

# My Sister's Wedding

## Chapter 3: En Route

TATE

As I stepped onto the tarmac of the small airport, I couldn't help but feel a sense of anticipation. The attendant greeted me with a warm smile, taking my bags and informing me that the pilot was ready for takeoff whenever I was. I thanked him and made my way up the steps onto the plane.

I settled into a seat by the window, pulling out some files to review for work. The attendant approached me, asking if I'd like a drink. "Bourbon, on the rocks," I replied, not looking up from the papers in my hands.

The pilot's voice came over the intercom, announcing our imminent departure and the estimated flight time of just over an hour. As the plane ascended, I found myself lost in my work, the world below growing smaller and smaller.

Before I knew it, the pilot was announcing our descent. I put my things away and watched as the plane touched down on the runway. "Welcome to Boston," the attendant said with a smile as I stepped off the plane.

Waiting for me on the ground was a car, and standing beside it, a beautiful woman in a floral dress. I watched as she walked toward me, her wedge heels clicking on the tarmac. She stopped a few feet in front of me, her deep brown eyes meeting mine. "Mr. Young?" she asked, extending her hand.

"You must be Miss Stringer," I replied, taking her hand. We climbed into the car and began the drive to my family's home.

"I assume Ms. Smith informed you of what I'm expecting on this trip," I said quietly, my attention focused on the emails on my phone.

"Yes," she replied. "Now, what is our story?"

I looked up at her, confused. "Our story?"

"We will be with your family, yes?" she asked, and I nodded in response. "Well, do you expect them to just ignore the fact you're bringing a date to a family event? They'll want to know how long we've known each other, how we met, and so on."

I set my phone down and considered her words. "We met two months ago at a PR event for my company. You're a student at a local university, getting your master's in whatever and apprenticing at another company. We hit it off and have been dating ever since."

She looked at me, surprised. "Okay then." She paused, then turned to me with a smile. "So, tell me about yourself."

"There's no need for that," I replied, eager to return to my emails.

"There is if people are going to believe I'm really your girlfriend," she countered, a hint of sass in her voice.

"Fine," I sighed, setting my phone down once more. "What do you want to know?"

"Well," she began, extending her hand again. "I'm Piper."

I took her hand, shaking it gently. "I'm Tate. You should call me Tate; only my mother and business associates call me Mr. Young."

"Nice to meet you, Tate," she said with a smile.

I hummed in response, waiting for her next question.

"What is your favorite food?"

"Thai. Next?"

"What dish?" she pressed.

"Anything. I usually get the red curry," I replied.

"So you enjoy spicy food?" she asked, grinning.

"I love it."

"Same, the hotter the better," she agreed, her smile brightening. "My favorite is Italian, though. Do you have any allergies or things you don't like?"

"Besides this conversation?" I muttered under my breath.

She shot me a look that clearly said she wasn't amused.

I sighed. "No allergies. But I hate capers. Can't stand them."

She laughed softly. "Good to know." She paused, thinking for a moment. "Where did you go to school? If you did."

"I have an MBA in Business and Marketing from Stanford."

"Wow," she replied. "I—"

“Are we about done?” I interrupted, my patience wearing thin.

I could see the frustration flash in her eyes. “If you wish.” She turned to the window, watching the scenery pass by.

“We’ll be staying at my family’s home on the coast,” I informed her as we continued driving. “Fair warning, my parents are... a lot.”

She smiled. “I can handle complicated parents.”

“Keep telling yourself that,” I mumbled, returning my attention to my emails.

As we neared our destination, I couldn’t help but steal glances at Piper, who seemed captivated by the passing scenery. When we finally arrived, I took a deep, anxious breath before stepping out of the car and opening the door for her. She linked her arm through mine as we approached the house.

“Ready?” she asked, her eyes filled with determination as she looked up at the house.

“Not in the least bit,” I grumbled, before knocking on the door.

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