

THE NAUGHTY LIST



A Very Cheeky
CHRISTMAS

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

KAT BAXTER

a very cheeky christmas

the naughty list

Kat Baxter



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a very cheeky christmas

I'VE BEEN VOTED Mr. Perfect Cheeks for the last five years. Though I do have a nice smile, it's not those cheeks that warrant the attention. So yeah, my behind is my bread and butter. But when my most lucrative asset is injured, I'm sent to the set medic. To say I fall head over derriere in love with her is an understatement. Maxine is jaded about love though, so it'll take all my small-town Texas charm to woo this curvy California grump that I'm in it, to win it. And by it, I mean her.

A Very Cheeky Christmas

Kat Baxter

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chapter **one**

Maxine

The thing about romantic comedies is that anything seems possible for the hour and a half that you're watching them. Then when the credits start to roll, the bubble bursts and you go back to the real world where there's no such thing as love like that.

My family has been peddling the myth of happily ever after since long before I was born. It's hard not to be cynical about love when you grow up in the movie industry.

That's just one of the reasons I'd promised myself a long time ago that I would never work on a movie set.

When you come from a movie family, people expect it of you, but I had zero interest. Between my grandfather (movie producer and President of the company), my uncles (all producers), my dad (a director), my mom (movie starlet) and my cousins (also actors), I spent more than enough of my childhood on sets and various locations, thank you very much.

When people find out who my family is, the initial reaction varies. I've gotten everything from a startled laugh to a confused slow blink. But they always end up in the same

place: Wait. Why don't you want to work in the movie industry?

Believe it or not, some people don't want to be surrounded by the vain and self-centered. Okay, maybe that's not the entire industry. Maybe it's just my family.

Thankfully I'm unattractive enough by Hollywood standards that I've been kept out of the press. I was able to go to medical school and do my thing and everything was peachy until I pissed off my grandfather enough. I finally crossed the line. He cut me off and now I've been forced to take a semester off.

Which is why I'm breaking the promise I made to myself and going to work on a movie set. A job I had to beg a friend for, because ... you know, college debt is a real thing.

I blow out a breath and quickly swerve into the other lane. No using turn signals in LA; that just gives all the asswipes behind you enough time to speed up and close the distance between them and the cars in front of them.

Where was I? Oh, right, pissing off the patriarch of the family.

I knew I'd never been the old man's favorite. Thankfully there were always some other family members that were willing to lay prostrate at his feet and fill his ears with bullshit confirming his illusions of grandeur. Mostly, I stayed out of his way, even after he got custody of me when my parents died in a small plane crash. I grew up in Hollywood Hills, but mostly flew under his radar.

He was kind of like a cross between Hugh Hefner and James Cameron, eccentric and ridiculously wealthy to a degree that complete strangers indulged his every whim.

There's a slight chance he actually forgot I existed, even though I lived in his house and paid for my med school out of the trust he'd set up for me. Maybe that was why he seemed surprised to find me making myself a pot of tea in the kitchen one night last month.

You're supposed to be the heiress to Lionheart Productions. Look at you. I can't tell anyone you're my granddaughter.

My fat ass isn't what got me cut out of the will and my monthly allowance revoked. Nope, that had been my big, fat mouth. Because I'd heard his old scratchy voice say that from behind me and when I spun around to face him, I promptly told my grandfather he could fuck right off if he didn't like how I looked.

I didn't give a shit about being his heiress. I didn't even care about having a monthly allowance. I didn't need to be a kept woman. Yes, it had been nice, I can't lie about that. But I was smart enough to make my own fucking money.

Since I still have a year of med school left and I don't want to drown in an ocean of debt, I need a job.

So, when a friend of mine had called begging me to help him out, I readily agreed. Even though the job was on the set of a movie.

It's a temporary gig, but I'm currently the set medic for *A Heartwarming Christmas Movie*, which is a terrible title. I mean really, let's be a little more clichéd. More like *A Heartwarming Christmas Movie set in a charming small town with snowball fights and hot cocoa in front of the fireplace where everyone falls in love and lives happily ever after.*

Gag me!

But if it means spending my winter break making money that will help pay for my next semester, I will swallow the Alka-Seltzer, stifle my gag reflex and spend Christmas with the beautiful people. It won't kill me.

Probably.

chapter **two**

ANDREW

I have a great ass.

It's true. I'm not even bragging. It is, in fact, my job to have a good behind. Well, technically my work often goes beyond my booty, but my ass is what gets me the jobs. I'm a set double, body double, ass double. Whatever you want to call it.

When leading men don't want to do naked work, they call on me. I don't mind showing off my body as long as I don't have to act or show my face. Not that there's anything wrong with my face, but doing the physical work of a scene is what I'm good at.

That most recent big budget alien action flick... yeah, that was my ass. It was painted blue for the movie, but still me. Hollywood has been good to me and I've been smart with my money, investing most of it because I knew with a job like mine, eventually the work would move on to younger guys. I'm approaching forty and frankly I'm getting tired of the work.

I'm ready to find my lady love and settle down, fill our house with kids and live happily ever after. Isn't that what all

these movies we make are about?

Okay, not that one asteroid movie. I wasn't in that one, thank goodness because everyone died. Talk about depressing.

In any case, I'm on set working with the director on blocking a scene. It's one of the more technical parts of my job and something I enjoy quite a bit. I'm basically like a living prop though, really used just to get the lighting and camera angles set up correctly on shots they want to try to get in one take.

"This isn't working," Luca, the director, mutters to himself.

That's when I see her. And by her, I mean *HER*. The woman I've noticed on set since we've been working for all of three days now on this new movie. It's a rushed, last minute holiday flick that seems to have everyone in a bad mood. Not me, I don't tend to get in bad moods much.

Seems like a waste of energy, especially when a cold beer and an orgasm can fix most things.

"Luca, hold up. I think I know what would help." I step off the set and lightly jog over to her. I step right in front of her path. "Hey," I say.

She frowns and tries to walk around me.

"Wait, I wanna talk to you."

"No thanks."

"Perfect, Andrew," Luca calls. "Yes, Maxine, can you help us out for a few minutes?"

Maxine's blue eyes widen behind her black-rimmed glasses. She gives Luca a tight smile, then shoots me a tiny glare before setting down her stuff on the concrete floor.

“What can I do?” Maxine asks Luca.

She’s clearly done with me which I find fucking delightful. I don’t know why. The fact that she’s not immediately charmed by me is refreshing, I guess. Or maybe I just am drawn to her sass. More likely I’m drawn to that plump ass of hers and her full tits; she’s all curves and softness, but when she talks, her voice is sharp and edgy. There’s also an undeniable intelligence shining in her eyes and fuck if that’s not catnip for me. Especially after living in this vapid wasteland for the last decade.

Hollywood is known for its pretty views, not for its intellectual stimulation. Not that Saddle Creek, TX, my small hometown, is an epicenter of culture. But I do miss going to the library, then walking down to Ruthie’s Diner with a stack of books to pore over while I eat one of her famous burgers.

“Andrew,” Luca barks.

“Right.” I tear my eyes away from Maxine’s curvy backside which somehow had me homesick for my favorite juicy hamburger. There’s something about this woman, I can feel it.

I make my way back into the fake living room where there’s a Christmas tree and a stack of boxes leaning against the wall. They’re empty boxes, but in the story of the movie they’re filled with all kinds of decorations for the two main love interests to get tangled up in. Or something like that.

Luca is explaining the scene and the whole concept of blocking and the angle of the cameras and lighting. She’s just staring at him like he’s a complete idiot.

“I think she’s got it, Luca. Let’s just give it a go.” I say, giving a gentle tug on the director’s shirt sleeve. We’ve

worked together multiple times before, so he knows me.

He growls, which is par for his course, but still walks off the platform and moves back to the camera area.

“Explain the set up to her while we adjust the equipment,” Luca yells.

She gives me a snort of derision. “Who are you, like the main actor?”

“No, sweetheart, I’m just his set double.”

Those blue eyes of hers roll. “So what is it that I need to do?”

“This is one of those scenes they want to preferably get in one take so that’s why we—”

“I know what scene blocking is, jackass. Just tell me about this scene.”

Fuck. Why does that sassy mouth make my dick hard? “Sure thing. The heroine is just walking through the room and a tower of boxes nearly topples over, hero rushes over to sweep her out of the way, they end up plastered against the wall together.”

She glances to her left at said tower of boxes. “What are in them?”

“Nothing. But they’re supposed to be filled with Christmas decorations. I’m Andrew, by the way.”

“Max.”

“I’ve seen you here, but never on any other sets. Are you a new actress?” I ask.

She snorts. “Yeah, right. Because they hire female stars with asses like mine all the time.”

I look down even though I can't exactly see much of her ass from this angle. But her hips and thighs are thick and curvy. "They should, because your body is damn near perfect."

She laughs and the sound is pure fucking magic. It's like a salve on sunburnt skin or water quenching a parched throat. Where has this woman been all my life?

"Oh my God! Do lines like that usually work?"

I raise a brow at her. "Who says it's a line?"

She puts her fists on her hips. "That is blatantly... obviously a line."

"Okay, so the boxes are toppling, and you move now Andrew," Luca calls.

I grab Maxine and maneuver out of the imaginary harm's way, putting her back up against the fake wallpapered wall.

"Excellent. Now step closer and brace your hands on either side of her head."

I do as I'm told, leaning in closer to Maxine. She sucks in a breath that, had I not heard it, I might have missed. She's not as unaffected by me as she's pretending to be.

"Okay, if you're not an actress, then what do you do on set?"

"I am in charge of color-coding all of the glitter used in the scenes."

"Maxine, put your hands on Andrew's hips," Luca says.

She swallows visibly, but then I feel her hands on the outsides of my jeans.

"No, no! I know you're not an actress," Luca yells. "But can you pretend you want to be there. Grab onto him."

Her fingers curl into my hips and fuck me, Luca doesn't even know what he's asking of me.

I lick my lips, flick my eyes down to her mouth briefly, then back up to her gaze.

“This is so forced and contrived. I will never understand how costars hook up so frequently,” she says, but her voice has lost some of its edge.

“Are you doubting the necessity of our fearless hero saving our intrepid heroine?”

She rolls her eyes. “Please. If the boxes are falling and she can't get out of the way before he has time to run across the room and save her, then maybe she deserves to get crushed.”

“Maybe shock and panic keep her from moving.”

This time she snorts. “What is she? An armadillo? Does she roll into a ball too?”

I toss my head back and laugh. “You're delightful, sweetheart. Have dinner with me.”

Her smile disappears. “Um ... no, thank you.”

“Why not?”

“Look, I'm sure I seem like low hanging fruit on the set, but I've been around guys like you my entire life and honestly, I need more than a pretty face. Besides, it's not going to hurt you to put in the effort to charm someone else.”

I shake my head in confusion. “Low hanging fruit? What the hell is that supposed to mean?”

“It means any guy who is as good looking as you can get laid any time he wants. Even in Hollywood. Still, I get it. You look around the set, try to find a woman who will take the

least amount of work. The woman who's a little frumpy, more than a little chubby and will probably just be grateful for the attention. But sorry, I will not be that woman."

She's got it all wrong. Everything she just said is wrong. I grin at her.

"I'm beginning to think that you might be slow-witted, as they say," she hisses.

"A little closer, Andrew," Luca barks.

And a little closer is all I need to completely close the distance between our mouths. I can't help myself. I've got to taste for myself and see if all those snarky words make for a tart kiss. I should have known better. She tastes like cinnamon and cloves and Christmas morning.

Her fingernails—blunt though they are—dig into my hips as she tightens her hold on me. She kisses me back, her tongue sweeping into my mouth in a bold, take-charge kind of way.

She makes a whimpering noise in her throat.

Laughter sounds from behind us. Fucking Luca and the camera guys. It definitely breaks the spell though because the next thing I know, I've got a knee to my groin and two palms pushing against my chest.

I fall to the set floor with a 'oof.'

"Jackass," she mutters, then she storms off.

Luca meanders over, still chuckling. "You probably want to ice your balls." His laughter increases.

"It's not that funny. I'll just go see the medic," I say, wincing in pain.

Luca howls with laughter. He tosses his thumb over his shoulder. “Maxine *IS* the medic.”

Fuck my life.

chapter **three**

Maxine

Today really can't get any worse.

I mean I suppose I could be forced to sell a kidney in order to pay the rent on my shoebox they call an apartment. Or groceries. I'm already living off of tuna fish and egg salad because my ass can't deal with ramen. Too many carbs.

Isn't that what got us into this mess to begin with?

No, no it's not. My plus size ass is just fine.

It's my selfish, judgmental grandfather, who is the problem. The size of my hips, ass or anything else shouldn't matter to anyone, especially not a relative.

Your body is damn near perfect.

Andrew's words, complete with that slow Texas drawl of his, replay in my mind as they've done for the last week and a half since we first met. Those words and that goddamn kiss.

I've done my level best to avoid him at work, which for the most part has been simple since our paths don't regularly cross. But I catch glimpses of him. It's impossible not to. Unfortunately, I seem to have a beacon for his unruly mop of dark blond hair and his tall, muscular frame.

“Stop it!” I yell at myself. No one on the freeway even notices because this is LA and everyone talks to themselves. In any case, the day is already shit and not because I’m foolishly mooning after Mr. Tall, Tasty and Texan.

No, the day is bad because I’m already running late. There was an accident when I first hopped on the freeway. To make matters infinitely worse, I spilled coffee all down my left leg. So, I’ve got coffee sloshing around in my shoe and my pant leg is shellacked to my thigh.

“Just fucking perfect.”

If I could absorb the caffeine through my skin at least that might help.

When I pull up to the kiosk gate at the studio, I can’t find my ID to show the guy. Even though he’s seen me every day for nearly two weeks, he acts like he has no idea who I am. So I show him my driver’s license. He still has no clue.

I have to make a call to Luca, the director, so someone can call this security guard.

I hear the phone ring inside the kiosk. Meanwhile there are cars lining up behind me and they’re already honking. Security guard pokes his head out the window and looks at me.

“You Maxine?”

I roll my eyes. “I *just* showed you my driver’s license.”

He stares blankly at me.

“Yes, I’m Maxine.”

He nods, says something to the phone, then presses a button that opens the arm so I can drive forward.

Now I'm really late. Let's not forget the one leg and one shoe soaked through with coffee. For the first time in my life, I'm stressed about bills and I hate my job.

I sigh.

No, I don't. I don't hate my job. I don't even really hate these people, even though they're all so damn beautiful. It's ridiculous.

Some of them are actually pretty sweet. Like Laura, one of our lead actresses. She, in particular, is so pretty, and genuinely sweet. It shouldn't be the kind of thing that makes me suspicious, but it does. I was raised in this town. In a family that values beauty over just about anything except money.

It's made me leery of people's motives.

But you know what, it's okay. She's allowed to be pretty and sweet and successful. Even if it makes no sense to me.

Like, I don't even understand how it can happen in this city. When you're *that* attractive and *that* successful, it tends to go to one's head and you end up being an asshole.

I finally park my car and grab my bag. Because I don't have my badge, I can't get into any of the locked doors. So I have to bang on the main set door. Thankfully, someone lets me in and uses the master key to let me into my medic trailer out in the lot behind.

First order of business is changing out of these damn pants. I toe off my shoes, thankful they're those ugly rubber clogs—don't judge, they're comfortable and a lot of doctors wear them. Also, they're super easy to clean of bodily fluids, or in this case, coffee. I rinse my shoes off in my sink and set them on a towel to dry.

I'm halfway to the cabinet where I keep extra sets of scrubs when someone opens my trailer door. I freeze in my spot, then realize too late that I'm standing there in nothing but my shirt and panties.

Just in time for Andrew to duck in. He's got his jeans unfastened and what looks like a blood spotted rag held to his back.

"Shit, what happened?"

He pauses when he sees me, those hazel eyes of his eating up my exposed skin. "Oh, sweet thing, of all the times for me to be injured. Look how sexy your fucking legs are."

"No time for that," I say. "Can you sit or do you need to lay face down? Whatever position is most comfortable, get into it over there and I'll come take a look." I walk over to the cabinet and grab the first pair of scrubs I can find. They're light blue with baby koalas all over them. I don't even remember buying them, but here we are.

I wash my hands, put on gloves and grab my kit, then go over to where Andrew is now, lying face down, bare ass up.

Jesus, take the wheel.

That is, hands down, the best ass I have ever laid my eyes on.

"I had a little accident on set and my bottom got injured," he says.

"Move your hand so I can see what I'm dealing with here." He does and I peel away the towel. "You know this injury is right at the top of your ass you didn't have to take your pants completely off."

“What fun would that be? Besides I’m the reigning Mr. Perfect Cheeks, five years running.”

“Do I even want to know what that is?” I shake my head and lean closer to the wound. “Never mind. I’m going to clean this out. Looks like you got nailed with a hole punch.”

He laughs. “Kinda. Mishap in set design and I got nailed. Or rather screwed.” He giggles this time.

Actually giggles. And I can’t help but laugh with him. “Are you drunk?”

“Someone gave me a Xanax; I think to keep me calm.”

“Were you panicking?”

“Not exactly, but I don’t have a good track record with blood. It makes me queasy.” He lifts his head a little. “Probably makes me a pussy, huh?”

“No, it doesn’t. I’ll get you cleaned up, but do you happen to know when the last time you got a tetanus shot was?”

“Uh, should be in my medical records. We have to keep all of that on file because of the union.”

“Okay, I’ll check in a minute. Hold still for me.” I proceed to clean out the wound and I try so hard to be professional. I am a doctor, for fuck’s sake, or nearly a doctor anyways. So my eyes stray periodically to the perfectly sculpted ass within reach. I could grab it. With both hands and give both cheeks a squeeze. Or I could lean forward and just bite into one of those firm looking globes.

Seriously, what the fuck is wrong with me?

“Definitely going to need a tetanus shot. Maybe a stitch or two, but that’s probably going to depend on doctor or patient’s

preference. The wound isn't that deep, and the edges are relatively clean."

"Maxine," he hums my name. "Why won't you go out with me? You're not low-hanging fruit or whatever you called yourself that day. I'll put in whatever effort you want me to, but you gotta give me a chance. I can't stop thinking about you, sweet thing. And goddammit if having your hands on me right now even in a clinical way, isn't turning me the fuck on."

"That's just the Xanax you took."

He chuckles and my traitorous pussy floods with arousal. "I'm pretty sure we both know that's patently false."

"You are a flirt."

"I'm actually not. I am friendly. I'm from Texas, I grew up waving to strangers from the front seat of my daddy's pick-up truck. But I don't flirt. Especially here. Since I've been here in California, I've been on exactly three dates, one of which was an awards ceremony, and I took my baby sister with me."

"The other two?" I find myself asking.

"Never made it past dinner on either of them."

I swallow thickly, then move over to the laptop the studio provided me for the medical records. I roll over to him on the stool, still determined to keep my eyes off his perfect ass.

"How did you even get into this line of work?" I ask him while I click around on the trackpad trying to find his records.

I had done some modeling and it was not my thing. I wanted to do stunts. That was my training, mostly with horses, but evidently that line of work is harder to break into. I was up for a big modeling campaign." He's laying with his head on his crossed arms and this his eyes tilt up to me. "It was for

tighty-whities. Anyways, one thing led to another and the next thing I knew I was asked to do a butt scene in a huge blockbuster and let's just say it was the butt that launched my career."

"But you never had any desire to act? With like your face, or whatever?" I laugh. "That sounds weird, but you know what I mean."

"I do and no. I never wanted to be an actor. I just came out here to have a bit of an adventure for a little while." He glances over his shoulder at his injury, then gives me a little grin.

"I'd say you're doing it."

chapter **four**

Maxine

I call my friend Shayla from the car. Shayla was a couple of years ahead of me in med school, and just started working at one of the top plastic surgery centers in the area.

Yes, I know. A plastic surgery center in LA. Seems pretty clichéd, right?

But Shayla is an excellent doctor, who worked her ass off. Since she came from a family who couldn't afford to pay for her schooling, I figure I can't blame her for going into an industry that will shower her with money so she can pay off her student loans.

Rather than calling the office, I call her private number, assuming she will let it roll to voicemail. This isn't the kind of place you can get a last-minute appointment.

To my surprise, she picks up.

“Hey, sweetie. How's it going in the slums of the movie industry?”

“It's as horrible as you can imagine.” I clear my throat. “Speaking of my job...”

She laughs. “What can I do for you?”

I quickly fill Shayla in on the situation with Andrew. She clucks her tongue in amusement when I describe his injury and immediately sees where I am going with the phone call. “I can’t squeeze him in for an appointment today.”

“Darn it. I don’t want to take them to the normal ER, because—”

“Obviously. Who knows what the stitches will look like if you do that. And if this guy’s ass is as amazing as you say it is —”

“I didn’t say it was amazing.”

From beside me Andrew snorts. Loud enough for Shayla to hear, he announces, “It is that amazing.”

Shayla laughs, clearly amused by Andrew’s shenanigans. “Like I was saying, I can’t fit him in here at the office. But it sounds like his apartment is not far from my house, so I’ll swing by after work. A couple of stitches, a tetanus shot, he’ll be good to go in twenty-four hours. No one will ever know I was there.”

“You are an angel.”

“I know.”

“I’ll text you the address once we get there.”

“Sounds good. Keep him off his feet, keep him comfortable, you know the drill. I’ll see you tonight.”

Shayla hangs up before I can tell her I was hoping I could ditch him at his place, and she could handle this on her own.

Then, I glance over at Andrew and roll my eyes.

I don’t know how many Xanax he took, but the dude is definitely loopy. It’s not even noon yet, and I assume Shayla

won't make it to his place until seven or eight.

I take the next exit and steer into the drive-through lane of one of my favorite taco joints. It's going to be a long day. The kind of day I need tacos with extra sour cream to get through. Too bad the place doesn't sell margaritas as well.

Andrew's apartment is nicer than I would expect.

I imagined the typical frat-boy decor that single men in their 30's still haven't outgrown—all lounge chairs, gaming systems, and movie posters on the wall. I was wrong about everything except the movie posters. Andrew has proper, adult furniture – i.e. a leather sofa and a coffee table that are modern reproductions of club furniture from the 1930's. He even has a Christmas tree up in the corner.

On his walls, he has framed movie posters from film noir classics like *The Big Sleep* and *Key Largo*. I snort when I see one of them is from Lionhearted Productions. How freaked out would he be if he knew the woman on the poster is my great aunt?

Questions I'll never know the answer to.

I help Andrew into his bedroom and help him change out of his jeans and into a comfortable pair of gray sweatpants. They do amazing things for his abs and ass, and horrible things to my lady bits.

It is grossly unfair that men can look so damn good in gray sweatpants. He peels off his t-shirt and tosses it in the direction of what is clearly his laundry hamper.

I'm so thankful that the Xanax has clearly made him very lethargic because he's just pliable and watching me with sleepy hazel eyes. He gives me a soft grin, but there's no

double entendres or flirtiness, which right now, I'm not sure I'm quite strong enough to ignore. He looks too damn good.

I tear my eyes away from his bare torso before I start using him as a life-size diagram. He's not bulky like a gym rat; he's lean, but his muscles are defined and I could literally label them, one rectus abdominus at a time.

As if he knows exactly what I'm doing, he scratches absently across those defined abs.

I sigh. "Let's get you into bed," I say. I make sure he's on his side, with a pillow at his back so he won't accidentally roll over onto his injury in his sleep.

Then I force him to eat a few tortilla chips with some guacamole, then drink some water to wash down a couple of pain killers. Just enough to take the edge off until Shayla can get here.

I assume I'm going to be able to sneak out but the second I leave his side, he stretches a hand out toward me. "Will you stay with me?"

Despite my professionalism, this feels like dangerous territory.

Do I really want to climb into bed with Andrew and sit here with him while he sleeps?

No.

Yes.

Obviously, since I am, after all, a living and breathing human woman. Who wouldn't want to climb in the bed with him? I totally want to snuggle up to his rocking hot body.

But this isn't my first rodeo. I know how this story goes.

Hot guy flirts with frumpy woman. Frumpy woman gets too emotionally involved. Hot guy moves on. Frumpy woman has broken heart.

There's no mystery about how this is going to go down.

Still, I relent, sitting down on the other side of the bed and stretching my legs out in front of me. It won't hurt to sit here for a few minutes.

Growing up in the movie industry may have made me cynical, but I do have some compassion for the wounded.

Andrew gives me a slightly goofy smile, then takes my hand in his and places it on his head.

I roll my eyes, but I keep my fingers threaded in his hair, gently massaging his scalp while he falls asleep. Since I have my phone with me, I access one of my textbooks and begin reviewing some material from last semester, which is exactly as gripping as you can imagine. Nothing makes a medical textbook more riveting than trying to read it off a tiny phone screen.

I know better than to let myself fall asleep next to Andrew, because things like this never end well.

chapter **five**

ANDREW

I didn't really expect to fall asleep. Sure, the Xanax I'd taken had me nicely relaxed, despite the pain, but I didn't think I'd be able to fall asleep with Max next to me in bed. But her rubbing my scalp definitely lured me into dreamland. When I wake up, it's to find her asleep next to me.

She's curled on her side facing me, one hand tucked under her chin, the other holding her phone like she fell asleep while reading something.

The instant I see her lying beside me, I know. My entire being fills with calm certainty. This—right here—is how I want to wake up every morning for the rest of my life.

Of course, I knew that from the moment I saw her. Feeling it again now, it's like a punch to my solar plexus. A confirmation that every gut instinct I have is right.

I reach out and brush a lock of her nearly black hair off her cheek and tuck it behind her ear. I brush a thumb over her cheek as her eyes blink slowly awake.

There's a moment, before she remembers that she thinks she doesn't like me, where she looks sleepy and warm.

Vulnerable. It's all I can do not to pull her toward me and kiss her. But I don't want to scare her off.

Still, I do want her to know where this is going.

"Sweet thing, you didn't strike me as the kind of girl who stays over on the first date." I wink at her.

She blinks again, some of the sleepiness leaving her gaze. "Wait. What?" More blinking as she raises herself up on her elbow. "This isn't a date."

"Sure it is. We've spent most of the day together. We've both had our pants off at one point or another. And the date's not over yet."

"This is not a date." Her eyes narrow grumpily.

She is adorable.

"You're adorable," I repeat the thought out loud. There's no point in keeping my opinions to myself, since I'm not playing games.

"You're full of shit."

"I'm really not," I tell her with a grin.

Her frown deepens and she seems to realize for the first time that she's laying in the bed with me. She scrambles to her feet and props her hands on her hips. "Let's get you up and get some food in you. Then I can give you more painkillers."

She helps me to my feet and I'm man enough to hide my groan of pain. It's a little embarrassing how much such a simple injury aches. She must see me wince, because she stays by my side as I walk to the bathroom.

At the bathroom door, she steps aside.

"You're not going to follow me in and help?" I tease.

She rolls her eyes. “I think you’ve got this.”

When I finish in the bathroom and step out, I find her on the phone. I try to give her privacy, but it’s a struggle, because she keeps her cards close to her chest. I’m not a hundred percent sure she doesn’t have a guy somewhere, despite all the asking around I’ve done. No one has mentioned a boyfriend, and she didn’t mention that as a reason she turned me down any of the times I’ve asked her out, but some women don’t. All I have to go on is my gut instinct this woman is meant for me and therefore isn’t with anyone else. Thankfully she’s not on the phone long.

When she hangs up she turns to me and says, “Good news. Shayla has a long lunch break and she’s going to come over now. She’ll be here in a few minutes.”

That is good news, and bad. Yeah, I want this injury to be taken care of, not just for the preservation of my career, my ass, and my dignity. But also because there are things that I want to do with Max that require me to have better range of motion than I currently have.

On the other side, right now, I have Max in my apartment, all alone. And I have the good sense to know that she’s going to try and leave the second she doesn’t feel responsible for me. I just need to come up with reasons why she should stay.

chapter **six**

Maxine

Shayla arrives a few minutes later just as she said she would. Thank God.

I need to get out of here. As. Soon. As. Possible.

The fact that I was comfortable enough around Andrew to fall asleep in his bed, does not bode well for my levels of resistance. Plus, I have already seen this man's ass more often than is beneficial for my heart rate.

"Thank you for taking time out of your lunch break to do this," I say.

"For you, anything, anytime. Tell me again about this injury you need me to look at."

I point at Andrew. "He's got a hole in his butt."

"Don't we all," Shayla says dryly.

I do introductions, refusing to give more than the basic details. I don't need Andrew knowing more about my life than he already does. I have a lifetime of experience keeping details about my family to myself.

“All right, let’s see what we’ve got going on,” Shayla says.

“Drop your pants, Andrew,” I say.

“This is so fucking awkward,” he mutters.

“Nonsense. You told me earlier you’re the reigning Mr. Perfect Ass or whatever you called it,” I remind him.

“Mr. Perfect Cheeks,” he corrects.

“I’m gonna need clarification,” Shayla says, wagging her eyebrows in obvious delight. “What exactly is it you do?”

He blows out a breath, looking uncharacteristically embarrassed.

“I’m a set double,” I say.

“What exactly does that mean?” Shayla asks. “Wow, this is a straight up hole in your ass.” She laughs. “You weren’t wrong, Max.”

“I’m usually not.”

Andrew gives the basic overview of his job and how he injured himself this time.

Shayla looks amused by his job and the injury, which makes me feel oddly protective of him. What’s up with that?

“Someone on set gave him a Xanax because he has vasovagal syncope,” I explain.

“I never actually pass out. It just makes me feel woozy and a bit sick to my stomach. Just not a fan of blood.”

“Fair enough,” Shayla says. “The good news is, I think I can do this with only a couple of stitches.”

“What about scarring?” I ask.

“Minimal,” Shayla says. “If any at all.”

“Good,” I say.

“First though, the tetanus shot,” Shayla says. “Let me go grab my bag.”

“So how do y’all know each other?” Andrew asks.

“Medical school.”

Andrew’s eyebrows shoot up. “You’re a doctor? Not just a medic?”

“I haven’t finished med school.”

“Why not?”

“Things got complicated.” Normally, I don’t talk much about med school, but something about Andrew makes him easy to talk to, so I find myself telling him the truth. “My grandfather was bankrolling school for me. One night last year, I said something he didn’t like and he cut me off.”

I shrug, trying to act like it doesn’t bother me that my closest family member is a manipulative, controlling asshole.

Andrew winces. “That’s rough. You couldn’t do loans?”

“I could. Sometimes I wonder if I’m being silly not doing that. I think I just want to do it on my own terms.”

Andrew nods. “That makes sense.”

A moment later, Shayla comes back in with her supplies, and I excuse myself so she can clean the wound better.

I stay out in the kitchen while she works. Making a pot of coffee, for no reason other than I want to stay busy. I’m not used to days off or afternoon naps, and having both at once has me disconcerted.

It's not long before she comes out, pulling off the latex gloves as she walks. "You probably could've handled that one yourself, Maxine."

"Probably. But since he needed a tetanus shot anyway, I figured I'd leave it to the experts."

"Don't get me wrong, I am not complaining." She turns around to give Andrew an exaggerated wink and blow him a kiss.

He flashes her a flirty smile and drawls, "Thanks for stitching me up, Doc."

Before I can say anything, he slings an arm over my shoulder and tucks me to his side.

Shayla all but cackles with delight as she eyes the pair of us. "Well then. I'll be getting out of your hair and leave you two to it."

"It's not what you think." I slide out from under his arm and make to walk for the door. "I'll be getting out of your hair also."

"Oh, no you can't do that." Shayla smiles mischievously. "He definitely needs to be observed for at least twenty-four hours."

"I don't think that's necessary."

"Sounds good to me."

Andrew and I answer at the same time.

Shayla's grin brightens. "Yes, but *I'm* the doctor. So I think it's my opinion we'll be taking. You need to make him feel as comfortable as possible."

I roll my eyes.

She links her arm through mine and walks with me toward the door, lowering her voice. “That man is delicious.”

“Tell me something I don’t know,” I grumble.

“And he’s obviously bonkers for you.”

I should’ve phrased that differently.

“He’s not. He’s just a flirt. That’s all.”

“Interesting theory. But not supported by the evidence. He didn’t flirt with me. He was friendly enough, but he didn’t flirt.” She glances back over her shoulder, and I follow suit. Sure enough, Andrew is looking straight at me, dopey grin on his face.

It’s suspicious.

Shayla is undeniably gorgeous. She has the kind of voluptuous beauty that most women would kill for. She looks like if Elvira went to medical school.

So, yes, it’s suspicious that Andrew is looking at me when he could be ogling her.

She gives him a little wave and then leans in to whisper to me, “If you don’t ride him like a tilt-a-whirl, you are truly missing an opportunity.”

“I don’t even know what that means. But I will not ride him like that or anything else. For several reasons, not the least of which is he’s injured.”

“Bullshit. You know anatomy well enough to be able to work around an injury like that. And the fact that this man landed on your doorstep and is this into you this close to Christmas,” She clicks her tongue. “This is proof there really is a Santa Claus. Please don’t ruin it for me.”

I shake my head as I watch Shayla leave.

That girl is on crack.

Okay, she's not. Because she's a medical professional who is definitely not doing drugs. But you know what I mean.

Andrew is a consummate flirt, but he's not into me. Certainly not "bonkers" for me. And even if he was, I wouldn't act on it.

That's just ... not my style.

However, when I turn back to Andrew, he's doing that thing again—that flirty, sexy smiling at me—thing.

I don't know how he's capable of flirting without saying a word, but, oh Lordy, can this man pull it off.

He quirks an eyebrow. "So, it looks like we've got some time to waste."

He gives me a long, slow once over and I'm pretty sure he's trying to strip me naked with *the Force*.

Okay, so maybe Shayla is right. Maybe he *is* into me.

The question is, what am I going to do about it?

Sure, I could ignore it, ignore him, like I've been attempting to do since that first day when he kissed me. Or I could ...

What?

Give in?

Sleep with him?

Actually have one of those on-set flings that I grew up hearing so much about. Not, on-set, exactly, since we are not currently on-set, but you get the picture.

Having a fling is so outside my normal comfort zone, it isn't something I even consider. Normally.

But my life isn't normal right now. It's topsy-turvy in all the weirdest ways. I walked away from medical school and took a job on a movie set for fuck's sake! I'm so far from my comfort zone, I can't even see the edges of it.

So maybe this is the perfect time for a fling? The perfect time to do something crazy that I would normally never do.

I've played by the rules, my entire life, and it hasn't gotten me shit.

If I do this one crazy thing, at least I'll get a fantastic orgasm out of it. I know that for sure. Because the man looking at me like he wants to eat me alive looks like he knows how to give one hell of an orgasm.

He gives me one those panty-melting grins. "I'm all stitched up and basically feeling no pain because of that numbing cream that Shayla used."

I nod.

"What are you thinking about so hard over there?" he asks.

"I'm considering something. Weighing my options."

"Yeah? What are your options?"

I walk closer to him. "Whether or not to have sex with you."

He closes his eyes for a brief moment and smiles. "Oh, sweet thing, you should definitely have sex with me."

I feel every one of his syllables pulse in my clit.

"There are things I need to know first," I say. I step even closer so that we're merely a breath away, standing facing

each other in his entryway.

“Anything you want to know, I’ll tell you. I don’t have any secrets,” he says.

“I don’t need you to make me any silly promises. But I’d like to know that I’m not just another notch in your bedpost. I mean, have you fucked all the other women from the set?” I ask. I hate that I ask, but I do it anyways, because I know I won’t be able to relax if I don’t.

He winces. “Wow. You don’t think very highly of me, do you?”

I shake my head. “It’s not you. Just the industry as a whole. It does things to people.”

“True enough. Well, I can tell you this, I’ve never slept with anyone on that set or any other set. That’s not the kind of man I am.”

I frown. I open my mouth to further question him, but then close it.

“What’s the problem, sweet thing?”

“That just doesn’t seem possible. I mean look at you!”

“I’d rather look at you, Max.” Again his eyes take in my form—well, as much of it as he can see this close up. “You’re gorgeous. I could look at you all night.” He grabs my hand and pulls me so our bodies are flush. “Listen to me, darlin’, we don’t have to do a damn thing tonight. We can watch movies or binge a series or play battleship. I don’t care. I just wanna spend some time with you. Do I want to see you naked? Fuck, yes, but I can be patient if you need more time.”

“Let’s go to the bedroom.”

We make our way, hand in hand, to his bedroom. Then he's walking me backwards until the backs of my knees hit his mattress. I lock my legs to stay standing though.

His hazel eyes darken, the blackness of his pupils spread. "I'm gonna kiss you again, sweet thing." That lusty gaze drops to my mouth.

My tongue darts out to wet my lips which suddenly seem so dry.

"Goddamn it, Max, you undo me," he growls.

Then he kisses me. I've been kissed before. Even had what I considered to be a good kiss. A great kiss, I'd thought. But in this moment, with Andrew's oh-so-soft lips moving across mine and the whisper of our breaths mingling together, it feels like my very first kiss.

We haven't even started in with the tongues yet!

Then he licks my bottom lip and I'm ready to tear off all my clothes and offer myself to him like a virginal sacrifice. Am I technically a virgin? No. But the fumbblings in the backseat of a limousine with my senior prom date named Mark hardly count. I'm not even sure he got it all the way in, and it lasted like seven seconds.

Why am I thinking about that right now when this beautiful man is—pulling away from my kiss?

"Where did you go?" he asks.

"Huh?"

"One minute you were into it and the next, I lost you."

"I was thinking about my senior prom."

"Wow. The kiss was going a lot better on my end."

chapter

seven

ANDREW

Those fathomless blue eyes of hers stare into mine. “I was thinking about my lack of experience, actually. I don’t want you to be disappointed,” she says. “I’m not a virgin. I mean not really.”

I put a finger to her lips. “Sweet thing, stop. I don’t care about any of that. Unless you feel strongly about sharing the experience with me, then stop worrying about it. This is about us; that’s all that matters to me. I don’t have a ton of experience either. I might look like a playboy, but that’s not how I was raised.”

She stares at me, then smiles. “You’re different than I expected.”

“I hope that’s a good thing,” I say.

“It’s a very good thing.”

“I need you to set the pace, Max.”

“Why is that?”

“Because I want nothing more than to tear your clothes off and bury my face in between those thick thighs of yours.”

She sucks in a breath, then nods.

“You’re nodding,” I say.

“Yes, please. Do that.” She pulls off her scrubs shirt but leaves her bra in place.

I’m already kicking off my jeans because I’ve been hard for this woman on and off all day and I’m so ready to make her come. I squeeze my dick through my boxers while I watch her peel off her bottom scrubs. There’s those curvy as fuck legs I saw this morning.

The first thing I’d thought about when I’d seen all that bare skin was wearing her thighs as earmuffs. Goddamn, this woman turns me on.

“Your body is ridiculous,” she says.

I look up into her face and her eyes are roaming all over my exposed skin.

“I could say the same about you. All those fucking curves.” I grab her hips and squeeze my fingers into her plump flesh.

“Just seems cosmically unfair for you to be this attractive, not a narcissist, and you—though I’m not an actual expert, I’m just judging from that bulge you’re sporting—have a big dick.”

I toss my head back and laugh and swallow the words that bubble up my throat. Because I nearly tell this woman I am head over feet in love with her.

“You can flatter me all you like, sweet thing, but I can extoll your virtues just as much. You’re beautiful and intelligent and fucking hilarious.” I slide my hands up from her hips to the bare flesh of her waist and I swear electricity sparks between our skin. “But I’d rather put my mouth to better use.”

She falls back onto the bed and scoots up to the middle. Leaning back on her elbows, it pushes her big tits forward. The dip of her waist accentuates her soft belly and the flair of her hips. Her navy blue cotton underwear cover her pussy, but there's a telltale wet mark right between her folds.

“Take the bra off. I need to see all of you.” I get on the bed, between her thighs and run my knuckles up and down the crease of her pussy. “You're so wet for me, sweet thing.”

She slips the bra off her shoulders, then tosses it on the floor. Her bare breasts are heavy and teardrop shaped, the nipples already hard. Her hands slide up and pluck at the hard little tips.

“Fuck,” I murmur. I pull those panties off her hips, then thighs until I can toss them on the ground. “Lay back and spread yourself open to me.”

Obediently, she follows my commands. Her thighs part. The scent of her arousal teases me as I lay on my stomach and wedge my shoulders between her legs. I spread her open with my thumbs.

She gasps.

I put my mouth on her perfect pussy. Her taste explodes on my tongue. I lick up from her entrance all the way to the bundle of nerves at the top.

“Andrew, oh my,” she moans.

I flick my tongue across her clit, back and forth, back and forth a few times until she's rocking beneath me and moaning.

“It's so good,” she says. Her fingers scrape through my hair against my scalp. “Your tongue is... oh yeah.”

I lick tight circles around her clit, then slide two fingers inside her hot channel. I bump myself into the mattress to put pressure on my hard dick.

I want to tell her all the things I want to do to her body, all the things I want to do with her for the rest of our lives. But I'm not taking my mouth off her pussy until I taste her release.

She writhes against my mouth. "Andrew, Andrew," she says, whimpering my name again and again.

My fingers curl to find her g-spot, then I suck her clit into my mouth. I run my tongue across it, while moving my fingers and she shatters.

The taste and feel of her climax etches into my brain, and I know I'll never want another woman.

I'm going to marry this woman the minute she agrees.

I place small nibbling kisses to her inner thighs, then crawl up her body. I settle in the cradle of her thighs, my dick nestled against the heat of her wet pussy.

Her arms wrap around my neck. She leans her head up and kisses me, not minding that I obviously taste like her.

I rock my pelvis, rubbing my cock against her clit.

She gasps and pulls back. "You know I truly didn't think I'd like that?"

"What's that, sweet thing?"

"Your mouth on me. But wow."

"You're fucking delicious, darlin'. Want me to do it again? Because I could eat you all night."

"No, I really want you to put that big dick of yours inside me and fuck me. That's what I want."

My heart nearly explodes. I am so madly in love with this woman.

“I’ve never wanted anyone or anything the way that I want you.”

“I’m on birth control,” she says.

“I can still use a condom if you want me to. But I’m clean and I’d love to fuck you with nothing between us.”

“Yes, do that.” Her thighs part and come up on either side of my hips.

“You’re so fucking gorgeous, do you know that?”

My cock nestles between her slick folds. Even before I slide inside, I can feel her heat and wetness.

I lean down and kiss her. Gentle, small open-mouthed kisses where we sip at each other. Then our tongues tangle and her arms wrap around my neck. She bucks beneath me, sliding her pussy against my dick.

I reach down and notch myself at her entrance. She hikes her legs higher up on my hips.

“Andrew, I really don’t want to hurt your ass, but if you don’t get inside of me, I’m gonna roll you over and ride you the way I want.”

“Is that so?”

“Ye—”

I thrust quickly inside before she can even finish her answer.

“Wow, you are big,” she says.

“Am I hurting you, sweet thing?”

She shakes her head. "Please move."

"This pussy was made for me," I tell her.

Then I pick up my rhythm and fuck her more quickly. In and out, in and out. Every time I thrust back in she moans, so I know I'm hitting her in all the good spots.

"I'm gonna come so hard inside this pussy. Goddamn it, Max. You feel too fucking good."

"I should be irritated that you're this good at this, but since I'm benefiting, I'm not going to complain," she says, her words full of breath.

"I'm just good at fucking you, darlin', because this pussy was made for me."

"Andrew," she moans. "Oh damn, you're gonna make me come again." She grabs my face and our eyes lock.

Watching her fall apart brings on my own climax. But coming together while looking into each other's eyes is so intimate, so special, I know she can feel it. She has to know this is more than a one-night stand.

chapter **eight**

Maxine

I wake up at some point in the middle of the night with Andrew's hot naked body pressed against mine. He's hard and nestled up against my ass and one of his large palms covers one of my tits.

I don't think he's awake at all, but my pussy is drenched just from him being so close to me. Every part of this man is magic, and I want another hit before I have to go back to my real life. The life where I'm just shy of being an actual doctor but had to quit school because my grandfather thinks I'm too fat.

But this beautiful man behind me thinks I'm perfect just the way I am. I reach behind me, between our bodies and guide the thick mushroom shaped head of his dick to my entrance.

He groans in my ear as he slides all the way inside me. "Maxine, sweet thing." He licks and nibbles on the back of my neck while his fingers and hand play with my tit and his pelvis rocks him in and out of me. His pace is leisurely, nothing like the frenzied fucking we did earlier.

No, this feels a lot more like love making. I reach up and grab the back of his head, just to press him closer to me.

Once upon a time I'd believed in romantic fairy tales and happily ever afters. That person is still inside of me, and she desperately wants this man to be her happy ending.

I squeeze my eyes shut against the tears that I know are coming, forcing myself to just feel the pleasure of our bodies.

"I could wake up every day to the feel of your bare skin next to mine," he murmurs. "God, I love the way your pussy feels around my dick."

His hand slides down my body and grips my hip. Then his fingers are between my folds and circling my clit, slow, slow, slow.

"Andrew," I breathe. "Just like that, please don't stop."

"I'll never stop. I'll make love to you forever, sweet thing."

That's when my orgasm crashes over me. Pulse after pulse of pleasure shudders through me.

"Fuck, your pussy is squeezing my cock so hard. Goddammit, Max, I'm gonna come." His fingers dig into my hip again and for some reason I hope he leaves bruises. Some kind of mark that proves he was here.

He bites the back of my shoulder playfully. "I think I might have to keep you for a little bit longer."

I force out a chuckle, then make my way to the bathroom to clean up and relieve myself. By the time I come back to the bed, he's already fallen asleep.

I should probably just leave now. Walk away before I get too attached and have my heart broken. But looking at the

thick sweep of his lashes shuttering his soulful eyes, I can't make myself walk away. At least not yet.

The following morning, I wake up to the heavenly scent of bacon and coffee. Even if it's bacon flavored coffee, I am all in.

I quickly get myself dressed, finger-brush my teeth and go in search of fat and caffeine. As I pass through Andrew's living room, I stop at his Christmas tree. The colored twinkly lights are already lit, illuminating the various ornaments.

It's not a professionally decorated tree like they have at department stores. There are no matching, colored glass balls or specific color schemes or themes. No, these are ornaments that clearly mean something to him.

There are ones that look as if made by a small child. An upside-down palm print painted onto a card and then made to look like a reindeer. One of the googly eyes has fallen off though.

Then there are several from all over as if he collected them as he'd traveled to different places. This is what a Christmas tree is supposed to be. Not those manufactured ones I grew up with where a team of servants would put together something so perfect looking. You were never allowed to touch it or even stand too close.

A sense of longing I don't quite understand surges inside of me and my eyes start to sting.

"Come'er, sweet thing. I made coffee. I know you love coffee," Andrew calls from the kitchen.

How does he know that? I mean aside from everyone generally liking coffee. So it's a decent guess. But when I get

into the kitchen, he has my favorite creamer out on the counter as well as the special no-calorie sweetener I use.

He holds out a mug to me. “Here, darlin’,”

“Thank you.” I take a sip and it’s perfect. Before I can ask him how he knows how I take my coffee, there’s a ringing sound that blares through the kitchen.

“That’s them,” he says, giving me a wink. “Come meet my family.”

“I should get dressed first,” I say. Then skirt away from him. Once I’m back in his room I put my bra on under the scrub shirt I’d already tossed on. My panties from yesterday are in less than great shape so I put them on inside out, then pull up my scrubs. I toss my dark hair up into a messy bun, then quickly wash my face.

I creep out into the living room and listen.

“I still can’t believe you’re not coming home until after New Year’s,” one of them says, his sister, maybe. “I think this is the first time you’ve missed.”

“No, you remember, Audrey. There was another year when he couldn’t come because all the flights were cancelled due to weather,” an older man says. Probably Andrew’s father.

“But he’s got the narwhal to keep him company,” the sister says again.

Narwhal? What kind of narwhal is he going to be spending time with?

“When do we get to see her for ourselves?” an older woman asks.

Wait. Her?

My breath catches in my chest as it hits me.

I'm the narwhal.

Wow, he called me a fucking narwhal? Like, okay, I guess that's better than just being a regular whale because narwhals are pretty cool with their horns. But still, a whale.

He called me a whale.

This guy that I thought was so amazing. So kind and funny. Too good to be true.

Right.

What's that old saying? If someone seems too good to true, they probably are. Well, that's certainly true.

I can't believe I fell for his bullshit, and here he is telling his whole family he bagged a fat chick.

I step into the room.

"There she is. Come meet my family, sweet thing," Andrew says, holding his hand out to me.

The contrast between his tone and his words is so sharp it's like a slap in the face. For one horrible minute, I don't think I can walk out of here. Certainly not without bursting into tears.

But I can't do that. I can't let him get the better of me.

"The set just called and there's some kind of medical emergency, so I've gotta get going, actually."

"I'll go with you," he says. Concern etches his features.

"No. You need your rest. I've got this." Then I turn on my heels and leave.

chapter **nine**

ANDREW

I quickly end the video chat with my family because something is very wrong with Maxine and I need to find out what it is. I toss on some shoes and grab a travel neck pillow—advice from my mother—for me to sit on in lieu of a donut pillow. Stupid ass injury. So that slows me down more than I'd like.

By the time I pull into the lot at the studio, I'm nearly two hours behind her.

I barge into the main studio and there she is, standing at the craft services table talking to Scarlet and Laura. There are a few other of the main actors and crew members around as well.

She looks up and sees me and immediately starts shaking her head. She tries to set aside her plate of food, but she's trapped by some equipment, the table, and me.

"What the hell was that about, with you barging out of my house like your hair was on fire?" I ask her.

"We're not doing this," she says.

"Yes, we are. We're so doing this."

One of the cameramen steps forward to take her plate.

“Thank you,” she says.

“You spend one amazing night in my arms, in my bed, then you just rush out like it meant nothing,” I say. “That is not how this is gonna work, sweet thing.”

She pops her fists on her hips. “No, evidently the way this is gonna work is you’re going to call me horrible names to your family when I’m not in the room.”

“Andrew,” Scarlett scolds.

“Oh no,” Laura says.

And I just laugh.

“Oh, so you just think this is all hilarious?” Max asks.

“Go ahead, tell them what you overheard,” I say. “What’s this horrible name you heard?”

“You called me a whale,” she says.

“Nope. Be more specific.”

“A narwhal!” She tosses her hands up. “He called me a fucking narwhal. Like it’s any better to refer to me as a specific kind of whale?”

Scarlett gasps, looking from me to Max and back again, her eyes widening. “Is she really, Andrew?”

“Oh yeah.”

Then Scarlett and Laura are both wiping their eyes and side hugging. “You’ve waited so long.”

The cameraman who took Max’s plate and has since been snacking off of it, comes and claps me on the shoulder. “Congrats, man.”

“Hold up!” Max yells. “You are all crazy people! Why is everyone so excited that he’s calling me a fancy unicorn whale?”

I close the distance between us and cup her face. “You’re beautiful when you’re angry,” I say.

“You’re a lunatic.”

“Shall I explain?”

“By all means. Not going to deny that I’m curious about this. Especially since everyone seems to know about it but me.”

“I already told you how I ended up in Hollywood and this line of work, but why I stayed, well, that’s a bit of a different story. The truth is, I just felt like my narwhal was here and that someday this was where I’d find her.”

Her brow furrows.

“You know how people talk about their perfect someone? They’ll have a list of attributes, characteristics, traits, features, etc. But to put them all together in one person seems to be asking too much of the world. So, they refer to this perfect someone as ‘the unicorn.’ Why? Because unicorns are mythical creatures. They actually don’t exist. In essence they’re saying before they even start, I’ll never find what I’m looking for so why even try.”

I grab her hands and squeeze them, then run my thumb across her knuckles. “But in my family, we’re raised to believe that our perfect someone isn’t mythical, but also might not be right next door. You might have to actually go look. Narwhals are hard to find. They’re magical and cool and majestic. But they’re totally fucking real.”

She opens her mouth, then closes it. “So, you weren’t calling me fat?”

“What? God, no. I love your body. I thought I made that abundantly clear last night.”

“You did. That’s why this felt like such a kick in the teeth. And maybe I was hearing someone else’s words or meaning this morning. I don’t know.” She gives me a watery smile. “So what exactly does all that mean?”

“Do you believe in soul mates, Max?” I ask her.

“I used to. But then life experiences kinda taught me that love like that only exists in the movies and I know more than anyone how fake that is.”

“Why is that?” Scarlett asks.

“Because I’m heiress to *Lionheart Productions*. Or I was until I pissed off my grandfather. Now I’m heiress to exactly nothing.”

“Wait, so that means you’re Ridge Sawyer’s daughter?” the cameraman asks.

“That would be me.” She holds her arms up in a ‘ta-da’ movement. “I assumed everyone knew.”

“I don’t think anyone knew,” I say. “I mean I had no idea. Not that it matters.”

“Your family is like movie royalty though,” Scarlett says.

“Yes. The Kennedys of Hollywood as my aunt used to say. And we have the curse to go with it.”

“Give Andrew a chance to prove your theory wrong,” Scarlett says. “He really has been looking for his narwhal since I’ve known him and that’s been a really long time.”

I thread my fingers through Max's and lead her away from the cast. Once we're alone, I cup her face.

"I'm not playing games here, sweet thing. Especially with your heart. I would never want to hurt you. The fact that you thought those things this morning kills me." I squeeze my eyes closed. "I mean you thought my entire family was having a good old laugh at your expense. Darlin,' I'd never, never do that. To anyone, but especially someone I love."

She gasps and looks up into my eyes. "Wait, what? You love me?"

"I'm in love with you. Now and forever, amen. Stick a fork in me, I'm done, kind of love. Put a 'sold!' sign up in my yard, kind of love."

She laughs through tears. "I'm not even sure I know what all of that means, but I'm willing to find out. I love you too, Andrew. I'm not sure I know how to do the forever thing. No one in my family has ever been any good at it."

"That's all right. Everyone in my family is. I'll teach you and we'll take one day at a time."

Then she kisses me.

chapter ten

Maxine

It's New Year's Eve and we've wrapped the movie. Tonight is our big cast party and I'm actually looking forward to it. So much has changed in the last few weeks. For one I gave notice on my tiny apartment and moved in with Andrew since I was spending all my time at his place anyways.

Secondly, I did finally "meet" his family on video chat and yes, I'm the narwhal. I get it now and wow, it just says so much about his family and him. My man is just amazing, that's all there is to it. And he loves me in ways I never even would have known to wish for. Ways, I didn't even know I needed.

As it turns out, he's my narwhal too.

I'm nearly ready for our fancy party tonight with my sparkly black wrap dress, which frankly does fabulous things for my tits. Andrew is gonna have a hard time—pun intended—getting out the door tonight without fucking me up against something.

I'm just putting in my second earring when he steps into the bathroom.

"Holy fuck, sweet thing, you look..."

I see his reflection in the mirror as he stands behind me.

He scrubs a hand down his face. “So beautiful.” He shakes his head as if trying to pull himself from a trance. Then he spins around to face away from me. His head tilts down like he’s looking at the floor. “Okay, do not look at the pretty lady. You cannot come out and play until I get to say the things I need to say.”

I burst out laughing. “Oh my God, are you talking to your dick?” I ask.

“He needs a time out,” Andrew says.

I laugh again. “Are you going to turn around to face me?”

He exhales slowly. “I’m going go to give it a try.” Ever so carefully, he turns towards me, keeping his eyes on my face. “I love you, Max.”

“I love you too, Cheeks,” I say, using his new nickname that still makes him blush. I love that half of the world has seen his bare ass, yet he still gets embarrassed.

“I have two things.” He holds up two fingers. “First, I got you something that I was hoping you’d wear tonight. Something special.”

He gives me that slow Texas grin of his that I think makes my panties disappear. If I were actually wearing any, but that’s his surprise for later. “All right. I’ll wear it.”

“Close your eyes,” he says.

I do as I’m told and then a moment later, he tells me to open them and he’s on one knee in front of me.

“Maxine Sawyer, you are the one true love of my life, my narwhal. Please put me out of my misery and say you’ll also be my wife? I want to legally bind you to me for all eternity.”

I laugh. “You’re kinda creepy sometimes, but it’s cute and I like you a lot so I’m gonna let it slide.” I wiggle my left hand in front of him. “Yes, I’ll be your wife, you lunatic.”

He slides that ring on my finger, then stands and pulls me into his arms for a heated kiss.

I break the kiss to take a peek at my new bling. I wouldn’t have said I was much of a diamond girl, but seeing this antique gold ring on my finger makes me want to squee like a twelve year old!

“It’s beautiful.”

“I’m glad you like it. It was my grandmother’s.”

“That makes it even more special. I really can’t wait to meet your family. I mean, I don’t know how to be in a real family like that, but I’m going to try to learn. I promise that.”

“They love you already, darlin’, you’ve got nothing to worry about. And we could go see them soon if you want. That’s actually the second thing I wanted to talk to you about.”

I pull my eyes from my beautiful engagement ring to look at my gorgeous fiancé. Oh my God, how is this my life?!

“I found a grant at the University of Texas Medical School that will cover most of your tuition and fees for the rest of your schooling if you sign a contract to practice in one of the rural Texas towns on this list.” He swallows and gives me a tiny nod. “Wouldn’t you know that Saddle Creek is on that list?”

“So, I could finish my medical degree and then practice in your home town?” I ask.

“Yes. I mean it wouldn’t have to be forever. I believe the contracts are for six years. So after that time period, you’d be

free to move your practice wherever you want.”

“But you researched this all on your own?”

“Admittedly, I did call the main librarian back home, Callie Crawford, because she’s whip smart and super helpful with this kind of thing. I just wanted to know a jumping off point, which she was able to give me.”

I just stare at him because this man... this man is everything.

“Max, you don’t have to do it that way at all and I wasn’t trying to overstep anything, I just—”

I cut him off with a kiss. Then I proceed to kiss the hell out of him. Finally, I pull back, when we’re both breathing hard.

“I thought you were upset,” he says.

“No. I was just shocked. No one has ever gone out of their way to help me before.”

“That’s what being partners is all about,” he says.

“Then I’m going to love being on your team.”

epilogue

Maxine

a few years later...

“Dr. Briggs, you have a walk-in patient in room three.”

I look up to see Lori, the receptionist with her head poked in my office door. I nod and finish chewing my bite of grape salad. After swallowing a sip of iced tea, I nod.

“Emergency?”

Lori chuckles. “Not exactly.”

“Oh, hell. Can’t wait to see this one.” I stand and round my desk.

Being the main doctor in a small town is never boring, I’ll say that. No, we don’t get all the drama that you get in a big city emergency room, but I’ve removed barbed wire from some surprising body parts.

And we do have a small supply of rattlesnake anti-venom we keep in stock for emergencies. Because out in these wild hills of Texas, things happen.

Doc West and I share a practice now. He's the pediatrician and I'm the general practitioner. Since he already had an established practice, it was perfect for me to slide right in. Plus they hadn't had a general doctor in town for a while and many of his patients had grown up.

I rap my knuckles on the door of room three then open it to find my husband sitting up on the table and our two year old daughter standing on his thighs.

"Mommy!" she squeals when I walk in.

"What are you doing here?" I ask.

Andrew points vaguely to his throat. "She karate chopped me and I think she might have broken my trachea," he says in an exaggerated hoarse voice.

I roll my eyes. "She's two, Cheeks. I doubt she could break anything."

"She's freakishly strong," he grumbles.

"So she throat punched you and you came to see me for an exam?"

"Yes. It really does hurt."

I grab my daughter off the table and turn her around smooching kisses all over her face and neck. I open the door and tell her to go to Miss Lori's desk and ask for a sucker. Then I remind her she has to sit still while she has it.

When I turn around and close the door behind me, I give my husband a look.

"You need me to examine you, baby?" I lock the door and walk towards the table. "If you wanted to play doctor, you could have just asked."

“I was being serious, Maxine.” He scrapes his hand over his face and looks up at me with blatant lust darkening his features. “But dammit, sweet thing, now you’ve got me all hard.”

I step forward and put my stethoscope in my ears, then press it to his chest. “Deep breath. Again. That’s good. Your heart beat is a little elevated though.”

His big hands slide up and palm my tits. “Wonder why.”

I examine his neck and throat, making sure that our tiny offspring didn’t do any permanent damage to my husband. But he’s all good.

“Everything looks good, Mr. Briggs. But I do need have one more test to perform. Now for this specific test, I’m going to need you to be as quiet as possible. Do you understand?” I look up into his face and his pupils are completely blown.

“Mrs. Briggs, are you going to be naughty?”

“That’s Doctor Briggs to you and yes. I’m going to be very naughty.” I unfasten his jeans and he’s already hard as steel for me. “Remember, don’t make a sound.”

Then I pull out his cock and swirl my tongue around the head.

“Fuck, sweet thing,” he whispers.

I run my thumb over to the side of his pelvis, over the tattoo there. I can’t see it right now, but I know I’m touching it. His narwhal. It isn’t cutesy or cartoon-like. It looks more like a drawing from an old text book. A real narwhal. Not a magical, imaginary animal, but one that’s very real. Just rare.

Like our love. This man has single handedly changed my life and taught me so much about love.

I suck him hard into my mouth and his fingers thread through my hair.

“I love you so fucking much,” he whispers.

I just keep my eyes closed and put all of my love into my current task.

Can a quicky blow job be romantic? Maybe not. But it’s us and that’s all that matters.

I hope you loved Andrew and Maxine’s story. Please consider [leaving me a review](#). Want more of them? You’ll be able to visit them again in Andrew’s sister’s upcoming book, [Grumpy Santa](#).

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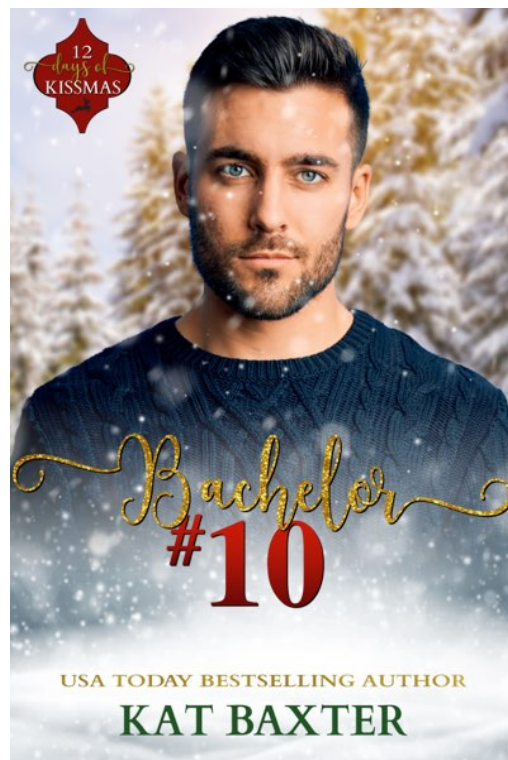
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excerpt from bachelor #10



WILLOW

“Willow!” Sabrina shrieks the minute I step into her house.

Her tone implies she’s in the midst of a disaster of epic proportions. If I didn’t know her—if I hadn’t worked as her assistant for the majority of the last year—I might assume she’d severed a limb or was being held hostage. I don’t even bother asking her what the problem is, because she will tell me

whether I want to know or not. I set my purse down on the entryway table and grab my planner to bring into the kitchen where my boss is standing.

“You will never believe what happened,” she says.

“Probably not.” I set down my planner and open the fridge to pull out the ingredients for her green smoothie.

I work for Sabrina Wilde, the supermodel. Yep, the one who graced the cover of the sport’s swimsuit issue three years ago and who has been on the cover of nearly every woman’s magazine since she was sixteen. In all that time I’ve worked for her, I’ve never actually seen her eat anything that requires chewing.

I am not even kidding.

If I wasn’t in charge of scheduling her appointments to have her teeth whitened, I’d wonder if she still had them. It’s not like she smiles—not at me, anyway—so I have no visual proof her teeth exist.

And I would notice if she ate because I love food. I learned very quickly that I had to pack snacks with me to bring to work, because there’s no way I could rely on Sabrina to keep me fed. She pays me exceptionally well, which is the *only* reason I still work for her. She’s basically a nightmare.

I’m thinking it’s because she’s got to be hungry. I mean she drinks all her calories. Green smoothie in the morning consisting of an entire avocado, way too many stalks of celery and copious amounts of greens. Of course there’s protein powder, but not even like a chocolate-flavored one that a normal person would use. It makes me shudder to make it, but I do. I’ve learned to breathe through my nose otherwise she complains about my expression. Lunch is some kind of herbal

hot drink tea thing she gets imported from who knows where. And then her dinner is a pink smoothie. That's her entire diet. Two smoothies and herbal tea. Every day. Every single day. Look, I cannot even make this stuff up.

For the first week of my employment, I totally thought she was punking me. But obviously this is why she is on the cover of magazines and walks runways and I just had to go up a size in my jeans. Whatever. I'm comfortable with my curves.

I can't pretend that I've always been this comfortable in my skin but dealing with her banished whatever lingering insecurities I had about being a curvy girl in a world that values visible ribs. I've seen firsthand how grumpy and disagreeable Sabrina is. All the time. If that's the price of beauty, she can keep it.

"Can you believe it?" she demands. Clearly, I caught her mid-rant. She pushes her pale blonde hair back off her face. "So obviously you are going to have to go in my place."

"Wait, what? I have to go where?"

"To the bachelor auction. Haven't you been listening to me?"

No, I haven't because ohmygosh this woman has so much drama that I just cannot even deal with it all. I've seriously considered trying to get a prescription for some anxiety meds and sneaking them in her smoothies, because she just needs to relax. But again there's the whole food thing. I'd probably be an anxious, angry mess if all I could ever do was drink vegetables.

I'm pretty sure drugging my boss would be illegal, but I'm equally sure the right jury would let me off, especially if she took the stand and they saw firsthand what she's like.

She opens her mouth to talk again, and I quickly hit the button on the blender. Her brown eyes narrow at me. This time of day, I see her in a way the world never does, completely clean-faced and free of make-up. Her thin, blonde hair pulled back from her face and secured into a tight ponytail, only a few wisps of it fall onto her forehead periodically.

I finish her smoothie and slide the glass over the kitchen counter to her. Reminding myself that—despite her hyperbolic drama—Sabrina is a generous boss. At least financially speaking. And it is literally my job to listen to her rant and then do whatever I can to smooth a path forward for her. I flash her my most nurturing, sympathetic smile.

“Maybe start at the beginning and tell me all about it.”

She crosses and uncrosses her arms, looking vaguely like a pouting toddler.

I give the glass another nudge in her direction, praying the calories—such as they are—will help. I give her an encouraging nod.

Eventually she picks up the smoothie and takes a sip.

I give a mental fist pump.

Is it wrong that I treat my boss—a woman ten years my senior—like a recalcitrant child? Yes, it is.

I don't mean to infantilize her, I really don't. She's a grown woman with a successful career, and ... who am I kidding? If I treat her like a child, it's because she often acts like one, especially with me.

I'm not saying that my education in early childhood education for special needs children prepared me perfectly to be her PA, but I will say this: Before me, she went through ten PAs in seven months. Do with that information what you will.

I give her a few minutes to sip her smoothie and then gently prod, “Why don’t you start at the beginning?”

“It’s that horrible Gossip Lane person again.”

“Ah,” I murmur sympathetically.

GossipLane.com is one of the most popular online purveyors of celebrity gossip. The gossip “sips” they post cover everything from A-Listers, to politicians, to bored, semi-retired supermodels. Though admittedly I don’t read it often, mostly just when my boss complains about it. I’d never tell Sabrina, but I find GossipLane well-written, smart, and generally amusing.

Sabrina ... does not.

Of course, I am a nobody and have never been mentioned by an on-line gossip site, so what do I know?

“What’s she done this time?” I ask.

Sabrina lets out a huff of indignation and pulls out her phone. After a bit of tapping and scrolling she hands it to me, and I read the post.

I read it twice, because ... what the hell is a Thirst Trap? And why the elaborate timeline detailing who posted what and when? I nearly comment on the mention of Guac-N-Roll, because that’s my brother-in-law’s taco truck! (Good job, Alex!) But I don’t comment because I’m pretty sure Sabrina would stab me if I did. And she’s boney enough she wouldn’t even need a shiv to do it. She could just elbow me and it would puncture a lung.

When I finish reading it a second time, I carefully couch my expression into one of serious concern with just a hint of indignation before I hand Sabrina back her phone.

“Can you believe it?” she demands.

“I can’t!” I say, even though I’m not entirely sure what we’re supposed to be indignant about.

“Of all the ...” Sabrina stammers.

“Exactly!” I agree.

“She implied I’m old!”

“Oh ...” I’m not quite sure how to respond to this, because I know Sabrina’s age. I’ve seen her passport. While I don’t think thirty-three is old, I’m not sure how she’d react to me saying that. Not wanting to risk the elbow shiv, I say, “Um ... any press is good press?”

She slices her hand through the air. “That’s only true for men. If you’re a woman, any press that makes you appear old, needy and desperate is not good press.” She chugs some of her smoothie like it’s a margarita and she’s at a bachelorette party. “And I certainly don’t want Abbott thinking that.”

“Abbott? Who’s ...?”

“Abbott James,” she says in a tone that implies I’m stupid. “The Scottish footballer.”

“Right.” The guy mentioned on the gossip site. The guy Sabrina had laid a thirst trap for.

This is yet another moment when it feels like I’m decades older than Sabrina.

Maybe it’s because Sabrina became so famous, so young and therefore has never emotionally matured past the age of seventeen. Or maybe it’s because my parents died when I was young, and so for years, it’s basically been me and my two older sisters supporting ourselves and having one another’s

backs. Or maybe it's because Sabrina may be my boss, but I'm—essentially—her caregiver.

I don't know why, but in moments like this, she just seems ridiculous. The notion of flirting online, in full view of the public, with a virtual stranger just seems ... absurd to me. Even more absurd is the idea of getting this upset about it.

I prefer to conserve my emotional despair for more important things, like impoverished children, avoiding contact with any flesh-eating bacteria and securing funding for my start-up company. Which—hopefully, someday—will make eco-friendly, non-toxic sensory toys for kids with special needs. But until I save enough money to get a big enough loan to actually start my business, it's my job to care about (or pretend to care about) the things Sabrina cares about.

“I bet he didn't even notice the thirst trap,” I say. Sabrina's gaze sharpens and I quickly correct myself. “I mean, the thirst trap that Gossip Lane imagines you were setting.”

Sabrina lets out another huff and taps her toe, thoughtfully. “But he liked my post with the churro.”

“Of course he did,” I say in what I hope is a believably reassuring tone. “It was a very flattering picture.”

And it had a churro in it! Who wouldn't like a churro?

I don't say that part out loud and I have to suppress a sigh of regret for my fallen churro ... because it was *my* churro she borrowed for the picture.

“Besides,” I say, “I'm sure he doesn't read gossip websites, so he won't see the article anyway.”

“I am not thirsty,” she declares.

“Of course you're not.”

“Or needy or desperate.”

“Not at all. And you’ll probably never even see this guy again, even if he does live in Austin now.”

“Oh, I will definitely see him again,” she snaps with a determination that makes me think she’s about to order someone to bring her a hundred Dalmatian puppies. “The man is my soulmate.”

“Your ...” I clear my throat. “... soulmate?”

“I’m hot. He’s hot. I’m famous. He’s famous. And there were definitely sparks when we met last year in London. Obviously I’m the reason he’s moving to Austin.”

I nod, silently, because it’s not at all obvious to me that the two things are connected. But I learned long ago that it’s rarely wise or necessary to point out logic when Sabrina gets like this.

“I’m sure he doesn’t want to seem thirsty either and that’s why he’s doing this bachelor auction thing. But, of course, now that that gossip hag mucked things up, I can’t go bid on him without seeming thirsty. Which is why I need you to go to the charity auction for me and win the date with him.”

Wait. What?

She thinks he doesn’t want to seem desperate, so he’s doing a charity auction so she can bid on him. But she doesn’t want to seem desperate so she’s sending me to bid on him?

How is that logical?

Or sane?

It’s not. Famous people are crazy. That’s the only conclusion I can reach.

Also, this is why I don't date. Modern dating is way too complicated and way too much of a mind fuck.

Giving up to absurdity of my life, I just shrug. "Okay. I'll do it."

She sips her green concoction through a straw while tapping on the screen of her tablet. "I've entered all the info in the calendar. I don't expect you to wear black tie because, well —" she gives me a once-over. "Just maybe try for a skirt or something."

My phone vibrates and I look down and see all the details. "This is tonight," I say dumbly.

"Right."

"I'll need off early to get ready." I don't even know why I say that because I hardly even wear make-up, just a swipe of mascara and lip-gloss and I'm ready to go. I'm a low-maintenance kind of gal. My brown locks can't decide if they're curly or wavy, so I just let them do their thing because it's better than fighting my hair.

My wardrobe isn't much better. Mostly t-shirts and either yoga pants or jeans. Whatever, the point is, I am not really equipped to go to a bachelor auction. Frankly, I'm not even sure what that is, if I'm honest.

"What exactly is this auction?" I ask, still staring at my phone.

She rolls her eyes, then proceeds to explain it to me like I'm an idiot. But I'm fairly certain the average person doesn't attend charity auctions to bid on celebrities to go on dates with them.

The City of Austin has a slogan: Keep Austin Weird. It fits.

With all our food trucks and local art scene and hippy-vibe, Austin is definitely weird. Still, I can't help but think this whole mess is about to make a lot weirder.

I pull out my phone and send something to the group chat between me and my two sisters.

ME: Remind me why I do this stupid job.

PAISLEY: I have no clue. There is not enough money in the world for me to put up with that woman.

ME: Easy for you to say, you married a billionaire!

LAUREL: You do it to fund your dream and your dream is important.

PAISLEY: A dream my billionaire husband offered to fund!

ME: I'm not having that discussion again.

LAUREL: What's the she-wolf doing today?

ME: Have you read the latest gossip about her? No, you haven't because no one else cares about it but her. <Eye-rolling emoji>

ME: She's having a tantrum because some site accused her of setting a thirst trap for a soccer player. IDK. The point is that it now affects me because she's making me go to some stupid bachelor auction and bid on him to win a date.

ME: I will say this, the gossip at least explains why she "borrowed" one of my churros yesterday.

LAUREL: OMG! Did she actually eat one of Alex's churros?

ME: No, of course not. She just held it. Like it was a cigar. It was weird and unnatural and you could totally tell she doesn't know how to eat food.

PAISLEY: I would rather have an ass the size of Texas than never know the deliciousness that is the cinnamon-sugar goodness of a churro.

LAUREL: Amen.

Grab your copy of [**Bachelor #10**](#)



about the author

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR, Kat Baxter writes fast-paced, sweet & STEAMY romantic comedies. Readers have dubbed her “The Queen of Adorkable.” and her books “laugh-out-loud funny,” and “hot enough to melt your kindle.” She lives in Texas with her family and a menagerie of animals. Kat is the pseudonym for a bestselling historical romance author.

What readers have said about Kat’s books:

“Kat Baxter is my catnip!” ~ Goodreads review

“Whenever I need my sexy nerdy dirty talking romance fix, I know Kat Baxter has my back!” ~Goodreads review

“How does Kat Baxter make me fall in love with her characters in just 12 short chapters? It’s coz she’s a freaken magic weaver with her words!!” ~ Amazon review

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“Swoon. I could not get enough of this story and fell in love with both these characters!” ~Amazon review

“... the chemistry between them is instant and off the charts!” ~Amazon review

“... original, hot, and a hoot!” ~Amazon review

“DAMN it’s hot.” ~Amazon review

“... sweetness, heat and humor. By the time the story was over, my cheeks hurt from smiling so hard.” ~Amazon review