



## Beach Breach

Sitting on her lounge at the beach, Presley was ready to scream with frustration. The blowhard man who'd followed her from breakfast down to the beach wouldn't give it up.

His name was Algernon. He wore a tiny banana hammock under his protruding gut. He was bald and bragged how he didn't have hair anywhere on his body at all, wiggling his eyebrows in what Presley was certain he meant to be suggestive. The thought was confirmed when he said no hair meant she wouldn't be picking it out from her teeth when they became closer during the vacation.

She'd tried to ignore him, putting her earbuds in and picking up a book she'd brought to read but now he boldly removed the earbud from her ear and was asking her if she wanted to get out of the heat and get into the water with him.

"We could swim deep, and I could get very deep."

A woman traveling alone needed to be careful. Setting a man off was dangerous, especially one who was staying directly across the hall from her. She gave a benign smile, "I'm good. Thank you. I'm really here to relax and read."

He sniffed at the slight and pointed to her hand, "you are not wearing a ring! Where is your ring? Your lover is not a good lover if he left you to travel alone without him. You are at the beach. You must want to get wet!"

Damn the French for coining the term double-entendre because this fucker was able to do it too well and the way he licked his lips brought the word lascivious to mind.

"She's not getting in the water with you, you weird, pompous mother fucker. Now get lost before I take you in the water and drown you."



The voice coming from behind them instantly made Presley's blood run cold.

"Who do you think you are?" Algernon huffed.

"I'm the fiancé she's been waiting for to join her. I was finishing up a business deal. She has no ring because she's terrified of losing it in the sand. Now fuck off."

Presley was dumbfounded as she cupped her hand over her eyes, shading them from the sun and stared up at Cruz who looked far better in his board shorts than any man in a speedo could.

"You're here," she was trying not to hyperventilate. She didn't count on him finding her. She looked sideways at the Frenchman sitting in the next lounge and debated which of these two she would rather have intruding on her vacation and the pot-bellied fork-tongued devil was suddenly not looking so bad.

"Yes. Your father gave me your itinerary after I told him of your shenanigans. He felt bad for me and my two cocks not being with my girl." He boldly grabbed his junk.

"You have two cocks?" the Frenchman on the nearby lounge was hanging on every word.

"Yes. It allows me to fuck ass and pussy at the same time. What a time to be alive!" Cruz threw his hands up in the air theatrically. "Dude, get lost now before I show you not all Canadians are nice."

"He has two," the man leaned towards Presley conspiratorially. "Really?"

"It's why I'm marrying him." She nodded exuberantly unable to stop herself from being excited at another chance to get back at Cruz. "Though honestly both are kind of small so it's a good thing –"



Really?"

"It's why I'm marrying him." She nodded exuberantly unable to stop herself from being excited at another chance to get back at Cruz. "Though honestly both are kind of small so it's a good thing --"

"Finish your sentence, Presley. I fucking dare you," Cruz straddled her lounge, lifting her legs over his beefy thighs and holding her captive in place. "I've spent the last seven days tracking you down in this little game of cat and mouse and the last forty-eight hours fielding calls from friends and family begging to know all about our crazy romance which led me to posing for your book cover."

"You signed the rights to it."

"Oh, I know. I read the book. If I'd known it was a book about an extra endowed spaceman, I might have been a bit more reluctant!" He pinched her thigh, "you told me it was a cop and fugitive story."

"Technically."

"Liar. Do you know what you're doing to my company? I produce medical devices for children with heart conditions with the goal of saving their lives. Do you know how many companies want to buy from a pervert?"

"I'm guessing not a lot. Even less if it's a two-pronged pervert?" She slapped his hand when it pinched her again. "That hurts!"

"Not even remotely close to how much I want to hurt you." He shot his foot out sideways and knocked the lounge of the other man who still hadn't left over. "I told you to fuck off." He blitzed off a slew of French and the man's eyes widened and then packed up his stuff in a hurry and raced away.



"What did you say to him?"

"I told him when I went to our room earlier to change, a woman was pounding on his hotel room door and I'm curious how much his wife would want to know he was down here on the beach trying to fuck my fiancée."

She looked over her shoulder, her nose shriveled so far, she could smell her eyeballs, "someone is married to him?"

"Focus, Presley!" He pinched her again.

At this rate, her thighs were going to be covered in bruises.

"Stop pinching me you abusive jackwad."

"Oh, I haven't even begun to abuse you. You're going to fix this."

"No. I'm not." She grabbed her phone and boldly took a photo of the mark on her thigh and then sent it to her father.

You sent Cruz Hawley after me and he is leaving marks on my skin. First, he ruined my childhood and now he's accosting me in public on a beach. Some father you are keeping your daughter safe.

"Don't you dare fucking hit send."

"Send!" she hit it before he could stop her. "He and I went to many counselling sessions together when I was growing up. Do you know for a full year, from the time I was fourteen until I was fifteen, I barely spoke two words to him? I was angry he couldn't keep me safe from Odin and his minions. It took many sessions for us to get back on track. He's ruined it all by taking your side."



"He didn't ruin it. He's protecting you."

"Protecting me? He sent my childhood bully to ruin the first vacation I've booked in years. How the hell is this protecting me?"

"You are going to be sued, Presley Brookmore. My PR, my legal team, my board of directors and," he reached out and tapped her nose, "even dear old dad are all pushing me to sue you until you can't even afford the gas for your tiny little car and your forced to move back in with your parents and your childhood bedroom."

"Go ahead," she lifted her chin defiantly. "I told you already. I named names in my counselling sessions. I have witnesses and video evidence of all my childhood trauma which you have been a huge part of. I can continue the narrative of –"

"Abuse? Then it speaks to premeditation of destroying me and my business. Years of planning and plotting to seek revenge. You don't think a judge will buy it? My legal team sure thinks they will, Ladybird."

For the first time she felt a moment of panic and turned her face to look at the water. Then she shook her head, forcing it off.

"No. I can always argue the truth. The truth will win. I was in the restaurant celebrating the upcoming release of my book and my pending vacation when I spotted my childhood bully sitting with a pretty girl. I was reminded of the time you humiliated me at a school dance when I was a young teenager, throwing a spotlight on me during my first kiss and humiliating me in front of hundreds of my peers. I saw the opportunity to get you back and ruin your date the way you ruined mine and I took it. Sloane and Halima will both testify to the truth."

"You went too far."





"I will also call the guy who took the video and named you on the internet as my defense to prove I didn't know him before, and his actions are the things which have blown this entire situation out of the water. Sue your father for providing such excellent communication services that streaming is so easy and cheap in BC."

"Presley."

"Cruz." She mocked his serious expression. "I'm not ruining my vacation. I'm not going to back to Canada until I'm done all three countries and I've gotten the rest I deserve. You, Odin, and Anderson made my life a living hell. Do you understand when I'm saying to you, I needed years of psychotherapy because of the shit you guys pulled? I was constantly in state of guard, terrified of turning a corner and seeing one of you there ready to torment me, scare me, hurt me, embarrass me, humiliate me, and make me cry in my own home. I never felt safe. So, go ahead. Call your lawyers and get the lawsuit started. I'll respond to your subpoena when I get back. Or" she smirked, "you can wait patiently until I go back, and I will do as I promised and go on four dates with you. However, if you think what I did to you the other night damaged your reputation, let's go to court and I'll bring up every single bit of our history. Every prank. Every joke. I'll put it out there and imagine your precious reputation when the world finds out you were bullying a child seven years younger than you right up until she was in college."

As his mouth opened and closed, she gave him a good shove and the weight of his torso caused him to flip sideways and she got off the lounge. Taking the rubber band off her wrist, she tied her hair up and stomped down to the water's edge and began wading out with a need to cool off before the tears she'd been controlling thus far finally seeped out and caused her even more humiliation.