



Arranging

MY

BRIDE

She can't hide from me.

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

ALEXA RILEY



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Alexa Riley

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<http://alexariley.com/>

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Arranging My Bride

by Alexa Riley

Amelia's family is traditional, and they've set up a royally approved arranged marriage. When she finds out the person they chose for her is not only her long time crush, but the notorious club owner Prince Felipe, she's dreading her walk down the aisle.

Felipe has waited his whole life to marry Amelia. No matter what the tabloids say, he's stayed faithful to her. He can't wait a moment longer to make her his bride, so he decides to get an early taste of what's to come.

Warning: Can the stranger that goes down on his knees in the dark be the same one that's going to put a ring on it? You betcha!

Chapter One

Ameila

I take a calming breath because I know what's coming. From birth it was known that one day a husband would be picked for me, and throughout my life I've had a wide range of emotions on the matter.

At times I hated the idea and wanted nothing to do with it. Then others, I thought it was the right thing to do. I was born into this, and it was how I served and played my part. Right now, I'm more resigned than anything. It's the last thing a girl should feel with an upcoming wedding.

I'm sure once I find out who has been chosen for me, I'll know how I truly feel. I know the short list of men that my father will likely pick, and I don't love any of them. Well, not anymore. Not since I grew up and got a taste of the real world. Not all men are honorable or take marriage seriously. Some have standards for themselves and different ones they hold for their future bride.

"Are you excited?" My little sister Mara bounces on her heels, making the pigtails that I put in her hair this morning sway. "You're going to fall in love." She lets out a dreamy sigh, and I recognize that used to be my reaction as well.

The world hasn't burst her bubble yet. It was easier to stay in the fantasy that whatever husband was picked for you

would work out. Our own parents are madly in love, and they too had an arranged marriage. It took the real world slipping into my life to see that's not always the case.

"I am." I force a smile because I don't want her to worry.

None of my potential husbands sparked anything inside my heart. I know it's silly to go off pictures and Google searches to think you know someone, but a girl has to take a peek. I've only ever met one person on the list, and I know for a fact there was no spark there.

A few years ago, things would have been a little different. Prince Felipe of Andora has captivated me for some reason. Even as a young girl when I saw him on television with his parents or in the news, I was drawn to him. There was something about him that always pulled at my curiosity.

I'm sure being devilishly handsome has a huge part to do with it, but really, I didn't think my family would be high enough in ranking or pedigree for our pairing to be a match. Which is saying a lot because we come from a strong lineage. He's also a bit older than I am, but he's still single.

Then again, maybe Prince Felipe's own pedigree stock has dropped over the years. He's been in the gossip pages more often than not, and it wasn't something to do with his family. No, it's all gossip about his nightlife. That's what had broken my heart long ago. He wasn't the prince I'd made him up to be in my head. He was out there having his fun while whoever his future wife would be is locked away waiting for him to finally call on her to do her duty. I feel sorry for that woman.

"Honey, are you coming?" my mom asks, popping her head into my bedroom.

“Now?” I try to stall, but it’s pointless. “What do you think of my dress?” I say as I turn in a circle.

“It’s beautiful.” She steps into my bedroom. “Is that for the Monarch Charity event this weekend?”

“Yes.” I gently sway my hips, loving how the dress moves and makes the gold sparkle more.

“Your father and I can’t attend.” She rests her hand over her chest and starts to fiddle with the necklace I gave her for her birthday a few years ago. It’s a locket containing a photo of me, Mara, and my brother, Cillian. She always plays with it when she’s thinking.

“I’m old enough to marry but not go to an event on my own? One that I had a hand in?”

Her eyes soften. “Honey, I think you’re going to be quite happy when you find out who’s been chosen.” I stare at her, not buying it. I’ve seen the list. I suppose Jacob Himworth wouldn’t be a terrible choice. He seems nice. I met his sister once and she was lovely. “But I think it will be okay for you to go alone since by then people will know that you’re promised.”

“Right.” I turn to offer my mom my back so she can unzip me and I can change.

“It’s going to be okay,” she whispers into my ear. “Meet us downstairs.”

She takes Mara’s hand, leading her out of my bedroom. I let the dress fall, stepping out of it and hanging it away from the rack of other dresses that was brought over for me to try on.

I quickly change into a sweater and jeans before I head downstairs to my father’s office where both my parents and

my brother Cillian are waiting for me. My mom closes the office doors behind me when I enter.

“You’ve picked someone,” I say when I enter, wanting to get it over with.

My dad stands from his desk and comes around the front to lean on it. My brother is in his normal suit stretched out on the sofa, but I can tell he’s pissed. More so than normal.

“Prince Felipe of Andora,” my mom blurts out before my dad can say it.

“No!” I hiss, and my heart has this funny flutter. It’s not the same as it was when I saw Felipe in pictures before. Now there is an ache to it.

“He’s not worthy of her,” my brother grumbles.

“You’ve been in love with him since you were a little girl,” my mom tries to reason. She doesn’t like when any of us are upset.

“Yes, I was a silly girl.” I fight back tears, not wanting to act like a child. I’ve spent the last two years trying to prove to them I’m an adult now.

“You should know better than to believe what you read in the tabloids, Amelia,” my dad says gently.

“Where there’s smoke there’s fire.” My brother is quick to come to my defense. He always has been.

“Have your mother and I ever steered you two wrong?” Dad pushes off the desk, making his way over to Mom.

He can never go long without touching her if they’re in the same room. He’s always seeking her out. Their love is something I’ve dreamed of having, and it’s why at one time I’d been so open to the idea of an arranged marriage.

“No,” I admit, but Cillian only glowers from his seat. I think he’s met Felipe because he hates the idea of me marrying him too.

“Then this is settled,” my dad says, and I nod before I turn and walk from the office as calmly as I can. I need to leave before I say or do something I can’t take back.

It’s bullshit. My soon-to-be husband is out there doing god knows what with whoever he wants. He’ll likely have mistresses before the ink on our wedding decree is dry. It’s so hard to fathom that my parents think this will be a good match for me.

When I enter my room, I walk over to the dress I picked out for the upcoming event. My whole life I’ve always done what was expected of me and never broken one rule. I’ve been the perfect daughter. At times people even called me “The Ice Princess” for it.

I run my fingers down the soft material. I think it’s time to have a little fun of my own for once. It’s my turn to break a few rules.

Chapter Two

Felipe

“So it’s done?” I stand from the chair in my father’s office as he nods.

“Her father and I made the agreement, and your mother has given her blessing.” He goes back to writing on a paper in front of him and then he hands it to me. “This is what they offered as her dowry.”

“I don’t want it,” I say without even glancing at the paper.

“It’s a substantial amount for their limited resources.” He continues to hold up the paper, and I wave it away.

“Tell them I’ve declined. If she’s to be my wife, I’m responsible for her well-being, and that includes her finances. If they insist, place it in a trust for her or her younger sister. I’m sure they’ll need it when it’s her time.”

“That’s noble of you,” my father says as he places the paper on his desk.

“Careful, Father, or someone might hear you.” I walk over to the mirror nearby and straighten my suit jacket.

“Why must you let everyone believe the worst in you?” He sighs like he’s so tired of my shit.

“Because it makes it easier to sort out the ones who are only around me for the opportunity my wealth affords them.”

He doesn't disagree as I turn to face him. "Then explain something to me."

I wait without saying a word because I know the question he's going to ask. He's already asked it a dozen times.

"Why her?" He waves his hand to a stack of envelopes at the corner of his desk. "You've had offers from two dozen fathers practically begging you to take their daughters off their hands."

"I have my reasons" is all I say while I fiddle with my cufflink.

"Are you staying for lunch?" my mother asks, stepping into my father's office. She doesn't look at him, and he doesn't acknowledge her.

"No, I can't stay. Give my best to Glenda."

"Your sister's been asking for you all week."

My mother is trying to guilt me into staying for lunch, but the last thing I want to do is sit in that giant dining room with my parents in complete silence while they take turns asking me questions they don't want the answers to.

I'll never understand how they were able to be in the same room long enough to make a child, let alone three of them. My little brother River is away at camp this week, which gives my parents even more time to focus on my life and how they think it should be lived. Being the oldest and the heir, the weight of getting married is heavy on my shoulders. I've waited a long time for this day, and now that it's done, I'm ready to sign on the dotted line as soon as possible.

"My sister has already spoken to me this morning." I raise an eyebrow at my mother, and she presses her lips together in

frustration. It's subtle, but I know her probably better than my own father.

They were an arranged marriage, but it was borne from greed. My grandparents on both sides made the arrangement without their knowledge in order to expand their wealth by joining businesses. While the business thrived, my parents began to dissolve, but there was no way out for them. So instead they've lived in separate wings of the house like strangers, and they've shown me exactly what I don't want in my marriage.

"Going to another club?" my dad asks, and I want to roll my eyes.

"Since I own them? Yes."

"It's a disgrace for someone of your breeding to have such a low-class investment." My mother literally turns her nose up.

"Considering this is my money and not yours, you don't really have a say."

This is what I think really bothers them. When I was a teenager, I got a job behind their backs and started making my own money. I had wealth beyond my imagination, but even at fifteen, I knew I didn't want it. There's no pride in being given money, so instead, I set out to earn my own. Since then, I've invested in places I knew my rich friends would blow their fortunes. Night clubs, casinos, and bars were where I put all my money, and it paid off in riches. They emptied their daddies' wallets into my businesses, and I made my own wealth, independent from my family.

The last and only thing I needed from my parents was this arrangement. My marriage.

If I went to Amelia's parents directly, it would have questioned her reputation and possibly caused a scandal. I have to do this properly if I want it to work. And I will make it work.

My phone vibrates in my pocket, and I take it out. "I need to go." My father stands from his desk and I nod to the both of them. "I'll see you at the benefit?"

"Yes, of course." My mother's tone is soothing, and she's trying to make nice. "Don't forget you're escorting your sister."

"I remember."

When I get outside, the valet is waiting with my car door open. I'm sure they expected me to be gone by now because I never stay long.

My phone vibrates again, and I answer it.

"Are you coming to Back Room tonight?" my best friend Beckett says as a greeting.

"No, I've got a long meeting with the accountants. My brain will be fried after."

"Boring." I can practically hear him roll his eyes.

"You say that as if it wouldn't be boring at Back Room."

"Well, at least there when you mope in your office, I get free drinks."

"Beckett, do you think they're free? When was the last time you checked on your tab?"

"I have a tab?"

"Maybe you should meet the accountants with me." He laughs, and I check the time. "I've got to go, but are you

coming to the Monarch benefit? Please say yes. I'll need someone to keep me awake since I promised to escort Glenda. You know how awful these things are. People showing off their money and only donating pennies to the actual charity."

"Is Glenda back from school already? I'm surprised they're allowing kids at these parties."

"You really have no concept of time. She's come of age, and this is her first event." My phone vibrates, and I see it's the accounting office calling. "I've got to run. See you at Monarch?"

"Yeah, I'll be there," he says before I hang up the phone.

"Felipe." I answer the other call and hear Jim, my account manager, on the other end.

"I needed to confirm a couple of things I saw on the list of discussion points tonight. Am I seeing this right? Are you really consolidating your assets?"

"I intend to sell." My voice is matter-of-fact, and there's a quick pause on the other end.

"If you don't mind, can you explain why? Your businesses are some of the most profitable I've ever seen. Why don't you take on a partner to manage your duties while you reap the benefits? It makes no sense to sell them."

"I'm getting married, Jim. And as soon as I say *I do*, things are going to change around here."

Chapter Three

Amelia

“**W**hat the hell?” Cillian mutters as I make my way down the stairs. “You’re lucky Mom and Dad are gone.” He shakes his head in disapproval, but I’ve been thinking the same thing. Then again, I wouldn’t have tried to wear this if they’d been home. I’m actually worried Cillian is going to make me change. “You’re wearing a coat.”

“You don’t like my dress?” I ask, trying to keep a straight face. It’s not that it’s too much, because a lot of girls dress this way. The difference is I’m never one of them. For too long, I’ve let myself believe that my body would only belong to my forever love. That it would be this special bond for us alone, but now things have changed. I’ve been naïve for far too long, and if my future husband is going to show himself off, why can’t I?

When I get to the bottom of the steps, I turn in place. I had the dress altered a bit to let it dip lower in the front, and then I had the straps removed as well. What Mom doesn’t know won’t kill her. Today at least.

I’m not sure if she’ll see pictures later and put together it’s me, but most likely she’ll be able to figure out which one I am even with the mask on. I should’ve gotten a whole new dress, but I love the way this one sways when I walk. The alterations

might have been small, but they made a big difference for me. I don't think I've ever shown a peek of cleavage in my life, and with this strapless push-up bra, everything is on display.

"Mom saw this dress?" Cillian is in a classic tux with his mask in hand.

Normally Cillian hates going to events, but I don't think he put up a fight on this one for the very reason that he gets to wear a mask. It will hide the jagged scar that cuts through his eyebrow and goes down his cheek a couple inches. He was lucky that it barely missed his eye, but even now he's self-conscious about it.

"She actually did see the dress." Okay, so that's not exactly a lie.

"Ames." He gives me a look that says he knows me better than anyone.

"She did!" He stares at me for a long moment but doesn't move to open the front door. I know we're not going anywhere until I cough up the rest of the truth. "Okay, she saw it pre-alterations," I huff, and I'm surprised when his lips twitch.

"This an act of rebellion?" He sounds almost proud.

"Can't a girl have a night of fun?" I shrug my shoulders.

"All right." He gives in and walks over to the coat closet then shuffles through several things before grabbing one for me.

"Look at that. You picked one that matches and everything. Me playing dress-up on you as kids worked. You're welcome," I tease.

"You're chipper," he responds as he helps me into the coat and finally opens the door for us to go. A blacked-out SUV

sits waiting for us out front.

“I’m going to have a good time tonight,” I declare as I get into the vehicle. “Thank you, Henry,” I say to our driver before he closes the door for me.

“You’re welcome, Miss Flores.” Hearing Henry say my last name gives me a moment of pause. I won’t be Miss Flores much longer. I shake the thought off, not wanting to go there. Not tonight at least.

“You should,” Cillian mutters when he gets in on the other side.

“So you’re cool with all this?” My brother might be a bit of a grump most of the time, but he respects our parents. This is the first time that I’ve ever really questioned something from them. I keep going over it in my mind and coming up blank.

“Mom and Dad got lucky.” His response is filled with skepticism. It wasn’t only Mom and Dad. Both our grandparents too.

“Are you not going to have an arranged marriage?” I’m a bit surprised he hasn’t already, honestly. Then again, Mom and Dad might be giving him more time. Cillian has never really been the same since the accident.

“One day. How else would I find a bride?” He turns his head my way, giving me a clean shot right at his scar, but I roll my eyes at him.

“You’re dramatic. Girls love scars. It’s badass.”

“That’s why do you and every other girl have a crush on Prince Felipe?” A rush of heat fills my face, and I turn my head to pretend to look out the window. I’m so cliché. Everyone does want Felipe; it’s all I’ve heard growing up.

“I don’t have a crush on him,” I sigh. I really don’t want to think about all those girls wanting him and how many have had a taste for themselves.

“Anymore,” Cillian adds for me. I turn back to my brother and glare, and it makes him smirk. Any annoyance I felt at my brother fades instantly. Getting even a half of a smile from him is a total win in my book. “Is this your revenge?” He motions to my dress.

“Maybe.” I run my hands down the soft material.

“Make sure your revenge doesn’t end up hurting yourself.” Well, shit. That’s a bit of a buzzkill. Why does he have to go and be all wise?

“Cillian,” I sigh. “This is bull crap. Look at our parents. They’re so in love. I mean, it’s already going to be hard to find someone to live up to that. They’ve made me believe what they have is possible and then they hand me over to Felipe!”

“You say the word, Ames, and I’ll have you on a plane,” he offers.

“I know,” I sigh. “What do you think of Felipe?” I know he thinks he’s not good enough, but I want to know more. Or maybe it’s better not to know.

“Not much really. Met him a few times, but his scenes are not my scenes.” I snort a laugh, thinking about Cillian being at some club partying it up. Not likely. “He asked for you.”

“What?” I gasp in surprise. I didn’t see that coming. “Like personally?”

“Their family reached out to us. He also turned down your dowry.” I try to wrap my mind around that. “Are you trying to work that out too?” I nod. “Makes two of us.” Cillian folds his

arms over his chest, which is something he always does when he's deep in thought. "And you've never met him?"

"No." We could have crossed paths, but I've never been introduced to him. I would have been too shy back when I had a giant crush on him. After I learned more about him, I would have avoided it.

"Like I said—"

"I know, Cillian." I reach out and grab his hand, giving it a squeeze. "Why don't you have some fun tonight too?"

"Don't push it," he grumbles as we pull up to the event.

"You want to go around?" I ask, knowing he's not a fan of the red carpet.

"I'll be fine." He pulls on his mask, and I follow suit, putting mine into place.

"To the back please," I tell Henry anyway.

"Why?" Cillian asks. I can't read his expression with the mask on.

"I want to blend in." I don't want to be the ice queen Amelia Flores. Tonight, I'm going to be free.

Chapter Four

Felipe

“How long do we have to stay?” Glenda asks as she holds tighter to my arm.

“Just long enough for me to speak to a few people.” I glance down at her and see she’s biting her bottom lip. “Why are you suddenly so nervous? You were excited five minutes ago.”

“The crowd is making me anxious.” I know my sister isn’t used to being around a lot of people, so I can see how this might be overwhelming.

“Come on, let me take you into the ballroom. It’s less crowded, and the room is bigger.”

“Okay,” she says softly as she walks closely to me through the sea of bodies.

“The entrance is always the worst. People want their pictures taken and then stand around and talk about how wonderful they are.”

She snorts, and I feel her relax by a fraction. She’s wearing a pale pink gown that has long lace sleeves and a high neck. It’s like she didn’t want to expose any part of her body if possible. I’m not sure why she’s always covering up, but she seems to feel more comfortable in big baggy clothes and

gowns that go to the floor. It doesn't bother me one bit because she'll always be my baby sister, even if she's now of age.

"Felipe?" I hear Beckett say from behind me, and I turn around to see him standing there. "Thank god, I've been looking for you everywhere, but everyone has these damn masks on." He glances at Glenda and goes in for a hug. "And it looks like you've got the belle of the ball on your arm tonight."

"You're only saying that because you want me to like you more than Felipe," Glenda teases.

"I'm sorry, but you'll always be my little sister too." Beckett holds out his arm, and she takes it after releasing mine. "Come dance with me, I don't want any of these old ladies pinching my ass."

"Great, now who am I supposed to talk to?" I look around the room, but Beckett is right. With all these masks, it's impossible to tell who's who, and I don't want to end up talking to someone I don't want to.

He's in a black tux with a mask that looks like some kind of bird, and Glenda's is pink and resembles a butterfly. The theme was nature, and some people went all out. Mine is simple and solid black with eyes cut like a panther. If Beckett couldn't tell who I was, that means nobody will. I should take advantage of this while I can.

"The poor prince is lonely." Beckett and Glenda laugh as they walk to the dance floor, and I scowl at their backs.

"Traitors," I say, more to myself, as I make my way back through the crowds and to the bar near the terrace.

This one is less busy, maybe because it's darker over in this corner. The music is still loud enough to hear, but they've

begun the auction, so everyone that isn't dancing is occupied with that too.

After I grab a drink, I step outside and see that it's empty and blessedly quiet. There aren't any lights out here either, and I can't say I hate it. For a long moment, I stand there sipping my drink and thinking about how many more days I have until I marry Amelia. Sweet, sweet Amelia.

A noise in the dark to my right has me turning to see what it was. There's movement, and I take a step toward the sound.

"Who's there?" And as if I've conjured her out of thin air, Amelia steps into the light in all her curved glory. "Fuck," I whisper as I take in what she's wearing and what she's got on display.

Her mask has her face hidden, but I'd know it even if I was blind. I could pick her out of a crowd of a thousand just by the line of her neck. She could be on the other side of the ocean, and with one sway of her hips, I'd know she belonged to me.

The dress she's wearing is something made for husbands only, and seeing her with this on out in public makes me livid. How dare she put what belongs to me on display for every man in here to crave? She's mine, goddamn it! Well, she will be. She's mine in every sense of the word, even if the ink hasn't been put on the paper.

"Hello," she says sweetly as she steps closer. "I wasn't trying to hide; I just didn't want to disturb your thoughts."

I open my mouth to tell her I was thinking of her when she steps closer.

"I should probably introduce myself, but I think the masks are a little freeing, don't you?"

“Yes.” I have to swallow hard as I say the word because I’m hit with the scent of her. I was close enough to her to catch it only once before now, but that scent is tattooed on the inside of my lungs.

“Oh well, I guess I should get back to the party. It was nice talking to you.” She goes to turn away, and I reach out, touching her fingers with mine.

“No.” She looks down at the gentle hold, and her eyes travel up to mine. Can she feel that? The heat of her burning through me is like a hot brand, but I can’t let go. “Stay with me.”

“Are you sure I won’t disrupt your quiet?” Her voice has somehow changed to something softer, and it makes me hard. Is this how she’ll sound when I’m inside her?

“I’d like you to disrupt it.” Without thinking, I pull her with me as I walk closer to the little alcove where she was standing earlier. It’s completely private over here, and I’d see anyone coming onto the terrace before they’d see us. “Are you alone tonight?”

“Um, yes.” She hesitates, and if she’s brought a man here, I’ll kill him. “My brother is with me.”

“And he won’t miss you out here?” I move so that her back is against the cool stones and I’m in front of her with an arm against it. She’s nearly caged in by me, and my size overshadows hers.

“Not for a while.” Her hand comes up to adjust her mask that looks like a cat. It’s golden and black with green crystals around the eyes.

“Was your plan to meet a stranger out here?”

She shrugs one shoulder. “Maybe.”

“What is it you want? Maybe I can give it to you.” I lick my lips, and her eyes don’t miss the movement.

Was my bride-to-be out here trying to seduce another man? I’ll put an end to this here and now. If she needs to be serviced, I’m the one to do it. Forever.

“I want something for my own.” She raises her chin, and I can see her chest rise and fall quickly like she’s nervous even saying that out loud.

“Like what, little kitten?” I bring my free hand up and trace it down the bare column of her neck, to the start of her ample cleavage. “You’ll need to be specific so I don’t misunderstand you.”

“I...” Her tongue darts out to wet her lips and I clench my jaw. “I want to be kissed.”

“Is that all?” My finger slowly traces the cups of her dress.

She nods, and I tilt my head to the side. “Just one kiss?”

“Yes.” She raises her chin as I bend down, but just before our lips connect, I pause.

“It would be my pleasure, kitten.”

I can see the confusion in her eyes as I lower myself to the ground in front of her.

“What are you doing?” she asks softly as I grab the hem of her dress and begin to bunch it up.

“Giving you what you asked for.” I smile like the devil she’s just made a deal with.

“But that’s not—” Her words are cut off when I push her dress up and then lean forward to smell her panty-covered

pussy.

I inhale deeply and fill my lungs with her sweet treat. “You didn’t say where you wanted to be kissed. So I picked for you.”

“Oh god,” she gasps as I pull her panties to the side and lick the seam of her pussy lips.

“And I will make sure to kiss you thoroughly, little kitten.”

Chapter Five

Amelia

I can't believe this. I stare down at the man on his knees in front of me, his face buried between my thighs. He tugs one of my legs over his shoulder, making me spread wider for him. I have to grab his other shoulder to try and keep my balance, or maybe not. He has a firm grip on my hips as his tongue teases my clit and he's not going to let me fall. He'll be keeping me right where he has me for as long as he likes.

Shamelessly, I start to rock my hips as my body screams for me to move. When I do, he tilts me farther forward as his tongue slides down to my virgin opening, and he thrusts in and out of me. That's when he takes over completely. His hands move me back and forth, rocking me as his tongue sinks deeper. He's mimicking sex, but it's his tongue doing the penetrating and not his cock.

It's too much but not nearly enough, and I'm not sure what I need, but I know I don't want it to stop. "Please." The word slips past my lips, and I don't even know what I'm begging for.

"You want to cum?" He lifts his head, and I nearly scream.

"Yes, don't stop." He leans forward again, and his tongue circles my clit, but it's not enough. It only skims the edges of

my need, and we both know it. His eyes stay locked on me, and I wonder how someone can be on their knees and still have all the power.

“If you get to cum, then I get to cum next.”

“Yes,” I agree without hesitation.

“Such a good little kitten.” Something about his approval makes me moan. “I’ve got you. Always have,” I think I hear him say before his mouth is back on me. His mouth covers my clit as his tongue flicks it back and forth.

That’s all it takes, and I go off harder than I ever have in my life. The orgasm explodes through my body, and he covers my mouth with his hand as his relentless tongue draws out my pleasure. My leg starts to give, but he keeps me from falling. Then I rest my back against the cool stone, enjoying the hum that’s still flowing under the surface of my whole body. I close my eyes as I try to catch my breath, and I feel him shift to stand.

When my feet are firmly back on the ground, his warm body covers mine. “Keep the dress up, kitten,” he orders. My eyes slowly flutter open as I do as I’m told. It is his turn now? Do I need to go to my knees? Will he put his cock in my mouth?

As if I didn’t orgasm seconds ago, my body starts to ache for more. My sex clenches, wanting to be filled. Now that I know what it feels like to have something inside of me and then have it taken away, will I always have this ache that needs to be filled? He’s given me a taste of something I’ll forever want more of.

I suck in a breath. What the hell? Normally when I touch myself, it’s only my clit. I don’t long to be filled inside. Now

it's all I can think about, and I also don't want another orgasm. I guess since my climaxes have never been this intense, I'm not sure I can even call them orgasms anymore. Not after what this man did to my body. He seems to know it better than I do.

"My turn." I tilt my head back to meet his gaze, and he towers over me even in my heels.

"Do I...ah..." I lick my lips. He's a big man, and I wonder if his cock would even fit in my mouth.

"You're going to kiss me." He lowers his mouth to mine but pauses a breath away from my lips. I close the rest of the distance between us, and I can taste my desire. It's erotic to taste it on him, and I gasp when something brushes my clit. It's different from his finger and it's hot and hard.

"Right there." He licks the seam of my mouth as he grabs my wrist. I let out another gasp when he guides my hand to his cock and I wrap it around him. I can't fully grip him, but he covers my hand with his own and guides me along his length to stroke his cock. "Fuck, you're soft everywhere," he grunts.

With each thrust of our hands, the head of his cock drags along my clit. I still can't believe I'm doing this right now. "Open your mouth." He issues another order, and although it should be something that should piss me off, it's having the opposite effect. My body is already on edge again and pushing toward another orgasm. "Suck my tongue like it's my cock," he growls before I open my mouth and he kisses me.

I grip the front of his shirt and do as he demands, because the need to please him is more important than anything else. A loud animistic sound rumbles through his body and into mine as the head of his cock grinds on my clit.

“Oh!” I cry out as another orgasm hits me, and I cling to him as he keeps using my hand to stroke him.

There’s another deep rumble from him as something warm splashes against my sex and thighs. I feel it coating me just before he collapses against my body, the weight of him pinning me to the rail. He’s covered me completely while his cock has stayed nestled between my legs.

“My little kitten is starved.” His mouth trails up and down my jaw, and he pulls back a few inches. When his cock slips free, he quickly replaces it with his hand and cups me before one of his fingers start to run up and down the lips of my sex. My body jerks when he grazes my overly sensitive clit, and I can feel his release coating me. “You’re tight,” he says, thrusting the finger inside of me. “A virgin too.”

“Yes,” I admit. He’s probably shocked because of how I’m acting right now, but my sex shamelessly flutters around his finger.

“Is that why your pussy is so greedy? You don’t take care of yourself?” He slowly starts to pump his finger in and out. “Kitten.” He nips my neck. “Answer me.”

“I take care of myself sometimes.” I feel heat rush to my already flushed face. His eyes never leave mine as he drags his finger slowly out of me and brings it to my mouth.

I part my lips and suck it into my mouth, already knowing what he wants me to do. This time, I don’t only taste me, as I did when I kissed him before. This time there is something else there. I realize it’s his release too, and my stomach tightens. His release is inside of me, and although I should be freaking out, I stand there transfixed as he watches me sucking him.

“We shouldn’t have done that.” Even as I say the words, they feel wrong. What is it about this man that has me held so captive?

“If you think I won’t be having more than one taste of you, you’ve lost your mind.”

I shake my head because it’s not possible. “We can’t.” Reality starts to seep in, and I let go of my dress and let it fall to cover me.

“You belong to another?” he asks.

“Not yet.” I break our stare, unable to look at him anymore, but he grips my chin and brings my eyes right back to his.

“For now, you belong to me.”

“I don’t even know your name.” I wince. “Oh, gosh. I don’t even know your name!” I repeat with a hiss this time. I’ve lost my damn mind.

“But I know who you are, Amelia.”

I gasp, and my heart drops. “Then you know that I have to marry someone else.” Tears fill my eyes as something dark flashes in his eyes.

“You don’t wish to marry the man you’re promised to? Or you don’t wish to marry at all?”

“I don’t want to talk about him.” I want to keep the anger out of my voice but I’m pretty sure that I fail. “I should go.” I try to push at his chest, but it’s pointless. I swear he almost looks hurt, but it’s hard to tell with the mask on. “Thank you. I don’t regret this. In fact, I wish things could be different.”

“This isn’t over, kitten, but for now, I’ll let you run.” He takes a step back, letting me slip by him, but I pause when I

make it to the doorway of the balcony. “Run while you can.”
His voice is low, but it’s like he’s shouted it in my soul.

That’s when I turn and flee.

Chapter Six

Felipe

“Are you sure you won’t come tonight?” I ask Glenda. She’s on her bed in her room surrounded by a pile of books and fluffy blankets.

This isn’t unusual, but it seems like she’s been avoiding everyone since we got back from the benefit last night. She hardly spoke a word on the way home, not that I would have noticed. As soon as Amelia left the terrace, she disappeared, and I searched all night but couldn’t find her. It’s like she was a fever dream that came straight out of my fantasies, and then she vanished.

By the time I went to find Beckett and Glenda, he was watching the auction, and Glenda was in the corner of the ballroom alone, looking like she’d been given the shock of her life. When I came close, it was like she snapped out of it and asked to leave. We came straight home afterward, and she’s been in her room ever since.

“No, I’m just really tired. Can you make up some excuse to them?” She means our parents.

“Of course. Rest, and when I get back, I’ll check on you.”

“Thanks, Felipe.” She grabs a book and settles back into her blankets before I close the door and go downstairs to meet my parents.

We're going to the Floreses' tonight so that Amelia and I can formally meet. Although when I think about our introduction last night, all the blood in my body rushes to my dick.

"Glenda isn't coming." I say as I open the front door for my mother to walk through.

"What? This is important; she needs to be there."

"No she doesn't," I say and don't plan on elaborating. My father looks disapprovingly up the stairs, but he knows we don't have time to have this argument.

"Very well."

He follows after my mother but doesn't sit next to her in the town car. I swear it's like they go out of their way to *not* touch one another. I can't imagine a moment when I could keep my hands off of Amelia. My bride calls to me like a siren, and I have no choice but to answer.

The drive to her home isn't long, but I bounce my leg the whole way, anxious and needy to put my eyes on her. After I came home last night, I lay awake in bed until dawn thinking of her taste and dreaming of having it again.

Before the car can come to a complete stop, I open the door and step out.

"Don't appear so eager, son," my father scolds as he steps out and stands beside me. I have to turn and help my mother out of the car because he's too concerned about how I reflect on him.

I'm scanning the front of the house when the doors open, and I see Amelia's parents walk outside to greet us. They're holding hands and standing close, which is a stark contrast to my parents, who are on either side of me.

I crane my neck a little and see her behind them, her head down and her hands folded in front of her. Concern grips my throat, and I want to go to her and pull her into my arms. Why is she upset? Does she feel guilty about last night? Letting another man eat her sweet pussy while she's promised to someone else is cause to terminate this engagement, but I'm not about to let that happen.

“Welcome to our home,” Amelia's father says and begins to shake hands. “It's so good we can meet officially before the wedding.”

My eyes are on her the whole time, and when she finally looks up, it's like a punch right to the gut. She isn't happy to see me.

Without thinking it through or telling my body what to do, I walk right up to her and hold out my hand. “Hello again, Amelia.” Her eyes widen for a fraction, then her brows pull together in confusion.

“We've met before?”

“Not officially, but I've seen you at several functions. The first was two years ago at the Spring Dance in North Wind. You were wearing flowers in your hair.” The words come out of my mouth before I have time to sift through them, but the image is burned into my brain. Her in the sunshine with her face tilted toward the sky, and how beautiful she looked standing there. It was at that moment I knew she'd be mine. All I had to do was bide my time.

“I don't remember that.” She finally puts her hand in mine, and I cover it with my other one, giving her no way to take it from me.

“Don’t worry, we’ll have lots of time to make new memories.”

We’re asked to come inside, but I don’t let go of her hand as we walk into the house. Our parents are ahead of us discussing something about the wedding, but I ignore them. Nothing about it matters to me because all I want is Amelia.

“Why don’t you show me around before lunch?” I say a little louder than necessary to get everyone’s attention. I turn to Amelia expectantly, and she opens her mouth and closes it before finally answering.

“Um, yes, I guess I could do that?” She looks to her father, and he nods.

“That’s a great idea. It will give you two a chance to talk.”

She tries to pull her hand from mine, but I give it a gentle but firm squeeze, letting her know that it’s not happening. The little scowl she gives me is adorable, and if I wasn’t already madly in love with her, that one look might do it.

“Where would you like to go?” she asks, and I don’t miss her sigh.

“Your room?” I offer, and she rolls her eyes.

“As I suspected you’d say.”

“All right then, how about your favorite room in the house?” She shrugs and leads the way, and I follow along beside her, holding her hand and gently tracing my thumb over the back of it.

“It’s beautiful here,” I say in passing, and she nods.

“I’ll be sad to leave it.” She doesn’t look at me as she says it, but I let it slide.

We walk through a long hall with large windows and sunshine streaming in. At the end of it is what looks like a glass gazebo with flowers and plants.

“This is the conservatory, where I like to come and read.” I drop her hand as she walks over to one of the flowers and leans down to smell it. “It’s quiet here, and the sunshine makes me feel happy. Plus it smells nice.”

“It does,” I agree as I tuck my hands into my pants and follow her around. She names the plants and then talks about the books she’s reading. She seems calmer as she talks about what she loves and part of me wonders if she’ll ever speak of me like that. “And this one?” We’re on the far side of the room surrounded by greenery, and I notice a flower on the vines.

“That’s white jasmine.” She smiles as she reaches out and takes a blossom, then holds it out for me.

I take it from her and then bring it to my nose while I keep my eyes on her. “It reminds me of you.” She swallows hard as I take a step toward her and bring the flower up to her cheek. “Tell me, my bride, do you taste as sweet?”

Using the petals of the flower, I trail them down her neck and watch as her breath catches. Bending down, I run my nose over the same place and inhale the nectar while my lips linger on her skin.

“Tell me, Amelia, are you as pure as this flower?” I open my mouth below her ear and let my tongue taste her, just a little. “Have you saved yourself for me?”

Her body shivers as I gently pull her against me, and I know she can feel how hard I am.

“Have you saved yourself for me?” Her words are meant to be cutting, but she’s turned on, and it nearly comes out as a

moan.

“Sweet wife-to-be, do you think I could possibly stand the sight of another woman while I had you in my sights?”

My teeth graze her neck as she tilts her head back. “W-what?”

Her sweater has ridden up, and I can’t help when my fingers find the bare skin of her stomach and follow it upward. When I reach the cup of her bra, I pull it down and pinch the tight peak waiting for me.

“How could I want anything except this?”

“But-but you—oh god.” I’ve backed her against the table behind her, and her legs have spread, sending her skirt up her thighs.

“Let me have a taste of what I’m promised.” My mouth moves up her jaw as my fingers slide up her skirt and to her panties. “It’s only fair I should see all that’s mine.”

She gasps when my finger dips inside to her wet lips, and then I kiss her to keep her quiet. I circle her clit before pushing into her opening and then groan at how wet she is.

“Amelia? Felipe? Are you in here?” her mother calls, and Amelia jerks away with wide eyes.

I take my hand out of her panties, and she jumps down from the table, righting her skirt. She watches me as she fixes her clothes, and I bring that warm wet finger to my mouth and suck it clean.

“You’re an animal,” she hisses as she tries to push past me.

“Don’t pretend you didn’t like it.” I lick my lips as my hand goes around her wrist. “Because your pussy says

otherwise.”

“I was thinking of someone else.” She raises her chin in challenge, and for a moment I’m angry, even though the other person was me.

“Careful, bride, or I’ll remind you of who you belong to.”

“How could I forget? The most eligible playboy in the city. Just make sure you get checked before the wedding night. I don’t want to get something on me that I can’t wash off.” She jerks her hand out of my hold and turns away from me. “In here, Mom, I’m coming.”

“I’ll see about that,” I say to myself as I adjust my cock and try to get myself under control.

Chapter Seven

Amelia

What the hell is wrong with me? I've turned into a little hussy. When did I start letting men just have their way with me? I don't even understand it. I fight not to wiggle in my seat because my wet panties are sticking to me. I can still feel his touch between my thighs, and my body is craving more.

"Have you found a dress yet?" Felipe's mom, Cora, asks me from across the table. She seems quite lovely, and his father is nice as well, but for some reason, there is this weird tension I'm sensing between his parents. It's strange and gives me an uneasy feeling.

"We're going to look at a few tomorrow," I respond. I should be excited, but I'm not, and I hate that. This isn't what I thought my wedding would be.

I don't have to glance Felipe's way to know he's staring a hole into me. He's been doing it since we sat down at the table, and I know everyone else has to notice it too. It's not like he's across the table from me. Nope, he's right beside me and has to tilt his head to look at me. I hope he ends up with a crick in his neck tomorrow.

"Are you sure you don't want to wear mine?" Mom asks. She's sitting with Dad at the other end of the table. "You

always said you wanted to wear it.” Her brows furrow together, and I can tell she’s trying to hide her hurt.

Crap. I always wanted to wear it. The dress only needs a few small changes to make it more mine. But that idea was tucked away with all those other silly naïve dreams I had about my future.

“That dress is special. Maybe I could save it for my daughter.” I wince as soon as the words leave my lips. This time I can’t stop myself from glancing up at Felipe.

“What if we only have boys?” He smirks.

“Because you only want boys?” *Keep your manners, Amelia*, I remind myself. I will not allow myself to act like a fool in front of Felipe’s parents. That last thing I need is a mother-in-law that hates me.

“I’ll take whatever you give me, love.” He winks. “I just don’t want you to miss wearing your mother’s dress if it means something to the family. Both you and our daughter could wear it,” he says so smoothly.

“Aww.” My mom sighs, and the furrow leaves her brows. Now she’s beaming at Felipe, and I want to roll my eyes. He really can seduce anyone. I hate him, and I also don’t buy what he’s selling. We won’t be having children, and I need to figure out how to get on birth control as soon as possible. For all I know, he already has children out there. My stomach turns at the thought.

“What time is your appointment tomorrow? Maybe I’ll come,” Felipe says.

“What? You can’t come.”

“Why?” He lifts his wine glass and takes a sip.

“It’s bad luck.” Plus, I can’t be around him. Not until I figure out what’s going on with my body.

“Worried about our marriage already? I promise to keep you happy.”

My mom makes other *aww* sounds. He’s really laying it on thick. As irritated as I am, I still find myself wanting to lean over into him because my body screams for me to do something about this ache.

I focus my attention on my plate and push my food around to make it look like I’ve eaten something. I don’t really have an appetite at the moment. Not for food at least. My mind bounces between what happened last night at the Monarch event and then with Felipe this afternoon. Some little door inside of me has been opened, and all my desires are trying to come out. I need to get the door closed and locked before I do something I can’t take back.

I already have this strange guilt pulling at my conscience. Last night after I got home and into bed, I’d felt bad for what I’d done knowing I was promised to another. Even though that had been the whole point of my plan. Now, after Felipe got his hands on me, I’ve come back down to reality as another string of guilt tugs at my heart. This time it’s for my mystery man from last night, as if now I’ve gone and betrayed him too. It’s all around ridiculous.

Everyone else falls into easy conversation, and my eyes bounce between my parents and his. I finally put together what is so off with Felipe’s parents. They don’t seem to care for each other. They barely glance at one another or have a conversation between the two of them. My heart aches at the sight because this is what I’m afraid of.

Is this my future?

“Are you okay?” Felipe whispers from beside me. I shake my head no because I’m so far from okay right now. Panic starts to rise in my chest, and although I haven’t had a panic attack in years, it feels like one is starting to bubble up.

“Everything will be okay, Amelia,” he tries to reassure me, then grabs my hand under the table to give it a squeeze. I don’t know how or why, but the pressure starts to ease with his touch, and I let out a breath. “It’s going to be okay. I promise you,” he says again.

“But it won’t,” I whisper back. “I don’t think that I can—”

“Don’t,” he snaps, cutting me off, and everyone else stops talking to glance our way.

I force a smile onto my face so that no one notices what’s happening.

“Everything okay?” my father asks.

“How could it not be? Amelia has agreed to be my wife. Everything will always be okay,” Felipe says as he gives my hand another squeeze.

“Has he always been such a charmer?” Mom asks, shaking her head with a smile.

I pull my hand out from Felipe’s and hear him sigh.

“Always,” Cora laughs.

It’s on the tip of my tongue to point out that everyone knows that Felipe is more than a charmer and has been for years. It’s been in every gossip column since he was old enough to go out. Okay, not every column, but still.

Thankfully, the rest of the lunch goes off without any more problems. Unless you count the small brushes of Felipe’s arm

or his thigh rubbing against mine. Anytime he had a chance to touch me, he took it. It was maddening.

“I want to see you again tomorrow,” Felipe says as we walk toward the front door. Both our parents linger behind, trying to give us some space. What’s the point? It’s not as though we’re courting. The deal has been made, so it’s decided.

“I’m busy.” It’s not a lie because there’s still much to be done. I either need to get this wedding pulled together or find an escape plan.

“Then get un-busy.”

“Are you always this bossy?”

“Yes.” He reaches out and tucks a piece of my hair behind my ear. “You pull it out of me more than most.”

“I don’t want to hear about who you’re pulling things out of,” I say tartly, and his eyes narrow on me.

“That mouth of yours is going to get you into trouble.” His eyes drop to my lips, and I can’t help but lick them. “Don’t tease me, Amelia.”

“I’m not trying to.” I take a step back, but he snags my hand and pulls me closer to him.

“Don’t fight this. You already belong to me. Even your body knows it.” He traces my bottom lip with his thumb.

“You’re so damn cocky, but remember, just like your body hasn’t always belonged to me, mine hasn’t always belonged to you.” I hiss the last part.

No way does he get to think he’s been living it up while I’ve been locked away like a nun. His eyes widen, and there’s no missing the anger simmering there.

“Amelia.” His tone is filled with warning, and I raise on my tiptoes until I’m but a breath away from his lips. I hear my father call my name, but I ignore it.

“You reap what you sow, future husband of mine.”

“That better be true, not only for your sake but for *anyone* else that might have ever touched you.”

His words confuse me, but Felipe takes a step back right as our parents get to us. “Thank you for having us,” he says to my parents with a beaming smile.

We all say our goodbyes, and as soon as the door is closed, my mother turns to me.

“What was that?”

“I don’t understand that man,” I huff.

“You sound like your mother when she met me.” Dad snags her around the waist, tucking her into his side.

“And my advice to you is to get to know him on your own. Don’t listen to what others might have to say. Learn for yourself who he is.”

“But what does it matter? I still have to marry him.” I don’t know if I want to laugh or cry.

“Honey.” Mom’s face softens.

“I’m going to go to my room now,” I say before I make my escape to my bedroom, more confused than before.

Chapter Eight

Felipe

“How did it go?” my little brother River asks when we get home.

My parents went in opposite directions, and I went to the kitchen to find him sitting in there with his tutor having a snack.

“As well as could be expected,” I sigh, grabbing a cookie off his plate. “Where’s Glenda?”

He rolls his eyes. “She’s still in her room.”

“Hmm.” I should check on her later.

“So tell me about this girl you’re marrying. Is she pretty?” River is still young enough to think that’s all that matters, but he’s sweet about it.

“The most beautiful bride in the world. I’m a lucky man.”

“So she loves you?”

“Umm...” I hesitate and think it over. “Not yet?”

“Why not?” He makes things seem so simple.

“I don’t know. But I think she’s been listening to gossip.”

He shrugs and looks away. “Then you should tell her the truth.”

“She doesn’t seem eager to listen.”

“Well, you know what that means.” He hops off the stool, and I grab the back of his shirt to stop him from leaving.

“What? What does it mean?”

“You have to show her. Isn’t that what you’re always telling me? Show people who you are with your actions, not just with your words.”

I smile down at him and shake my head. “You’re smarter than I give you credit for, little man.” I grab the plate of cookies off the counter and put them in his hand. “Go take these up to your sister.”

“Later,” he calls out before he and his tutor leave the kitchen.

I walk outside and sit down next to the pool as I take out my phone. I’ve had Amelia’s number for a while now, but I was hoping she would eventually give it to me and I wouldn’t have to use it before then. She seemed eager to have the masked stranger at the ball, so maybe it’s something she needs to get out of her system to make the playing field even. If she thinks I’ve been fucking everything that walks all this time, she’s sorely mistaken. But if she wants to have a little adventure before I take her down the aisle, then I can give her some excitement.

Her brother and little sister weren’t at the house today, and although I didn’t get a full tour, I’ve got an idea of how the house is laid out. She mentioned in passing that she and her siblings lived in the east wing, so why not pay her a visit?

Taking out my phone, I send a quick text to Amelia.

Me: Hello kitten

Amelia: Who is this?

Me: How can you forget me so quickly? I thought I made quite the impression before you ran away from me.

Amelia: I don't know what you're talking about.

Me: Don't worry, our little secret is safe. If...

Amelia: "If" what?

Me: If you let me have another taste.

There's a long moment that passes, but eventually she responds.

Amelia: I'm engaged.

Me: Engaged isn't married. Let me have one more taste before you say I do.

Amelia: This is wrong.

Me: It didn't feel wrong to me. It felt really fucking right.

Amelia: I should say no.

Me: Tell you what...leave your balcony doors open tonight and go to sleep. Maybe you'll have a really good dream.

Amelia: I don't even know you.

Me: Let me taste you, kitten. I'm so hard for it. Just one more time, I promise.

Amelia: And what if I leave my balcony doors closed?

Me: I guess we'll have to find out, won't we?

Amelia: I guess we will.

I lean back in my chair and place my phone in my lap. God, how can I be so fucking jealous that she wants this masked person when it's actually me? She'll let me eat her

pussy if she doesn't know who I am? Fuck, I *am* hard and dying for a taste. This afternoon was a cock tease, and I've been in pain ever since.

If she lets me in her room tonight and I eat her pussy, what else will she let me do? Could I sneak some more cum into her, so that she has no chance of running? Today when she talked about not being able to go through with it, I started to panic. If she's pregnant with my baby, she'll have no choice but to marry me. Even if she thinks it's someone else.

My grip on the phone is so tight, my knuckles turn white. Why am I so mad at the thought of her getting pregnant by someone else—when the other fucking person is ME! God, she drives me crazy to where I can't think straight.

Okay, tonight it's happening. I'll sneak into her room and then tease her until she lets me put some cum in her. Even if she won't let me fuck her fully, I'll get it in there. Then maybe if she won't let me have her pussy, I can try for her ass.

Fuck, I'm going to have to jerk off before I go over there.

Pushing out of the chair, I stomp back into the house and up to my room. I can't wait until my house is finished and I can fuck my bride in peace. It won't be long now. And it won't be long until I've tied her to me so there's no escape.

When I get to my room, I lock the door behind me and go straight to the bathroom. I hold on to the counter of the sink with one hand while I quickly pull my cock out with the other. I grab some lotion off the counter and hurry to put it on my dick. I close my eyes tight and think of Amelia today and how she looked up at me, when my fingers went into her panties.

The sound of my hand moving fast up and down my cock is loud, but I ignore it. I beat it faster as I think about being on

my knees and having her grind her pussy on my face. That sweet little cunt didn't even know what to do, but she was so fucking wet. She was so fresh and innocent, but she rode my tongue like a slut. Fuck, I can't wait to be balls deep in my wife.

My cock swells, and I have to brace myself on the counter as I cum into the towel. It's hard and fast, but I can't stop as I think about her naked and open, begging me to take what I want.

"Soon, little kitten," I say to myself as I catch my breath.
"Soon."

Chapter Nine

Amelia

I stare at my balcony doors, wondering if I'm really going to do this. I'm torn in two. I really want to, but I also know it's so wrong. I close my eyes and imagine the other night when I was on the balcony with my mystery man. I think about the way his mouth felt against mine and the possessive way he touched me. I'd never felt more alive in my life.

My heart almost leapt out of my chest when he texted me today. I'd been so sure I'd never hear from him again. Now he's coming here to have more of me.

But still, I'd had a bit of that same feeling today with Felipe. He drove me insane, but he also made my heart flutter. Even with how much I tell myself I dislike him, I've always been drawn to him for some reason. It's maddening at times, and I don't understand it. Handsome faces never made me act without reason and only on lust. There is something about Felipe that holds me captive, and I hate and love it equally.

It's going to end badly for me. He's going to destroy my heart. There's only so long I'll be able to hold on to my ice princess name when it comes to Felipe. For a man that doesn't know me, he actually seemed to know how to handle me. He had me almost begging for more, and then when I also had a

panic attack, he calmed me with only a few touches. Then again, I think Felipe knows how to handle *all* women.

As soon as that thought enters my head, I march over to the balcony doors and unlock them, leaving them cracked open. Jealousy really is a nasty bitch, and it's getting worse too. I spent the afternoon googling Felipe. How does he have all this time to be going out to clubs at all hours of the night? Will this change once he is married? One thing I did work out was setting up an appointment to see about getting on birth control. At least I've gotten that handled.

I quickly shower and get ready for my own night out. Who knows what Felipe is out there doing even at this very moment?

Not really having any sort of lingerie to wear, I decide maybe I should just go to bed in my underwear. I don't own anything sexy when it comes to undergarments, but this will have to do.

"Ames." A knock sounds on my door, and I grab my robe. I tie it closed just as my mom enters my room. "How are you doing, sweetheart?" She walks over, wrapping me in a hug and kissing me on my cheek.

"Just getting ready for bed." I force myself not to look over at the balcony doors.

"All right. We'll leave right after breakfast for the bridal shop. Jennifer the wedding planner is going to meet us there to go over something. Oh, I also invited Glenda, but I'm not sure she's coming."

"Felipe's sister?" I really don't know much about her. Unlike her brother, she's hardly ever seen out. She must keep to herself.

“I thought it was the polite thing to do.” Mom smirks, and it’s one I know well. It makes me think she’s up to something, but I’ve got enough going on to worry about what she’s up to. “Come here.” She sits down on my bed and pats the spot next to her.

“Is something going on?” My parents hadn’t said anything to me after Felipe left, but they knew something happened between us. Thankfully, they let it be.

“You tell me, honey.”

“I mean, nothing’s changed.” I shrug, not sure where she’s going with this. “His parents make me uneasy. I mean they’re nice,” I rush to add. “But I don’t see love there.” I don’t want that kind of marriage.

“Marriage is work. You get out of it what you put into it.” My parents make it seem so easy. My dad is so hopelessly in love with her. Sometimes I think they both might have rose-colored glasses on when it comes to love. Dad thinks Mom hung the moon and can do no wrong.

“What if the other half doesn’t want to put their all into it?”

“Felipe is a man of his word. I think if you give him a chance, you’ll see that.” She says it with such confidence.

“I don’t know. I’ve—”

“I don’t want to hear about rumors,” she says, cutting me off. This is hard. I want to trust my mom on this, but it’s my life. “Are you not attracted to him?”

“Of course I am.” I dip my head, my face starting to warm. “I think everyone is attracted to him. It’s annoying,” I huff.

“How do you think he feels? You’re a very beautiful girl, Amelia. You think he was the only man to ask for your hand?”

“What?” My head snaps back up. “You never told me that.”

“Why would I tell you about men I rejected?” I gape at her. “They weren’t worthy of you.” She raises her chin almost smugly, and I fight not to laugh. Mom is good for my ego.

“But Felipe is?”

She nods with confidence. She is so sure of this. While I might be questioning a lot of things right now, I know my mom. She always knows what she’s doing.

“I think Felipe will push you.”

“What does that mean? Have I done something wrong?” Where do I need to be pushed?! I’ve always been the perfect daughter. Even now, I’m not throwing a fit to get out of this.

“You’ve done nothing wrong. You never have. In fact, that’s what I mean.” I stare at her, even more confused than ever. “He makes your heart race, doesn’t he? You don’t know if you want to smack him or kiss him.” Mom has a dreamy look in her eyes as she says these things that are, in fact, true.

“I’m all over the place with him,” I admit.

“Because you care.” She might be right, but he’s not the only one who has me all over the place. She leans over and gives me another kiss on the cheek. “I want you to spend more time with him, Amelia.” She stands from the bed. “Get to know him.”

“But—” She cuts me off again.

“When it’s time to say ‘I do,’ if you don’t want to walk down the aisle, I won’t make you.”

“Really?”

“Of course not, sweetie, but that said, you must spend time with him. That way, you have a legitimate reason to tell me you don’t believe this will work.”

“Okay,” I agree. She gives me a proud smile before she leaves me to get lost in my thoughts.

Would it be so terrible to spend time with both of these men? Then I could see which I might care for more? Men do that all the time, don’t they?

A trace of guilt hits me again, but I reason that Felipe has been out there dating anyone or anything for years while I’ve been sitting here waiting to be told who I would marry. It’s not as if he’s some saint.

Even if I’m still confused about his earlier comments. I think he tried to imply he hasn’t been out there sleeping with *anyone*. What else would it mean if I said *you reap what you sow* and he warned that it better be true. That can’t be right.

My phone vibrates on my nightstand, and a text from my mystery man pops up.

Casanova: Lights out, kitten. It’s time for bed.

Excitement blooms through my whole body. I jump up, rushing over to my bedroom door and flip the lock before I hit the lights and drop my robe. I hop back into bed, getting under the covers, and wait to see what comes.

Chapter Ten

Felipe

I take my time driving around before I go to Amelia's house. When I rode by earlier, I saw her light was on, and I sent her a quick text. After it went out, I drove around a bit longer to steady my need. Fuck, she is addicting. The more I'm near her, the more I have to have her. It's why I've always made sure I've had some distance between us over the years. She needed time still.

Parking my car at the back of her house, I hop the fence and sneak through the garden to just below her balcony. There's a rail right beside it that's easy enough to climb up, and once I'm there, I see she's left the door slightly open for me.

"Good girl," I whisper as I slip inside and close it behind me.

There's enough moonlight to show her fast asleep in her bed, but she must have gotten hot at some point and kicked the covers off of her. She's laid out in just her underwear, and I didn't know I could ever see anything so beautiful.

Reaching down, I grab the bottom of my shirt and pull it over my head, tossing it on the floor. I want to have as much of my skin touching hers as possible. After I toe off my shoes and socks, I unbuckle my belt and drop my pants to the floor. I

think about leaving my boxer briefs on, but I want to rub on her, even if I can't fuck her, so I take those off too.

I climb into her bed, and she doesn't move as I loom over her, but it's dark enough that she won't be able to see my face. I hate it because I want her to know it's me, but I don't know if she'd give me this otherwise.

Bending down, I brush my lips against hers, and I feel her move. "Go back to sleep, kitten."

Kissing her once more, I'm as gentle as possible as I spread her legs and move between them. Right now, I just want to be on top of her. I need her under me, pinned down and open.

"Hmm." She makes a soft sound as I reach between us and pull her panties to the side. She only moves a little, but her eyes don't open.

My breath is shaky as I lay my cock against her bare pussy and swallow hard. Fuck, I want to be in her. Instead, I hump her pussy, letting her wet lips rub against my shaft. I push her knee out a little farther to open her up, and I rub against her opening. If anyone were to see us like this, it would look like I'm balls deep, but when the tip goes to her entrance, I stop. I tease it a little then go back to rubbing between her lips because I want her on me.

"Felipe," she moans, and I still.

I want to tell her it's me, that I'm here, but what if she hates me for this? I'll find a way to make this right. I love her, and she's going to be my wife. This is for her, and I will always give her what she needs. If she thinks one night of fun is what she has to have before she says "I do," then I'll be the one to give it to her.

Leaning back a little, I hold her panties out of the way as I grab the base of my cock. I need to cum. Pressing the head of my dick to her opening, I slide my hand up and down my length as I stare at where we're connected. It only takes two pumps before I can feel my cock jerk in my hand and the pulses of it on my shaft. My cock is pumping cum into her as she lies there open and sweet like the perfect bride.

Once I jack off the last of it, I move down her body and cover her clit with my mouth.

"Oh god." Amelia's eyes fly open as she looks down at me. "I think I'm-I'm going—"

I put my hand over her mouth as she cries out and she cums on my face. My tongue licks her clit over and over, and it's like her orgasm is never-ending. Fuck, she wanted this so badly, and seeing her come undone because of me makes me just as hard as I was when I walked in here.

When the last wave of pleasure is gone, I turn her over on her belly and pull her panties completely off of her.

"Be still, kitten." Using my knees, I spread her legs as I tilt her ass up. I line my cock up at her entrance again, needing that kiss of warmth at the tip.

"Wait." She hesitates and licks her lips. "We can't do that."

"Why not?" I smile as I kiss her back and shoulders.

"That's for my husband."

"Have you been saving that for him?" She nods against the pillow, and I smile even wider. "What a good girl you are. All right, we'll save that for him." I lube up my cock with her release and mine that have blended together, then I drag it back to her ass. "But how about this one can be mine?"

“Won’t it hurt?” She arches her back against it as I tease her tight opening.

“Not if you let me in.” I push against it, testing how tight she is. “And I can make it feel good.”

Reaching around, I brush my fingers over her sensitive clit, and she moans into the pillow. I push against her ass a little more, and her hips begin to rock. She’s trying to get the friction she needs from my fingers and wants more teasing on her ass.

She’s so wet I can feel it dripping on my fingers as I rub circles around her clit. She’s panting, and I can’t believe she’s already close to cumming again.

“Don’t fight it.”

The tip of my cock still hasn’t slipped inside, but the pressure is enough to send her over the edge. Only this time I’m not able to cover her mouth in time, and she screams as her orgasm hits her.

“Goddamn,” I whisper as her orgasm sends me over the edge. I’m cumming against her ass as she rocks back on it, and I nearly collapse on top of her.

That’s when I hear the sounds of footsteps outside her door.

“Someone’s coming.” The panic in her voice is real as I jump off the bed and grab my things. It’s pitch black, but I can see her hands reach for the blankets. “Oh god, what did we just do? What was I thinking?”

“Amelia?” Her father’s voice is at her door and then he knocks.

I've already got my jeans and shoes on as I grab for the rest of my clothes.

“Go,” she hisses when I try to reach for her. She shoves at my chest, and her rejection almost breaks me. “Go before he breaks down the door.”

Her dad tries the knob and knocks again. “Amelia, answer me.”

“Fuck,” I curse under my breath, because what choice do I have?

With one last look at her in the dark, I sneak out onto the balcony and throw my clothes over the edge. I hurry down the drain and gather my things just as the light in her room comes on. I have no idea what to do, but I don't want to leave her. I see a light come on downstairs and know that my time is up. Running through the garden and hopping the fence, all I can do is pray that I didn't just fuck all of this up.

Chapter Eleven

Amelia

The car ride to the dress shop is oddly quiet. I keep waiting for my mom to bring up last night, but she hasn't and she didn't make one peep through breakfast. I'm not sure which would be worse at this point. No one saying anything or someone saying something. Either way, it's driving me insane,

I don't think my dad believed me when I'd said I must have been dreaming when I cried out in my sleep. Even I'm honestly wondering if I'd dreamed it all up myself. It had been so intense and so out of character for me.

Dad gave me the stare-down, waiting for me to crack, and he even glanced at the balcony door before looking at me. I was so scared he was going to ask me if someone had been in my room. I've never lied to him before, and I'm not sure what I would have said at that moment. How could I admit to my father that I'd left my balcony door open so that some man that I don't even know could slip inside and have his dirty way with me?

Crap. I press my thighs together because I'm getting turned on thinking about it. I slept terribly the rest of the night, and my body is aching for my Casanova to come back. I want more. Anytime I thought I heard something, my eyes would

fly open and go straight for my balcony. He never came back, not that I can blame him. I don't want to think about what my dad would have done if he caught him.

All of this is a freaking mess, but that said, I've never felt more alive in my life. Both of these men are melting away my ice princess persona, and it makes me wonder what will be left of me in the end.

"I brought my wedding dress too," Mom finally says, breaking the silence. "Will you try it on? For me?" She gives me a hopeful look that I can't say no to.

"Of course." I smile.

"Don't give me that bullshit fake smile," she says, and I snort a laugh as a real smile forms this time.

"Mom." I shake my head at her, and she cracks a smile with me. She reaches over and hits the button to close the partition and give us privacy from the driver. Oh, shit. Maybe I do want the quiet.

"We've never talked about safe sex, honey." Okay, not where I thought this was going, but she must have known I had someone in my room last night.

"I know about safe sex, Mom. If anything, you should be having this talk with the man you picked for me to marry. It's impossible for me to have anything, but he's another story." I fold my arms over my chest but drop them instantly, knowing I look like a pouting child.

"Are you worried your intended will give you something?"

"You know the rumors, Mom!" Gah, now I'm shouting like a spoiled brat. For some reason this only makes my mom smile bigger. "Why are you smiling?!"

“He gets you worked up. My proper little Amelia is always so calm and collected.”

“Like an ice princess,” I say dryly, and she rolls her eyes at me.

“You’re far from an ice princess. In fact, in my experience anyone who is trying to hide how they feel typically feels deeper than all the rest.”

“So safe sex.” I loop back around, finding I’d rather talk about my sex life than my feelings. “Do married people use condoms?”

“Some might, I suppose. Would you like me to request Felipe’s medical records?”

“I can do that?”

“You can ask for anything you like. It doesn’t mean he’ll give them, but I think he would if he knew you wanted them. Would you like me to ask?”

“Yes.” I fight a smirk.

“You’re asking to needle him, aren’t you?”

“Maybe.” I shrug. He’s always driving me nuts, so I should return the favor.

“Oh my, you’re going to give him a run for it.”

“I thought you said boys should always chase.”

“Your Felipe is no boy.” My heart gives a small flutter when she calls him mine. “What about you, Amelia? Do you need testing?”

“Mom.” My face starts to warm.

“It’s a serious question.” Well, damn.

“I’m still a virgin,” I huff, and she knows this.

“That makes you mad?” She stares at me with curiosity.

“I’ve always thought sex was for love. I know I’m being silly and that’s outdated and all, but...”

“It’s not outdated. It’s your body, Amelia. If you don’t want to share it, then you don’t have to. That said, just because you’re a virgin doesn’t mean you can’t catch something. Including a baby.”

“Wait. What?” I must have missed something she said or she skipped some steps.

“You want to know a secret? One only your father and I know?”

“Yes, obviously.”

“You’re so much like your father sometimes.” She laughs. “He loves good gossip.” She’s not wrong.

“Out with it.”

“All right. I was pregnant with your brother when I walked down the aisle.”

“You little hussy,” I tease her. “You always told me you were a virgin when you married Dad. Both of you.”

“I was.” I stare at her, a bit lost. “Your father and I were madly in love from the moment we saw each other.” She lets out a happy sigh. “We met two months before the wedding. We had to wait two long months! And I’d made the mistake of telling your father I wanted to save our first time for our wedding night. So then when I told him I changed my mind, he still held out on me. Bastard.” She grumbles the last part.

“Mom,” I laugh. “I’m not shocked because Dad is a man of his word. If he thought that meant something to you, he would have held strong.”

“Yes, that’s your father and one of the many reasons I love him. But he also showed me there were other things we could do.”

“Okay, I think I’m good with the story ending here,” I say, my mind flickering to last night and how I’d almost let Casanova do so many dirty things to me. I’d lost my mind. Or maybe I hadn’t, because even today I’m sad we didn’t get to follow through.

“I just know you’re not on birth control and thought you should know that a man being fully inside of you isn’t the only way to get pregnant. If any of the man’s release gets near your opening, you could end up pregnant.”

“No.” I shake my head.

I’m sure my face is bright red now, and I hope my mom is only thinking I’m a bit embarrassed talking about sex with her. The reality is I’m wondering if I could be pregnant right now, and I’m beginning to freak out a bit.

“I would know, Amelia.”

My head starts to spin as I go through the events of last night. Casanova came all over me. After he’d left I could still feel and smell him on me. I was so turned on from the smell of him I’d touched myself, not even bothering to wash him off me.

“Do men know this?” I find myself asking.

“Trust me on this, Amelia. A man knows, and typically they’re doing one of two things. Making sure they don’t get you pregnant.” She pauses when her phone dings. “Oh, we’re

here.” She goes to open the door, but I grab her arm to stop her.

“What’s the second?” I suddenly need to know and need to know right now.

“Oh.” She smiles. “They’re *trying* to get you pregnant.”

Chapter Twelve

Felipe

“Sir, you aren’t allowed in there,” the saleswoman says as I walk toward the dressing rooms.

“Of course I can.” I ignore her, but she moves to step in front of me.

“Sir, there is a bride changing.”

“Why do you think I’m trying to get in there so badly?” I try to sidestep her, but she moves in my path.

“I can’t allow it—”

“Let him through.” A voice from behind me cuts the woman off, and I turn to see who it is. “Nice to see you again, Felipe.”

Amelia’s mother is standing there with her arms folded casually in front of her.

“Always good to see you, Mrs. Flores.” I nod to her, and the saleswoman huffs as she walks away.

Once we’re alone, Amelia’s mother leans against the edge of the doorframe. “She requested your medical records.”

“I saw the email and had my physician send the files.”

“Good.” She glances behind me for a quick second and then back at me. “She’s the last one on the right, but don’t tell her I let you in. I’m afraid she’d think I betrayed her.”

“Aren’t you, a little?” I hedge, and she smiles.

“Maybe, but it’s for her own good.”

“Thank you.” I can’t help but smirk as I turn to go after my bride.

“Oh, and Felipe,” she calls, and I look back.

“The next time you want to run naked through my gardens, let me know and I’ll turn the cameras off.” My mouth nearly hits the floor as she waves her hand away. “Don’t worry, your secret’s safe with me and the head of our security. Just don’t expect me to cover for you both next time. Understand?”

“Yes, Mrs. Flores.”

She pushes away from the doorframe and walks back toward the bridal showroom. I guess she knows my secret, but I wonder if she mentioned it to Amelia. It doesn’t matter now, because I’ve got no time to ask.

When I get to the last changing room, I go in without knocking, and my eyes widen when I see Amelia standing there. I quickly close the door and lean against it as I take in my bride.

“What are you doing here?” she hisses as she tries to cover herself.

“Looking at the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.” My eyes move up and down as I memorize the details of the white lace bra and matching panties.

“It’s bad luck to see me.”

“I thought that only applied to the dress.” Pushing away from the door, I take a step toward her, and she takes a step back. All it does is move her farther away from the door and block her in.

“Well, this is my wedding underwear.” She raises her chin defiantly, and I lick my lips as I look down at her.

“Can’t I have a little preview?” Just the memory of her taste makes me so fucking hard it hurts.

“You should leave.” She turns around, but it’s a mistake because now she’s facing the mirror, and I’m everywhere she looks.

“Should,” I repeat as I cock my head to the side. “But do you really want me to?”

“It’s not as if I can force you. You’re twice my size.”

“Hey.” I wrap my arms around her so that her back is to my front and her eyes meet mine. “I would never force you to do anything.” She looks back at me, and I bend down and brush my lips against hers. “I’m here because I couldn’t go a second longer without being near you.” I touch her lips with mine once again. “My soul aches when you’re not in my arms.”

“What if I’m not enough?” Her eyes are closed as she asks the question, but I can feel the fear in her words.

“Not enough?” I move my hand so that one is resting on her belly and the other is around her chest. “Look in the mirror, Amelia.” She does as I ask, and our gazes meet in the reflection. “There is no man on earth that is worthy of you. Not even me, and I’m amazing.” The corner of her lip twitches, and my chest relaxes a fraction. “I just happen to be the one that got to you first. Now it’s my job to make sure that

you're the happiest woman alive and that no other asshole tries to take you from me."

"Sounds like a pretty easy task to me."

"It will be the honor of a lifetime." My eyes don't leave hers when I say the words. "Whatever you've heard about me or the life I led before now isn't true. I know the rumors, I know what everyone says about me, but I'm just as pure as you are."

"What?" Her eyebrows pull together in confusion as she looks at me in the reflection like she's seeing me for the first time.

"You don't remember, but the first time I saw you, I knew that I wanted you to be my bride. I knew that I loved you, so even though you didn't know who I was, I promised my heart and my body to you forever."

"But all the gossip articles—"

"Are in it to make money. Trashing my reputation gets them clicks, but it never mattered to me. The only thing that mattered was you." I rub my palm over her bare skin, feeling how warm and soft she is. "So I waited for my wife. For you."

"I can't believe that after all this time..." She trails off and shakes her head. "None of it was true?"

"My medical records can confirm that I don't have anything, but my best friend Beckett can too." I sigh and roll my eyes. "He gives me enough shit about it."

"This changes a lot."

"Does it?" My hand on her belly slips lower, and I gently cup her panty-covered sex. "I hope in a good way."

Her eyelids are heavy as she leans back against my large frame, and I wrap myself around her. My hand moves over her panties, and even now I can feel the warmth of her heat.

“I’ve been dreaming of you.” One finger slips inside the white lace, and I can feel her wet lips. “Dreaming of marrying you.” Her breath catches when I graze over her clit. “Dreaming of putting a baby inside you.”

“Oh god.” Her eyes close as I circle her clit over and over.

“That birth control you asked for?” Her eyes snap open and connect with mine just as I pinch her clit. “That’s not happening.”

Chapter Thirteen

Amelia

I come undone in his arms as the orgasm takes me. Thankfully, Felipe is more aware of our surroundings and claims my mouth with a kiss to muffle my sounds of pleasure.

His fingers keep moving over my clit, drawing out the waves of bliss as he deepens our kiss until my body gives out. He doesn't let me fall, but instead sweeps me into his arms and carries me over to the chair in the corner. He sits down and keeps me cradled in his lap as I bury my face in his neck and catch my breath.

He keeps me tucked close to him, not saying a word. Quiet falls over the dressing room as reality starts to come back to me. All those sweet words he said feel like they're too good to be true, but I want to cling to them.

Felipe isn't a womanizer? I'm finding it hard to believe, but at the same time it would explain why both my parents kept telling me not to believe everything I hear or read on the gossip blogs. Could this be the missing piece of why I was so confused with their choice for me?

"Felipe?"

"I'm right here." His hold on me tightens a fraction, and I go quiet. I'm not sure what I was even going to say. "You can ask me anything. After all, you're going to be my wife."

I start to smile until reality hits me once again. I've done things with another man that wasn't my intended. What have I done? Not only have I done them, but I did it knowing I was getting married. I invited them to happen, and now I've ruined everything.

I have to get out of here. "I need to go." I try to wiggle free but don't get anywhere.

"Trying to run from me again?" He releases his hold on me but not by much. It's only enough so he can turn me so that I'm straddling him now. His hands grip my hips to keep me in place, and my words begin to fail me.

"I just..." I trail off because I don't know what I need to do. "Are you really a virgin?" I blurt out. How have the tables turned so quickly? I should have listened to my mom from the start. She told me to trust her, and now look at what I did. I went and made everything a giant mess.

"Do you think I'd lie to you?" he challenges.

"I'd hope not. This is just so crazy. I've been in love with you since I was a little girl, and well..." I gasp, realizing what I said, and quickly shut my mouth. Felipe's mouth stretches into a sexy smile.

"Oh, there's no way you're stopping there. You're finishing that story." He leans forward and brushes his mouth against mine in a soft, sweet kiss. "Please."

"Did Prince Felipe say please?" I really must be hearing things, or I could be dreaming.

"I'm not above begging. Not when it comes to you."

"Wow," I breathe. "You're a smooth talker."

“Something only you’ll ever get.” Gah, this man is melting me. “Tell me, princess. I told you about how you captivated me years ago. I think it’s only fair.”

“I’m sure you’re well aware of all the girls growing up in this country crushing on you. I’m merely one of many.”

“You have never merely been one of many, I can promise you that.” How can I not give him what he asks after that?

“Obviously I’ve seen you around. Everyone knows your family and girls talk.” I shrug. “Back at school, some of the girls would guess or even fight over who would be picked to be your bride.”

“Did you fight over me?” He trails his finger down my breast, waiting for my answer.

“No, I tore the pages out of my diary about you when I heard that you went out with Princess Hannah.”

“Princess who?” His brows pull together. Even confused, he’s still handsome.

“Everyone knows who Princess Hannah is.” I roll my eyes at him. “Of Whitlock.” I know he has to know that name.

“The Whitlocks have a daughter?”

I gape at him. “Okay, now I know you’re making crap up. Everyone was sure it was going to be you two together.” I try to wiggle off his lap.

“You can try and get away, love, but I promise you I’ll never let you go.” I huff a breath, pretending to be annoyed, but damn that’s hot too. Knowing he’s always going to fight for me is a pretty big turn-on.

“You know who the Whitlocks are,” I point out.

“I do know who they are and that they have heirs, but I had no reason to know about them beyond that.”

“You didn’t get offers from them?” I went to prep school with Hannah. She’d been so insistent that Felipe would be hers one day.

“I didn’t bother with offers. I’m sure my father got them, but he knew I had no interest. I told him long ago I would never agree to an arranged marriage.”

“But that’s our way.”

“Maybe so, but not for me. I wasn’t going to entertain the idea of another woman when I already knew who would be mine. I care for my father, but when it comes to love, he has no fucking clue what he’s doing.”

“I’m sorry about your parents,” I say. I don’t know them well, but in my short interactions with them, I knew the marriage was not one filled with lasting love.

“They taught me many things about marriage. At least to know what I don’t want.” As awful as I feel about his parents, I’m happy he knows he’d never want a marriage like theirs.

“What would you have done if my father had picked someone else for me?” I ask out of curiosity.

“I would have never stood by and let you marry someone else.” His firm, deadly tone makes a chill break out across my skin. I can tell from the glint in his eyes that Felipe will be a possessive husband.

“I wish I knew.” I drop my gaze. “I haven’t been a very good princess,” I admit.

“Is that so?” Felipe grips my chin, making me meet his eyes again. “Have you been a naughty girl?” I suck in a deep

breath, and my nipples harden.

This is not the time to get turned on, but it's hard not to when he touches me this way. How does this man turn me inside out with only a few words and that look in his eyes?

"I've been naughty, but I didn't know. I swear it." He leans in, brushing his mouth against mine. I close my eyes, savoring the kiss, because I'm not sure how he's going to respond to my confession.

"I can be a very forgiving man for my princess." He nibbles my bottom lip. "If—"

"If what?" I breathe as I push my chest into his. Desire starts to swirl inside of me, and I'm still wet. His hand sinks into my hair and fists it, and I gasp when he pulls back. His hold on me is firm. Unbreakable.

"I want to finish what we started." He rakes his teeth down my neck, and I fight not to whimper, knowing I'll be loud. I close my eyes as need stirs in my belly.

"Finish what?" I'm not sure what he's talking about, but right now, he can do anything he wants to me.

"Amelia," I hear my mom call.

"Tonight, kitten," he says, and I gasp before jerking back from him.

"No." I shake my head because it can't be.

He stands up and puts me on my feet. "That ass is mine, along with the rest of your body." He presses a hard kiss to my mouth before he's out the dressing room door, leaving me utterly speechless. I'm dazed and wobbling as all the pieces of the puzzle come together.

Chapter Fourteen

Felipe

I'm impatient as I go around the side of the house and make sure the coast is clear. The sun has barely set, but I couldn't go through the gardens after Amelia's mother warned me earlier. Once I reach the library, I open the door and sneak inside. The house is quiet, and I watched as her parents and siblings left to go to the movies. Now I just have to avoid the staff and any cameras that might catch me on the way to Amelia's room.

When I reach her door, I quickly go inside and silently close it behind me. One glance around the room, and I don't see her, but when I hear the water running, I lock the door.

Having her this close and knowing she's naked makes my skin hot. I strip off my clothes on the way to her bathroom, and the sight that greets me nearly brings me to my knees.

Amelia is leaning back against the tile of the shower with her leg propped up on the seat beside her, and she's got her hand between her legs. Her eyes are closed, and her head is tilted back as her hand moves quickly up and down. I grip my cock without thinking and squeeze it at the base. I could cum all over myself just watching her do this.

"Felipe," she moans, and the cry pierces my soul. She needs me.

In one fast movement, I open the shower door and fall to my knees before she has a chance to stop me.

“You’re mine,” I growl just before I push her hand away and cover her pussy with my mouth.

“Oh my god!” she screams and then rolls her hips forward against my face. “Don’t stop.”

The steam of the shower surrounds us as I hungrily feast on her cunt. I feel her fingers dig into my hair and hold tight as I relentlessly keep going. She cums within seconds, but it’s not enough. I want all of her pleasure, and I’ll have every last drop of it.

“More,” I demand as I throw her leg over my shoulder and slide my fingers inside of her pussy.

“How—” she moans and then tries again. “How did you get in here?”

“I told you I’d see you tonight.”

“All this time, it was you?” She looks down at me, and our eyes lock. “At the benefit? The man with the mask?”

I nod as I lick her clit. “You think I’d let anyone else have this?” I shake my head as I suck on her pussy lips.

“Inside me.” Her nails dig into my shoulder. “I need you inside me.”

Standing up, I grab her waist and turn so that I’m sitting on the seat and she’s straddling me. Seeing her completely naked and open for me is exactly what I’ve dreamed of.

“You sure you want to do this before the wedding?” I slide my hand between us and push against her ass. “There’s other things we can do instead.”

“Can’t I have that too?” She bites her bottom lip as she looks up at me shyly, and I swear to god cum leaks out of my cock just thinking about her wanting it.

“We can have everything.” I pull her closer and kiss her as I press my cock to her wet opening.

“Then I don’t want to wait. What will matter between now and the wedding?”

“Not a damn thing,” I answer. “You’re mine no matter what.”

“Then don’t make me wait a second longer to have my husband fill me.”

“Your wish is my command.” I hold her hips steady as I slide her down on my length.

It’s slow at first, and then to my surprise, she rushes down on my cock until her pussy is seated all the way on. She cries out, and her muscles grip me like a vise, but she doesn’t try to get away from it.

“It’s so big,” she gasps, and I kiss her neck. “How does it hurt and feel good at the same time?”

“Don’t move. Just relax and let me be inside you.”

She kisses me, and after a moment her body begins to relax.

“I love you, Amelia.” I wrap my arms around her back and close my eyes. “I love you so much, and I promise to devote my life to your happiness.”

“I meant what I said in the dressing room. I’ve loved you since I knew what love was, and I still do to this day. I love you, Felipe, and I’ll never stop. Not as long as I live.”

That's all I let her say before I'm kissing her like we've been separated for years instead of hours. I kiss her like I never want to stop, and I have no intentions of doing so. We're like this for so long that I don't know how it happens, but soon we're moving together and I'm lifting her up and down on my cock. She's so wet, and like this, she grinds her clit against my cock.

It's so fucking good, and I can't last, so when she screams and falls over the edge, I'm grateful to let go with her. My cum pulses inside of her so deep that I see black spots in my vision, and I have to hold on to her to keep from falling over. It's powerful, not just through my body but my soul as well, and when I can breathe again, I kiss my bride long and slowly.

She whimpers and wiggles on my dick, clearly wanting more. So instead of fucking her again, I pull out and slide my sticky cock to her ass.

"How about we do a little of this before I take you to bed and get you pregnant?"

Her eyes widen in shock as I press the tip of my cock to her tight hole and push against it. She hisses a little as it goes in, but when I stroke her clit, she relaxes. I slide in another inch, and her eyes close as she begins to move her hips. I don't go all the way inside, but this is just enough for what she wants. Enough to get her off, and enough for me to claim this part of her too. I want every inch of her body, and I'll have it before the night is over.

Her head falls against my shoulder as she moves up and down, and when she cums again, her body shudders like she's felt something she hasn't before. That makes two of us.

This time, I don't go off with her because I'm saving that for more important places. I want my cum in one place, and

that's her pussy. I wouldn't mind having a baby in her belly when she walks down the aisle.

After we shower off and I clean every part of her body, I carry her to bed, and we start all over. I taste every part of her that's been left unkissed, and then we make love all night. I'm not sure at what point we fall asleep, but it's with Amelia sprawled out over my chest and my cock deep inside her.

I don't know what the morning will bring, or even tomorrow. I just know that one thing is for sure. She's my forever, and I'm never letting her go.

Chapter Fifteen

Amelia

One month later

“Oh honey.” Mom’s eyes start to fill with tears the second I step out from behind the partition.

I hadn’t told her that I ended up picking her wedding dress to wear. So many things changed after Felipe and I bared our hearts to each other. I’m getting the wedding that I always dreamed of with the prince that promised me the fairytale ending.

My whole life, I’ve wanted to wear my mom’s wedding dress when I got married. That all went out the window when I let rumors work their way inside of my heart and head. This dress represented so much to me as a little girl. It was true love. In my eyes, this dress was a bit magical, and I didn’t want to disrespect what it represented, which is the love that my parents have. Now I know without a doubt that Felipe and I will honor it and everything it represents in my eyes.

“Surprise.” I do a small spin to let the bottom flare out, and then I see tears slip down her cheeks. “Don’t cry.” I rush over to her and wrap her in a hug.

“There’s nothing wrong with a few happy tears,” she says through sniffles. “You look breathtaking.” She releases me

from our hug and starts to dote all over me by making sure my necklace is just right and my veil is in the perfect position.

“I owe you an apology,” I say, and I’m sure she knew this was coming.

“You don’t owe me anything, honey. It was just a nice reminder to you that I always know what I’m doing.” She smirks.

“How did you know?” I ask. I’m sure she saw the tabloids and women gossip all the time at events. There’s no way she hadn’t heard some things about him over the years.

“Your father and I knew for some time.”

“Dad too?” That one surprises me. I thought Mom probably nudged my father into this marriage, but I should have known better. They do everything together and don’t keep secrets.

“Of course. When you have a beautiful daughter, you pay attention to who is paying attention to her, and Felipe is always watching you. So I started watching him. The man is good with business. He even impressed your father with some of the deals he’s made over the years.”

I know she’s talking about the nightclubs, bars, and hotels. People ran with him being some playboy because the story was far juicier than Felipe just being an entrepreneur. If you really tried to dig into Felipe, you’d notice there were never any pictures of him with another woman. He was never out on dates. Even when they did catch a shot of him coming and going from some club, there were never any of him partying it up inside.

“It’s crazy that he saw me before I ever saw him. I was sure he didn’t even know I existed.” I shake my head because

now knowing Felipe, that thought is crazy. That man knows every move I make.

“I think he stayed away to a degree because you were too young, and he likely knew it would bother your father and me, so he did it the proper way. Felipe knows that traditions mean a lot to you, and to us.”

“They really do.” I run my hand down the front of my wedding dress.

“Even as a young boy, he put you first. It’s why I know he’ll be a good husband to you.”

“What about Cillian? Do you have any prospects for him?” I worry about my brother. More so lately.

Over the last month he’s been even more withdrawn, and I wonder if it’s because of the wedding. Typically he should have been married before me, but Cillian has never been one for romance. Even before the accident that left him scarred.

“You let me worry about that.” She gives me a knowing smirk that tells me she’s already up to something. A knock sounds at the door. “And that’s my husband,” Mom says a second before the door opens, and it’s indeed my father.

“Wow.” Dad smiles. “You look so much like your mother.”

“Thank you.” He walks over and gives me a kiss on each cheek.

“We should hurry. The groom is about to come to collect you.” Dad takes my arm while Mom takes the other to lead me out of the bridal suite.

Felipe had warned me last night not to be late or he would come looking for me and my dad wouldn’t get to walk me

down the aisle. He said he'd carry me himself if I took too long. He's been ready for this wedding to happen for weeks now.

He was the one that insisted that we couldn't spend the night together before the wedding. Which is silly because he was sneaking into my bed every night as it was.

The second the doors swing open and I see Felipe standing at the end of the aisle, everything else melts away. Time somehow speeds up, and it's only the two of us as we hold hands and say our vows. His mouth is already on mine before they can tell him to kiss the bride, and I laugh as he wraps me up in his arms.

"I don't think I'll ever be able to get enough of you. You're my wife, but still I need more," Felipe whispers into my ear. The reception is now in full swing, and my feet are sore, but I'm not the least bit tired. The cake has been cut, and the first dances have been had.

"You can have whatever you want of me, my king." I turn my head to face him.

"Your king?" A heated look fills his eyes. "I've never relished the idea of being king one day, but being your king does have an appeal to it." He lifts me from my seat and puts me on his lap, not caring if it's not proper. I don't care either.

"You are *my* king, and soon..." I lean closer so I can whisper into his ear this time, "we'll have a prince or princess of our own."

He smiles as he rests his hand on my stomach. "I can't wait to watch our love grow."

This time when he kisses me, it's with a promise of more to come. "I love you," I say softly as he touches his forehead

to mine.

“Forever,” he agrees, and then we kiss again.

Epilogue

Felipe

Fifteen years later

“Felipe, are you in here—” Amelia stops in her tracks when she sees me dressed in a tux and wearing a mask. “Oh my god, how did you find that?”

“You think I would ever get rid of this? It was on my face the first time I ate that sweet pussy.”

“Shh, the kids will hear you,” she hisses, but she steps closer and then gives me a look that says she hopes it happens again. “Are you ready to go?”

“It depends.” I slide my hands around her waist and to the back of her dress. “How difficult is it for me to get this off of you?”

“You’re such a tease.” She playfully slaps my chest. “But I may have had a few modifications made.”

“Oh really?” I stare down at the dark blue dress that clings to her curves. “Show me.”

“Well first...” She puts her hands down the side and holds it out. “It’s got pockets!”

I laugh and shake my head because it's always so cute when she gets excited about them.

“And I had this cut in.” She grabs the material at her hip, and when she pulls it to the side, it reveals everything from the waist down, and the sound that leaves me is a combination of a grunt and a gasp.

“And you think I'm going to let you out of the house wearing this?” I grab her hips and push her backwards until she's up against the wall. “And without any panties on?” I shake my head. “Kitten, you are begging to get spanked.”

She wiggles her eyebrows as she puts her hands around my shoulders. “Me? I would never do anything to defy my husband the king.”

“Liar.” I bend down and nip at the soft skin below her ear. “You want me to be hard all night, don't you?”

“Just long enough to have some fun.” She shrugs, and I growl as I pull her close.

We're laughing as I hear someone clear their throat behind us, and when I glance back, I see Amelia's mom and dad at the front door.

“We knocked, but no one answered,” her mom says and tries to hide her smile.

“Gross,” our oldest son says as he walks past us and goes straight to his grandparents. “Can we watch a zombie movie?”

“Hey, what did we tell you?” I say, but he ignores me as he pulls Amelia's dad toward the media room.

“Don't worry, we won't let him watch anything more traumatizing than his parents making out.” She winks at us as she follows her husband out of the room.

“We’ll be back late,” Amelia calls out, and I smile as I tuck her in next to me.

“Sounds like you’ve got plans I don’t know about.” I hold the door of the limo open as she gets inside.

“Maybe.” To my surprise, she grabs my tie and pulls me in almost on top of her.

“Don’t start something you can’t finish.” I push up her dress and kneel down on the floor as I make sure the privacy screen is up.

“Don’t I always see to my king’s needs?”

“And what your king needs now is your pussy in his face.” She squeals as I bend down and bury my mouth between her legs.

“Your mouth is sinful.” She spreads her legs wider and grips my hair.

When I suck on her clit, she cries out and cums quickly. She must have gotten herself worked up before we left, because she is so soft and ready.

“All the better to pleasure you with.” My tongue circles her clit once more before it dips down inside, and I lap at her honey. “I hope you know I’m going to fuck you before we go into this ball.”

“We don’t have time,” she moans, rocking her hips forward.

“What’s the point of being king if I can’t fuck you when I want?” She giggles as I turn her over and slap her ass. “You better hope this dress has strong stitching.”

I tug the material out of my way as I unfasten my belt and then pull out my cock. It’s long and hard and pointing right at

where it wants to go. I nudge her knees open a little more, then sink into her hot little cunt in one hard thrust.

“Fuck.” I fall forward and grip the bench seat as I begin to rut into my wife. Over and over I pull out, only to plunge back into her waiting heat.

“Right there.” Amelia pushes back, taking everything I give her and begging for more.

“Mine,” I say through clenched teeth as the sounds of our sex slapping together fills the limo.

“Cum in me.” Her words are my undoing, and I have no choice but to give her what she wants.

I fall on top of her and hold myself deep as my cock pulses and I do as she demands. The feeling of me cumming inside of her turns her on, and that’s all it takes to send her over the edge with me. She squeezes me tight as she finds her release and pleasure spreads between us.

“How is it still this wonderful?” she asks, and I can hear the smile in her voice.

“Because I love you even more now than the day we met.” I kiss her cheek and pull out of her. We both moan at the loss, but I turn her over so that I can kiss her properly.

“You’re mine too, you know,” she says before she kisses me back.

“Good. Then you won’t mind walking around all night with my cum between your thighs.”

“You’re so dirty.” She blushes, but I see the hunger in her eyes.

“If you’re good, I’ll see if I can get you alone on a terrace.”

“Promise?”

“I can arrange anything for you, my queen.” She laughs as we kiss and hold each other close.

It’s a long time before we exit the limo to go in search of a dark corner, but as fate would have it, there’s one waiting just for us.

THE END!

His Princess

By Alexa Riley

Heavenly and Carlos have been best friends their whole lives. But it's almost time for Heavenly's birthday, which means she'll be married off to a king.

Carlos has been King for a few years now and is being pressured to choose a bride. But he's only ever had eyes for one princess, and he's had to wait for her to turn twenty-one.

Heavenly doesn't have any idea the plans Carlos has made for her, so when she offers to marry his brother, things don't go so well. Girl, they don't go well at all... Carlos isn't having that. She gets a dose of alpha when Carlos lays down the law. But when she runs...how far will she actually get?

Warning: Do you really wonder if there's a happily ever after? Because you know that's kind of our thing, right? Look, he chases her, but it all works out. Also it's really hot. Get it!

Chapter 1

Alena

“Is that him?” Tabby asks as she comes up behind me to get a better look. Her long dark hair tumbles onto my shoulder as she peers at my laptop screen. It’s as if she’s never seen the man in question. Everyone knows who King Roman is. Well, if you’re royalty you do. Right now, there’s not a royal alive who doesn’t know who he is, because he’s decided to take a wife. A wife of his choosing, and I’ve been chosen.

It’s the fate of someone with my bloodline. I don’t get a choice on who I get to marry, so when my family was presented with the arrangement, it was decided behind closed doors, and papers were signed. I’m officially the promised bride to the King, and that’s that.

I look at my future husband, and there’s no missing that Roman is a born leader. It radiates off him in commanding waves. I can even feel it through my computer screen. Though I’m not sure if he should be sitting on a throne or leading an army of men into battle. From the look on his face, you would think he was a warrior.

He’s nothing but lines and fierce angles. The man is well over six feet tall and then some. In his pictures he even towers over some of his own security. His hair is dark as night and comes to his collar, but it does little to hide his eyes, which are

just as black. He's not lean either. He's thick and broad like a rugby player, and I can see why the public has nicknamed him The Wall. He radiates strength and power, and my hand is shaky as I click the next image.

"Tabby. I can't marry him," I plead with my sister.

I don't even know how I was chosen over her. Tabby is the one men flock to. Her beauty lights up a room. I look nothing like my family.

Somehow I ended up barely over five foot with blonde hair, blue eyes, and the fairest skin. My sister, on the other hand, like the rest of my family, is almost six foot and has long black hair, deep green eyes and skin that looks like the sun kisses it every day.

I stand out in a way I don't like. I've felt like I don't belong since birth, but Tabby would never make me feel that way.

She wraps her arms around me from behind, both of us still staring at the screen. "I tried," she says, making me gasp. I turn around and look at her.

Tabby is dreading getting married, probably because my parents have been talking about her marriage since she could walk. The worst part is, she doesn't even want to marry royalty. In fact, she despises the idea. If it was up to her she'd have a little cottage with twenty kids and a brute of a husband. Yes, a brute. One too many romance novels and now Tabby is in love with cavemen. "I knew you wouldn't want this." She shakes her head. "I'm sorry, Al."

"I can't believe you'd do that for me."

"You know I'd do anything for you. I'm your big sister. It's my job." She pulls on a strand of my hair. "I was hoping

that maybe if he had agreed to marry me instead, I could bring you with me. But to be honest, I don't even think they asked him." She walks over to my bed and plops down on it. "He wants you."

"Maybe. Maybe I can ask to take you with me," I try. If I get married to this man and have to leave home, it wouldn't be so bad if I had Tabby with me. Because when I talk about home, I don't mean the one my parents made for us. I mean Tabby is my home. The thought of us being apart is something I don't want to face.

"Yeah, right."

I knew that wouldn't be possible before the words left my mouth. Tabby is my parents' golden ticket. She's had so many offers of marriage we've lost count. But my parents turned them all down. Never rich enough, never had enough status or power. Tabby is twenty-four and still unmarried. That isn't normal. I'm barely marrying age. I thought I had more time and even thought maybe I would never be asked. I'd hoped that I could just go wherever Tabby went.

But to my—and my parents'—shock, I was chosen. And by someone with a lot of power and money.

I turn back to my laptop, forcing myself to look at my future. Not only is Roman intimidating, the word is he rules with an iron fist. I click through pictures of him and never once do I encounter one where he's smiling. His face is always straight and stoic, even in the pictures of him as a little boy with his mother and father.

I don't know how long I scroll through the pictures when Tabby interrupts me. "Who's that?" she asks, and I jump. I didn't even feel her come up behind me.

“Princess Kaul,” I say, glancing down at the print under the picture. “Looks like they are on a date at some ball. She’s pretty,” I mutter, feeling a pang of jealousy that my husband—*future husband*, I correct—was out with another woman not even a month ago.

“Meh,” my sister says dismissively. “Who knows if she’s really pretty once you wipe all that shit off her face.”

I giggle.

“Why didn’t he just marry her?”

“Maybe he got all that make-up off and ran for the hills. Maybe she’s annoying. Maybe she chews with her mouth open. Who knows.”

“But he’s going to marry me without even meeting me. What if I do all that stuff? I *can* do all that stuff.” I turn in my chair. “Layer my face up, stuff my mouth with food so he can see every chomp. And we both know my laugh is the worst.”

“It is pretty bad,” Tabby agrees, grinning.

It’s not that it sounds funny, it’s just kinda loud. Really loud. Maybe a little infectious, too, because a few times I’ve started laughing, then Tabby and I are laughing about my laugh, and this will go on for five minutes. It drives my parents nuts, which is an added bonus.

Tabby’s eyes light up at a thought. “He’s coming for dinner.”

My shoulders drop. I don’t know why she’s excited about that.

“Maybe you can make a fool of yourself. Make him realize that you aren’t the one he wants!” Tabby jumps up, and I can see this plan is already in motion.

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