

PR PDA

"Hey Mom."

"Did you tell your father he's not your father anymore?"

"Did he tell you he called me a horrible human being for using Cruz Hawley's likeness on my book?"

"No." the tone of her mother's voice told her that her father was in shit when she got hold of him.

"He scolded me saying I went too far. Cruz has bullied and abused me my entire life. I did the thing the at the restaurant. He demanded I make restitution in the way of dating him on four dates. I negotiated him agreeing to do the cover. I showed him the photo I was going to use, Mom. He approved it. I agreed to four dates to fix his image with the company because of the restaurant thing and I got to use his photo. He agreed. He signed off. It's not my fault he chose not to read up at all on what my book was, who my audience is or to even ask proper questions."

"You make a compelling argument," her mother laughed.

"Dad gave him my itinerary, Mom. Dad actually gave him my full itinerary and the name I'm traveling under. Cruz got Anderson to hack all the resorts and change my reservations to include him and he's telling people we're on a romantic vacation but he's here to fuck with me. He removed the door from the bathroom."

"That's a bit overkill."

"Right?"

"But you can't cut your father off."

"Why not? He has a history of doing this, Mom. He acts like he's my biggest supporter but because the books I write include words like tits, cock, and butt fucking, I embarrass him. I don't fit his executive lifestyle. He's buddies with Cruz's dad and since Cruz is in the headlines as the cover model for Narnurs, his father complained to Dad. Dad is ashamed of me and wants me to bow down to them. I'm not doing it. He did the same thing when I was a kid Mom, and I hated Dad for it. He was always defending them. Cruz got away with everything he did because of who his father was."

"I'm sorry sweetie. Your dad loves you very much but," her mother started.

"But he loves money and his connections more."

"That's not true."

"No? Then why is Cruz Hawley in my bedroom at my resort after going through all my things and destroying my dildos. I can't even shower, Mom because he took the door off the bathroom."

"I'll talk to your father."

"Go ahead. He's your husband. You have to live with him. I don't. I'm not talking to him for a long time. If it takes me six months, it's on him, not me."

"You need to attend your monthly brunches when you're back."

"No, I don't. I don't need my trust fund money. I go because I feel bad for Dad being stuck with Odin's bullshit, but I'm done with it now. I'm not coming to brunch to be verbally abused anymore."

"Presley, I know you're angry."

"I'm not angry, Mom. I'm hurt. I'm so hurt." She felt the tears edging her eyes and fought them. "My entire life I've been made to feel like I'm what is wrong with the family. If you hadn't been pregnant with me, you and Dad wouldn't have gotten caught with your affair. Odin's family wouldn't have been split up. His friends wouldn't know he had an ugly little red-headed sister who stole his house, his father, his grandfather. They made my life a living hell and it was always my fault because I existed. Dad is a dickhead for doing what he did. He chose money over his daughter. He's dead to me."

"Okay," her mother irritation spilled over, "now the drama is going to come to a close. Your father fucked up, we can agree but he's not dead to you. Go to the bar, have a drink, relax some and try to enjoy your vacation. We'll sort the family stuff out when you come home."

"Whatever," she ended the call without even saying goodbye, frustrated with her mother's need to play intermediary.

"You stabbed me and then this is where you ran off to?" Cruz's voice called her from the edge of the garden.

She looked up sneeringly. "I didn't stab you, asshole." She tried not to laugh as he limped towards her.

"Move over."

"No."

"Yes. I was looking for you because I have a photographer coming to take a photo. This is actually a perfect spot."

"This is my swing. I found it first. I don't want you here. Go away."

"Ah, Mr. Hawley, there you are," the photographer showed up. "Oh, this

is perfect. What a romantic little backdrop.”

“No!”

She was scrambling to get off the swing but Cruz, despite his injury, swooped her up in his arms, cradled her onto his lap and held her captive as he sat back down in the spot she was trying to vacate.

“Let me go,” she felt akin to a spitting cat as she clawed his shoulders, her nails digging deep. She’d never been one to have a long manicure because typing all day long often destroyed her fingernails, but she was wishing she’d splurged and gotten those long pointy sharp ones which were recently all the rage. She’d like to carve her name in his face with them.

“You,” he whispered in her ear, “are going to sit here on my lap like a good little girl or I will put you over my lap and spank your ass so hard sitting will be the last thing you want to do for the rest of this holiday.”

“Are you threatening to assault me?”

“Try me, Ladybird.” He didn’t look away from her furious glare. “My foot is still bleeding. My balls still ache from your shit from last week, I pissed blood by the way, and if one more person asks if I really have two cocks, my brain might explode. You are going to sit on this swing, take the pretty picture or I’m going to demonstrate the BDSM portion of our relationship you told the entire world we share. I have nothing left to lose at this point, you evil little bitch.”

“I hate you,” she felt her jaw cracking with the tension in it.

“Ditto. Though my dick right now isn’t getting the message so stop wriggling.”

"Oh my god, you're getting hard."

"I can see straight down your top and your nips." He looked down and she followed his gaze. He laughed when she held her hands to her chest protectively. "You have nice tits."

She swung out to smack him and he caught her hand and licked up her palm.

"Let's do this," he motioned to the photographer.

"You need to smile, Miss."

The photographer encouraged her as Cruz adjusted her to sit sideways on his lap. Cruz's hands were spanning her waist, and she admitted to feeling small and dainty sitting there in his embrace. She felt vulnerable and tiny in his oversized hands which made her cringe internally as she realized this was a huge turn on for her.

"You don't need to hold me so tight," she wriggled on his lap.

"You need to stop squirming so much or one of my two dicks is going to use it's alien technology and crawl out my shorts and penetrate you."

She smacked him as he laughed in her ear. "Not funny."

"It's a little funny."

The click of the camera going off made her grumble.

"This doesn't look very loving," the photographer complained as he looked at the few shots. "Maybe if Miss could not look so terrified? She looks ready to run."

"I am ready to run," she wanted to scream. When Cruz picked her up turned her around and forced her to straddle his waist, his very real erection poking into her softest spot at the triangle of her bikini under her beach wrap. "Holy shit, Hawley, put that thing away."

"As much as I hate you, I know where I want to put it," he looked down between them.

"Never in a million years." She was glad her bathing suit was still wet because the dampness she was feeling would be hard to explain other wise. "How fucking big is that thing? Does it come equipped with its own brain?"

"Apparently," he nodded as it twitched against her. "Why is your skin so soft?" he questioned as he ran his hands down her arms.

His cock throbbed against her, and she lifted her head to meet his gaze. The heat there was undeniable, and she wondered if she'd been transported into one of her own novels as her body foolishly and uncharacteristically appeared to disconnect from the rationality of her brain and did the unthinkable. Her hips ground against him and she watched as his teeth caught his bottom lip.

"How about a kiss," the photographer who was so into his camera and trying to get the perfect shot called out from a few feet away. "A kiss would be a great picture in this position."

"I'd rather not," she croaked out.

"It's for the greater good," Cruz slid his hands down to her hips and ground her against him again and the pupils of his eyes dilated as her breath hitched. "Chicken," he taunted her when she hesitated.

Her lips tentatively touched his and Presley wondered if this was what the heroines in her books would feel like when she described the fireworks and explosions. Instantly they were grappling with each other. His hands slid from her hips to cup her ass under the coverup, and she was winding her arms around his neck to dig deep into his short, cropped hair.

Neither of them heard the photographer clearing his throat and saying he got what he needed as they got lost in the kiss. Tongues tangling and teeth banging should have made them pull away but instead Presley found herself hating the fact her bikini bottoms were in the way of the hard shaft under her.

Cruz Hawley was all muscle and sinew, and she shivered with anticipation.

Suddenly he was standing up, carrying her with her legs wrapped around his waist.

"What are you doing?" she asked as he strode into the nearest changing hut, kicking the door shut.

"Can't fuck you out in the open now, can I?"

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