I'm glad you found it.

**Alexis:** I didn't find it, really. He found me.

**Me:** Regardless, you found each other. Now, Lisa from our home town here in Melbourne had an interesting question. She wanted to know if you missed any aspect of your marriage with Rick.

**Alexis:** \*Sighs and then puts her drink back down\* Rick and I will always be friends. We share two gorgeous children together, and he is a very special part of my life. That will never change. But, as



for our marriage, he spent half of it lying and being deceitful. So no, I don't miss that. Listen, don't get me wrong, I know you can't dismiss or forget a major chunk of your life—good or bad. And I will always have some fond memories of Rick's and my time with each other. And yes, maybe I do miss times when everything felt wonderful. The thing is, after a certain point, our marriage wasn't veritable.

**Me:** So, no regrets?

**Alexis:** \*Shakes her head resolutely\* No regrets.

**Me:** Good. Okay, this next question you may or may not want to answer. Again, like I explained on the phone, it's completely up to you. But Claire from Canada wanted to know if you ever came clean to Bryce about how you really fell down the stairs.

This question seems to take Alexis by surprise because she swallows heavily and sucks in a deep breath.

**Me:** \*Leans forward and places my hand on her knee\* It's okay, you don't need to answer if you don't want to.

**Alexis:** \*Covers my hand as her eyes fill with tears\* No, I'm fine. These emotions that surface at the thought of my daughter are normal; perfectly natural, and I mustn't try to conceal them. Bianca was and always will be both a painful and wonderful memory. To suffer her loss was better than to not have experienced her at all. But to answer Claire's question, yes, I did tell him. I realised that by wanting to prevent him ever feeling the pain of the truth, I was basically labelling him not strong enough to deal with it. And anyway, I've learned that in life if you burden yourself by unburdening another, you inevitably divest no one, for you then become the burden of those around you, and therefore, no problem is resolved.

**Me:** I can't imagine how hard that was for you.

**Alexis:** It was awful. However, succour as opposed to suppression will always deliver a better outcome. Don't hide the truth from the ones you love. It hurts them more.

**Me:** I admire you immensely, Alexis. Telling your story with the many heartaches it contains could not have been easy.

**Alexis:** No, it wasn't easy, but a true romance story deserves to be told. We all cling to the hope of a happily ever after. So why not publish it when it happens.

I smile and agree just as the door clicks. Bryce reenters the room and sits down beside Alexis.

**Alexis:** Is everything okay?

**Bryce:** It will be, but unfortunately, we will have to wrap this up rather quickly. Or perhaps reschedule?

**Me:** No, that's quite alright. I have one question left for you Bryce, then, I only have the rapid response questions left.

**Bryce:** \*Raises an eyebrow\* Rapid response?

**Me:** Yes, are you game?

**Bryce:** I like games.

**Alexis:** \*Rolls her eyes\* Does he ever.

**Me:** Okay, last question for you, Bryce, and probably one of the most popular. Why are you so afraid of clowns?

**Bryce:** Look at the fuckers. They are scary looking.

**Alexis:** Just tell them.

**Bryce:** \*Runs his hand through his hair in exasperation then speaks very quickly\* When I was young I went to Moomba with Mum and Dad. There was a clown. He kept following me. He was laughing and it was creepy. I didn't like him. He offered me a balloon then let it go when I went to grab it. He thought it was funny. I didn't. I hate clowns. They are evil.

Bryce moves forward in his seat and rubs his hands together eagerly.

**Bryce:** Okay, rapid response. Let's do this.

**Me:** \*I smile\* Fair enough. Right, I will roll out a series of questions. You have to answer them abruptly and as quickly as possible. Are you both ready?

**Bryce:** Lay it on us.

**Me:** \*Wants to lay on him, instead\* Okay, how old were you when you lost your virginity?

**Alexis:** 17

**Bryce:** 16

**Me:** Have you ever been arrested?

**Alexis:** God no.

**Bryce:** Yes.

**Alexis:** Stop. What?

**Bryce:** Don't stop. You said rapid. Keep going.

**Me:** \*Panics and moves to the next question\* What's your favourite thing about each other?

**Bryce:** She knows how to make everything just perfect.

**Alexis:** \*Looks at Bryce with assurance\* We are going to revisit that last question you know.

**Bryce:** You didn't answer this one.

**Alexis:** \*Keeps her stare on Bryce and doesn't flinch\* I don't have a favourite thing. I love everything about him equally. Now ask me what I love least about him.

**Bryce:** That doesn't make sense.

**Alexis:** Yes, it does.

**Me:** \*Confused\* What do you love least about him?

**Alexis:** When he deliberately keeps things from me for the sole purpose of pissing me off. Why were you arrested?

**Bryce:** I wasn't.

**Alexis:** I hate you.

**Bryce:** No. You, don't.

**Alexis:** \*Pauses and purses her lips while glaring\*

**Me:** \*Waits eagerly\* *No you don't, no you don't. Come on, say it. What are you waiting for? I'll say it for you.*

**Bryce:** \*Smirks, knowingly\*

Oh that was a good one. That one was irresistible.

**Alexis:** \*Slowly smiles\* No. I. don't.

**Me:** \*Homer Simpson style - Woo Hoo\*

They both look at me. *Shit! Did I actually say that woo hoo?*

**Bryce:** Anymore?

**Me:** Oh, yes. Scrunch or fold?

**Alexis:** Fold

**Bryce:** What?

**Alexis:** Toilet paper. Do you scrunch or fold?

**Bryce:** Who the fuck wanted to know that?

**Alexis:** He scrunches. Next question.

**Bryce:** \*Looks flabbergasted\*

**Me:** Give or Receive?

**Alexis:** What? Sexually?

**Me:** Yes.

**Bryce:** Give

**Me:** \*Shudders\*

**Alexis:** Both

**Me:** That's cheating.

**Bryce:** She likes to receive.

**Alexis:** True. But I can give.

**Bryce:** I know, Hunny.

**Me:** \*Shudders again\* Last one. What's your favourite body part of each other?

**Alexis:** To look at? Or in general?

**Bryce:** She doesn't grasp the concept of rapid, does she?

**Alexis:** Shut up. I want to answer properly.

**Me:** Answer both then.

**Alexis:** Oh, okay. To look at: God! That's almost impossible to answer. Look at him, you pick just one thing.

**Me:** \*Actually looks at him\* Um...um... \*Fidgets uncomfortably\* Um...his eyes.

**Alexis:** \*Goggles her husband\* Yes, his eyes are dreamy. I think I'll go with his eyes. And in general: his tongue. Mr. Clark, the things you can do with your tongue.

They slowly move in toward one another like forces of gravity.

**Me:** \*Places iPad on the coffee table\* Alrighty, time's up.

**Bryce:** I didn't answer the last question.

**Me:** \*Smiles and gestures he take it away\*

**Bryce:** To look at: her smile. It melts me. In general: her heart. I can't survive without it.

**Me:** ::THUD::

**Alexis:** ::THUD::

**Bryce:** \*Stands up\* This has been interesting, but I do have to go.

**Me:** Thank you for taking the time out of your busy schedule.

**Bryce:** Not a problem. Anytime.

He turns to Alexis and bends down to kiss her just below her ear.

**Bryce:** I'll be in my office.

I pack my things and stand up to say goodbye.

**Alexis:** You don't have to leave.

**Me:** Thank you but I really must go. I need to type this up. Your fans are waiting.

**Bryce:** \*Moves forward and gives me a quick peck on the cheek before making his way to his office\*  
It was nice to see you again, K.

**Me:** \*Wobbles slightly\* Yes, you too.

**Alexis:** You're wobbling.

**Me:** Am I? \*Faux smile\* It must be that awful drink Lucy gave me.

**Alexis:** Sure? It has absolutely nothing to do with the fact my husband is sex-on-legs.

**Me:** I didn't notice.

**Alexis:** You're not a very good liar.

**Me:** I really must go.

**Alexis:** \*Laughs\* I'll show you to the door.

**Me:** Please do. I'm in a fog.

**Alexis:** I'm always in a fog.

**Me:** It's a good fog to be in.

**Alexis:** It is.

Before exiting the apartment, Alexis gives me a tight embrace. I return the warm sentiment.

**Alexis:** Please don't wait so long before we see each other again. Oh, and by the way, how is Carly and Derek's story coming along?

**Me:** \*Smiles brightly\* Do you really want to know?

**Alexis:** Um...oh, I don't know. You tell me.

**Me:** Yes and no.

**Alexis:** On second thought, don't tell me. I can't wait to read it though.

**Me:** Good things come to those who wait.

**Alexis:** Don't I know it.

**Me:** Okay, see you later. We'll talk soon.

I exit the apartment and make my way past Lucy's desk.

**Lucy:** \*Smirks the infamous Clark smirk yet again\* Fun?

**Me:** Very. Catch you later, Luce.

**Lucy:** Would love to. Coffee next week?

**Me:** Sure.

I turn and walk to the elevator.

**Lucy:** I like your dress, by the way.

**Me:** Stop flirting with me...I like yours, too.

**Lucy:** Now who's the one flirting?

I step into the elevator and turn around, smiling cheekily at Lucy as the doors slide shut. Once they are completely closed, I brace myself against the railing and exhale dramatically. *Bloody Hell! An hour with the Clarks!* My head is literally spinning. But boy, do I have an interview to tell.