



Til Death Do Us Part

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Category: Romance

Description: When I arrived in Vegas for my best friend's wedding, I never thought I'd want to jump the wedding party.

That was until I saw Everly walking across the hotel lobby.

Sparks flew. Drinks were drunk, and all I could think about was getting in her in my bed and underneath me.

When she asked, "What if I'm saving myself for marriage?"

My dick had the solution.

One stop at Cupid's Wedding Chapel and I had a wedding band on my left hand and the woman I wanted in my bed.

Now I was married to the maid of honor, and all hell was about to break loose.

Pack your bags and get ready to head to Las Vegas this Valentine's Day! Seven fabulous authors have teamed up to bring you a series of fully standalone novellas that will have your heart racing and will have you panting for more! Join our couple's at Cupid's Chapel where six couples are about to get married this Valentine's Day! What happens in Vegas...

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Leo

Standing in the hotel lobby waiting for my best friend from college, I had no idea my life was about to drastically change.

I squatted down to tie my shoe as I waited for my best friend to arrive at the hotel so I could check in, when my phone rang. Luke, my oldest brother's name, flashed on the screen. For a brief second, I thought about not answering but then thought better of it. What if something had happened to Luke, Alex, or Mason? I'd never forgive myself if I didn't answer because I wanted to party this weekend.

"Hey, what's up?" I asked as I stood up. Hiking my left foot onto the wall, I leaned back and scanned the area for Jordan and his fiancée, Camilla.

"Just calling to see how my baby brother's doing."

"Are you missing me already?"

I'd stopped by to see Luke and his family on my way to Vegas. It was hard leaving them when I didn't know when I'd get a chance to see them again.

"I always miss you, but I wanted to make sure you arrived in one piece." He chuckled down the line.

"You mean Alex wanted you to check in on me." While I knew my brother loved me,

Alex was in nesting mode now that she was pregnant. Her big blue eyes welled up with tears when they dropped me off at the airport earlier in the day, and I knew the moment I was out of walking distance she likely shed a few tears for me as they drove home. Alex had a thing about crying in front of others. I didn't understand it, but at least she could cry in front of my brother now.

"Guilty. She's worried you're going to do something stupid while you're in Vegas and throw your life away," he whispered into the phone.

"Tell my beautiful sister-in-law she needs to stop watching Lifetime movies. I'm not going to get caught on camera streaking through the hotel or anything like that."

"I hope not," she shrieked in the background.

Tipping my head back, I laughed until I saw a beautiful woman walk into my periphery. Her long blonde hair swayed just above her perfect round ass, beckoning me to follow her. Below that ass that I wanted to take a bite out of, were legs that went on for days. Scanning back up, I was greeted with a big pair of tits that I knew would fit perfectly into my large hands.

"Leo?" I heard my brother call from my phone.

My phone, that until that moment, I hadn't realized I'd dropped onto the floor of the hotel lobby. Picking it up, I tried to speak, but couldn't. Not when I finally spotted Jordan and Camilla and my dream woman was walking straight toward them.

"Leo?" Luke shouted, breaking me out of my lust induced fog.

Shaking my head, I answered. "Yeah, sorry, bro, I dropped my phone."

He laughed down the line. "Don't tell me you're already drunk."

“Not yet.” But I knew it wouldn’t be long before I had a drink in hand, and it would likely be that way for the entire weekend.

Luke was speaking, but I couldn’t hear what he was saying. All of my attention was on the party of three who were smiling and embracing each other. As if they felt my stare, they all turned and looked my way. Jordan’s face lit up, and he started to barrel toward me.

“Luke, I need to go. Jordan just spotted me and he’s coming at me like a freight train. I’ll call you when I get to the airport in a few days.”

“Have fun,” he called back before I hung up.

I slipped my phone into my back pocket just in time for Jordan to slam into me. He patted my back like he was giving me the Heimlich, making me cough out a laugh.

Sitting me back down, Jordan took a step back and looked me over. “Leo, my man. I swear you’re even taller than the last time I saw you. How is that possible?”

I wasn’t sure how, but it was possible. I’d hit a strange growth spurt my last year in college and grew two more inches, making me the tallest Sandström in the family.

I shrugged, looking him up and down. “Camilla looks good on you.” In school Jordan always had on a baseball hat to hide his overly long hair because he couldn’t be bothered to take the time to have it cut, and he never wore anything but athletic shorts and t-shirts. All in all, he was a slob. Now Jordan stood before me in jeans and a button-down shirt with his hair neatly trimmed. He looked like a new man.

His hand smoothed over his hair as he grimaced. “I had to cut it for the wedding.”

I wanted to comment on it, but Camilla sidled up to him and wrapped one arm around

his waist.

“Leo,” Camilla sing-songed my name as she waved over her friend who I was now guessing was Everly, her maid of honor.

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“Hey, Camilla.” I gave her a friendly hug as I eyed her friend. Now that she was only a couple of feet away, I was more drawn to her if that was possible. She smelled like a beautiful bouquet.

“Leo, this is my best friend, Everly.” Camilla smiled sweetly at her friend. “I can’t believe this is the first time we’re all in the same room together.”

“Hi,” I croaked out and had to clear my throat. “I’m Leo.” I went in for a handshake, but I guess Everly was a hugger. She wrapped her arms around me, and I was in heaven with her lush body pressed to mine and her sweet floral scent taking over my senses. I swore I heard her take in a deep breath and then let out a contented sigh before she released me and stepped back.

“Are you ready to check in?” Jordan wrapped one arm around my shoulders and the other around Camilla. “I don’t know about you, but I’m ready to have some fun. This wedding planning business is hard work.”

We followed behind the happy couple over to the check-in desk and moved off to the side when Jordan commandeered the desk by splaying his arms over the top. He rested his chin on top and grinned at the redhead, who blushed with each word he spoke.

Camilla rolled her eyes and turned to us. “Don’t listen to him. I did all the work while he sat back and drank.”

“I’m sure it will be beautiful,” Everly said quietly. Her voice was raspy and hella sexy, making me overcome with the need to hear it when she cried out my name as I

slammed into her from behind.

Fanning three envelopes in his hand, Jordan grinned at us. “I got our rooms upgraded to suites for free.”

The temperature of the room changed in an instant as Camilla’s face turned a deep shade of red. I was surprised steam wasn’t rising from her ears as she glared at him. If Jordan didn’t do something soon, his fiancée was going to detonate.

Placing her hands on her hips and jutting out her chin, she asked. “How did you manage to do that?”

“Charm, baby. Charm,” he answered as he threw an arm around her shoulders and pulled her into the side of his body. “Nothing’s too good for my girl.”

“So, your flirting days before our wedding is how you contribute to our day?”

Everly’s eyes grew round as she took a step back from the happy couple. This wasn’t shocking to me. Jordan and Camilla fought all the damn time. The only thing that was notable in the whole experience was they wanted to get married. I thought by now they’d be broken up and moved onto other people.

“Guys don’t plan weddings,” Jordan said with annoyance clear in his tone.

“Whatever,” Camilla threw her hair over her shoulder and tried to plaster on a fake smile that was nowhere near successful. In fact, she looked downright miserable. “Now that we’re all together, what do you say we get a little pre-wedding tan by hanging out at the pool.”

Shooting his hand in the air, Jordan called out. “I’m game if drinking is involved.”

“Of course, you are,” Camilla said as she extricated herself from his arms and hooked her arm with her friend’s.

“I know I could use some relaxation time,” I added, trying to lighten the mood.

“I bet. I can’t imagine moving half-way across the world.” Jordan patted me on the back as we started for the elevator bank. “I’m excited you’re finally moving to the states and I’ll be able to see you more.”

Everly looked me up and down. The corners of her mouth tipped up when she asked. “Where are you from?”

“Sweden,” I answered, laying on my accent.

“Oh.” She drew out the word. “I detected the accent, but couldn’t place it. I’ve never met anyone from Sweden before, but I have to say you do fit the bill of tall, blond, and handsome.”

“God, Everly, could you be more rude?” Camilla glared at her.

Everly scrunched her forehead up. “That’s not rude. I was simply stating a fact.” She turned to me. Her luscious tits were about to spill out of her top when she crossed her arms over her chest. “Did I offend you?”

“I personally was not offended in the slightest, but I have to say not all people from Sweden are tall, nor are they all blond. In fact, one of my brothers has black hair.”

I shot a glance at Jordan as we boarded the elevator and he shook his head, letting me know that Everly didn’t know who my brother or brothers were, which I appreciated. Not that I expected to see her much after the wedding, but I didn’t want to field questions about my brother the whole time.

Everly's brows rose almost to her hairline as she stood on the other side of the elevator facing me. "Have you ever considered that the brother with the black hair was adopted or has a different dad?"

"Now that is rude," Camilla shoved her friend with her shoulder and scowled.

I laughed because we always loved to joke with Liam about how he didn't look like the rest of us when in fact he did. It was only his hair color that made him stand apart.

"It's fine. I don't mind. It's not the first time I've heard it, and it won't be the last time either."

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The elevator dinged, and we all rushed out. I was hoping our relaxation time would chill out the mood of the group, or more importantly, Jordan and Camilla.

“All of our rooms are on the same floor, but apart. I hope that’s okay. I didn’t think anyone wanted to hear what everyone else is doing, if you know what I mean.” He wagged his brows while the smirk on his face grew.

“Oh yeah, I don’t want to hear that at all. Ew,” Everly turned and held out her hand for her keycard.

Jordan gave us each our keys and pulled Camilla down the hall in the opposite direction. “Let’s meet down at the pool for lunch and drinks in say,” he looked down at his watch and then back up, “thirty minutes.”

“You’re losing your touch if that’s all it takes,” I shot back and looked to see which way my room was.

“Don’t worry about me. Worry about your own dick. When was the last time you got some?” he yelled before he disappeared around a corner.

“Asshole,” I muttered.

“Are they usually like this together?” Everly asked as she caught up to me.

“In college, they were, or at least when I went to school with them. I’ve been gone for a year and I thought...actually, I thought they might have broken up, but when Jordan called me saying he wanted me to be here for his wedding and he was marrying

Camilla, I assumed they'd be better."

"Well, you know what they say when you assume, don't you?"

"I do, but why get married if you're always going to be fighting? I don't want that when I get married."

"Maybe it's the awesome makeup sex they have or maybe...I don't know. I'm not that well versed in relationships to say." She held up her keycard. "This is me. What number are you?"

"1430," I flashed her the number on my envelope as I took in her room number of 1425. "I'll see you in thirty, downstairs."

First things first. When I stepped inside my hotel room, I stripped my clothes off and threw them in the corner. They felt diseased after the plane ride where someone had been coughing almost the entire flight. I'd be lucky if I wasn't sick in a couple of days.

Wanting to wash the grime of the trip off of me, I stepped into the bathroom and turned on the shower. As I waited for the water to heat up, I found a pair of swim trunks, a pair of flip-flops, and a t-shirt to wear down to the pool before I hopped into the warm water and let it wash away my morning.

Drying off, I tried to rush, knowing everyone was likely waiting on me. I'd stayed in the shower until the water ran cold, trying to get my body under control. I couldn't be out at the pool sporting a semi for the world to see.

A soft knock had me looking over my shoulder. It was too early for housekeeping to be coming by.

“Sorry, your door was open...” Everly stopped in the middle of my hotel room floor and covered her eyes before she peeked out between her hands.

I knew I should have covered up, but instead, I dropped my towel and turned to her.

“Oh my,” she breathed out.

Oh, my indeed. My once half hard cock was now saluting my unexpected guest.

2

Everly

“Oh,” is all I managed to say as Leo’s very large and very erect cock pointed at me from a few feet away. My jaw dropped and my panties became incredibly wet when he became bigger right before my very eyes.

He took a step toward me and asked. “Do you like what you see?”

My traitorous body went against what my brain was telling me to say and nodded frantically as I squirmed in place, trying to lessen the desire I felt for the man in front of me.

“Do you want to touch it?” I couldn’t see his face because I couldn’t take my eyes off the appendage that I wanted to lick like a lollipop, but I could hear the smirk in his tone. Normally, it would have bothered me, but not in this case. Leo had every right to be cocky about said cock.

He probably had a throng of women who he’d slept with over the years, who had altars in their homes for his dick.

That thought broke me out of my haze. I didn't want to be another notch on his bedpost or a check mark to his growing cult of worshippers.

Stepping back, I turned and looked at his hotel room door. "I didn't mean to barge in on you. I thought you'd be ready to go since you're a guy and normally men seem to need zero point two seconds to get ready for most things. Naked wasn't what I was expecting."

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“I see. How did you think I’d put on my swim trunks? Over my clothes?”

The laughter in his voice made my hackles rise, but I wasn’t going to let him get to me. The only reason he was having this profound effect on me was because it had been far too long since I’d gotten laid. That tended to happen to women after a serial killer had been going around killing women in their own town. The odds of Oasis having another man going around killing its residents were slim to none, but it didn’t matter I didn’t want to be another statistic.

“No, of course not.” I finally answered, still looking at the door. I hadn’t heard him move or try to get dressed yet, so I was keeping my eyes planted firmly away from his God-like body. “It’s been almost thirty minutes, and I thought you’d be dressed.”

“Sorry about that. I wanted to wash my flight off me and then I got carried away in there. Did you want to walk down together?”

Not now that I’d seen him in all his naked glory. I wasn’t sure how I was going to survive the next few days when I knew every time I looked at him, I’d keep picturing him without any clothes on and his magnificent cock.

“If you don’t mind,” I answered shakily. Maybe he’d take another half an hour getting dressed and I could go back to my room and take care of myself. That was probably a good idea. Then I wouldn’t want to jump his bones every two seconds.

“Not a problem. Give me a minute to dress and gather my things. I don’t know about you, but I’m starved.”

Starved for you, but I doubted sex was what he was referring to.

“I could eat,” I squeaked out. Damn it, Everly, get a hold of yourself. He’s just a man. A very well-endowed man, but none the less just a man. He probably picked his nose or grabbed himself in public all the time.

Movement behind me had me wanting to turn and get another glimpse, but I held firm. One more look at that gracious plenty and I wasn’t sure if I’d be able to control myself. Just the thought of it had me internally moaning.

“Did you say something?” he asked from right behind me.

Heat rose from my toes up to my ears. I felt like I was on fire as I slowly turned around and found him in a t-shirt that hugged every single one of his muscles and let me tell you Leo seemed to have more muscles than any man I’d laid eyes on. He wore swim trunks that hit him mid-thigh and were a little tight around those thick thighs and flip-flops. How even his feet seemed sexy was beyond me. Tonight, I’d be pulling out my vibrator that I’d luckily packed and use it until all thoughts of Leo were a distant memory.

Instead of answering and likely having my voice crack from his proximity and hotness, I shook my head and adjusted the strap of my bag on my shoulder.

Leo looked me up and down before licking his lips. “What do you say we go?”

I felt like he wanted to say more but was holding himself back, or maybe it was my imagination at work with my hormones zipping through my veins.

Holding the door open for me, I swore I felt Leo’s hand touch mine as I passed, but when I looked down, it was by his side.

We walked silently and as far apart as the halls would allow to the elevators, but once we were inside and headed downstairs, it was like a magnet was trying to pull us together. The harder I fought the urge, the more I wanted to place my hands on him and rub them over the ridges of the muscles I'd seen earlier. I wanted to drop to my knees and feel the weight of his cock on my lips before I sucked it deep into my throat.

Before I had a chance to make my move, the elevator dinged, signaling for us to get off.

Being around Leo was making it damn hard to think about anything but sex, but as I saw Jordan and Camilla whispering harsh words to each other the moment I stepped out of the elevator, my libido cooled a fraction.

I knew it wouldn't hit igloo temps until I took care of myself and was hundreds if not thousands of miles away from the Swede I wanted to get in my pants.

"What was that with you and Jordan?" I asked the moment we found four loungers together and placed my towel down.

"Nothing." She shook her head. When I gave her a disbelieving look, she finally admitted. "Just wedding stuff. It's not a big deal."

"Fine, if you say so," I relented. Kicking my foot out, I tapped her with my toe. "You didn't tell me Jordan's friend looked like that." I tilted my head in Leo's direction.

"Because he didn't. Last I saw Leo, which admittedly was probably close to two years ago, he was this tall, lanky kid, but now..."

"He's all man," I finished for her.

“He is,” she agreed breathlessly.

Jabbing her in the side with my elbow, I laughed. “You can’t be thinking like that. Not when you’re only days away from getting married.”

“Who said? Looking isn’t touching,” she bit out.

I turned to my best friend to find her staring over at Jordan who was damn near panting over a couple of girls in barely there bikinis, who stood beside him at the bar. On the other side of him was Leo, who had his own gaggle of women vying for his attention.

“You can’t be mad at Jordan. He’s only talking to them while he waits for our drinks.” Since the day I met him, her fiancé had always had women throwing themselves at him. While he seemed to love the attention not once had he stepped out on Camilla. She, on the other hand, I couldn’t say the same was true. She’d get jealous, hit on some random guy while out at a bar, and then end up going home with him.

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For her sake and Jordan's, I hoped she was over trying to make him jealous.

"I'm not, but..." she turned to look at me and the pain in her eyes made my heart ache for her, "do you think once he's wearing a wedding ring, women will stop shamelessly flirting with him?"

From what I knew, a ring didn't stop women from going after what they wanted, but I wasn't going to tell her that. If I did, she'd probably end up doing something she'd regret.

"I know I wouldn't hit on a guy if he looked like he was married." I looked back over to Leo and Jordan who were headed toward us with our drinks in hand. "You don't need to worry. Jordan only has eyes for you."

Was Camilla only marrying Jordan because she thought there was a possibility women might stop hitting on him if he wore a wedding ring?

"Alright, ladies, we've got you your fruity drinks." Jordan bowed as he handed first Camilla hers and then me, mine.

Leo sat down with a bucket of beers and placed it on the table between him and Jordan. Flipping the top off one, he raised his beer in the air. "To love."

"To love," we all cheered, raising our drinks before taking a long sip.

"Did anyone bring any sunblock?" Leo asked as he slipped his t-shirt over his head.

“Yeah, we don’t need our pale boy here to burn before the wedding,” Jordan laughed. I wasn’t sure what he was talking about because Leo wasn’t pale. He didn’t have as dark of a tan as the rest of us, but he wasn’t pasty or anything. He had a nice golden glow about him.

“Fuck off.” Leo punched Jordan in the arm. “Some of us don’t live where it’s warm and sunny all year round.”

“I’ll remember that the next time I see you since you won’t have an excuse now that you’re going to be living in California.”

“Just like I’ll remember it when I see you. You’ll probably have to hit a tanning bed living in Minnesota.”

Camilla grimaced while she slowly took in the pool area. “I can’t believe I’m giving up the sun and palm trees.”

“There’s sun in Minnesota, babe. Plus, you’ll have me to keep you warm if you ever get cold.” He moved to hover over her as Camilla squealed in delight.

Leo and I looked at each other over our friends. I rolled my lips to keep in my laughter while Leo shook silently.

Pulling out my kindle, I turned it on and started to read a book I’d started the night before. It was a male/male romance by one of my favorite authors, and it was just getting to the first steamy sex scene. I’d much rather imagine them than watch Camilla paw all over Jordan as she tried to claim him in front of everyone.

An hour later, Leo spoke breaking the silence that had descended upon us. “I don’t know about the rest of you, but I’ve got to get in the pool and cool off.” He stood and threw his sunglasses down on his lounge. “Anybody want to come with?”

I most certainly did. I wanted to see Leo up close and personal when he had water droplets falling down his tanned torso.

“I’ll come,” I offered. We’d only been out in the sun for an hour, but the sun was strong. My already tanned skin had since turned a lovely bronze that would look fabulous with my maid of honor dress.

“Are you coming?” I asked Camilla who had moved her chair next to Jordan’s making one big one.

“I’m good,” she panted out.

They were curled up together and was that a hand I saw going south?

On that note, I hightailed myself far away from the soon to be newlywed couple. Leo was already in the water and was slicking his hands over his hair when I came to the edge of the pool.

Smiling up at me, he almost blinded me with his dazzling smile. “Jump in. The water feels amazing.”

Not thinking, I did as he said and jumped in. What I hadn’t accounted for was that I hadn’t tied the string around my neck on my bikini. The second my shoulders came out of the water; I realized the mistake I’d made. Water pulled down my top, leaving me standing before Leo topless and letting the world see my boobs.

Leo’s eyes widened a fraction before he took control over the situation. Stepping up to me, he pressed his chest to mine, hiding me. His deft hands found my top and slowly pulled it up until it reached just under my breasts.

“Can you tie it?” he asked hoarsely.

Embarrassed more than I'd ever been in my life, I nodded and gathered the strings that were floating in the water. With my top still sitting under my breasts, he pulled back, giving himself enough room to lift the fabric over my girls. He nodded, giving me the go signal. Reaching them around my neck, I tied them and waited to see what he'd do next.

Leo swung his head from left to right before he grinned down at me. "I think you're in the clear."

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“Thank you. I was in shock and my body wouldn’t react.”

“I’m always happy to help a woman cover her body with mine. Especially if I get to feel tits like yours plastered to my chest.” His hands were still wrapped around my sides with his thumbs rubbing back and forth over the skin just below where my top sat.

“Leo, get your hands off my girl’s boobs,” Camilla swatted at him.

When had she gotten into the water?

Leaning down, Leo brushed his lips against the shell of my ear. “Until next time.”

3

Everly

Camilla’s hands ran up my overly heated body as she yelled over the music. “I’m all for getting drunk and fucking some random guy, but I don’t think Leo’s who you should let up your skirt.”

Turning around to face her, I moved in closer. We’d been at XS, one of the hottest clubs in Vegas for the last hour dancing. Well, Camilla and I had been dancing. The boys were standing at the bar drinking and watching us as we put on a show for them. We were on day two of being in Vegas and I was having the time of my life with my best friend.

“Why not? He’s hot as fuck,” I shouted back at her.

Why would I set my sights on someone else when the hottest guy in Vegas couldn’t keep his eyes off me?

“Won’t it be awkward?” After my face scrunched up in confusion, she clarified. “Afterward.”

“I don’t see why it would. We’re both consenting adults who want each other.”

“Still, it would be weird.”

Not to me, but I didn’t make it a habit to fuck random men after drinking too much. Maybe she was projecting.

“Just don’t do something you’ll regret,” she huffed and indicated to Jordan to bring her another drink.

Training my eyes on hers, I stopped dancing in the hope she’d listen. “Maybe you should slow down. You don’t want to have a hangover when you get married tomorrow.”

Camilla’s response was to roll her eyes at me and then make a strange motion of tapping her lips over to her man. A few seconds later, I found out what their signal meant when Jordan and Leo came over with a tray in hand, filled with shots, a saltshaker, and slices of limes.

“Who’s ready to celebrate?” Camilla shouted with her shot in hand and in the air.

“Me, baby,” Jordan licked the inside of his forearm and sprinkled salt over it, and then placed a lime slice in his mouth.

“Woo-hoo,” Camilla cheered before she licked the path of salt off Jordan’s arm, threw back her shot, and then lip locked with her fiancé while sucking on the lime.

“Are you ready for your turn?” Leo asked, shaking the salt he was holding in one hand while a mischievous smile grew on his lips.

If this got me closer to licking his schlong, I was all for it.

“Where can I lick you?” I purred.

“Anywhere you want, sweet thing. All you have to do is point and I’ll shake.”

I bit my bottom lip, trying to pick where I wanted to start. Instead of telling him where I wanted it, I picked up a slice of lime and stuck it in his mouth. He gave me a wicked grin around the fruit before I picked up my shot and the shaker from his hand.

Even with my heels, it was still hard to reach where I wanted to on Leo. Crooking my finger, I had him bend down until he was right where I wanted him. Sprinkling the salt on his sweaty neck, I ran my tongue along the salt. Throwing back the tequila, I winced as it hit the back of my throat, but didn’t let it stop me from sucking on the lime that he held between his teeth.

When I pulled back, the surrounding crowd cheered. Jordan was slapping Leo on the back. Camilla was the only one who didn’t seem to be happy. That was until she pulled Jordan to her and all but had sex with him on the dance floor.

“Damn, I was not expecting that,” Leo smirked. “But game on.” He bent down until he was eye level with my boobs. “I’ve been wanting to get up close and personal with these girls since the pool.” Taking the salt from me, he sprinkled both breasts before he dipped down and ran the flat of his tongue over both breasts. Standing up, he took two shot glasses and down them both before he plopped a piece of lime in my mouth

and dove, capturing my lips in a searing kiss.

Coming up for air, Leo grinned down at me. “I think we should move this over to a booth so I can lay you out and sample the goods. What do you think?” One eyebrow rose in challenge.

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Grabbing the salt, I started to move away. Looking over my shoulder, I stated. “Only if I can lick you anywhere I want.”

“You’re on,” he mouthed. Picking up the tray of shots, Leo followed along behind me until I found a secluded spot with a booth. I sat down with my legs up on the seating and watched as Leo placed the tray down and got on his knees.

“Hand me the salt, sweet thing. I want to see if you’re as sweet down here as you are up there.”

Eagerly, I handed him the salt. His large hands gripped my hips and pulled me to the edge of the booth. Spreading my legs wide as he sprinkled the salt on my inner thigh. Not exactly where I wanted him, but we were out in public.

“You smell damn fine, Everly, and while these short shorts are hot as fuck, I wish you had on a skirt so I could taste you out in public.” He rubbed his nose along the seam of my shorts.

When his warm tongue licked up my inner thigh, I let out a moan, wanting his tongue somewhere a little further north.

“Has anyone told you how good you taste?” I opened my mouth to answer when he placed one finger over my lips. “Don’t answer. I don’t want to know.”

“Is it my turn to lick you? Or I mean take my shot,” I giggled. Leo hadn’t taken his shot after he licked me.

Picking me up, he sat down and placed me on his lap, straddling him. “You can do whatever you want.”

Nibbling on his ear, I asked. “What would you say if I wanted to lick you where you just licked me but a little higher up?”

“Hey! We’re going to go back up to our room. You two have fun,” Jordan yelled as Camilla rubbed herself all over him and licked up his neck. When had they come over to the booth?

Leo nodded as I waved to the retreating couple.

Grinding my core onto his zipper for some much needed friction, I spoke in Leo’s ear. “They’re so going upstairs to have sex right now.”

“Lucky man,” Leo muttered. Wrapping an arm around my waist, he pulled me down and ground me against his erection. “Why don’t we do the same?”

“Have sex?” I panted, wanting nothing more.

Licking and then sucking the shell of my ear, he asked. “Yeah, why not?”

“What if I’m saving myself for marriage?” I asked, barely able to keep from laughing. I’d been all but fucking him in the club with my clothes on for the last thirty minutes or so.

Placing both his hands to my hips, Leo stood holding me in place. He looked deep in thought before his large hands spanned my lower back, and then dipping his head down he kissed the corner of my mouth and up to the shell of my ear. “Will you marry me?”

“Really?” I asked, excitedly grabbing onto his firm biceps and felt them flex underneath my fingertips.

“Do you have a better offer?”

No, I shook my head. Even though I’d only known Leo for a little more than twenty-four hours, I knew I’d never meet a better guy. It didn’t matter that I’d been drinking almost nonstop since I arrived or woke still drunk this afternoon.

“Come on. Let’s go get married, so I can fuck you.”

“Let’s do it.” I wrapped my arms around his neck and sealed it with a kiss that told me Leo was the one for me going by the way my body jolted when our lips met, or how incredibly soft his lips were as they melded to mine. He swayed us back and forth, but that was where the sweet ended. His tongue swept into my waiting mouth. I could taste the tequila and lime and something that was distinctly him, making me moan. One hand left my waist to cup my ass cheek and pull me further into his erection.

Just as quickly as we were plastered together, Leo pulled away and dragged me out of the club by the hand. His quick strides had me running in the six-inch stilettos Camilla had convinced me to wear.

Leo stopped abruptly, making me slam into his back and nearly fall on my ass. With quick reflexes, he turned around and caught me in his strong arms.

“Why’d you stop?” I asked when he set me on my feet by the side of the road. Traffic was just as heavy at two in the morning as it was any other time of day. The lights seemed brighter as he looked left and then right.

“I can’t remember where that wedding chapel is that we passed on the way from the

restaurant to here.”

The fact that he even noticed a wedding chapel was shocking.

“I think there was that cute little white one with pink on it down to the right, but it’s too far to walk to.” At least it was too far for my poor feet after dancing in heels for the last few hours. I hobbled a bit, trying to alleviate some of the pain my feet were now feeling after running behind Leo.

Leo looked down at my feet and then back up at me. Sweeping me off my feet, Leo held me with one arm around my back and one under my knees. My arms effortlessly went around his wide shoulders. “What was that for?”

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“So, your feet don’t hurt while we wait for a taxi and practice for when I walk you over the threshold later.”

“You’re one damn fine gentleman. I’m glad I picked you to be my husband.” I giggled against the hot skin of his neck.

“You haven’t seen anything yet. I’m going to treat you like a queen. First, by worshipping your body all night long and second—”

A blow horn went off and a group of people yelled out the top of a limo, interrupting what Leo was saying. Our surrounding crowd cheered in excitement, but I jumped in Leo’s arms and tightened my hold on him.

“Fuck, I can’t wait to get you naked and underneath me,” Leo growled. One hand went up to hail a passing cab, but it didn’t stop.

I sighed into his neck, wanting nothing more than to get an up close and personal look at his naked body. The three orgasms I’d given myself last night once I got to my room weren’t enough. I knew the only way was to have the real deal.

“Don’t worry. I’ll get us a taxi.” He nuzzled into the side of my neck before he licked along my collarbone.

Another horn honked, but this time it was a taxi that’d stopped. Keeping me in his arms, Leo somehow got us both inside without me hitting my head.

“Where to?” the taxi driver asked.

“The closest wedding chapel,” I answered, grinning wildly down at Leo.

4

Leo

“Is this alright?” the taxicab driver asked as he pulled up in front of Cupid’s Wedding Chapel. It was white with pink accents, making it a little too girly for me.

“Perfect.” Everly jumped in my lap, going for the door handle.

Sliding her off and onto the seat, I leaned over and opened the door for her, almost making us topple out of the taxi.

Grabbing onto my arm, Everly let out a little squeak before she settled back against my chest and let out a contented sigh.

“Isn’t this place cute,” Everly said as she pulled me to a front door with a heart cut out in it.

I didn’t really care, but if it made her happy and got me one step closer to getting her in bed then I was all for it.

“Welcome to Cupid’s Wedding Chapel,” a woman with brown hair and eyes, and a heart shaped name tag stating her name was Ellen, welcomed us from behind a reception desk. “How can I help you?”

Everly squinted and leaned across the desk. “Hi, Ellen. I’m Everly, and this is Leo. Isn’t he dreamy?”

Silent laughter shook my entire body while Ellen took me in.

“He’s definitely a dream boat. You two make for a very good-looking couple. Are you wanting to get married tonight or—”

“Tonight,” Everly eagerly replied.

I took in the room that was all cream and beige with dark hardwood floors only to find us alone in the room.

“Great,” Ellen clapped. “Would you like to see our packages? They range from two hundred and ninety-five dollars up to six-fifty.”

Slipping my credit card out of my wallet, I held it out for her. “Give us your best package.”

“Our romantic package includes you, six guests, a beautiful rose bouquet and boutonniere with the color of your choice, traditional wedding music, a candle lighting ceremony, with photos and a limousine included.” She pointed out each item as she went through the package.

“It’s only the two of us. Is that going to be a problem?” If I had to, I’d pull some random people off the street to make it work.

“Not a problem. I can be your witness if you need one. Once you pay, I’ll have you meet with our florist and DJ to pick out your flowers and music.”

“How long will this take?” I asked as I took in the large selection of roses from behind the counter.

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“About thirty minutes, give or take. It depends on how long it takes you to decide on your extras.” Turning around, she showcased the flowers like she was Vanna White on Wheel of Fortune.

Pulling Everly’s body to mine, I felt her shiver. “Are you cold?” When she only shook her head and leaned against me with her head on my shoulder, I asked. “What’s your favorite color, sweet girl?”

“Purple,” she pointed to a bouquet of lavender roses.

“Then purple it is.”

“Would you like your boutonniere to match?” Ellen asked as she pulled the lavender flowers.

I nodded, not caring.

“And what song would you like as you walk down the aisle, sweetie?”

“Um...” Everly bit her bottom lip and looked at me from the corner of her eye. Every time she sunk her teeth into her bottom lip, it drove me wild making my dick hard. “I’m not sure what it’s called, but the standard wedding march is fine.”

“Perfect. You can’t go wrong with the Bridal Chorus, and what about after you’re married.”

“Do you have a book or something I can look at?” She looked over her shoulder at

me. “Do you have any song you want to hear?”

“You pick what you want. You only get married for the first time once.” I leaned my hip into the counter.

“True,” she murmured as she bent over the counter and looked through the book. “This one,” she tapped the sheet of paper over the name Come Away with Me by Norah Jones.

“Now, all I need is for you both to sign the marriage certificate.” Ellen showed us each where to sign and then tucked our paperwork in a folder.

“If you’ll give me a few minutes, we’ll have you married in a jiffy. If you’d like to get cleaned up, there’s a bathroom just around the corner.” Ellen scurried around the counter and out of the room.

“I’m going to freshen up, but I’ll see you at the end of the aisle.” Reaching up, she leaned up on her toes and kissed the cleft in my chin. “This is so sexy. It makes me want to ride your face.”

Fuck, I wanted to ravage her.

“After you let me sink my cock in you, I’ll let you ride my face all night long. How does that sound?” I growled, nipping at the skin of her delicate neck.

“It sounds like heaven.” Pulling away, she skipped away. Everly actually skipped her way to the bathroom with her long hair bouncing and her ass jiggling all the way.

“If you’d like to follow me, Mr. Sandström, I’ll take you to where you can wait for your bride.”

Ellen hurried me down the short aisle and passed the three rows of pews until I was standing in front of a small stage.

A man who looked like Elvis came out and shook my hand. “I’m Frank, the officiant.” He was around the same height as me, standing on the stage. He had his black hair slicked back, showing off the gray at his temples. His blue eyes sparkled as he looked down at the piece of paper in front of him. “You’re the first Valentine’s wedding of the day.”

I hadn’t realized it was Valentine’s Day yet.

“And here’s your lovely bride now.”

Turning, I spotted Everly standing at the edge of the room with her flowers in hand, covering up the low dip of her black tank top. I watched her long legs, thinking of them wrapped around my waist, as she made her way to me.

“Are you ready?” Frank asked.

We both nodded. Everly’s grin, spread from ear to ear, matched mine.

Looking down at the beautiful woman who stood in front of me, I took her hands in mine, brushing my thumbs over her fingers.

“Shit, we don’t have rings,” I whisper-yelled at Everly.

“That’s okay, you can get them after,” Ellen said from the side.

Our vows were a blur. The only words I remembered uttering were I do before kissing Everly and promising there’d be more of that later.

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“I now pronounce you Mr. and Mrs. Leo Sandström.”

Lacing our fingers together, I nearly ran down the aisle only to be stopped by Ellen.

“Don’t forget your paperwork. We’ll send your pictures over to the hotel sometime tomorrow afternoon unless you want to pick them up.”

Everly swayed to the song she picked out as she answered. “No, please send them over.”

“Did you two want to buy bands while you’re here? If I would have known you didn’t have them before, I would have offered.”

Everly lifted our joined hands and looked at her ring finger with a frown.

“We’ll need rings,” I decided and brought Everly over to the counter where Ellen was pulling out trays of rings.

It seemed like forever before we found matching rings that fit both of us, but once we found our matching set, Everly’s face glowed with happiness.

“Your limo is waiting outside to take you wherever you’d like to go.” Ellen patted Everly’s hand. “It’s so romantic you two married on Valentine’s Day. It will forever be a special day.”

Everly wrapped her arms around my waist, looking up at me with her big blue eyes shining. “I always wanted to get married on Valentine’s Day. The day’s always so

romantic and I've never had anyone to spend it with until now."

Bending down, I kissed her soft lips. "I promise to make every Valentine's Day from here on out special."

Everly let out a dreamy sigh. "Take me to bed."

"You don't have to ask me twice." With our paperwork in hand, I picked her up just as I had brought her in and carried Everly to the limo that waited for us outside.

Tucking us inside, I instructed our driver to take us to our hotel with Everly on my lap. I'd never been one to want a girl to sit on me, but with her, it felt natural. I liked the way she laid her head on my shoulder and I could feel her breath on my neck. Or the way she squirmed when my hands roamed her body.

Running her hand up the buttons of my shirt, Everly's fingers plucked at the top button until it was undone and ran her fingertips over my collarbone. "Do you think Camilla will be mad our wedding was better than hers?"

"Possibly, but there's nothing we can do about it. No matter what, don't let her ruin your day."

"It was pretty perfect, wasn't it?" She snuggled into me.

"I think so, but I've only been to one other wedding."

Sitting up, she ran the tip of her finger over my bottom lip. I wasn't sure what it was, but it made my dick harder than ever for her. "Oh yeah, who's wedding?"

"My brother, Luke. He got married almost three years ago in Hawaii."

“Nice, I went to one when I was younger, but I don’t really remember it. All I remember is the crazy big cake, or at least it was to me. I kept staring at it until they finally cut it. We should order chocolate cake to celebrate.”

“And champagne.” Running my hand up under her tank, I splayed my hand over her taut stomach. “Will you let me eat it off you?”

“I like the way you think. Maybe you should get some whipped cream as well.”

* * *

Tapping the front desk, I waited for the receptionist's attention. “Send up a bottle of your best champagne to room 1430 along with two pieces of chocolate cake and a can of whipped cream.”

Tightening her grip around my shoulders, Everly smiled at the receptionist. “We just got married.”

“Congratulations,” the receptionist said in a cheery tone even if her down turned mouth said otherwise. “I’ll have one brought up. Enjoy your night.”

“Oh, I will,” I murmured into the crook of Everly’s neck as I walked us to the elevator. Hitting the arrow to go up, I pressed myself against her and let her feel how much I wanted her. “Be ready. I’m going to strip you bare the second we step foot into my room.”

“I’m more than ready,” she purred, snaking her hands behind her and around me to grab my ass.

A few other people joined us in waiting for the elevator, but once the doors opened, they all stood back and let us have it to ourselves. I wasted no time in priming her for

what I was about to do to her by slamming her up against the wall. Fitting my front to her back, my hands snaked up her stomach, bringing along the fabric of her tank top with them. I knew we didn't have much time, but I didn't care. All the restraint I'd shown since the moment I met her flew out the window.

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Sucking along the column of her neck, my right hand cupped one tit, pinching the nipple through the fabric of her bra while the other hand moved over the leather short shorts that had been driving me wild all night. I rubbed over the soft fabric, eliciting a whimper from her.

My mouth descended, moving along her shoulder to her collarbone.

“Leo,” she whimpered, grinding her ass against my denim clad erection.

“Not much longer, sweet girl,” I murmured against her skin.

The bell dinged, answering my unspoken prayer. Grabbing Everly by the waist, I dragged her out of the elevator and down the hall toward my room, not letting her go until we reached my door.

Reaching into my pocket for my key, I found nothing. Groaning, I checked my other pockets only to come away with my wallet and phone.

“What’s wrong?” Everly cooed from behind me. Her hands came around my middle, holding my keycard in her hand. She ran it up and down the zipper of my pants.

Grabbing her hands, I took the keycard from her and slid it into the door. When the light turned green, I scooped Everly up in my arms, making her squeal.

Kissing along my jaw, she spoke with each touch of her lips. “A girl could get used to having a big strong man carrying her around.”

“I’ll happily carry you anywhere you want to go, but for now it’s only over the threshold.”

I set her down, feeling her wobble on her high heels. Her hands grasped my arms as she giggled. The door had barely closed behind us when there was a knock.

“Room service,” a woman called.

Opening the door, I took the tray of champagne, chocolate cake, and whipped cream from her. “Thank you for being so quick,” I said before I gave her a big tip.

Placing the tray on the side table by the door, I turned, startling Everly and nearly making her fall. I needed to rectify this situation before she got herself killed in those damn heels.

“While these heels are sexy as fuck and I’d love to have you wear them while your legs are thrown over my shoulders, I think we should take them off for now.” Kneeling in front of her, I ran my hands down her calf until I was met by the cool leather of her heel. Slipping off her shoes, I nuzzled my nose between her legs and nipped at the tender skin. Goosebumps erupted across her heated flesh.

I palmed her ass, loving the way it felt in my hands. Slowly, I worked her short shorts over her hips along with her tiny purple thong. Sliding them down her legs, I helped her step out of them. Only Everly’s foot got caught, making her fall. Luckily, my face took the brunt of her descent.

“Leo,” she squeaked with a laugh. Her hands gripped my shoulders to steady herself. Burying my face further, I licked through her wet folds, needing to get a taste of her.

“Oh,” she moaned, writhing on my face. Holding onto her, I laid her out on the floor and spread her legs wide. Using my thumbs to open her hood, I circled my tongue

over her nub in slow circles. With each rotation, her hips climbed higher with her back arched until her entire body shook with pleasure. Closing my lips around her clit, I sucked hard as I plunged two fingers deep into her core. Wetness instantly coated my fingers as she clamped her legs around my head, drawing me in further. I slowed my movements as I brought her down. Everly let out a small whimper as I withdrew my fingers. I gave her one last lick before I sat up and took in her flushed body that was laid out on the floor before me.

“You look even more beautiful after you come,” I husked out, licking her cum from my lips. Hands down, Everly had the best tasting pussy I’d ever tasted. I knew from the first lick I would be addicted to her taste.

Everly smiled down at me, her cheeks still flushed. “You have one wicked tongue, Mr. Sandström.”

Crawling up between her legs, I pulled her tank top up above her breasts along with her bra and licked a path from the jewel that hung between her belly button up to her right breast and swirled it around her hardened peak.

“Let me touch you,” Everly’s raspy voice nearly did me in with how husky and needy she sounded for me.

Lifting my head, Everly’s fingernails scraped up my back as she took my shirt off. She threw it to the side and immediately went for the button of my pants.

The second her tiny hand wrapped around my cock, I let out a low rumble from deep within. One touch and she almost had me undone.

Capturing the pre-cum at the tip, she started to stroke me, giving it a twist at the top and running her thumb over the tip. “Take off your pants, Leo, and fuck me like you promised.”

Kicking off my jeans, I grabbed a condom from my wallet and sheathed myself.

Sitting up on her knees, Everly ran her hands over my chest and down my happy trail.

“How do you want me?”

“Every way there is, sweet girl, but first I want you on your hands and knees so I can take you from behind where I can see your sweet ass as I pound into you.”

Letting out a low moan, she did as I asked, shaking her ass when she was ready for me.

Running my dick through her slick folds, I lined myself up at her entrance and plunged into her tight heat. It was like falling into a wet dream. Her walls contracted around me, sucking me in further until every inch of me was met by her warmth.

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“Fucking hell, you feel amazing,” I moaned.

Gripping her hips, I pulled out almost to the tip and then slowly slid back inside. I wanted to relish this moment. I ran one hand down her spine as I thrust in and out, picking up speed. I pulled her cheeks apart to watch as her lips sucked me in over and over again. It was hypnotizing seeing us join and the way her body took me in.

“Harder,” Everly pushed back and swiveled her hips.

“What my wife wants she gets,” I slapped my hand down on her ass and felt her pussy contract around me. “Do you like that, my sweet girl?”

“Yes,” she moaned. “Make me yours.”

Leaning over, I wrapped one arm around her chest, cupping her breasts and taking her nipple between my thumb and forefinger. “I’m going to fuck you hard now and I want to hear you scream my name. Do you hear me?”

Looking over her shoulder at me, she bit her bottom lip and nodded.

“Good girl.”

Picking up my pace, I shortened my strokes and slammed into her tight pussy over and over again. Each time her walls quaked around me brought me closer to falling over the edge. Everly started chanting my name and moaning with each thrust. Her pussy pulled me in further with each wave of pleasure that wracked through her.

Unable to hold out any longer, I slammed into her and growled into her neck as I let go. It was then I knew her pussy was made for me.

Planting one foot on the floor, I pulled Everly up and brought her with me as I stood. She could barely stand so I threw her over my shoulder where she hung loosely like a rag doll. Moving over to the tray the hotel had brought up and took the bottle of champagne with me before I made my way into the bedroom.

Sitting the champagne down on the bedside table, I moved Everly off my shoulder and onto the bed. She giggled, raising her hand to start stroking my still hard cock.

“I love your cock,” she giggled.

“Good, because I love your pussy and I want to be inside of it as much as possible.” I crawled onto the bed and between her legs.

“I guess it’s a good thing you put a ring on it then, huh?”

“You and that pussy are mine,” I growled. “Now I’m going to shower it with champagne and lick every last drop off you.”

Picking up the bottle, I popped the cork. Champagne sprayed all over her tight and toned body.

She let out a little squeak and giggle. Damn, I loved that sound.

After taking a long drink from the bottle, I handed it to Everly where she promptly started to give it head. The way her mouth moved over the glass had me desperate to see her pretty mouth full of my cock.

Taking the bottle from her, I poured it over her stomach and her mound; I dove ready

to spend the rest of the night between her legs and over her body.

“First, let me feast on you again and then I want to stick my cock down your throat,” I growled, looking up from between her legs.

5

Leo

A groan and a blinding light woke me up. Turning over, I pulled the pillow over my head and tried to hide from the light and my pounding headache.

“What the hell? That’s mine,” a female voice said before she snatched the pillow away.

“Have you ever heard of sharing?” I groaned. Why was there a woman in my bed? Squinting against the light, I tried to make out the woman next to me, but she was covered by a sheet and the pillow she’d just stolen from me.

“The only thing I’m interested in sharing is a bottle of ibuprofen. How much did we drink last night? I feel like death,” she murmured from underneath the pillow.

Death was a good way to describe how I was feeling.

Sitting up, I looked around the room and took it in. Our clothes were strewn across the room. There was a can of whipped cream by the bed and on one table sat a bottle of champagne with two other bottles laying on the floor.

I didn’t remember ordering the third bottle, but I did remember spraying the whipped cream on Everly and licking it off her.

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Running my hands through my hair, my eyes caught on the silver band on my left ring finger. Looking back on it, last night seemed like a dream. How had I thought getting married to a girl I'd known for all of twenty-four hours was a good idea? Oh yeah, I remembered. It was because I wanted to sink my dick into her.

Silently, I snuck out of bed and went in pursuit of my phone. Last I remembered it was in my jeans, but where those jeans were, I had no idea. I followed the path of clothing until I was standing at the door and found my jeans and Everly's tank top.

Fishing out my phone, I headed for the bathroom where I turned on the shower for some much-needed privacy and went to my contact list to call Luke.

"Leo," Alex yelled into the phone. Okay, maybe she didn't yell, but it sounded like it with the steady beat of drums playing in my head.

"Hey, Alex. Is Luke around?"

"He's in the gym, but he should be done soon. Do you want me to take him the phone?"

Did I? I wasn't sure. Luke would probably yell at me and tell me I'd fucked up, but Alex was so sweet and in mommy mode, she'd probably be the nicer of the two.

"Do you have a second to talk?" I whispered.

"Is this about a girl?" she asked excitedly.

I'd been speaking to Alex about my girl problems almost since the time we'd met over the phone. Why should now be any different?

"I met a girl here in Vegas," I started. "Actually, she's the maid of honor."

"I can already tell by the tone in your voice you like her. What's the problem?"

"Problem?" I laughed, humorlessly. "Yeah, I like her. Too much. Last night we were drunk, and I think I did something stupid."

More like I knew I did something incredibly stupid.

"What happened?" she asked softly.

Walking over to the door, I listened to see if I could hear anything from the other side. When all was silent, I blew out a breath. "We got married."

Alex made a sound that was a mix between a cough and a choke. "Are you sure? Maybe you're remembering your friend's wedding."

"No, they're supposed to get married this afternoon. We went to a little chapel we'd seen and yeah...I'm married, Alex. To a woman I barely know."

"Well, at least you don't hate her. That's a plus."

Slumping down against the wall until my ass hit the floor, I hung my head. "What am I going to do? I'm just starting my life here."

"You can get it annulled."

The thought sat heavy in my gut. I didn't want to be the first person in my family to

get a divorce. I was already dreading it when they all learned what I'd done.

“Or you can stay married and get to know her. I don't know if I told you about our friend Jenner, but he did the same thing only his publicist made him stay married. She was afraid of what it would do to his image if there was another scandal under his belt. It turned out to be the best thing to ever happen to him. Maybe the same could be said for you and...”

“Everly,” I supplied.

“Oh, I like that name. Is she pretty?”

“She's gorgeous and sweet.”

“But...”

“I don't even know where she lives, what her job is or anything except she's Camilla's best friend. I can't ask her to pack up her life in order for us to give what only started a couple of days ago a shot.”

“I think you should talk to her. See where her head is at.”

Probably pounding like mine was.

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“You’re right. I shouldn’t make any decisions until I talk to her.”

“Smart boy. Do you want to talk to Luke or...” She paused.

“No, I’m going to get off and talk to her. Do you think you could tell him why I called?” I wasn’t sure I could stand to hear the disappointment in his voice when he found out what I’d done.

“Don’t worry about your brother. He loves you and only wants you happy. If this girl...this Everly makes you happy, then he’ll be overjoyed you’ve found someone.”

She was right. Although I knew he’d be slightly disappointed in me for letting myself get into a potentially bad situation.

“Thanks for talking me off the ledge. I’ll call you once I get settled at home.”

“I’m here for you always. You know that. Be kind to her. She might be freaking out just like you are.”

I’d be alarmed if she wasn’t freaking out at least a little.

Hanging up, I slowly stood up and made my way over to the shower to turn it off. A shower could wait. First, I needed to see where Everly’s head was at.

Before I had a chance to leave the bathroom, the door flew open and Everly came in with the sheet wrapped around her body. She staggered inside, her long hair a tangled mess, but halted when her eyes landed on me.

It wasn't until that moment I realized I hadn't bothered to cover up after I got out of bed.

"If I couldn't still feel you between my legs and this on my finger," she held up her left hand and pointed to the band that sat on her dainty finger, "I'd think last night was a dream."

"Not a nightmare?"

When she continued to stare, I moved until I was close enough to reach out and touch her. "Are you okay?"

"What?" She shook her head. "Yeah, I'm fine. What did you say? Your dick had me mesmerized."

Mesmerized was a good word for it.

"I asked if last night was a nightmare for you."

"Can you..." she grabbed a hand towel and handed it to me, "cover up or something. With the way my head is pounding and your body on display, I can't concentrate."

Taking the towel, I placed it over my hardening shaft, but he was happy to see Everly and wanted to greet her a good morning.

"While I'd like to get up close and personal with Mr. Happy again, I think we've got bigger fish to fry, don't you?" She turned and headed out of the bathroom.

Grabbing the robe off the back of the door, I put it on and tied the sash around my waist while following her out into the bedroom. "Trust me, Mr. Happy as you called him would like to get reacquainted with your tight pussy again, but you're right, we

need to talk.”

“Do you think we could order some coffee and some pain relievers first?” She sat down on the bed and held her head in her hands. “I feel like death rolled over me while I was sleeping and kept moving along.”

“Til death do us part feels pretty apt right now, doesn’t it? I don’t think I’ll ever drink tequila again.” I chuckled as I picked up the receiver and called in an order for us.

She peeked up at me, her lips thinned out into a grimace. “It’s good you have such a great attitude about the whole situation. I thought you might be mad and think I tricked you into marrying me.”

“Don’t worry. I knew you weren’t a virgin. I don’t know what about it had me playing along except I’ve felt a connection with you from the moment I saw you and went with what felt right in the moment.”

Thirty minutes later there was a knock on the door alerting me to the room service I’d ordered. “Give me a minute and I’ll be right back.” I didn’t want Everly going to the door with only a sheet wrapped around her. On the way to the door, I grabbed my wallet from my pants. I was met by a tiny old woman who looked like she could barely hold the tray she held in her hands. Giving her a tip, I took the tray and brought it into the bedroom where I poured us both a cup of coffee.

“Do you want milk or sugar?” I asked before taking a sip of my coffee.

“I’ll do it. I have to have the right amount. Here’s some Advil for you.” I took the three she had in the palm of her hand and swallowed them with my next sip of coffee.

Once her coffee was just the way she liked it, Everly sat back down where she’d been before. She took a long drink and let out a happy sigh. “Do you regret last night

now?”

Sitting down beside her on the edge of the bed, I placed my hand on her knee. “Is it crazy I don’t?”

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“A little bit. I mean, we know next to nothing about each other,” she said quietly, moving closer to my side.

“That may be true, but I’ve known women for a hell of a lot longer and never felt for them what I feel for you in the short amount of time I’ve known you.”

She laid her head on my shoulder. “And I’ve never had a guy say anything even as remotely sweet as that to me. I like you, Leo. Really like you, but what are we supposed to do? I have to report back to work in a few days. I don’t even know where you live now. All I know is you’re from Sweden and went to school for a couple of years with Jordan at Stanford, which is crazy impressive by the way.”

Resting my head on top of hers, I took her left hand in mine and ran my thumb over the ring that now sat on her left hand. “After Stanford, I went back to Stockholm for a short while. I recently accepted a job in California, and I’m moving into my new place after we leave here. I don’t expect you to give up your life or job over a marriage that’s only a few hours old.”

“Maybe we could date or something on the weekends, depending on how far apart we live. I don’t know.” I felt her shrug from underneath me. “What I do know is I like you and I’d hate to not see where this could go.”

Maybe we could do this backward. Instead of dating first and then getting married, we could date now and see where it led us.

“I’m willing to make time so we can get to know one another. While I went to school at Stanford, I don’t know California all that well.”

“Well, I’ve lived there all my life so I’m sure we can figure out how far apart we live from each other. Are you up by Stanford and San Francisco or—”

“Not up there,” I stopped her. “I’m moving to a little town close to Palm Springs. You probably haven’t heard of it.”

Everly sat up, her entire face glowing. Her hand under mine flipped over and she wove her fingers with mine. “I wouldn’t be too sure about that. I’ve lived in that area all my life.”

So, we’d be close. Good.

Finishing off the last bit of my coffee, I asked. “Have you heard of McArthur Architects in Oasis?”

“Not McArthur, but I know Oasis. I’ve lived there since I graduated high school.”

What were the odds?

“Are you saying you live in Oasis?” It couldn’t be.

“I live and work there. I have a little apartment not far from where I work. Where do you live?”

I flushed, hating to admit I hadn’t seen my place yet. “I’m not sure yet.” Her face screwed up, and she opened her mouth in what was sure to be a question asking me why I didn’t know. “I have an address where I sent my things, but I haven’t been there yet.” I shrugged. “I figured whatever they provided me would be good enough. How much room does one need, especially when I’ll be spending a considerable amount of time on the project they hired me for?”

“I guess that makes sense.” A chime went off in the other room, causing us both to turn our heads. “That’s my phone. It’s probably Camilla. We’re supposed to go get our hair and makeup done.”

“How do you think she’ll take the news?”

“Honestly, I don’t know. Before she was telling me I shouldn’t hook up with you for some reason so...”

“Why not?”

“I don’t know. She’s been acting kind of strange the whole time we’ve been here. I wanted to ask her about it, but she kept changing the subject. I guess I should see if that was her.”

I watched as Everly went to where her purse was on the ground and fished through it for her phone. Even from far away, I could see her frown.

Standing, I went to where she was rooted to the spot. “What’s wrong?”

“Camilla’s freaking out. Telling me I need to come to their room when I get her message. There’s a whole bunch of missed calls from her that started around three-thirty in the morning.” She looked up at me with her face creased in worry. “Has Jordan called you?”

Slipping my phone from my jeans, I checked to see if I had any messages from Jordan. There was only one about an hour ago.

Jordan: The wedding’s off.

If you want to find me, I’ll be at the bar down at the pool.

“Fuck,” I hissed.

“Is it bad?” Everly called from the living area where she was fastening her bra. Her hair hung down, obscuring her face.

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“It’s not good. Jordan said the wedding is off.” I walked over to her and showed her the text on my phone. Her big blue eyes got wide as she read it. “I’m going to head down to the pool and talk to him.”

“That’s probably a good idea. I’m going to talk to Camilla. Um...” She rolled her lips, looking unsure. “Should we reconvene here?”

“I think I have an extra key somewhere around here if you want to grab it. Put your number in my phone and I’ll let you know if anything changes.”

There was no doubt in my mind, Jordan was going to stick firmly in his decision, but it was a good excuse to get her number just in case.

“Here’s mine,” she thrust her phone at me and went about typing on my phone. Dropping my phone onto the table, Everly finished dressing in her clothes from last night.

I waited until she was done before I handed her back her phone and pulled her to me. “I know things are crazy right now between us, but I kind of like it.”

Dipping down, I took her mouth in a kiss to show Everly I meant everything I’d said. I liked what was going on with us. I might not have known her long, but I couldn’t deny our chemistry, especially after last night.

Her feather soft lips touched mine with the lightest of touches. I pulled her bottom lip between my teeth and gave a gentle tug before I swept my tongue into her mouth. Claiming her. Everly wasn’t shy. She sucked on my tongue. Her hands went to my

hair, tangling at the nape of my neck. Cupping the side of her neck, I angled her just the way I wanted to get a better angle.

Pulling away, we both stood there panting as we tried to collect ourselves.

“I like it too,” she answered back breathlessly. Her eyes were still dreamy when she stepped away and muttered. “I’ll see you later, Leo.”

“Until later, wifey.” I smirked at her right before the door to my room closed.

6

Everly

My cheeks were still heated after I made a quick stop to my room to change my clothes and knocked on Camilla and Jordan’s hotel room door.

Last night seemed like a dream. I couldn’t believe I’d gotten drunk and then suggested Leo and I get married before we had sex. But wholly hell, was he worth it.

Never in a million years did I think sex could be that good. Yeah, I liked sex, but no man had ever brought me to completion so easily or so many times in the span of a few hours.

Leo wasn’t joking when he said he was going to feast on me all night long. The way his tongue lapped up the Champagne he poured on me and the subsequent whipped cream was so damn delicious I would never look at either the same way again.

I’d barely wiped the smile off my face when Camilla swung open the door. Her eyes were red rimmed with mascara streaked down her usually put together and perfect face, her nose and cheeks flushed, and her hair looked as if she’d stuck her finger in a

light socket.

“Where the hell have you been?” she cried out before she stomped away from the door.

Closing the door, I followed behind her, dodging all the used tissues strewn all over the floor. There was a huge pile of them on the table in the living area, some of them with black streaks on them.

Turning to face me with her hands on her hips, Camilla scowled at me. “Well, where have you been? I’ve been calling and messaging you for hours now.”

“Sleeping,” I crossed my fingers behind my back at the lie. “I woke up when I heard your message and came as quick as I could.”

“Well, I needed you and you weren’t there for me.” She curled up into herself on the couch and looked up at me with sad eyes. “What kind of maid of honor are you?”

Sitting down in the chair beside her, I leaned forward and put my hand on her arm, letting her know I was here for her now. “A shitty one, and for that I’m sorry. Why don’t you tell me what happened and why it looks like you’ve been crying all night?”

Camilla closed her eyes, her chin trembling. When she opened her green eyes a moment later, they had welled up with unshed tears.

“He called off the wedding,” she cried.

“Jordan?”

“Who else? I was only engaged to one person. Really Everly, if you’re going to be here for me, don’t ask stupid questions.” Her eyes flashed with anger. “I can’t take it.

Not today.”

“I’m sorry, but it’s hard to believe Jordan would call off your engagement hours before your wedding. He loves you more than anything in this world.”

“Not anymore,” she grabbed the box of tissues and pulled one out before she dabbed at her eyes. “He’s done with me.”

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I knew there was more to the story that she wasn't sharing. While Jordan and Camilla had broken up plenty of times through their relationship, there was always a reason and nine times out of ten the reason was because Camilla cheated on Jordan.

Surely, she hadn't cheated on him after they'd gone upstairs last night.

"Maybe you can reason with him after he's had a moment to cool off," I tried to reassure her.

Hanging her head, she let out a sob. "Not this time."

Moving over to sit with her on the couch, I pulled her into a hug and let her cry. Camilla's body shook as tears ran down her cheeks and dampened my shirt.

Thirty minutes later, she lifted her head and looked at me with devastation in her eyes. "I'm never going to get him back. What am I going to do?"

"I don't know, honey." I smoothed her hair that was plastered to her face away and tucked it behind her ear. "Why don't you tell me what has Jordan so upset and maybe I can help you?"

"I...we were...I don't even know why or how, but I called out someone else's name after we came upstairs last night."

"What?" I choked out, my eyes wide as I digested what she'd said. "Whose name?"

Had it been one of the guys she's cheated on Jordan with?

“It was a mistake, but Jordan wouldn’t hear of it. He pulled out, threw on a pair of shorts, yelled, and then called off the wedding before he left. I thought if I gave him time to cool off, he’d come back after he realized it was a blunder, but I haven’t seen him since. What am I going to do? How can I prove to him it was a mistake?”

I shook my head, not wanting to voice I had no idea how she was going to do that. I wasn’t convinced, and I’d been best friends with Camilla since we were in middle school. I didn’t know her relationship with Jordan except what she’d told me over the phone, through text messages, from what I saw on Instagram, and the few times I’d been around them when Camilla brought him home with her. I’d gone to cosmetology school to do hair right after high school when Camilla left to go to school at Stanford. All I knew was Jordan kept taking Camilla back each and every time she’d cheated on him in the past, and I had no idea why. Maybe he would again.

“Have you tried calling him?”

Her head bobbed as her lower lip quivered. “He turned off his phone after I kept calling him, trying to get him to come back. This isn’t like before Everly. I know deep down in my soul it’s over.”

Whose name had she said in the heat of passion that would make him end their four-year relationship?

Her body started to shake as if she’d been sitting outside in the middle of an ice storm.

Rubbing my hand up and down her hair and back, I tried to reassure her as best as I could. “Maybe he just needs time.”

“What is this?” she shrieked, catching my left hand in hers, and stared down at the silver band adorning my finger. “Why do you have a ring sitting on your left hand?”

Moving so my back was to the arm of the couch, I hugged my legs to my chest. “Because I got married last night,” I confessed.

“I can’t believe while I was getting dumped, you were getting married to some randy. How did you even meet someone? When I left you, you and Leo were all over each other.” She gasped, covering her mouth with her hand as she stared at my hand.

I wanted to hide it away, so she’d stop, but thought better of it. Who cared if Leo and I got married last night except our families?

“Oh my God, Fiona is going to kill you for getting married without her. I wish I could be there to witness when you tell her.” Her eyes got wide as an evil grin spread across her tear-streaked face. “Or are you two going to get it annulled and pretend like it never happened?”

Raising my hand, I looked at the silver band that had been sitting on my finger for less than ten hours. “I’m pretty sure we can’t get it annulled after how many times we had sex last night.”

“Is he a beast in bed?” she asked, all her problems forgotten in that moment.

“A lady doesn’t kiss and tell.” I blushed as I thought of all the ways Leo had taken me last night and how I’d begged him for more until we could barely keep our eyes open. Last night had been the single most passionate and best night of my life.

“Pfft, since when have you been a lady?” she scoffed at me.

“Hey,” I called back, offended, “you’re thinking about yourself. You’re the one who’s always offering up details about your sex life with Jordan. I’ve never told you anything except for the fact that I hooked up with someone.”

Camilla scowled at me from across the couch. “If last night was only a hook up, why do you care?”

“It wasn’t a hook up. I mean, we didn’t set out to get married or have sex, but that’s where the night took us, and now...”

“And now what?” Camilla sat up, her face shadowed in anger.

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Why was she so angry? Was it because we stole her spotlight?

“We’re going to see if we can make it work. Did you know Leo’s moving to Oasis for a job?” Camilla had only mentioned he’d recently moved here, but she’d always been strangely quiet about Leo when I’d asked about her boyfriend’s best friend.

She gave it a dismissive wave of her hand. “Something like that. It didn’t really interest me since I was trying to plan a wedding.”

“But Leo’s Jordan’s best friend, and I thought you liked him.” Something about this wasn’t adding up.

“I do like him, but what do I care where he’s going to live if I’m not in the same city or hell even the same state.”

“You act like you’re never going to come back to Oasis for even a visit.”

“My dad moved to Florida with his new wife who’s barely older than me and my mom’s fucking her tennis instructor who she’s taking all over the world. Since neither of them are there, what do I have to visit in Oasis?”

I recoiled, feeling her words like a physical slap to the face. What did she have in Oasis? Me, her best friend.

“I guess your best friend doesn’t rank high enough to visit.” I jumped up from the couch and looked down at the woman who’d been my best friend for the last ten years. A woman I thought I knew until just now. “Was this weekend supposed to be

some one and done thing where I'd never see you again?"

"Everly," she said my name exasperatedly, "while you have talent, you're only a hairdresser. I can't be wasting my time now that I'm going to be working for the biggest law firm in Minneapolis."

Who was the woman who sat before me?

Not wanting to look at her for another moment, I made my way to the door. Opening the door, I looked back at Camilla and finally saw all the changes that I'd been too blind to see over the past couple of days and if I was being honest with myself, over the last two years. Jordan was smart to call off the wedding. He was too good for her.

My best friend wouldn't cheat on a man she loved, but she'd done it time and time again to Jordan. That wasn't the only change. Little by little over the years, Camilla had started to think she was better than me and everyone else who wasn't a lawyer. I wanted to believe our friendship meant something to her, but if it did, she wouldn't have treated me like the dirt beneath her shoes.

"Good luck with your big city life. If by any chance you ever see me again, I want you to keep on walking like we're total strangers because clearly, that's what you've become."

I didn't have the energy to slam the door. Not wanting to be alone, I trudged to the elevator and hit the ground floor once I got inside.

In a daze, I got off the elevator and let my feet take me where I wanted to go. I couldn't believe Camilla thought so little of me.

Stepping out into the bright sun, I spotted Leo and Jordan at the bar by the pool. Leo's arm was slung around Jordan's shoulders as they clinked beers.

I sat down on the vacant stool next to Leo. When their eyes landed on me, I asked, “Is there room in this party for one more?”

“Bartender, get her a beer,” Jordan called out. He gave me a sad smile as he tipped his beer to me. “I hear congratulations are in order.” He let out a sad sigh. “At least this weekend wasn’t a total waste.”

Leo pulled my stool closer and put his arm around my waist as he kissed my temple.

When the bartender sat a beer down in front of me, Jordan held his up. “To the newlyweds.”

“To us,” I cheered, clinking my bottle with both of theirs before I took a long pull.

Jordan gave a half laugh when I set my beer down. “I guess Camilla told you what happened?”

“Some,” I answered. Reaching around Leo, I squeezed Jordan’s hand. “I’m sorry, but it’s probably better in the long run. I know in time you’ll find the woman for you because clearly, Camilla isn’t it.”

“You’re too good for her,” Leo expressed my thought.

“Maybe, but it still hurts.”

“I know, and I’m sorry. I really am. If it makes you feel any better, she ended our decade long friendship because I’m a hairdresser.”

Jordan scoffed at that. “That’s not the reason. The reason is that you got the man she wants.”

My brows knitted together, unable to make sense of his words. “What are you talking about?”

Leo pressed his hand further into my side. “I’m guessing she didn’t tell you whose name she called out while they were having sex, did she?”

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“No, she didn’t, and before I could get it out of her, she saw my ring and freaked out.” I hated to ask, but I had to know. “Whose name did she say?”

Jordan’s face fell and his jaw ticked before he uttered one simple word.

“Leo’s.”

7

Leo

“Excuse me,” Everly choked out. “I think I heard you wrong. I could have sworn you said Camilla, your fiancée, ex-fiancée,” she corrected, her knuckles turning white on the grip she had on her beer bottle. “Are you saying that she called out my husband’s name while you were having sex?”

Jordan nudged me with a smile. “She’s already possessive of you. I think you landed yourself a good one.”

“Tell me you’re lying,” she demanded, her face now flushed.

“I wish I could, but I can’t. After that, I knew I was making a mistake. I was never going to be enough for Camilla. She was always going to seek out the attention of other men and continue to be unfaithful.” He finished off his beer and signaled for another.

“Your past is your past, but I’ve got to know if you ever—”

I cut Everly off before she could finish her sentence. What kind of friend would I be if I slept with my best friend's girl? Resting my elbows on the bar, I looked Everly in the eyes, so she'd know with one hundred percent certainty I was telling her the truth. "Not once. The thought never even crossed my mind."

Letting out a sigh of relief, she placed her hand over mine. "I'm sorry I had to ask, but why would she say your name?"

With my other free hand, I covered hers. "Your guess is as good as mine. I've never even spent any time with her one on one. I was only happy Jordan believed me. If she would have fucked up my relationship with him, I don't know what I would have done."

"Not going to happen, man. Even though Minneapolis is a big city, there's no way in hell I'm going to live in the same city as her," Jordan pointed his new beer at me. "When I get back, I'm going to start searching for jobs back in California. Maybe if I'm lucky, I'll find one near you."

"You know, when I confronted her on if she knew if you were moving to Oasis, she said she didn't care where you lived since you weren't going to be living in the same city. Oh, and get this. Apparently, she's never coming back to Oasis because she doesn't have anyone there anymore." Everly's eyes turned glassy before she cleared her throat, straightened in her seat, and with one shake of her head they were gone.

"It seems like Camilla is breaking her ties with everyone in her path today."

Everly rested her head in her hand. "I have to say she was devastated when I showed up. She was crying the entire time up until she saw my ring." She raised her hand and looked at the ring that rested on her finger.

"I still can't believe you two got married last night. This whole weekend is wild."

While his tone was jubilant, there was no hiding the misery in Jordan's eyes.

While I wanted to wrap my arms around Everly, I didn't want to rub our new relationship in Jordan's face when he'd ended his four years with Camilla. Dropping my hand, I rubbed my knuckles along the smooth skin of her thigh. Everly's gaze dropped to my hand for only a second, but I saw the way her mouth kicked up in that moment.

Seeing Jordan tense out of the corner of my eye had me scanning the area to see what had caught his attention. I should have known Camilla would eventually try to find him.

"I've got to go." Jordan jumped up from his stool. "There's no way I can deal with her without causing a scene. You two have fun being newlyweds. I'm glad this weekend worked out for someone."

We watched as Jordan went in the opposite direction as Camilla. She called out his name over and over again, but Jordan acted as if he hadn't heard his ex screaming his name across the pool. Camilla chased after him, and I hoped Jordan held strong and didn't take her back.

The moment Camilla was out of sight, Everly stood, her raspy voice against my ear. Her voice was such a turn on, I didn't think there'd ever be a time when I didn't hear it and not get hard. "What do you say we get out of here before she comes back, and we get the brunt of her anger?"

Turning on my stool, I pulled her between my legs and kept my hands on her hips. My thumbs started rubbing circles on her hipbone. "What do you have in mind?"

"Well," she put her arms around my neck, "I think we should go back to your room and continue the honeymoon."

“You’re a woman after my heart.” I stood, wrapping an arm around her waist. “Why don’t we grab some lunch? We’re going to need our strength because I plan to make last night look like an appetizer compared to what I have in store for you.”

Reaching up, she kissed the dimple in my chin and smiled up at me. “That sounds like the perfect way to spend the rest of our honeymoon.”

I still couldn’t believe we had gotten married the night before. I hadn’t even asked her how her family would take the news that she married a complete stranger since I was so caught up in what my own family would think.

As if he knew I was thinking about him, Luke’s name flashed on my screen. I hit decline, not wanting to get into it with him out where everyone could hear. When my phone rang again, Everly looked down at my phone with concern.

“Do you need to answer that? It might be important.”

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“It’s my brother, so I need to answer it, but I’m not going to do it with an audience. Do you care if we go up to my room first and then we’ll get lunch?”

“How about we go upstairs and while you talk to your brother, I order some food and maybe some more champagne?”

“Sounds perfect, thank you.” I kissed the top of her head as my phone started to go off again. Hitting decline one more time, I sent Luke a quick message letting him know I would call him back in a few minutes. “I didn’t get a chance to ask you, but how will your family feel about missing you getting married?”

The corners of her mouth turned down. “It’s only me and my mom, and she’s not going to be happy. I’m not in any rush to tell her that way I don’t have to listen to her yell at me.”

I tapped my phone. “That’s what I’m afraid is going to happen when I talk to Luke. I already talked to his wife today and filled her in. I thought he’d wait until I was home to pounce on the opportunity to talk to me.”

Everly frowned, her fingers finding mine before she laced them together. “Is your brother overbearing?”

“Not at all, but he doesn’t want me making stupid mistakes either. Not that I’m saying we’re a mistake, but...” Fuck, had I stuck a foot in my mouth?

“It’s okay, I get it. It’s not the most opportune way to start a relationship. While I really like you, Leo, I’m going to have the same problem with my mom. Do you have

other family who will be calling?”

“My parents, a sister, and two brothers. I’m the baby of the family, so they’re a little protective of me,” I answered as we stepped out of the elevator and started the short trek to my room.

“That’s sweet. I always wanted a brother or a sister. It was sometimes lonely growing up with it only being me and my mom and her working much of the time.”

“Well, my family, once they get to know you, will welcome you with open arms. They love my brother’s wife, Alex, and their son, Mason.”

“Their son—” Her forehead wrinkled, but before she could finish her thought, my phone started ringing again. “I guess you took too long.”

“I guess.” I let out a nervous chuckle. Using the keycard to open my hotel room door, I held it open to let Everly in first. “I have to be honest with you, with how many times he’s called, I’m a little nervous about what he’s going to say.”

“You won’t know until you answer. Do you want me to leave while you talk to him?”

She was probably thinking I’d lied about my family with how many times Luke had called in the last few minutes.

“Please, stay. You order our lunch while I talk to him.” Leaning down, I brushed my lips to hers before I hit accept on my phone. Striding over to the window that looked out over the strip, I greeted my brother. “I said to give me a few minutes. I was in a crowd and couldn’t answer.”

“Fuck, Leo, you let Alex tell me you got drunk and married in Vegas and you thought I’d wait to talk to you?”

Leaning my head on the cool glass, I answered, “I thought you could wait until I got to my new place tomorrow.”

“You thought wrong. Fuck, Leo, what if she only married you because of your last name? What if she thinks you have money?”

“She has no idea who you are.”

“Are you sure about that?” he asked, skeptically.

“I mean, she might know who you are, but not that we’re related. Everly was the maid of honor for Jordan’s wedding. Plus, I’ve barely even talked about you for her to know who you are.” I was surprised Luke’s thoughts had gone there first. Not that he didn’t have the right to because he was a big movie star, but damn it made me feel like shit.

“Are you saying a girl can’t like me for me?”

He sighed my name out. “That’s not it at all, but I don’t want someone trying to take advantage of you or for you to get hurt.” He bit out a curse. “I can’t believe you got married last night.”

“Do you remember when you called me the other day, and you had to yell into the phone to get my attention?”

“Yes, of course, I do. It was only two days ago.”

“It was because I saw her. The moment I spotted Everly, I was a goner. If you don’t believe me, wait until you meet her and then you’ll see.”

“The same girl, huh?” he chuckled.

“The same girl. Before I met her, I didn’t believe in fate, but I think I just might now. You’ll never believe where she lives?”

“Fairlane?” he asked, hopeful. Luke and Alex had begged me to look for a job close to them, but my heart was set on California. Maybe someday I’d move to Fairlane to be closer to my brother.

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“Not even close,” I laughed. “She lives in Oasis. I know we did this backward, but we’re going to try to make this work.”

“I only want you to be happy. You know that.”

“I do, and I love you for always looking out for me. I hate to cut this short, but Everly just ordered us lunch and then we’re going to...”

“Yeah, I get the idea.” He chuckled down the line. “Enjoy yourself, but please don’t get her pregnant. Wait until you love her before you bring a life into the mix.”

Thoughts of last night and running out of condoms raced through my mind. While I loved kids, I was too young to be a father.

“I’ll call you when I get to my place. Maybe we can FaceTime so I can see if Alex’s belly has grown any.”

Luke barked out a laugh. “Don’t let your new wife get the impression you’ve got the hots for your sister-in-law.”

“I won’t,” I laughed. “Talk soon.”

“Love you, little brother. Talk soon,” he replied before he hung up.

Before I could turn around, I felt a hand on the middle of my back. “I couldn’t help but overhear some of your conversation.”

Turning to face her, I took her hand in mine and kissed the inside of her palm. “I wasn’t trying to hide anything.”

“Okay.” She swallowed nervously. “Who is your brother? Is he like some Swedish mob king?”

Falling back against the window, I laughed harder than I had in a long time. Luke, a mob king? I couldn't wait to tell him she thought he might be the head of the Swedish mob.

Wiping away a tear once I stopped laughing, I straightened up to stand and pulled Everly over to the couch. Keeping her hand in mine, I tried not to laugh as I explained who Luke was.

“I’m pretty sure there is no Swedish mob, and if there is, Luke has nothing to do with them.”

“I literally know zero about Sweden except that it’s cold there for a good portion of the year.”

It does get cold in Sweden, but that didn’t matter in this instance. “My brother lives in Fairlane, Missouri with his pregnant wife and stepson. Have you heard of Luke Sandström?”

She bit on her bottom lip before she asked. “Like the movie star?”

“Exactly like the movie star.”

“I mean, yeah, I’ve heard of him, who hasn’t. I remember seeing a picture of him and his wife. She’s super pretty.”

“She is...and she’s pregnant with my niece or nephew.”

“Wait, a minute. Are you saying your brother is Luke Sandström?”

“I am,” I answered hesitantly. Fuck, I didn’t want her to be some crazy fan I’d never be able to have around my brother or his family.

She hummed to herself and held up her left hand. “So, you’re Leo Sandström, and that would make me Everly Sandström.”

“If you change your last name it would be. Please don’t tell me you’ve got some crush on my brother or something along those lines.”

She opened her mouth once, then twice before she clamped it shut. Biting on the inside of her cheek, she stared at me for a long minute. “While I think your brother is good looking, older men are not my thing, and married men are definitely not what I’m interested in. I like men my age with brownish-blond hair, a little scruff to their jaw, and piercing blue eyes.” She ran her hand across my stubble. “If you’re still questioning who’s my type, it’s you, Leo. I like you. Not your brother.”

“Thank fuck,” I muttered as I crashed my mouth to hers. Devouring her until we had to come up for air. Only then did we break apart.

Panting, she smiled up at me, her hands going to my zipper. “If you’d like, I can give you a demonstration of how much I like you until the food arrives.”

“Show me,” I growled.

Everly

“So...um...I’ll call you later in the week, and we’ll figure out when we can get together.” Leo ran his thumb over my ring, a habit he seemed to have acquired during our short time together. I hooked my pinky with his. “This feels weird, right?”

“My body is saying don’t leave her, but my mind is telling me it’s time to part until next time.”

“And which one is winning?” I knew what was winning in my case. After spending all day yesterday in our hotel room, mostly in bed, the outside world felt strange and wrong at just the thought of being without him.

“It shouldn’t be so hard, but I don’t want to leave you. Maybe as a reward for getting my bedroom unpacked or whichever room has the least number of boxes, I can call you tonight. It’s not the same, but I do have to unpack all my belongings. It’s not much since this is the first time, I’m living on my own in something bigger than a dorm or a studio apartment, but I’ve got a lot of work to do before I have to show up at my actual job in two days.”

“Hey,” I took his hand in both of mine, and smiled up at him, “I get it. You don’t need to explain. I can’t imagine having all my shit moved to another country and being out of town while it happened only to come home from a wedding to end up being married myself. Then you’ve got to unpack and start a new job. It’s crazy and probably overwhelming as well. Please don’t let me be part of the madness.”

“You’re not part of the madness. At least not yet.” He winked at me. “I don’t want

you to think I'm ghosting you if you don't hear from me for a couple of days."

Canting my head to the side, I smirked up at him. "I thought you were going to call me tonight as your reward for unpacking some."

"That's the plan." He looked over my shoulder and I watched as his shoulders sagged. "That's my Uber. Are you sure you'll be okay here until your car comes?"

Leo pulled me into his arms and gave me probably one of the best hugs I'd ever received. My head fit snugly between his pecs while one arm spanned from the bottom of my back all the way to the top. His other hand cradled my head as if I was something precious.

"I'll be fine. It's sweet you're worried about me, but you really don't need to," I muttered into his chest.

He pulled away and my stomach fell in disappointment, thinking he was going to walk away.

Dropping his bag to the ground, Leo swooped in and laid the mother of all kisses on me. The way his lips moved over mine as if he was taking little sips of me until the next time he saw me, had me swaying on my feet when he eventually pulled back and let me go.

"I'll talk to you soon. If you have any problems, give me a call, okay?"

"I will. Bye, Leo," I called as he threw his bags into the trunk and then got inside the waiting car.

As the car drove away, he lifted his hand in goodbye. Tears welled up in my eyes, making it difficult to see his retreating form. Somehow, in the last seventy-two hours,

Leo had burrowed himself into my heart.

I only hoped he wouldn't break it.

Forty minutes later, my Uber driver was dropping me off at my apartment building. I was tired after not sleeping much of the weekend, but knew I needed to drop off my suitcase and head to the grocery store since I had no food in the refrigerator and had to work for the next six days straight.

Pulling my suitcase behind me, I walked down the corridor and hit the elevator button only to see the damn thing was out of order.

Even though I only lived on the second floor, I really didn't want to have to carry my heavy ass suitcase up a flight of stairs and down the long hallway. If it wasn't almost certain my suitcase would be stolen by the time I came down for it later, I would have left it downstairs. Instead, I slowly hauled my ass and my suitcase up the flight of stairs, panting and sweaty by the time I reached the top. Luckily, it was a weekday and the middle of the afternoon, so most people in my building were gone, and no one saw me looking like someone who just walked off a horror movie set.

Pulling my keys out of my purse, I started to put my key in the lock when I noticed my door was ajar. How much more could go wrong with my building today? Letting out an annoyed sigh, I opened my door and peeked inside. I hoped I'd maybe forgotten to close and lock my door even though I'd never done that before and all would be fine, but as I stepped further into my apartment, I knew that wasn't the case.

Leaving my suitcase by the door, I silently inspected my tiny apartment in case someone was still inside. With each room, I found the place torn apart more than the last room. The cushions on my couch were ripped open, and the stuffing was thrown all over the living room, the lamp on my end table was smashed on the floor. All the food I did have in my fridge was thrown on the floor with the door left open. The

only thing in the bathroom that was trashed was the mirror. I hoped whoever broke it got seven years of bad luck. Hell, I wanted them to have bad luck for the rest of their life for breaking into my place and trashing it.

I'm not sure what I thought my bedroom would look like when I stepped inside, but it wasn't for my mattress to be against the wall with giant slashes in it, nor did I think there'd be some symbol spray painted on the wall.

Pulling out my phone, I dialed 911 and let them know someone had broken in while I'd been away the last few days. Slumping down on the floor since I had no place to sit, I sat wondering what I was going to do. I was informed the police had been out to my apartment yesterday when someone had noticed my door was left open. They'd informed the landlord who was to then have the maintenance man secure my door, but that obviously hadn't happened. All I had to do was come down to the station to give a statement and to give a list of anything that was missing.

My gaze swept over my bedroom and seeing all my belongings on the floor was too much for me. All I wanted to do was sleep and instead, I had this insurmountable hurdle in front of me.

With bleary eyes, I pulled Leo's name up and dialed his number even though I knew he was busy; he was the first person I wanted to talk to. My mom would freak out and tell me to move home with her, but that was never going to happen.

"Everly?" He answered after the first ring.

Instead of being able to speak, I broke down. Full on sobs wracked my body.

Leo continued to call out my name and with each shout he became more and more worried. It wasn't until he roared my name that I pulled myself together and answered him.

“I’m here. Sorry,” I sniffed. “I didn’t mean to worry you. I’m fine.”

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“Are you really because you just called me and have been crying into the phone for the last two minutes? It felt like a damn eternity, Everly.”

“I’m sorry for worrying you. My day has been shit since I left you. I wish we were still in Vegas,” I confessed with a hiccup. Leaning my forehead on my knees, I took some calming breaths until I was under control.

“What happened?”

“I’m sorry to bother you, but you were the first person I wanted to talk to.”

“I’m glad you called. Now, why don’t you tell me what went wrong.”

“Everything,” I let out a humorless laugh. Lifting my head, I caught sight of my room and nearly lost it again. Closing my eyes, I rested my head on the wall. “When I got to my apartment building, the elevator was out of order, but that’s nothing compared to what I found when I reached my apartment.” I sniffed and wiped my eyes with the heel of my hand.

“What happened, Everly? Are you sure you’re okay? I’m worried about you.”

“My place was broken into while I was gone, and everything is...” I swallowed the lump in my throat as flashes of the destruction flickered before my eyes. “It’s a mess. Someone tore my place to shreds and I don’t know why. Why would someone break in? I have nothing.” I thought back to the TV in the living room and didn’t remember seeing it. Was all of this for a lonely television?

“Is it safe to stay there?” he asked, worry in his tone.

“I think so. I didn’t even think to look to check the lock. I was too worried about someone still being inside. It doesn’t matter though. I don’t want to be here,” I cried. “But I have nowhere else to go. My mother would tell me it wasn’t safe for me to live alone and that I should move in with her and then she’d never let me leave the house.”

Standing up, I went to check to see if the door could be closed only to find my lock was broken. How had I missed that when I came inside?

Leo chuckled down the line. “Sounds like she cares, but maybe a little overprotective.”

“She does care. She’s never liked my apartment building, saying it’s unsafe, but it’s what I can afford. Rent in Oasis is just as bad as anywhere else in California.”

“I know,” he agreed. “When I was first offered the job here, I looked at places and couldn’t believe how much they wanted for such small accommodations. I was lucky a house and a car came with the job otherwise I’d be lucky to have enough money to eat.”

We were silent for a few moments. I listened to the way he breathed into the phone and let it calm me. After talking to Leo, the world didn’t seem like such a bad place to live in.

“Why don’t you come stay with me? My place is plenty big, and I promise to let you leave the house,” he joked. “If you’re not...I have furniture for two bedrooms if you need your own room, or we could...”

It was endearing that Leo was willing to give me my own room if I was

uncomfortable sharing a bed with him. There was no way in hell I'd be able to sleep in another bed knowing he was in bed alone.

"I wouldn't need my own room, but it's sweet of you to offer."

"So..." He drew the word out and left it hanging.

"I don't want to impose."

"You wouldn't be an imposition. I'd put you straight to work unpacking my things," he chuckled.

"Are you sure?" When I called, it was only to hear his voice. Never in a million years did I think he'd offer to let me to stay with him.

"One hundred percent. In the short amount of time we've been apart, I was already missing you."

I wasn't sure if he was only saying that to make me feel better or if he really meant it. Either way, I didn't care; I wanted to stay with him until I could get the mess cleaned up. I didn't want to do it, but I'd call in to work tomorrow and explain to Trixie what had happened, and I knew she'd give me the day off if I could rearrange all of my appointments.

"If you're sure." I tried to play off how excited I was to see him again, even if it had only been a little over an hour ago since my eyes last landed on him.

"Positive, why don't you give me your address and I'll come pick you up."

"You don't need to do that. I know you're busy. I can drive."

“I don’t want to be worrying about you until you get here. If I come get you, then I can make sure your place is secured when you leave.”

“That’s probably a good idea because I’m not handy in the least and I checked to see and my lock is broken.” I pouted, knowing he couldn’t see me. “Why would someone break into my place?”

“Because the world can be a shitty place. If it makes you feel better, my place has an alarm. I don’t know how to work it yet, but we’ll get it set up and going for tonight.”

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It did make me feel better, but it was more knowing Leo would be there to protect me if I needed it than anything else.

“I’d like that. I feel so...violated. In all my years living here, I’ve never even known someone who’s had their place broken into.”

“Look on the bright side, you could have been home when it happened, and it could have been a lot worse.”

I hadn’t thought of that. Would they have broken in while I was here, or would they have attacked me like they’d done to the rest of my belongings?

Not wanting to think about what might have happened if I had been home, I rattled off my address and then told him I’d send it in a text since he didn’t know his way around Oasis. Not that it was hard, but still, I didn’t want to be alone any longer than necessary.

“I’ll be there in...let me see how long my phone says. Ten minutes. Why don’t you get whatever else you’ll need for the next few days and I’ll be there when you’re done?”

“Thank you, Leo. You’re a lifesaver. I feel like you’re getting a bad impression of me. I don’t normally go to Vegas and get married, nor am I prone to break-ins.” I sounded like an idiot, but I didn’t want Leo to think I was a train wreck like I was appearing to be.

He chuckled and I could hear him moving around. “Don’t worry, that’s not the

impression I have of you, and don't worry, I'll be there soon."

We hung up, and I got to packing all the clothes I had on the floor. I wasn't sure if Leo would have a washer and dryer setup, but if he did, I wanted to wash all of my clothes. I didn't want to wear them knowing some asshole had touched them.

I still wasn't sure why Leo was coming to me, except to make sure my place was secure. If he'd given me his address, I could have easily driven there.

Since I had packed as lightly for my trip, I was gathering all my makeup and hair products when there was a light knock on my door and then Leo called inside, "Hello? Everly, are you here?"

"I'm in the back in the bathroom," I called as I sat down my hairdryer and started toward the front door. I'd only taken a few steps into the hall when Leo appeared like a knight in shining armor. He'd changed into a pair of black athletic shorts, a skintight white t-shirt that showcased his perfect abs, a pair of white tennis shoes with his hat on backwards. He looked like an all-American boy with bulging muscles that strained his tight shirt.

My eyes devoured him as I ran down the hall and threw myself into his arms. "Thank you for coming," I murmured into his neck.

His arms wrapped around me and held me to him. He took in a deep breath and then sat me down. He kept his hands on my arms as he looked me up and down. "I'm glad you called. I would have hated to know you stayed here after seeing how bad it is. Those fuckers really did a number on you, didn't they?"

I felt better now that he validated how bad it really was.

"I'm not going to lie, I would have been terrified to stay here, especially since I can't

lock my front door.”

His hand skimmed down my arm and took mine before he led me back to the door. “Do you have a hammer and some nails?” When I shook my head no, he asked. “How about a landlord or something? A maintenance man, perhaps? They should come and secure the door.”

There had been a number on my refrigerator to call if I had any problems, but I wasn’t sure if it was there now after the break in.

“I did have a number, but I’ve never had to use it. I’m not sure if I’ll be able to find it in the mess.” I bit my lip and looked toward the kitchen.

“Where is it? I can look while you get your stuff together.” His brows furrowed as he scanned the area. “Pack for at least a week. I don’t want you coming back here until we can be assured this won’t happen again.”

“Leo, that’s too long. I can’t impose on you like that.”

“You’re not. Trust me. You’re literally the only person I know here. I’ve only corresponded with one person from the office and to tell you the truth, he kind of seems like a tool, so I won’t be befriending him anytime soon. Plus, we’re married, right? There’s nothing wrong with you staying at my place.”

“So, you’re only inviting me so you’re not lonely,” my lips quirked up.

“And because I like you and spending time with you. We said we’d try to make this work. What better way to do that than to live together for the next week or so? Now, go finish packing.” He swatted my ass before he turned into the kitchen.

Going back to my room, I packed up everything I could find. I didn’t want to start

turning over furniture or getting into that. It would make it all too real. I heard Leo talking to someone, but wasn't sure if he'd found the number for the maintenance guy or if he'd called someone else, but he was putting my torn up cushions back on my couch in my living room when I came out.

He looked up from what he was doing. "Are you ready?"

"Ready." I slung my purse over my shoulder. "Thank you for this. You're really taking your vows seriously."

"I take marriage seriously. My parents have been together for damn...I don't even know off the top of my head, but they're what I've always hoped for. When you look at them, you can see the love in their eyes even after all these years. They're each other's best friend and lover."

No pressure at all.

"That's what I want as well, even if I have only witnessed it in movies and books. I want to love and be loved until my last breath."

“Til death do us part.”

9

Leo

Pulling up to my new place, I shut off the car. All my boxes had been placed inside my garage, making it impossible to park inside. My first goal was to place each box in the room they needed to be in.

The movers should have done that, but the guy from work who was there to supervise had to leave early, so he had them place all my stuff in the garage.

I was lucky all my belongings made it and hadn't gotten lost along the way. It would have been bad if I only had the belongings in my suitcase. It wouldn't have been a good look to show up on my first day of work in casual wear. From here on out, I'd be wearing a suit and tie from nine to five. It was going to take some getting used to, but that's what life was like as an adult. You had to do things all the time that you didn't want to do, or at least it seemed that way.

I watched as Everly parked beside me and then got out of her car. She stood staring at the house.

“This is the place your work set you up with?” Everly questioned after I came to stand beside her.

“It's pretty sweet, right? I mean, I would have been happy to have an apartment. I

only hope they don't expect me to be hosting parties and get-togethers."

Her eyes got big. "Do you think they will?"

"Nah, I don't think so. It was never mentioned."

"While I've never heard of them, I'd say they've done a good job of making their firm well represented. I mean, damn, this house has to be worth at least half a million and that's what I'm getting from the front yard. Then they give you an Audi to drive. You're living large right out of the gate."

It did seem a little much and almost made me think it was too good to be true.

"Well, if they wanted me to be living large, they should have fully furnished the place. There's no way I'll be able to match what they've provided."

Her big eyes landed on me. "It came furnished as well?"

"Most of it. There's one bedroom that's bare and there are no towels, pots or pans, or things like that."

"Do they do this for all their employees?"

Shrugging, I looked down at her. "Maybe. I did tell them I didn't have much. Plus, it would have cost an arm and a leg to ship furniture from Sweden to here. It probably saved them money in the long run."

"Damn," she breathed out.

I felt the same way. Never when I graduated, did I think I would be set up like this. Although it did take me almost a year to find the perfect job. It probably helped I'd

found it in Stockholm at an architecture firm that was starting out but had landed some prestigious jobs. Then one of my projects had done extraordinarily well.

Linking our fingers together, I tugged on her hand. “Are you ready to go inside?”

“More than ready.” She answered like a kid in a candy store.

I liked that she was excited to see my place, even if I had nothing to do with it.

“Leo,” she twirled around the entry, “this place is amazing.” She stopped and placed her hands on my chest. “What did you think when you saw all of this, or did you already know what it looked like?”

“I had no idea. My first thought was that I’d been sent to the wrong house.” I laughed. “But I figured since the key worked and the house was empty, I was in the right place. Do you like it?”

“I more than like it. I can’t believe you had to see my place looking like a total shithole. I mean, it’s never been anything fancy, but it’s nothing compared to this.”

“Your place was fine. Now, it would be different if that’s how you kept your house. I might have rescinded my invitation for you to stay with me if that was the case.”

“Really?” She laughed.

“That would be an asshole thing to do, but I might have told you I like a clean house or something.” I shrugged, but it was true. “Please tell me you don’t leave stuff everywhere.”

Raising a brow, she tried to keep her lips from twitching but failed. “And if I do?”

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Gripping her hips, I rubbed against her ass. “I’ll have to give you incentive to be a little tidier.”

“Well, if I was a messy person and your cock was my reward, I’d be the cleanest person in the whole county, maybe even the state.”

“Only the state? Maybe I can make it the whole country.”

Her eyes became half lidded as she looked at me and licked her lips.

I laughed, draping an arm over her shoulders. “Let’s grab your stuff from your car and I’ll show you to the master bedroom.”

“How about we make a deal?” she suggested.

I was intrigued, to say the least. “What kind of deal?”

“For every room we unpack, an orgasm is the reward.”

“Hmm,” I hummed. “I might have to go buy more things to fill the house if that’s the case.”

“That’s not playing fair, but have no fear, I don’t plan to withhold from you once we’re done. That would only punish me more.”

Fuck, I wanted her now. I loved how playful she was and the way she took our situation with such ease. If it had been anyone else, they probably would have run for

the hills and consulted a lawyer within the first ten minutes.

“I really need you to move or we’re going to get nothing done.” I wasn’t sure how much longer I could fight the pull of wanting her underneath me.

Everly looked me up and down with heat in her eyes. “I never would have thought this look would be a turn on, but damn you’re hot as fuck in it. You’ve got my hormones racing.”

“That’s not helping matters,” I confessed.

“I’m only trying to point out I feel it too, and it’s hard to fight the urge to not drop to my knees and blow you right here.”

Cupping my semi, I groaned. “Okay, let’s get your stuff and then I’ll give you a tour. Then I’ll work on one room and you can work on another otherwise I don’t see much progress in our future.”

“I can think of some progress, but not the type you need right now.” She winked before ducking out of my hold.

I hated the loss of her body heat and not being able to smell her, but it was for the best. I had to remember she was my reward, but I wouldn’t get my prize if I let my dick take control of my body.

After grabbing her suitcase and a duffel filled with so much stuff it could barely zip, I showed Everly the house and left her in the master bedroom to first unpack her things and then mine. I went back out to the garage where I’d been when she called and finished sorting the boxes.

Only then did I go about taking them to the rooms they belonged in.

Stopping by the bedroom, I ducked my head inside to see how Everly was progressing. “How’s it going?”

“Good.” She peeked her head out of the closet and bit her plump bottom lip. She’d put her long hair up into a ponytail. It was hanging over her shoulder with the end swishing back and forth across her breast. “Should I just leave my clothes in my bag? I mean, I don’t want to take up space in your closet.”

“You haven’t started to unpack them yet?”

“No, I pulled them all out and was inspecting them to see if there was any damage. Back at my place, I’d thrown them all in without looking. I want to wash them all before I do anything else with them. Even if they’re not dirty, they are, you know?”

That made sense. I was sure she felt violated after having someone go through all of her belongings.

“Wash them and put them in my closet and dresser. Wherever you want them. There’s no sense in living out of a bag while you’re here.”

“Okay.” Her mouth twisted to the side. “I didn’t want to overstep my bounds.”

“You’re not. This place is new to me. I have zero attachment to it, so please make yourself at home.” My only fear was I’d get used to her being here, and when it was time for her to leave, I wouldn’t want her to.

“How’s it going for you?”

“I got all the boxes to their respective rooms except in here. Now I need to decide which one to start with first.”

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“Why don’t you finish bringing in your bedroom stuff and then you could help me in here?”

I wasn’t sure if that was a good idea or not, but I decided to go with her suggestion.

Working with Everly so close was a lesson in restraint. Every few seconds, I looked over at her and watched as she bent over and showed off her perfect ass or how she’d reach up and her shirt would ride up showing her soft, tanned skin. Working with my dick hard was not something I’d recommend. I had to keep readjusting myself and pressing my hand to my dick, trying to convince him we needed to wait because I knew once I stripped her bare and had her underneath me, I wouldn’t want to stop until the morning.

Everly came into the room and threw the sheets she’d washed onto the mattress. Never in my wildest dreams did I think watching someone make my bed would turn me on, but there was something about Everly and the way her body moved that had me pushing aside my restraint and going to her.

She was leaning over the bed, trying to straighten out the top sheet, when I plastered the front of my body to hers and let her feel how hard she made me.

“Is that for me or did you put a brush in your pocket?” She giggled, reaching around to run her hand down my length.

“All for you. Do you know how hard it is to unpack while sporting a semi?” She cocked her head to the side as best as she could while turned to look at me. “It’s impossible. You’ve got me so damn hard.”

“I thought we were waiting until the room was unpacked.”

Leaning down, I nipped at her lips before I started kissing along her jaw. “I think we deserve a little reward for how hard we’ve been working.”

“I think I should reward you for coming and saving me and also for giving me a place to stay. How about you lay back and I show you how thankful I am?”

Rolling off her, I splayed myself out on the bed, giving her all of me to do with what she wanted. Pulling my shirt up to my neck, she ran her tongue along the flat disc of my nipple before she looked up at me with a wicked grin. Moving off the bed, she pulled off my shorts and boxers and let them fall to the ground.

She ran her fingernails down both legs, making me jerk at the sensation. Crawling onto the bed between my legs, Everly wrapped her fingers around the base of my shaft and slowly started to pump while her other hand cradled my balls. Leaning down, I thought she was going to take my dick in her mouth, but she went further and sucked on one ball while continuing to stroke me.

“Damn woman, you’d bring me to my knees if I was standing.” A low rumble fell from my lips when she let my ball slide out of her mouth only to come up and take me fully into her mouth until I was deep into her throat.

Instinctively, my hands went to her head, my fingers wrapping around the long strands of her hair and pulling it to the side, wanting to watch what she was doing to me.

“I don’t know what I like more, watching your pretty lips wrap around my cock or watching as your pussy stretches and takes me in.”

She moaned around my shaft, sending a pleasurable vibration through my body.

“Fuck, sweet girl, I want to be inside of you so bad. Do you want me as bad as I want you?”

Looking up from between my legs, she nodded as best as she could while continuing to suck me off.

“Play with yourself. I want to watch your fingers slip inside your pussy and come away slick with need.”

She moaned again, this time the vibration nearly brought me to release in her hot mouth, but I held off, needing more.

Removing her hand from my balls, she slid it down the front of her shorts and closed her eyes. When they opened again, they were full of fire.

“Dip your fingers inside and show me,” I demanded.

After this, I was going to demand she always wear skirts for easy access. I wanted to be able to slip my fingers inside her at any moment.

I watched transfixed as she moved her hand and then pulled out two fingers coated in her want for me.

The urge to pull her onto my face was unlike anything I’d felt before.

“Fuck, that’s hot. I need to taste you again. I’m not sure I’ll ever get enough of you.”

As if to prove my point, her head bobbed faster as she hallowed out her cheeks. I swore she was trying to break me. I’d gladly let her take me down if this was the way I’d go.

When heat shot down my spine, I gripped her hair tighter. “I’m close. If you don’t want me to fill your mouth with my cum, you need to let me know now.”

There was a moment where she only looked at me before she started to suck harder. My hips thrust up, making her take me as far as she could handle as I came down her throat.

Letting my dick pop free, she licked me clean before placing a soft kiss on the tip and crawling up my body.

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She curled into my side, spent as if she just got off herself. “Hopefully that will help for a little while,” she let out a yawn, the puff of breath tickling my neck. “I’m in desperate need of a nap. Do you think I could take a break?”

Pulling her closer, I kissed the top of her head. “You’re not here on a work program. You’re free to do whatever you want whenever you want.” Especially if it was giving me the best blowjobs of my life.

“I just feel bad. You have so much work to do and I’ll be here curled up on your soft, comfy bed.” She hummed and wiggled to get more comfortable. “Whoever decorated your house did a good job, especially when picking out this bed. It’s going to be hard to get out of it in the morning.”

“Sleep and I’ll see you when you wake up. Maybe I’ll have a room or two done and some food.”

“Mmm, food.” She yawned, looking adorable.

I had a feeling it was going to be hard to get out of bed for an entirely different reason, and that reason was Everly.

10

Everly

After cleaning up after my last client, I moved to the break room where Trixie was talking to her friend and ex-employee Coco.

The moment I walked into the room; Trixie pounced. “You never told me who the hottie was that dropped you off this morning.”

Imagine my embarrassment when I went to start my older model Toyota Camry that stood out like a sore thumb in Leo’s neighborhood, only for it not to start. Not only did it stick out, but then I had to go inside and ask for a ride to work.

I could feel the heat crawl up my neck to my cheeks at what I was about to admit to her.

“What would you think if I told you he was my husband?”

“I’d think you have some explaining to do since you didn’t have one last week.” Her brows knitted as she twisted her pink hair with her fingers. “Wait a minute, didn’t you take off so you could go to a wedding? You didn’t say it was your own. I would have given you more time off if that was the case.”

“It was for my best friend, Camilla. Now ex-best friend, but that’s a whole other story.”

“Yes, it is, and I want to hear about the one where you’re now married. Don’t you?” She looked to Coco with confusion written on her face.

“I miss all the gossip of working here and it sounds like a juicy story, so I’m all in for hearing about it.”

“All in for what?” a deep voice asked from behind me.

Coco’s face lit up. She got up and moved around me. “Hey, baby, you’re early.”

I turned in time to see the handsome and slightly rugged man dip down and kiss her.

Looking around the room, he gave us a small smile and said good evening to us before all of his attention went back to his wife.

“I got done early and wanted to take my girl to dinner but take all the time you need. Maybe you can give me a little trim while we’re here if that’s allowed.”

“Bodhi, Bodhi, Bodhi,” Trixie said, shaking her head with a smile. “How many times have I told you, you and Coco are always welcome here? If you want her to cut your hair, then she can use my station.”

“Thanks, Trixie, it’s getting a little long on the top, and I thought since we were here, we might as well kill two birds with one stone.”

“Let’s move this conversation out to the salon.” Trixie all but dragged me out there, and I knew there was no way I was going to get out of telling her what happened.

Bodhi sat down at Trixie’s station with Coco draping a cape around his shoulders. I sat down in my chair while Trixie took the one next to me.

She picked up my left hand and narrowed her eyes at my ring finger. It was bare. Not because I was hiding I was married, but I didn’t want to wear it while I worked. I washed my hands so many times when I was at work and didn’t want to have to keep taking it off and putting it on. “Now spill all the dirty details.”

Taking my hand back from her, I took a deep breath and let it out before I went on to explain what had happened in Vegas and even told them about Camilla and how our friendship ended. The only thing I didn’t tell them was who Leo’s brother was.

Trixie stared at me for a full minute when I was done. I was thankful she’d let me tell my story without interrupting, but now she was making me nervous as she sat quietly looking me over.

Coco was the one who broke the silence. “Wow, you had a very eventful weekend.”

Since he only needed a trim, Coco brushed Bodhi off before she took off his cape. He stood a few feet away with his brows pulled together. “Do you have any idea who might have broken in?” I had no idea, so I shook my head. I still hadn’t wrapped my head around why someone would target me. “Do you need me to check on your apartment before you go back?”

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“I did that last night,” Leo said from out of nowhere. I whirled around to see him standing by the door with a sexy grin on his face. When had he arrived?

“And you must be the husband.” Trixie stood and went over to shake Leo’s hand.

“That would be me. Nice to meet you. You must be Trixie.”

“Oh, has Everly been talking about me?” She smiled, preening up at him.

“She mentioned your name and pink hair. We haven’t had a lot of time to talk.” He smirked.

Dear god, had he heard me talk about all the sex we had? I would die if he did. It was bad enough Bodhi heard it, but I couldn’t very well make him leave the room once I started.

Everyone went around and introduced themselves as I stood back and watched. Somehow, Leo fit into my life with ease when most guys would have run for the hills in our situation.

“Well, I don’t know if you’re both smart or stupid for staying married, but either way I’ll support you. If you hurt her though, I will come after you.” The look on Trixie’s face let me know she meant business.

“I don’t plan on it,” Leo replied, looking at me with soft eyes.

Coco moved to Bodhi’s side and leaned against his tall frame. “I can’t believe your

place was broken into. That's a lot to come home to."

"It was. I feel so..."

"Violated? It's not a good feeling. If there's anything I can do, even if it's only to talk, I'm here."

"Thank you." I didn't know Coco all that well, but she seemed like a sweet person.

"Do the police have any leads? Were any other apartments broken into?" Bodhi asked, pulling Coco against him as if talking about all this was making him remember their past.

"Nothing. When I went to the station this morning, they said no one else had reported a break in."

"Maybe it was someone who lives in your building and noticed you were away. Did you tell anyone you'd be gone?" Bodhi asked.

"No one. I only speak to a few people who live there. Most people keep to themselves like me." It didn't make me feel good I was the only one whose apartment had been broken into. What were the odds? "At least Leo took me in, and I feel safe there. I'm not sure I'll ever feel safe in my apartment again after coming home to that."

Moving to me, Leo brought me into a warm hug. "You're welcome to stay with me for as long as you need."

"Maybe since you're married, she should just move in." Trixie stated it like it should be law, making me pull away from Leo to give her big eyes.

"I can't do that."

“Why not? You want to make this marriage work and you’re at his place right now. How is it going to work if you move out?”

I didn’t have any answers for her, but I couldn’t just move in with Leo after knowing him a few days, could I?

“I kind of have to agree with her,” Leo said, looking down at me. “You said you’d never feel safe and you’re already at my place.”

Looking up at him, I spoke only for him to hear. “Why don’t we talk about this later when we don’t have an audience?”

A brief flash of hurt crossed over his face before he nodded.

“It’s probably nothing, but stay vigilant with your safety. When my ex-boyfriend was stalking me, I thought it was my imagination at first and pushed it to the back of my mind. If it wasn’t for Bodhi, I’d probably be dead.”

Bodhi wrapped an arm around her in a possessive hold. They’d been through a lot in the beginning, but it made them both stronger.

“Let’s not forget the serial killer,” Bodhi said, tightening his grip on his wife. “That should make everyone be more cautious.”

“That’s not something I’ll ever forget.” Trixie started to sweep up the hair that was on the floor from Bodhi’s haircut.

Trixie didn’t like to talk about how one of her clients had been abducted outside her salon or how it forced her into hiding until the killer was caught. I couldn’t imagine how scary it had been for her. I’d say the one good thing that came out of the situation was Trixie had one hot cop boyfriend. He was a dead ringer for Clark Kent.

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Leo looked around the room as if someone might jump out at any moment. “I thought you were joking when you said a serial killer was in your town.”

“It does sound crazy, doesn’t it?” Coco answered him with a tentative smile. “I don’t know about you guys, but I’m ready to get out of here and for my husband to take me on our date.”

I knew Coco was taking the attention off the topic of Oasis serial killer in case Trixie got triggered.

Leo smiled and waved as Coco and Bodhi left out the front door. “Well, it was good meeting you. I’m sure I’ll be seeing more of you.”

Trixie locked the front door before she turned to him. “Yes, now that you’ve married our girl, I expect to be seeing lots more of you.”

I gave Trixie a side hug and whispered in her ear, “If you give him too much of a hard time, he might regret his decision and file for divorce.”

“Then you’re not seeing the way he looks at you.” She nudged me in the side and winked at me. “Go have fun and be open to living with him because he’s right.”

I gave her a fake smile and called out, “Good night!”

Wrapping my hand around his elbow, I dragged Leo out the backdoor of the salon. “Please ignore Trixie. She means well, but can be a bit much sometimes.”

“It didn’t bother me.” He held open the passenger door for me and didn’t close it until I was safely inside and buckled up. I had a feeling he wanted to say more, and I was right. The second he sat behind the steering wheel, he turned to me with a question on his face.

I wasn’t sure if it was about something he heard inside or if it had to do with me living with him.

“What?”

He looked around the parking lot, and his shoulders shook. “I’m kind of dumbfounded by this town and the people you know.”

“What do you mean?”

“Hearing about stalkers and serial killers isn’t normal, Everly. These are plots to movies my brother’s in, and to think it happened here is...I don’t have words for it.”

“Well, my thought is that since all that has already happened, what else is there to throw at us.”

“I’m sure there’s something.” He chuckled. “Was your boss a part of it?”

“Yeah.” I nodded. “She doesn’t like to talk about it, so I don’t know much. What I do know is one of her customers was almost abducted outside in this very parking lot, but managed to get away. Trixie hid out or something with her and the two cops. One thing led to another and now Tate is her boyfriend. It was before I started working here, so I haven’t asked questions.”

“I wouldn’t either. Do you think that’s why I got this sweet job?”

“What do you mean?”

“Because no one wants to move to a town where there are stalkers and serial killers.”

“If that was the case, no one would live in lots of towns. I think you got the job because you’re a good architect or whatever you do.”

“Whatever I do.” He chuckled to himself. “How about you and I go on a date and learn a bit more about each other?”

I leaned over the console and kissed his cheek. “I’d like that.”

Turning the car on and pulling out of the parking lot, Leo didn’t look at me as he spoke. “Yesterday I didn’t think much of your place being broken into, but after learning about all this other stuff, I really don’t like it.”

“Me either. Especially knowing no one else’s was broken into, but what am I going to do?”

“I know one thing. This weekend we’re going to pack up your apartment and move the rest of your things to my house.”

And then I knew he was crazy. “Don’t you think you should live with me for more than twenty-four hours before you decide that?”

“Nope, we may be doing everything backwards, but I’m not letting you go back there. Not to a place where I can’t protect you from all the bad people in the world.”

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Leo

May

Placing my hand on Everly's knee, I tried to calm her down. "Don't be nervous."

"Easy for you to say; my mom loves you. She thinks you're absolutely perfect." Her teeth went to her upper lip where she started to gnaw on it.

Pulling her lip out from between her teeth, I ran my thumb over it. "Well, it's easy since I'm the perfect husband." I smiled big at her.

"Oh, Leo." She frowned. "I didn't mean to make you feel as if you weren't. You are perfect. At least for me."

"I know you didn't, sweet girl. Trust me when I say Luke will love you. He's the most mellow dude ever unless you fuck with his family."

"Yeah, not helping. You are his family, and the youngest."

True.

Everly had been worried my family would think she was using me after I made her give up her apartment. It didn't matter how many times I'd tried to reassure her. I hoped after meeting Luke, she'd see she had nothing to worry about.

"Alex loved you from the moment I mentioned you. She's been wanting me to have a

girlfriend since I met her. Really, I don't think you have anything to worry about. They're so damn tired they don't have time to hate anyone. If you hold the baby or make it so they can take a nap, they'll love you for life."

"I love babies, so I'll happily watch her while they get some rest. The picture your brother sent the other day was so cute."

"Yeah, Mason is ecstatic to be a big brother. Gracie's lucky Mason is so much older than she is because I have a feeling he's going to be crazy overprotective of her."

"Oh, that's sweet. It makes me wish I had an older brother growing up. What was it like for you?"

"We've always been close, but I've been the closest to Luke even though he's been out of the house most of my life. He made sure to always call or come visit when he could. Liam scared all the boys away from Stella, so they've had a love/hate relationship since high school. By the time I got to high school everyone had moved out of the house and it was just mom and dad and me."

"Aren't you going to miss your family being here in the United States?"

We pulled up to the gate of Luke and Alex's neighborhood, and I put in the code. I knew if I got her talking, Everly would forget about her nerves.

"I'm sure I'll miss them, but I knew they wouldn't be happy if I held myself back. They'll come here, especially now that they have a granddaughter to dote on and we'll go there."

"You want me to go to Sweden with you?" Her face was a mask of shock.

"Of course, I want you to come. Maybe we can go this Christmas unless they come

here.”

“I don’t even have a passport.”

“Then I guess we better get you one just in case.” I pulled up to Luke’s house and turned off the car. I hoped they’d give us a few minutes to get out of the car. I didn’t want Everly to have a panic attack in front of them, and with the way her breaths had increased, and her hands twisted in her lap, she was close to having one. Taking off my seatbelt, I turned to her and pulled Everly into my arms. “I don’t know what you’re so afraid of. You’re amazing and even if they don’t like you for some crazy reason, I’m not going to go home and file for divorce. I can’t imagine my life or my home without you in it.”

Her arms tightened around my neck. “Now you’re going to make me cry and mess up my makeup.” She took a deep breath in and held it for a long moment before she let it out. “I don’t know why I’m so emotional.”

I didn’t know either. Everly was always calm. Even after she’d had someone break into her apartment, she’d remained calm, but the prospect of coming face to face with Luke and Alex and she was shaking to death.

“What can I do to help?”

She pulled back with tears close to escaping her beautiful blue eyes. “Don’t leave me alone with anyone until I’m ready. I don’t want to get cornered and freak out.”

“I promise.” I didn’t want to argue with her that no one would be pushing for any answers, nor did I think she’d freak out. “We really could get out though before they wonder what’s taking us so long and come to the car to greet us.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right.” She bit her bottom lip and now that I wasn’t driving, I

could remedy the problem the way I wanted to. Pulling her lip out from between her teeth with my thumb, I leaned forward and nibbled on it for myself before I swept my tongue inside and devoured her. I didn't pull back until I needed to take a break for some much needed air.

Opening my eyes, I found Everly's eyes still closed with a peaceful look on her face. In that moment, I knew I loved her. The last three months had been the best of my life, and I didn't know what I'd do if she up and decided she wanted to walk out of my life.

The words were on the tip of my tongue, but I thought maybe I should save them for a better time.

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Giving her one last kiss, I helped her out of the car. Everly's hold on my hand as we walked up the sidewalk was a vice grip. It felt as if she was trying to cut off the circulation, so we'd have to go to the hospital and leave.

My hand was almost to the door, ready to knock, when the door flew open and Luke stood on the other side. One minute I was standing outside and the next I was lifted up and in a bear hug.

"I missed you so damn much," he murmured in my ear as he continued to hug me.

"I missed you too." I patted him on the back. I wanted to say it hadn't been that long, but we didn't get to see each other very often.

He dropped me to my feet before he gave Everly a much gentler hug. "I'm so happy you're here."

"Me too. It's so good to meet you."

A flash of blonde came from behind Luke and pulled me into a big hug. She pulled back with tears dancing in her eyes. "I'm so glad you could come for Luke's birthday."

"I didn't come for his birthday. I came to see my niece and spoil my nephew for a few days. Where are they?" I asked, looking over her head.

"Mason is over at his friend, Ben's house. Taylor will bring him home soon, and Gracie is taking a nap." I started to move by her, but she held onto my arms and

narrowed her eyes at me. “Do not wake her up.”

Luke looked at me over his wife and shook his head. It was then I noticed the dark circles under their eyes and wondered how much sleep they’d been getting.

“You must be Everly,” Alex gave her a short hug and then wrapped herself around Luke. He looked like he was holding her up.

“Why don’t we sit down. You two look like you could use the rest.”

“Last night was a bad night. We only got a couple of hours of sleep. We think Gracie has colic. The second one of us falls asleep while rocking her, she starts crying.”

“And she eats every two hours so not much sleep for mama,” Luke supplied.

“Or daddy. He gets up with every feeding, even though I told him he doesn’t need to. He’s the best dad ever.”

Luke sat down beside her, pulling Alex flush against him, almost pulling her into his lap, and beamed at the praise.

Fatherhood looked good on my brother. He’d been great with Mason, but it was entirely different seeing how crazily overprotective he got of Alex with her pregnancy and hearing him doing baby talk to their daughter over the phone. I knew Luke was happy he turned down a three part movie deal that would have changed their lives. Some for the good, but I think it would have hurt them more than anything. They never would have had any privacy.

Pulling Everly over to the other couch, I pulled her down with me and kept her hand in mine. “You look happy, bro.”

“The happiest I’ve ever been. I can say the same for you. I swear you’ve grown up since you graduated.”

“It’s the facial hair,” I joked, dragging my hand over the scruff I was sporting. Everly seemed to like it, so I thought I’d keep it until she told me to get rid of it.

“Are you guys hungry? I could make you a sandwich or heat up some lasagna I made last night.” My stomach rumbled at the thought of her lasagna. “I’ll take that as a yes.”

Alex jumped up and was halfway to the kitchen before I stopped her.

“I’m starved now that you mentioned food, but I can heat it up for us. Why don’t you two lay down and if the baby wakes up, we’ll get her?”

“Are you sure? We didn’t ask you here to be babysitters.”

Drawing her away from the kitchen, I directed Alex straight into Luke’s arms. “I’m more than sure, and I’m not a babysitter. I’m Gracie and Mason’s uncle.”

Luke dragged Alex out of the room but stopped as they started for the stairs and looked at us over his shoulder. “If you need anything, you know where to find us.”

I held my hand out to Everly for her to take. “Come on, babe. I’m dying to eat some of Alex’s lasagna, even if it is a day old. She’s an excellent cook.”

Taking my hand, Everly let me guide her into the kitchen. “Are you saying I should learn how to cook more than just scrambled eggs and spaghetti?”

“Not if you don’t want to, but I wouldn’t be opposed.” I was pulled to a stop when Everly’s eyes landed on the kitchen. It was pretty spectacular. It was a cook’s dream

kitchen with top of the line appliances, marble countertops with a farmer's sink. There was a big window that looked out to the backyard where they had a pool.

Their house was gorgeous, and Luke had worked his ass off since coming to America for it. It wasn't until he met Alex that he started to slow down and had bought a couple of houses for them to live in. One in Fairlane and one in LA for when he was filming.

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“This house is gorgeous. Not that I’d expect anything less, but wow.” Her mouth hung open as she took in the space. “I’m glad they went to take a nap before I made a fool out of myself. I’m kind of freaking out here.”

Shaking my head at her, I went to the fridge and pulled out the lasagna and went about putting it on two plates to warm it up. “So, maybe now isn’t a good time to tell you that Colton Patrick lives in the neighborhood, and he and his wife, Anna might be coming to the party?”

“I think you should have warned me before we came,” she whisper-yelled at me from across the island. “I would have brought a lot nicer clothes if I’d known or I could’ve gone shopping. Is there anyone else who might pop in I should know about?”

I thought about that for a minute. “Gabi from Shadowed Alley and Reeves Jenner and his wife. They’ve also got some famous author as a friend, but she writes under some pen name and I don’t know what it is.”

“Leo, this is not alright! I should have been warned I was coming to some star-studded event,” she hissed.

“Why? You just met my brother and as you can tell he’s perfectly normal just like the rest of them. It’s no big deal.”

“Easy for you to say. You’ve been around this for more than a minute.” Her face turned red, and she turned and walked to the window.

Was she mad at me?

Who would have thought taking her home to meet my brother would result in our first fight? She'd given in pretty quickly when I told her she was not going to go back and live in her apartment. Every day up until today she was sweet, caring, and sexy as hell, but today she was all over the place.

After putting the second plate in the microwave, I walked over to her but kept my distance by a couple of feet. "Are you mad at me?"

She turned to look over her shoulder. "You think?"

"I didn't think it would matter. Trust me, Luke and Alex don't surround themselves with assholes. The reason they like it here is that everyone treats them like normal everyday people."

"I can't deal with this. I need a little time to myself," she whispered the last as she hung her head and walked out of the kitchen.

For a moment I was shocked. How was this happening to me? I'd come to the realization I loved Everly, and now it felt like I might lose her.

I couldn't let that happen. Not now. Not ever. I did the only thing I could do. I went after my wife.

Closing the front door behind me, I found Everly sitting in the passenger seat with her hands covering her face as she cried.

Opening the door, I knelt on the ground, took her hands away from her face, and held them in one of mine while I dried her tears with the other. "Babe, what's going on? This is so unlike you. Talk to me."

"I think I'm pregnant."

Everly

“Is everything okay out here?” a woman asked from her driveway.

Leo’s brows drew together. “Everything’s fine. Just getting some air,” Leo called back. He stood to his full height and held his hand out to me. “How about we go inside and talk about this?”

“Do you hate me? I wouldn’t blame you if you want to get a lawyer.” I spoke the last barely loud enough for him to hear, but I knew he did when his jaw clenched.

He stayed silent as we made the short trek up the sidewalk. Alex and Luke were standing in their living room with worried expressions on their faces when we walked inside.

“Are we in the same room I’ve stayed in before?” Leo asked as he bypassed them.

“Oh, I thought you might want a little extra privacy, so I set up the last bedroom in the basement if that’s okay with you.” Alex chewed on her bottom lip.

“That’s perfect.” He nodded as he guided me to a set of stairs that led down to the basement. “We’ll...I’ll be up in a little bit.”

“I shouldn’t be taking you away from your family.” I should have been able to keep myself together better, but when I realized I’d missed my period and I might be pregnant, I couldn’t stop freaking out. Now I looked like a basket case in front of Leo’s brother and sister-in-law. I wasn’t sure how I’d ever be able to redeem myself with them.

Leo didn't answer. His only response was to quicken his steps as he guided us down a hall. Once inside, he turned on a light, closed and locked the door, and then started to pace. He stopped once, and I thought he might say something only for him to start again.

"I'm sorry I've blown your trip to see your new niece. That was never my intention," I started, but stop when Leo fell on the bed and covered his eyes. Tears welled up, knowing he was going to end things.

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“When did you find out?” he asked without looking at me.

“I don’t know for sure, but in the car, I was thinking I forgot to pack something, but I couldn’t figure out what it was. Then I remembered thinking when we were planning to come last week how I was going to need to pack items for my period, only I forgot. I started calculating in my head and I’m late. Two weeks late, Leo.” My voice rose until I was nearly shrieking. “I’ve never been late once in my entire life.”

Leo sat up and stared at me for a long moment before he patted the bed beside him. This was it. This was the moment when he told me he should have filed for divorce the second we landed in California.

The last three months had been the best of my life, I had fallen hard for Leo and now I’d fucked it all up.

I went to sit on the bed beside him, but Leo pulled me onto his lap and held me tight to him. With my back to him, I couldn’t see him, but I could hear him as he took in a deep breath.

“While I don’t think either of us is ready, nor were we planning on having kids anytime soon, we can do this if you are indeed pregnant. The first step is you need to calm down. I’m not going anywhere; I can promise you that. You should not bear the burden of worry when I’m to blame for not wrapping it up. There’s something about you Everly that makes me forget all reason.”

Tears trailed down my cheeks as I turned on his lap. I threw my arms around his neck and cried.

“Hey, sweet girl. It’s going to be okay.”

“I’m sorry. I thought you’d be mad,” I cried out.

“How can I be mad when you told me you weren’t on birth control? I’m the one who should be apologizing. Never once have I asked if you ever wanted kids.”

“I do, but I was thinking when I was thirty not twenty-two.”

He rubbed his hands up and down my back while leaning his head against mine. The simple gesture meant more to me than any words could in that moment.

“We need to go to the store and buy you a pregnancy test, so we can know one way or the other.”

Raising my head to look at him, I knew I looked like a hot mess. Mascara was most likely all over my face, but I never would have guessed with the way Leo looked at me. His blue eyes were warm and his face soft as he took me in. I cupped his stubbly cheeks as I rested my forehead to his.

“Are you going to tell them why I freaked out?”

He kissed the corner of my mouth. “There’s no reason to hide it.”

“Only the fact that they’ll definitely think I’m irresponsible. First, we get married while drunk and three months later, I’m pregnant. I’m the poster child for irresponsibility.”

“Not even close, but I do think we should talk to them about it.”

I could feel the confusion etched on my face. “Why?”

“It might look bad if we’re seen out getting a pregnancy test. While there are no paparazzi here, there are some people who take pictures and are willing to sell them. I’m sure they don’t need people thinking Alex is pregnant again already.”

I couldn’t imagine having to worry about what I did every time I left the house.

“Is that even possible for them to be having sex?”

Leo shrugged. “Maybe.”

“I don’t think they’re supposed to be having sex for at least a month after, but I could be wrong.” I had zero clue about pregnancy or what happened after except the telltale sign of a woman being pregnant; a missed period.

“Really? I don’t think I could go longer than a week not having sex with you.” His hand moved from my waist to squeeze my ass as if to prove his point.

I felt the same, but after seeing how tired the parents upstairs looked, I had a feeling I’d changed my mind after a few sleepless nights.

“You know that’s why they put us down here, right?”

“What?” My eyes felt like they were going to pop out of my head. “You can’t be serious.”

“Deadly. We’re very open about sex.”

Had he talked to his brother about our sex?

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“I’m not sure how I feel about that.”

Leo laughed. “That right there is the problem. The way I grew up we’re not ashamed of our bodies or sexuality.”

He had nothing to be ashamed of. Leo’s body was something every man, woman, and child, okay maybe not children, but everyone else should worship. It was spectacular and one of the reasons I couldn’t keep my hands off him and why I might be pregnant.

With his hands cupping my ass, Leo picked me up and set me on my feet. “While I like the way you’re looking at me right now, we really need to go upstairs.”

I knew he was right. I’d just hit him with a bombshell, and I was ready to jump his bones because Leo was being Leo which meant he was being sweet and fine as hell.

With the way my moods were swinging all over the place and being late, it would be a miracle if I wasn’t pregnant.

“You’re right. I’m just so embarrassed by the way I stormed out, I don’t want to face them.”

Leo shook his head as he laced his fingers with mine. “Just because my brother is famous doesn’t mean he’s a robot. He’s a normal person who makes mistakes just like the rest of us. Later, if you want, I can tell you all the ways he’s fucked up.”

“I don’t think he’d appreciate that, but thank you for trying to make me feel better.”

“Anytime, babe.” He leaned down and kissed me before pulling me up the stairs to the main living area and then to the kitchen where Alex was talking with a cute little boy with black hair and blue eyes.

“Uncle Leo!” the little boy shouted as he ran and hugged Leo around the middle.

“Hey, Mason!” Leo leaned down and got eye to eye with the boy. “Dang, I’ve missed you.”

“You were close,” Alex laughed. She turned to look at me. “We have a rule where we don’t swear in front of the kids.”

Mason rolled his eyes. “Mom’s the worst. She swears all the time.” We all laughed at that, making Mason beam. “Who are you?” he asked, looking up at me.

“I’m Everly, Leo’s...” I looked at Leo, and he nodded. “I’m your uncle’s wife.”

His eyes lit up. “Does that mean I can call you Aunt Everly?”

“If you want.” Two minutes in a room with this boy, and I was already in love with him.

“Hey, buddy, why don’t you tell me what you’ve been up to while Everly and your mom talk?”

“What are you doing?” I hissed.

“Give me a second, buddy.” He rubbed the top of Mason’s head before he wrapped his hand around my hip and moved us a few feet away.

“I thought you were going to be with me when I talked to her,” I stated quietly.

“I thought so too, but Mason’s home now, so I doubt you want to talk about it in front of him.”

I didn’t want to talk about it with anyone, but I needed to get over myself. If I was pregnant, I would need to be able to speak to others even when I was uncomfortable.

“Fine, but don’t leave me alone for too long.”

“You’ll be fine.” He kissed me on my forehead before he bent down to speak quietly to Alex and then left the room with Mason.

It felt weird to be like, ‘Hey, I don’t really know your situation except what little Leo’s told me, but I need a pregnancy test and I don’t want people to assume it’s for you.’

Can you say awkward?

“Do you want to go into the kitchen and maybe get something to drink?”

I nodded and followed Alex. Even though she was tired from her newborn, she was beautiful. I only hoped I’d look half as good with so little sleep.

She opened the refrigerator door and stepped back. “Take your pick. We’ve got a little bit of everything for the party tomorrow.”

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I picked a bottle of water and sat down at the island.

She braced her hands on the counter. “Leo mentioned you wanted to talk to me.” Her face softened as she continued. “I know you don’t know me and all of this can be a little intimidating, but I promise we’re everyday people just some days my husband is on the big screen.”

“That’s what Leo keeps telling me. I’ve never been around anyone famous, so yeah, I’m not going to lie, it’s a lot intimidating. Plus, you’re Leo’s family and I want to make a good impression.”

“You’ve already done that, though. You’ve made Leo so happy in the short amount of time you’ve been together, making us automatically love you. Leo’s had a hard run with dating in the past with women wanting to use him because of Luke.”

I’d never thought of that, but it did make sense. That’s probably why he didn’t tell me right away. If I’d known, I’m not sure what I would have done. I’d have likely distanced myself from him instead of thrown myself at him.

“I think I’m the opposite of those women. It freaked me out, and not in a good way. Probably because my mom and I have never had money.”

Alex moved around the counter to sit beside me. Her voice was soft when she spoke. “When I met Luke, I was a broke single mom, so I understand. I didn’t grow up with money and after I got divorced life wasn’t easy for me, but I knew leaving my ex was the best thing I could do for me and Mason. I know you’re probably wondering why I’m telling you all this, but I think it will help when you know how I came into my

relationship with Luke.”

I nodded for her to continue. I was intrigued by what she had to say. It had never occurred to me Alex didn’t come from money.

“Luke has always been a private person, but that doesn’t mean there aren’t those who don’t respect his wishes and take a picture of him doing even the most mundane of things. I didn’t want to be put in the limelight, and I certainly didn’t want Mason to be. In the beginning, it was hard. We hid our relationship so the media wouldn’t find out, and during the entire time, there was a woman on the internet saying she was in a relationship with Luke. He was afraid I was going to bolt at any second, unable to take the stress of him being a celebrity, but I eventually got used to it because I love Luke. I know we’re not in the exact same circumstances, but I hope my story helps.”

Strangely, it did.

“It does. It would break my heart if Leo and I split up. I keep thinking I’ll do something, and he’ll realize I’m not worth it. I mean, how many people get married while drunk in Vegas and stay married?”

“Probably not many.” She giggled, smiling over at me.

“I’m sorry about freaking out earlier, but I couldn’t help myself. I’ve been so nervous about coming to meet you and then on the way here, I realized I’ve missed my period and that sent me on a tailspin.”

“Oh.” She blinked at me.

“I know it’s way too soon. Leo and I haven’t even spoken about if or when we want kids and then bam. I’ve always thought I’d wait until I was thirty and I’m only twenty-two.”

“That’s a lot to take in. Trust me, I know about unplanned pregnancies. I got pregnant when I was in high school and our parents forced us to get married. It wasn’t long after our wedding I had a miscarriage. There were many times over the years I wished I’d left Decker right after I lost the baby, but if I’d left him, I wouldn’t have Mason. So, I have to believe things happen for a reason. I’m sure you’re scared.”

“Petrified. Leo said we should get a test to find out right away, but said I should talk to you since it might look bad if someone is seen buying a test and they think we’re buying it for you.”

Alex looked down at her clasped hands and let out a sigh. “I wish I could say that’s a lie, but it very well could happen. Leo’s been here before, so some know he’s Luke’s brother, and I can’t say how many people around here follow celebrity news. For the most part, they leave us alone, but some sneak pictures and sell them.”

“That must be hard,” I admitted.

“It can be. For the most part, we don’t think about it or it would drive us crazy. I never thought Luke would give up so much to live here—”

“I didn’t give up anything,” Luke interrupted her. He swept Alex up in his arms and kissed her long and hard. “It’s the opposite, gorgeous. I’ve received more than I ever thought possible by having you in my life.”

Holy hell! I sat there watching them swooning on my barstool.

“Leo filled me in, and I don’t think we need to worry about anyone assuming Alex is pregnant again. People have been saying she’s pregnant since they knew we were a couple, so there’s always going to be something, but it’s only been a couple of weeks. That’s pushing it. Why don’t Leo and I drive to the next town over and pick up dinner from our favorite Italian place? While we’re there Leo can go inside and get a test or

ten and you can take one after dinner.”

Alex turned to Luke and placed her hands on his chest. “You know I’ll never turn down my favorite Italian place, but we shouldn’t assume everyone else feels like Italian?”

“Oh, hel...heck yeah,” Leo’s eye widened before he chuckled. “Babe, you’re going to want to try it. I swear it’s some of the best Italian food I’ve ever had.”

“I’m never one to turn down good Italian food.” Although I wasn’t sure how I’d be able to eat dinner without knowing if I was pregnant or not. Maybe I could sneak away and take the test beforehand.

“I’m not sure we should make Everly wait to take the test. I know if I was her, I’d want to take it right away.”

Leo shrugged. “Either way, we’ll get food and a test. Problem solved.”

If it was only that easy.

Hugging me from behind, Leo leaned down to speak into my ear. “I’ll be back soon, babe. Are you going to be okay?”

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I was. Now that I'd talk to Alex some, I was more comfortable even if I had looked like an idiot when we got here.

"Oh, I forgot to ask. Is anyone else coming to stay this weekend?"

"Jenner and Abbi are coming tomorrow morning, but that's it. I mean Colton and Anna will be here, but they're at their house. Why?" Alex asked and then looked at me.

All normal, down to Earth people, I chanted in my head. I could hang with them for a weekend. And I knew being Leo's wife, I'd be put in these situations over the years. The thought of being with Leo sent more tingly feelings through my body.

13

Everly

Walking out of the bathroom, I wrung my hands together. "It says we have to wait three minutes."

"Come here, sweet girl." Leo patted his lap. I went willingly and Leo nuzzled into my neck as he held me close. "I want you to know no matter if you're pregnant or not, I love you."

My body jerked at his confession. Pulling away, I looked into his blue eyes swirling with emotion. "You love me?"

“I do, but I wanted to wait because I thought it was too soon to tell you. I knew after you told me you might be pregnant, I had to tell you before you knew the results.”

My grip on his shoulders tightened as I confessed. “Since the realization hit me that I might be pregnant, all I could think about was how now, after I’d fallen so deeply for you, you were going to file for divorce.”

“You’re going to have to do a lot more than get pregnant with my child for me to cut you out of my life.”

“You’ve made me the happiest person in the world right now. It’s like my birthday and Christmas rolled into one.”

“Good. I want to make you happy now and forevermore. Do you want me to come with you to look at the test?”

“I can do it.” Cupping his cheeks, I dipped down and kissed him. It was slow and sweet, just what the moment needed. “Before I go to look, I want you to know I love you, Leo.”

His answering response was to bring me down onto the bed with his body covering every inch of mine as he took my mouth in a kiss to claim me and leave me breathless as he devoured me.

When we finally broke apart, it took everything in me to get up and leave Leo for the minute it would take me to find out if I was pregnant or not.

With tears brimming, I came back to the bedroom and lay down on the bed. Earlier I thought I didn’t want to be pregnant, and that I wasn’t ready, but when I saw the test came back negative, a small piece of my heart broke.

Draping an arm around my waist, Leo's hand spanned the entirety of my stomach. "Everly, you need to speak to me. I don't know what this means. Are you pregnant?"

I couldn't answer him with words. Instead, I turned around and wrapped my body around his. While I cried into his chest, I shook my head, giving him the answer I didn't want to give.

"Oh babe, I'm sorry. I have to say, even though it wasn't something I thought I was ready for, I'm kind of sad about it. Is that how you're feeling?" I nodded and hugged him tighter. "What I said to you before still stands true. I love you, Everly, and one day we'll be a family, but today is not that day."

"I didn't think it would hurt like this. I thought I'd be fine if it was negative, but I really thought I was, you know. Why else would I be late and my moods all over the place?"

"I don't know." He ran his hand down my hair and brought me closer into the fold of his arms. "Maybe after this weekend we should sit down and talk about what we want for our future."

"Like what?"

"If you want to travel and if so, where to. When we want to have kids, and how many kids we want. Things of that nature that people usually discuss when dating. I mean, maybe we want to try and have kids sooner rather than later. I'd like my kids to have cousins close in age."

"I'd like that too. After growing up as an only child and seeing the way you are with your brother and the way you talk to your sister on the phone, I think I want a big family."

“What’s big to you? Four is normal for me.”

I had no idea. Four sounded like a lot of kids.

“Let’s go normal. Maybe I should hold on to my number until I’ve spawned one. I might change my mind.”

“Probably wise.” His hand ran down my back to cup my ass. “I know I won’t have any problem knocking you up as many times as you want.”

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How Leo put a smile on my face when I was only crying minutes ago was beyond me, but I was thankful.

Sliding my hand up his firm chest, I gripped the side of his neck. “I know I’ll definitely have fun practicing until that time comes.” Resting my forehead on his chin, my own chin quivered as I spoke. “I’m sorry for getting your hopes up or for freaking you out over nothing. I wish I could have remained calm until I took a test.”

“Don’t say that. I’m glad you told me when you did and you didn’t have to go through any of that alone. Do you want to stay down here and watch a movie?”

I desperately wanted to lie in this bed and have Leo’s arms wrapped around me, but I couldn’t monopolize his time when he rarely got to see his brother and his family.

“Why don’t we go upstairs for a while so you can hang out with your brother? Once they go to bed, I’d be more than happy to snuggle with you and watch a movie.” Or something else.

One of the things I loved most about my relationship with Leo was our connection and, of course, the insane sex we had. Before Leo, I had no idea sex could be as Earth shattering as it was with him.

“If you need time alone or with me, I understand. My brother will be here tomorrow, but the way you’re feeling right now is...I can’t imagine. But I do know you’re hurting deeply.”

It meant so much to me Leo understood, and he was willing to give up his time with

his brother, but I wouldn't do that to him. I'd seen how excited he was to visit his brother and his love for him.

"No, we're going to go upstairs, and later if I need to, you can hold me as I cry."

"Seeing how strong you are in this moment makes me love you more." He stood and pulled me up and into his arms. "Give me a minute. I need to stop in the bathroom before we watch a movie with them. I have to warn you, Mason loves Marvel movies, so it will be some superhero movie."

It was a good thing I loved Marvel and DC movies too. Although I would have sat through whatever they wanted to watch.

"Everly," Leo called from the bathroom, "you might want to come in here."

Being called into the bathroom was never a good thing. Surely my big, strong husband wasn't calling me in to kill a spider for him.

"What is it?" I asked as I peeked inside, careful not to have some spider jump on me.

"Get over here." He grabbed my hand and pulled me over to where he stood at the counter. "I don't claim to know anything about pregnancy tests, but I thought two lines meant you're pregnant."

"It does. At least on the one I did."

"Then why did you say you're not pregnant." He had a big grin as he held the stick in front of my face.

"There was only one line when I looked. Trust me when I say I looked for any type of faint line there could be and there was nothing."

And it had broken my heart.

It was like we willed the pregnancy into existence from our sadness.

“Okay, there’s another test. Why don’t you wait until tomorrow morning and do it the first time you pee in the morning?”

Taking the test from him, I stared at the now double lines. “How do you know so much about pregnancy tests?”

“Because Luke told me once.” He shrugged like it was no big deal when Leo had single-handedly saved the day. “If you want, I’m sure you can talk to Alex about it. She’s been pregnant three times now, so I’m sure she knows the drill.”

He was right. I’d talk to Alex, and tomorrow I’d take another pregnancy test. And this time I knew how I wanted it to turn out.

With me pregnant with Leo’s baby.

14

Leo

Luke stood at one end of the pool and clinked his fork to the bottle of beer he was holding. His other arm was draped around Alex’s waist while she looked up at him with stars in her eyes.

I was happy Luke found someone after being alone for years. He’d found another family on this continent and they loved him and Alex. Seeing the love they had for each other and the group of friends they had to celebrate with them made me hope for the same thing with Everly.

“I want to thank all of you for coming to celebrate my birthday.” He dipped down and kissed Alex before he continued. “I know you really came to celebrate the birth of our daughter, Gracie. We have another reason to celebrate today. As many of you know, my little brother Leo has moved to the States and is living in Oasis, California. In the short time he’s been here, he’s found a wife. They didn’t really have any sort of reception, so I thought we could celebrate their love as well. I couldn’t be happier for my brother and his beautiful bride, Everly. So let’s cheers to the happy couple and Gracie.”

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“Cheers!” the group cheered, raising their glasses.

Pulling Everly to my side, I leaned down and gave her a quick kiss. Nothing too scandalous with everyone around us.

One by one, people came up to greet Everly and wish her congratulations. I had no idea Luke was going to out us like he’d done, but as the women gathered around her, I could see Everly start to relax and enjoy the camaraderie.

Slapping Luke on the back, I came in for a hug. “Happy birthday, big bro.”

“Thanks. It’s nice you’re here. I hope even with you living eighteen hundred miles away, you’re not a stranger. I miss my family.”

Hugging him tighter, I promised him I’d be around more. I knew he’d been lonely living here and working all the time before he met Alex, but hearing him say the words made me feel guilty for not reaching out more.

“Even though I know you didn’t mean to get married when you did, I think she’s a good fit for you. The way she puts a smile on your face like I haven’t seen since you were a child makes me happy.”

“She does make me happy. Without her, I’d be lost in Oasis with only work to occupy my time. When she told me she thought she was pregnant yesterday, I’ve got to be honest, at first I didn’t want it to be true, but when she came out of the bathroom crying, I realized there was a small part of me that wanted to be a father. I know I’m young, but I think I want to start a family sooner rather than later. I’ve got

mom and dad and you as role models on how to be the best parents ever.”

Grabbing me by the shoulders, Luke turned us so our backs were to everyone mingling around the area. “It means a lot to me, you saying that, but I think you should spend this time getting to know Everly and having fun. Travel the world and make sure to always have Fairlane as a pit stop. Enjoy being a newlywed before you give yourself over to sleepless nights.”

“You’re right. When Everly informed me how long we’d have to go without sex, I couldn’t imagine not being able to worship her body for that long. Even so, we might be the only ones with kids for a while whenever it does happen for Everly and I.”

Liam and Stella had never even so much as been in a serious relationship and it didn’t seem to be a high priority. While I wanted to find the right girl for me, I hadn’t been thinking about marriage. Maybe our family wasn’t like regular people and we never really had a serious relationship until we found ‘the one.’ Still, I was disappointed Liam and Stella couldn’t have made it for Luke’s celebration. I wished they put Luke’s happiness as more of a priority. The last time they’d even tried to see him was for Luke and Alex’s wedding, and I knew they wouldn’t be traveling to see me, Everly, or a baby when the time came.

Mom and Dad were coming in a couple of weeks and were planning on staying for a month. Last night when they’d called Luke to wish him a happy birthday, I heard in their voices how disappointed they were to be missing the festivities.

I’d thought about telling them about the pregnancy scare but thought I’d wait until they were here, and how we decided in the next couple of years we wanted to start our family. I planned to bring Everly with me when I came back close to when they’d be heading back to Stockholm for them to meet her. Mom was already dying to meet her new daughter-in-law.

“Too bad the whole family couldn’t be here,” I muttered as I turned back around to find where Everly was. I spotted her immediately. She was laughing with Alex and her friends as if she’d been friends with them for ages.

“Yeah, but it is what it is. I’m used to it by now.” Pulling me into a side hug, he watched Mason and the kids play with Holden and Prue’s dog. “Maybe one day, you’ll move here.”

I wanted to say one day he, Alex, and the kids could move to Oasis, but I knew it wouldn’t be anytime soon. There was no way Mason’s biological dad would let him move. He’d never let them be happy like that.

“Maybe one day. Has Alex’s ex given you guys any problems about her pregnancy?”

“Not much more than snide comments. He knows I won’t put up with his bullshit so he’s been...tamer, I guess is the word I’d use. The only time he’s usually a problem is when we go to LA for the summer or wherever for a shoot.”

“What an asshole.”

“You don’t have to tell me. I just hate it for Alex and Mason. He’s the best kid I know, and I hate when I see the sadness his dad puts in his eyes when he shows how little he cares. On that note, I’m going to go check on Gracie. I don’t trust that damn monitor.”

I laughed at him because he was constantly checking on her, but it was sweet. He loved his family, and I knew he’d do everything in his power to keep them safe.

“I’ll see you later,” I called as I headed toward my wife, but got stopped by Jenner, Luke, and Alex’s friend.

“Hey,” he clapped me on the shoulder, “I heard you joined the club.”

Turning to him with my face knitted in confusion, I asked. “What club?”

“Waking up married in Vegas to a total stranger.” He smiled his megawatt Hollywood smile at me.

“I heard, and from the way you two were wrapped around each other earlier, I’d say it’s going pretty great for you.”

“Hands down, Abbi is the best thing that’s ever happened to me. Seems the same for you as well.” He smirked.

“I’ve got no reason to lie to you. I didn’t know it was possible to fall in love with someone in three months, but I have. The thought of her ever leaving my side makes me sick to my stomach. I’d fight the hounds of hell for her.”

“Make sure she knows that and show her every day how much you love her. Your brother is a good example.”

Luke was the best example. He’d found his home in Alex and there wasn’t a day that went by he didn’t show her how much he loved her.

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I saw the moment I'd lost Jenner's attention to his wife. "If you ever need anything, give me a call. I'm only a couple of hours away if traffics good, or if you two are ever up in LA."

"Sure thing. Thanks." I waved as he left, wondering if Luke or Alex put Jenner up to talking to me. Not that Jenner wasn't a good guy, he was, but we'd barely spoken to each other in the past.

Arms wrapped around me from behind. "Are you doing okay?"

Turning into her, I bent down and breathed in Everly's floral scent. "I am. How about you? I wasn't sure you'd want to celebrate after this morning." When Everly didn't break down after we found out she wasn't pregnant, I was shocked, but let her have her space to figure out what she wanted. Maybe she'd changed her mind.

"This is different. We're celebrating something special, and while I'm sad, I realized it's probably for the best. I'm too greedy wanting to have you all to myself." She ran her hands up my chest and held onto the sides of my neck as she looked up at me. "But I don't think I want to wait until I'm thirty to start a family with you."

My hands drifted down to her ass where I let them rest. "I agree. I want to take you to exotic locations where I can look at my beautiful wife in a bikini for days on end, and to visit my homeland for Christmas for you to experience snow for the first time." Dipping down to brush my lips to hers, I spoke against her pillow soft lips. "In the meantime, we can enjoy practicing until we decide we want to try for real."

Throwing her arms around my neck, Everly brought her lips to mine. The way she

nipped at my bottom lip had me hard in a nanosecond and not caring where we were. Pulling her with me, I walked us into the shadows of the house where I could rub the bulge in my pants against her core. Everly made the sweetest of sounds as I kneaded her ass in my hands while guiding her slit up and down my zipper until I felt her shudder in my arms. Getting her off was my favorite pastime and something I'd never tire of.

Kissing up my neck and along my jaw. Her tiny hand cupped one side of my face as she beamed up at me with a twinkle in her eyes. "Waking up in Vegas with you as my husband was the best thing to ever happen to me."

"I agree, my sweet girl. Til death do us part never sounded good until it fell from your lips. I promise I'm going to love you until my last breath and beyond."