



## Privacy Violations

Coming out of the water, she felt Cruz's eyes on her and she wanted to smack him. Why wouldn't he go away? He was sitting on the end of her lounge chair, his hands clasped loosely between his knees watching her intently.

Grabbing her towel, she patted herself dry and then wrapped up in her beach cover up. Without saying a word to him she began packing up her belongings.

"Ladybird, we need to talk."

She maintained her silence and when all of her things were packed into her oversized beach bag and her slides were slipped onto her feet she began walking the short distance back to the hotel. He walked behind her, silently, as if waiting for her to blow up.

In the elevator she was contemplating all the ways she was going to murder him. Narnurs the intergalactic cop was going to get a sequel. He and his two dicks were going to die a tragic death and the female love interest in the story was going to find a man with three penises and maybe a vagina too. Maybe the funeral process on Narnurs' home planet would include pissing all over the corpse before setting it ablaze with fireworks up the ass. The thought made her smile.

"I don't like that smile."

"I'm planning your funeral."

She ignored the gasp of the older lady in the corner of the elevator.

Cruz looked at the woman and gave a loud sigh, "my fiancée is angry with me. She wanted to take a vacation alone, but I think a month apart is



too long right before our wedding. I got to the beach and some lothario was hitting on her and she wasn't even telling him to go away."

This was how he wanted to play it? Fine.

"He lived in another city for the last several years and I planned this vacation and the minute he knew I did, he moved back to our home city. He literally has spent the last six years partying it up in another city. Meanwhile, I take one vacation away from our friends and family and suddenly everyone thinks I have cold feet instead of realizing his possessive ass didn't like me doing something without my every move being monitored."

He continued his false narrative with a shrug, "You have my phone tagged, babe. You know where I am all the time and you know for the last six years, I've been to my office and then home. We have video sex every single night. I don't know why you think I'm out partying with the boys when you literally know where I am every minute of every day." He gave an apologetic look to the woman, "sorry. The sex thing was too much information, am I right?"

The woman nodded nervously.

"I slept through most of it," Presley shot the woman a look, "even on the phone it's bad. It's an arranged marriage. Our parents are stupidly wealthy and best friends and dreamed of our weddings since we were fetuses. While some of us got to leave the shelter of overprotective families, I was forced to stay home and listen to my family tell me how lucky it is I don't have to do anything but spread my legs and put out heirs to inherit their massive fortune. I'm going to be in a bed for the rest of my life, either making babies, nursing babies, or delivering babies. My parents have already hired nannies. They want a grandchild within ten months of my wedding day." She waved at Cruz, "look at the size of his



head. Do you know how big his kids are going to be? I'm going to need reconstructive surgery of the vagina."

As the older woman choked on her own spittle, the elevator doors opened, and Presley stomped out and headed to her room.

"That was fun." Cruz called out laughing, "I like how you followed my lead in there and just went with it. Very sexy."

She rolled her eyes and held up her middle digit behind her head. As she got to the door she started digging through her bag and then felt her entire body tense with unbridled rage as Cruz pulled a keycard from his pocket and swiped her door.

"After you."

"Why the fuck do you have a key to my room?"

"We're engaged sweetie," he smiled broadly. "We're taking this holiday together. We're going to share selfies on social media. We're going to engage in light PDA where someone will post it online and if you're really lucky," he shoved her into the room, his eyes angry despite the smile on his face, "someone will complain about the noise from all the sex we're having. Then my PR team will attempt to rebrand your violation of my character as me being a loving and supportive fiancé who allowed you to live a bit of your fantasy life outside and it will be confirmed by our vacation."

"No."

"Oh, yes. Anderson might not be as good a hacker as Sloane but he's still fucking good. He managed to get me added to your itinerary and guess who is in your room in every resort from now until we go back to



Vancouver where you most assuredly will be going to a BDSM club and I'm going to whip your ass with metal chains."

"This isn't happening. Go home!" she poked him in the chest.

"I go home on the same flight as you, Ladybird."

"You cannot usurp my vacation."

"I can and I have," he made a production of opening the wardrobe, "even hung my clothes up earlier."

"No!"

"Yes."

"I hate you. I am not sharing a room with you."

"You're not only sharing a room, the bed there, I'm sleeping in it."

"It's only a queen size. There isn't any room for your Hulk-Smash body in it with me there too!"

"You can sleep on top or under me."

"Not in a million fucking years, Hawley."

"Well, here's the thing. You're stunt put my company in jeopardy but even worse, put you on my father's fucking radar. His stocks took a hit because the internet thinks his son beats his girlfriend and use steroids. Do you want to know what his solution is? I'll give you three guesses, Ladybird. Go ahead. I'll give you a hint." He started humming the tune of the wedding march.

She reached out sideways and clutched the edge of a chair for support. "



No."

"Oh yes. See your actions have consequences. It was one thing to mess up my date. It was another thing to mess up my fifty-million-dollar deal I was hoping to seal from the date. It was on an entirely different level when your behavior got me nearly arrested outside a restaurant in downtown Vancouver while some schmuck live streamed it. Then, you told the cops while this guy was rolling film how we engage in risky role play." He shook his beefy finger in her face, "but then you double downed on all this fuckery and put my image on the cover of a book wearing leather harnesses and my package on full fucking display!"

The way he yelled the last three words of his rant made her step back nervously and stumble. "Uh, Hawley, your neck is doing some weird vein popping thing and it's kind of freaking me out. Can you put ice on it or something? What if it ruptures and blood spurts all over my belongings?"

He took a step towards her, "knowing you, you'd dance in my blood and wear my skin as a dress, you fucking psychopath."

"I'm a psychopath? I'm not the one who tortured a little girl for twenty years!" She yelled at him.

"I was good with doing the four dates. I thought it was going to be fine, and it would die down, until you put me on the book cover. How the fuck did you get it done so fast? How? I asked a friend of mine in publishing, and they told me covers take months and months to approve."

"It a special favor my editor called in with her boss. Her boss loved the new cover so much they halted production and went with it. Come on, Cruz. The cover is smoking hot. It's sexy even. You should be proud to be on the cover of a Perris Brooks novel. My last five books all hit the top five in contemporary romance and sci-fi romance."



"Proud? Did you see the life-sized cutouts? How did you get them all printed so fast and then shipped out so fast? How?"

"Money talks Cruz. My editorial team is thinking this is the best book yet. They're even talking about movie rights."

"Movie rights?"

"Yes. It won't be as sexy as the Shape of Water which as far as weird love stories goes feels like a benchmark, but I still think it will be hot. Hey, have you ever considered acting?" she tried not to giggle as he staggered back from her in disbelief.

He walked to the patio doors and stood there for several seconds with his hands against the glass and his back hunched.

"Presley, we're going to spend the next four weeks faking a relationship. I'm going to be stuck to you like a barnacle on a whale's butt. While you refuse to consider the ramifications of your actions, the first and very real one is me." He turned slowly to face her. "If you think the hell you've accused me of putting you through as a child was bad, keep pushing me like this and see how I retaliate."

"My imagination is superior to yours. Give it a shot but I'll outdo you next time around."

"You think? I won't be playing fair, Ladybird."

"Yeah right."

A smirk crossed his face and then he motioned to the wardrobe again. "I was in here a long time while you were having breakfast and then walking to the beach. Do you know what I found in here?"



She froze at the deviousness of his expression. "What did you do?"

"Bzz, bzz, bzz," he made buzzing sounds. "Guess who won't be having any kind of mechanical pleasure while she's on holiday."

"My vibrator?"

"Vibrators. I found both of them. The little one you kept in your make-up bag and the one in your carryon bag, stashed away. Gone. Bye-bye. Salut. Au revoir," he gave a loud laugh as she turned to frantically scour the room. "You won't find them, Presley. Also, if you think about hooking up with a single solitary man on this four-week vacation, think again. I am going to be the world's biggest cockblock for the next twenty-eight days."

"I still have fingers," she shot back defiantly.

"But will you use them when I'm always around?"

"You won't always be around. I have time alone in the shower."

"Not when the door is removed from the bathroom."

"What?" she turned to race to the bathroom. "You can't!" Sure enough, the door was off the hinges, casually leaned against the shower glass.

"You're my fiancée, Presley. There should be no doors between us at all and also, I don't trust you a spit. If you need to poop and you don't want me watching, I suggest the public bathroom on the main floor of the resort. I'm not shy about such things so."

The rage which filled Presley in the moment had her grabbing the nearest object and hurling it at his face.