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CRAZY
beautiful

JESSICA
SERRA HUIZENGA

Crazy Beautiful
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Jessica Serra Huizenga
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Kari March
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Kinsley Moore and Lucas Graham make great friends.

They make even better friends with benefits . . .

Kinsley Moore doesn't believe in love. As an independent, self-determined entrepreneur, she has other things to worry about. Besides, she knows guys are incapable of commitment, so there's no use getting close.

But when she meets Lucas Graham, her new landlord's flirty, sexy son, she's more than up for some casual fun.

Lucas is in no way looking for a relationship either, so when he's offered a no-strings, strictly friends-with-benefits hookup with a beautiful girl, the opportunity is too good to pass up. He's not able to give his heart away, so it's perfect Kinsley prefers to keep emotions out of their arrangement.

Except when Lucas and Kinsley start to feel something more, their complicated pasts threaten to overshadow any chance they might have at a future together.

Can Lucas prove he's capable of love?

Can Kinsley believe she is enough?

This book is for readers over the age of 18 due to strong language and explicit sexual content

CHAPTER



one

Kinsley

“IF YOU COULD JUST SIGN here, here, here, and here, and initial each page, the cottage will be yours, Ms. Moore.”

I look up from the stack of documents in front of me and glance to my left at the well-dressed man leaning down beside me. He smells delicious—like cinnamon and soap—and I try not to breathe in too deeply as he points out the places he’s referring to on the papers. I shift my eyes to my soon-to-be landlord sitting across the large wooden table. He has silver hair and is wearing a dark blue sweater. He has the kindest eyes I’ve ever seen. Though younger, he reminds me of my grandfather who used to let me sit on his lap while he solved the daily crossword puzzle in the newspaper. Sometimes he even let me scribble the letters in the boxes. It was simple, but it made me feel special. He died when I was six, so I don’t remember much of him, but this man sitting across from me has the same gentle look.

I take a deep breath, grab the pen off the table, and sign and initial my name in all the spots indicated. Then Ryan Blake, the yummy-smelling lawyer, slides the stack of papers across the table so the sweet looking man can scrawl his own signature across the pages.

Kelley Brooks, my realtor slash best friend, nudges my right side from her seat next to me. I know her well enough to know that 1. This is her silent way of congratulating me and 2. Her way of saying, “If you aren’t going to pounce on the man standing next to you, maybe I will.”

I give her a sideways glance, saying without so many words that she can have him. She knows I’m not interested in a relationship, so if she thinks he has the potential to be Mr. Right, he’s all hers. He’s cute and all, but I have other things to focus on right now.

“Well, Ms. Moore, I guess that about settles it.” The silver-haired man leans forward to hand me a shiny new key. “I am so happy that I get to call such a beautiful, intelligent young lady my new tenant,” he says with a genuine grin.

I hold my hand out as he gently places the key ring in my palm, smiling back. “I can’t thank you enough Mr. Graham. I’m so excited for this.”

“I can tell you are one smart cookie who will do great things. I’m happy to be some small part of your story, so anything I can do to help, you just say the word. And please, call me Eli.”

I can’t help but smile back real big. I don’t know why his man makes me feel so safe. It’s odd because I usually don’t trust anyone, even if I’ve known them for a while. It must just be the excitement over my new digs.

I’m so overwhelmed by the fact that I not only just signed a lease to rent my own house, but it’s also a big enough place to have more room for my growing floral design business, *Petal*. It’s

not huge, but compared to my current studio apartment across town the new cottage seems like a palace. The downstairs has a big back room, complete with an adjoining kitchen that will be perfect for my work area. There is also a small office, bathroom, a sitting area in the front, and a loft big enough for a bed and small dresser. Since I started floral arranging two years ago, it's become my dream to someday have my own flower shop. This is one step closer. Now instead of having to fill my bathtub, sink, kitchen table, *and* nightstand with assorted vases, stems, shears, and ribbons, I will have an entire room to work in. Somebody pinch me!

"Ouch!"

Apparently Kelley can read minds, as she just pinched my arm from under the table.

"I'm sure Kinsley here will make us all very proud!" she says. "Our girl has a lot of plans in that big brain of hers, and I know she will do even more amazing things now that she has a bigger place."

I say a silent *thank you* to her for jumping in as I realize I'm still holding out my hand with the key. I snatch it back before thanking Eli again.

"Well, Kinsley, I wish you the best of luck, and please don't hesitate to call me if you have any problems. It's been empty for quite some time, so if anything needs fixing at that place, I will personally make sure it is taken care of for you."

Eli stands up and extends his hand toward me, and thank goodness my mouth finally catches up with my brain. "I certainly will Mr. Grah—Eli," I say as I reach out to shake his hand. I then turn to Ryan to thank him as well. Kelley gets up and follows suit, and I don't miss how her hand lingers in Ryan's for a beat longer than necessary. I swear I even hear her inhale deeply.

I gather up my papers and tuck my new key safely in my

pocket. As Kelley and I head out, she grabs me by the arm and leans over. “Well, you did it, babe. You took the big scary leap and finally signed this lease. I’m so proud I could cry.” She pretends to get choked up as we make the short walk out to her car.

To most people, signing a twelve month lease might not seem like a big deal, but considering I never lived anywhere that required more than a month to month agreement, for me this is huge. I don’t like being tied down, but something about doing this feels right. This is the first time in five years that I feel like I’ve regained control over my life.

I look over and nudge her arm. “We both know I couldn’t have done it without you. I mean it, Kell. Without your help, I never would have been able to get this place. You are a kick-ass realtor. Not to mention you make a pretty cool best friend, too.”

She pretends it’s no big deal, but I can see her blush at the compliments. “Don’t even mention it. Getting to smell that delicious lawyer was more than worth it. Gosh, I love cinnamon.”

“And soap.”

“I knew you smelled him, too!” she says with a laugh as we make our way outside. It’s a beautiful, sunny New England day. A cool and crisp breeze flows through the trees, making their leaves dance. I sense this will be a new beginning for me as Kelley and I slide into her car and drive off toward East Sweet Street to my new home.



A SHORT RIDE LATER, KELLEY turns her red Honda CR-V left onto East Sweet Street and pulls up the dirt driveway to the cutest house I’ve ever seen. OK, I may be a little biased since it’s now mine, but I swear I thought it was adorable the first time I saw it.

What drew me to this place is the sense of escape. Set back a

slight ways from the main road, the white building is sheltered by tons of trees and a wooded area that provides plenty of privacy. Large stepping stones lead toward a small stream off to the left, the bank of which is dotted with wildflowers. On the right side is a beautiful climbing rose bush, the vines entwined across a withered wooden trellis. It has a gabled roof and ornate attic window at the top center. There is a small porch off the front steps and a beautiful forest green door set behind a screen. As Kelley noted the first time we stepped inside, it feels like this place comes straight out of a magical storybook. Now it's my own personal sanctuary.

As I step up onto the porch, I try to remember to take it all in.

This is it, no turning back.

I grab the key from my jacket pocket and insert it into the lock. I step inside and practically squeal out loud. All I've worked for has come down to this moment and I feel so incredibly happy I could burst.

And then, as almost always, my happiness is replaced in a heartbeat with a sudden sadness. An emptiness.

Kelley picks up on it and puts her arm around me. "They're so proud of you, Kins. I know things got all messed up, but you're still allowed to wish your parents could be here to see all your dreams come true in person. Here you are, making shit happen all on your own, just like you always said you would."

I give her a nudge as if to say *I know, but thanks for being the one to say it out loud*. I take a breath and try to gather up as much enthusiasm as I can before saying, "This is going to be great. Thanks again for coming and helping me. I'm glad you're here."

She smiles but stays quiet for a second, and I can tell she wants to say something else. I know what's coming but pretend not to, choosing instead to move up the stairs to the loft attic that

will be my bedroom.

Kelley follows and looks around, clearing her throat. “I know I’m great and all, but you also deserve to have someone special to share this with. You know, now that you’ve committed to a job and a home, maybe you’ll consider committing to some . . . other things.” She tosses it out all nonchalant but I know what she’s getting at.

“Nice try, Kell. Just because I am now a supposed ‘responsible’ adult with a business and a house doesn’t mean I’m ready for a relationship.”

She acts like she doesn’t know what I’m talking about. “I meant maybe get a dog or something. You know, someone to keep you company.” I only have to roll my eyes in her general direction for her to back down. She throws her arms up in mock surrender. “OK, I get it. You’re fine by yourself. As usual. I just think you could put yourself out there a little more. You know, maybe date a little.”

I cross my arms defensively. “Hey, I date.”

“Hooking up with a guy you meet in a bar is not dating.” She gives me her stern *you know I’m right* look.

“That happened once!” I shoot back indignantly. She raises her eyebrow, causing me to relent. “OK, twice. But the second time doesn’t count because I only made out with him a little before he passed out.”

Kelley just laughs and shakes her head.

The funny part is I don’t even drink. Getting tipsy might mean losing control of a situation, and I refuse to let that happen. Not since every man I thought I could trust turned out to be a liar. I’ve learned to keep my guard up.

Sure, I might not always make the best decisions when it comes to guys, but at least I know what I’m getting myself into. It’s not a crime to have casual sex if we’re both consenting adults.

The few times Kelley has convinced me to go out, we make quite the pair: I stay sober and end up having meaningless sex while she gets completely drunk but will barely even kiss a guy if she doesn't see the potential for a lasting relationship.

"Besides, you're not exactly tied down either," I remind her. "If you keep holding out for Prince Charming you might be waiting forever." I've known Kelley since we were seven and used to reenact fairy tales with our Barbies. We may have both grown out of playing with dolls, but I think Kelley still believes Ken & Barbie are soul mates and everything always has a happy ending. Ever the romantic, she's only had one serious relationship with her high school sweetheart. When that ended she decided not to waste her time on anyone who might not be "the one."

Kelley turns and sits down on the top step leading up to the loft. "True, but there's one difference between you and me, Kins." She looks back at me. "I am at least open to having a relationship. If you really don't want one then that's your call, but you're so closed off I'm afraid you might miss out on a chance at something—or someone—really great."

I sit next to her on the stairs and pat her knee playfully in an attempt to lighten the mood. I know she means well but I don't want to think about letting anyone else into my life. I have enough going on with my business and my new place. "I'm good with the way things are, but how about this—I promise if I ever bump into Prince Charming, I'll give him your number instead, OK?"

She shakes her head but smiles. "OK, deal." She knows I'm stubborn and won't change my mind, so thankfully she drops it. She gets up to head back downstairs. As she makes her way to the front door she calls back, "If I can't get you to settle down, at least I can help you settle in. Come help me with the boxes and we can get this show on the road."

I wait a minute before following her. If I'm being honest with myself, part of me does kind of wish I didn't have to be on my own *all* the time. I'd never admit it out loud, but lately I've been feeling a little emptier than usual. Despite things looking up with *Petal* and my new living situation, there still seems to be something missing. I keep such a tight hold on my emotions that it can be exhausting. If only I could just let go . . .

I take a deep breath and steel myself. *No, this is what you wanted. What you worked for. Independence. Self-reliance. Control. It's just you against the world, and you're going to protect yourself by keeping everyone else out of it. Stick to casual hookups if you're lonely and you won't get hurt.*

CHAPTER



Two

Kinsley

THE NEXT WEEK FLIES BY in a blur of petals and paint. Not only have I been trying to get myself settled in at the cottage, but I still have a business to run. I spent the first few days here painting walls, emptying boxes, and rearranging furniture, but for the past forty-eight hours I've pretty much been locked away in the workroom, stopping only to grab a quick bite and catch a few hours of sleep.

Tonight I have one of my biggest jobs: an extravagant wedding which includes thirty centerpieces, a bridal bouquet, eight bridesmaid's bouquets, nine boutonnières, a floral archway for the ceremony, and a basket of petals for the flower girl. Every waking hour has been spent trimming stems, arranging bouquets, and tying ribbons.

At night, while I eat a quick dinner, I have also been answering emails, updating my website, and sourcing supplies needed

for the rest of my upcoming orders. I'm a stickler for details, so everything down to the ribbon color and vase shape for each and every arrangement has to be completely perfect. There may be some unexpected things that happen in my life, but my work definitely falls under the category of "Things Kinsley Can Control."

It takes a lot to wear all the different hats required to keep this business running by myself, but I absolutely love that I can be consumed by and passionate about my work. It gives me both freedom and purpose. I've loved flowers ever since I was a little girl and, after a string of random, temporary jobs, I somehow got lucky and landed a position in a florist shop a few years ago. I started as an assistant, sweeping the floors and cleaning out the coolers, but eventually Mary, the owner, let me start designing my own arrangements. She said I was a natural. When she decided to retire and moved to Colorado, she encouraged me to continue designing on my own, which is how *Petal* was born.

While someday I want to have a full florist shop & nursery, right now I'm focusing on floral arrangements for weddings—yes, the irony of which is not lost on me. I'm good at it, and they're the jobs that not only pay the best, but also keep me busiest. It's a great way to start building a professional name for myself. Plus, I'd rather be busy so that I don't have time to focus on what might be lacking in my life. So what if I'm alone? I get my fill of happy couples and sappy love crap with the weddings I work on, so no need to try and experience it myself. I hate to sound like such a cynic when it comes to love, but the truth is I just don't believe it really exists. At least not in any lasting, always-forever-and-a-day kind of way.

Every time I meet with a new bride and she gets all glassy-eyed and emotional when talking about marrying the man of her dreams, I can't help but feel jealous—not because she has someone, but because she actually believes love will last. From

my own personal experience, men are incapable of committing themselves to one woman forever, so why go through with the whole charade? It's just the way the world works and I've learned to accept it. I can still find joy in arranging flowers for the big day, even if I think marriages themselves are a dead end.

It's now almost two o'clock, which means I have to get going if I want to have enough time to set up before the ceremony starts at six thirty. I load the last of the flowers into my Honda Pilot and head toward Woodwind Hills, a fancy banquet hall on the other side of town.

When I arrive, the wedding planner directs me where to park and unload, and I spend the next four hours transforming the dining room and patio into a floral wonderland. Since the wedding has a vintage-modern theme, I went with a combination consisting mainly of white roses, light pink peonies, and purple lisianthus. I also added a bit of maidenhair fern and baby's breath for a delicate, whimsical touch.

I step back to examine the archway. Set across four connecting wooden beams, I draped the flowers across the top and down the sides, adding the largest, boldest flowers to the left side, forming an asymmetrical focal point. As the center of the entire ceremony, I want to make sure it looks right. I adjust a few stems and then make my way back inside. I duck into the restroom to splash a little water on my face and attempt to tame my hair. After a few hours of work I'm pretty dirty and sweaty, so I try to make myself look at least a little presentable before delivering the bouquets and congratulating the bride, my last task before heading home. I pile my hair on top of my head and make my way upstairs.

I knock on the door of the bridal suite and am welcomed in by a group of expertly primed and overly perfumed bridesmaids. The air is so thick with hairspray I can barely breathe, but

I keep my composure as I hand out each of the bouquets—to much *ooing* and *ahhing*—and then I am ushered over to the bride who tears up a little when she sees herself in the full length mirror, bouquet in hand, donning a beautiful beaded gown with her hair pinned up, a long lace veil trailing behind.

She really does look happy, and for a moment, I actually have the slightest glimmer of hope for girls like her. As much as I might not believe in true love, that doesn't mean I want to shatter the illusion for my more optimistic clients. Who knows? Maybe one of them ends up truly getting their happily ever after.

Oh lord, I really have been hanging out with Kelley too long . . .

The mother of the bride air hugs me and I tell her that everything looks beautiful before I say my goodbyes to the rest of the party. I make my way back down the stairs where the banquet staff is buzzing around the room, making sure every last detail is set before the ceremony begins. As I pass by the window looking out over the patio, I can see guests are already starting to arrive. With all of the tuxedo-clad men and women wearing dazzling dresses, it looks more like some sort of red carpet event. I gather up the last of my tools and empty boxes when I notice one of the smaller centerpieces on a cocktail table outside has a few wilted stems drooping over the side. I glance down at my dirty jeans and t-shirt, then back out at the gathering crowd. Most of the guests are taking their seats further down the lawn by the archway, so I decide to make a quick dash outside before anybody notices me.

I exit the double doors leading out from the dining room where I walk quickly to the high-top table. I pluck the wilted stems from the gold vase and adjust the remaining flowers. I might think this whole fairy tale thing is ridiculous and just for show, but if I'm going to put my name and reputation on these flowers it's the least I can do to make sure they're perfect. I smooth down the black linen, make sure the vase is centered,

and turn to make my way back inside, passing more guests as they make their way out to their seats.

I keep my head down, trying not to draw more attention to the fact I look like such a hot mess, but I catch a quick glimpse of a tall, extremely handsome man walking past with a gorgeous woman by his side. Something about the way he smiles at his girlfriend—or who I assume is his girlfriend—makes me do a double take and look back as they continue down the lawn. They obviously don't notice me, and before I can stop myself, I think it must be nice to have someone look at you like that . . . like you're the reason he's so happy.

I realize I'm holding my breath as I stare at the stranger walking away for a moment longer.

I take a deep breath before shaking my head and turning back toward the doors.

You're probably just reacting to a hot guy with a cute ass, Kins. Get a grip.

Hey, just because I'm not interested in a relationship with a man doesn't mean I can't enjoy admiring one . . .

When I get back inside, I grab the rest of my stuff, load it into the car, and head back home, spending the entire drive trying to shake the image of the man with the captivating smile out of my mind.

CHAPTER



three

Lucas

“I LOOK LIKE A FUCKING penguin. This cummerbund is stupid.”

“Aw come on, Luc. I think you look cute.”

I go to punch my best friend, Ryan Blake, in the arm, but he ducks out of my reach. *Stupid fucking tux.*

“Who the hell wants a black tie wedding nowadays anyway?” I pull on my sleeves feeling oddly uncomfortable. I’m no stranger to wearing a tuxedo, but for some reason today it’s really irritating me.

I hear Ryan shuffle behind me. “Hey, I hear you, man. If I were to ever get married—which, by the way, we both know isn’t going to happen—but if I was, just give me a beach, a barbecue, and a babe and I’d be good to go.”

I fidget with my bow tie, trying to make it feel less restrictive. I feel bad for my buddy Sean, who’s marrying his long-time

girl, Danielle. If I'm feeling this suffocated in my tux and I'm only a guest, I can only imagine how he's feeling.

Ryan continues, "Look on the bright side—I'm sure there is at least one hot bridesmaid in particular who would be willing to help you out of that later."

I see the reflection of Ryan's smirk in the mirror, knowing damn good and well which bridesmaid he's referring to. We're standing in my bedroom, and I'm trying to prolong going to this thing. We haven't really been close with Sean since we graduated from UMASS six years ago, but we still have mutual friends and his soon-to-be mother-in-law apparently invited anyone either of them ever said two words to. Something about this being the social event of the year or some bullshit. The only reason I agreed to go was to support an old friend.

Well, that, and the fact Ryan thought it would be funny if he put me down as his plus one.

I shoot Ry an unimpressed look as I untie my bowtie yet again and start over. "You know I'm not interested in her like that anymore." I return my focus to the tie, hoping to convey the fact that this conversation is over.

Ryan stays quiet for a minute, jamming his hands in his pockets as he leans back against the wall, silently chewing a piece of gum. I think he's going to drop it, but no such luck. "So are you pissy because you haven't gotten laid in a while, or are you upset because part of you is thinking it could have been you and Chelsea standing up there today?"

I usually appreciate Ryan's directness, but sometimes his straight-to-the-point attitude is a little unnerving . . . as well as eerily on point.

I continue to look in the mirror and adjust the tie one last time. "I haven't gotten laid because it's my choice. You know that, so don't be a dick." Once I finish, I turn to look at him. "And

just because Chelsea wanted it, doesn't mean it was right."

Chelsea is a good friend of Danielle's, and as such is one of her bridesmaids. Chelsea and I dated back when we graduated. We were together for five years and things were good. Comfortable. But then she started hinting that she wanted more of a commitment. I sort of let her believe we would get married, but ultimately I didn't see myself settling down. We split, but things ended pretty amicably. It's been two years and we're still friends. She even works for one of my clients. Ryan always warns me that she still thinks we're going to end up together, and OK, maybe I am kind of an asshole for keeping her close. But she was a part of my life for so long that I can't just cut her off. Don't get me wrong, I've made it clear that we're only friends now, but she likes pretending we might still have a chance . . . and I guess I like knowing someone still cares about me. It's fucked up, but it's just how it is with us.

The real truth is that ever since my mom died when I was thirteen, I've never been able to get close to a girl. I watched how horrible it was for my dad to lose the love of his life and I vowed never to allow myself to go through that. When I met Chelsea I thought I could change, but turns out I only liked the company . . . having someone there for me when I needed or wanted it. Eventually it wasn't fair to lead Chelsea on, so I ended it. I told her she deserved someone who can give her every part of him, which is the truth. I'm not that guy, but she thinks maybe someday I can be.

After we broke up, I slept with just about any woman who looked my way, trying to feel something, which obviously wasn't the answer to my problems either. So for the past six months I've been trying to change. I'm not capable of love, but I'm also tired of the random, one-night stands.

Now if only I can find a girl who understands the meaning of

casual, things would be perfect.

Ryan moves toward the door. “Hey, you’re preaching to the choir, brother. I can tell she’s not the one for you. I’m just waiting for you to cut her loose since she still looks at you like she’s picturing your white picket fence, golden retriever, and two point five kids. The sooner you shut that shit down for good, the better.”

Before I even get two words out, Ryan changes the subject as if nothing happened. “Now, if you’re done getting dressed, princess, we have a ball to attend.” He gestures to the door and holds out his elbow as if he’s really going to escort me. I grab my jacket from the bed and head past him, giving him a light shove on my way through.

He pretends to be offended. “Playing hard to get? Oh, I see. You’re not easy on a first date.” As I make my way to the door, I hear him call out, “I can respect that, but know I love the chase!”

I crack up and grab my keys. I know I’m lucky to have such a good friend. As much as he likes to bust my balls, Ryan will always look out for me. I can count on him to always have my back, and at least he will help keep me sane tonight.



WE PULL UP TO WOODWIND Hills a short while later. As soon as we make our way out back we are immediately flanked by Tamra and Jennifer, old friends whom we haven’t seen since graduation. Tamra, who had a *very* brief fling with Ryan sophomore year, envelops him in a giant hug.

“OMG it’s been forever since I’ve seen you!” Tamra squeals. Ryan looks uncomfortable as she holds on long enough to make it awkward. Finally, she releases him. “You **HAVE** to come sit next to me so we can catch up.”

She pulls him toward the rows of seating lined up further

down the lawn, leaving me alone with Jennifer.

“Sorry about her.” Jennifer nods to where Tamra is still pulling a reluctant Ryan. “She’s just excited. She thinks this is some sort of reunion.” Jenn looks embarrassed for her friend.

“Don’t worry about it. Ry’s a big boy. He can take care of himself.” We look over to see Tamra re-introducing Ryan to a group of former sorority girls, who all start hugging and patting him like he’s their new pet. He looks back at us and mouths the word “Help.” It takes a lot to rattle Ryan, but this has clearly thrown him off his game. I shrug at him, then grin at Jennifer before saying, “Maybe not,” which makes us both laugh.

Jenn and I were always pretty friendly, and are able to fall back into a comfortable conversation as we catch up.

“So, I hear you started some successful venture capital firm?” she asks as we continue walking toward the chairs. I nod and she adds, “What’s that like?”

I’m about to answer when a woman over to my left by the cocktail tables catches my attention.

Dressed in a plain t-shirt and jeans with her brown hair pulled on top of her head in a haphazard—yet adorable—way, she seems pretty intent on making sure the flowers in the center of the table are perfect. The way she gently bites her bottom lip and is so completely focused mesmerizes me. Here I am, surrounded by tons of women who are all dolled up and wearing expensive dresses, yet I can’t take my eyes off this unassuming one. There’s something about her that is completely compelling. I can’t help but smile as I try to imagine more about her. What’s her name? Does she work here? What’s her favorite color?

I hear Jennifer say my name, and I realize I forgot to answer her question.

I continue to smile, directing my gaze at Jenn as an apology for zoning out. “Oh you know, it pays the bills. Plus being my

own boss always has its perks.”

I try to stay engaged in our conversation, but glance back over to catch another look at the mystery girl. She’s no longer at the table. My gaze narrows just in time to see her walk a few steps before disappearing into the building.

Jennifer and I find a pair of seats next to Tamra and Ryan. I shake my head to snap myself out of whatever it was that just happened. Maybe it *has* been too long since I’ve gotten laid.

As I sit down next to Ryan, he leans over and whispers out of the side of his mouth, “Thanks for helping me out back there, asshole.”

I whisper back in my best baby voice, “What’s the matter? Did those big, scary girls hurt you?”

He elbows me before glancing around, making sure nobody is watching him. “When does the bar open?”

I chuckle. “Why? You don’t drink.”

“I know that, dipshit. But the sooner they get wasted,” he motions to the group of girls now waving at him, “the sooner I can get the hell out of here alive.”

I can’t help but crack up as we hear the string quartet strike the first few notes of *Here Comes the Bride*.

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