

My Sister's Wedding

Chapter 5: The First Night

TATE

As the evening came to an end, we were all directed upstairs. “You two will be staying in Tate’s old bedroom,” my mother announced, leaving Piper and me standing outside my childhood room.

I glanced down at Piper, surprised, before turning back to my mother. “We’re not in separate rooms?”

She looked back at me, clearly annoyed, and chuckled. “Well, dear, you brought a date without warning. All the other rooms are full. So either you sleep in that room or sleep down in the den on that horrid leather couch.”

I frowned before opening the door. Piper followed me in quietly, sitting down in the chair by the window with a sigh as she slipped off her heels.

I could feel my anger rising as I waited for my mother to make her way back down the hall and out of earshot. “What did you think you were doing, going so deep into the story like that earlier?”

She turned to me with a furrowed brow. “What do you mean?”

“You’re an art history student? At Columbia? You shouldn’t have pushed so much! Now they’re going to push you and push you until you mess up!” I huffed.

She stood and walked toward me with fire in her eyes. I stepped back, suddenly realizing just how close she was.

She looked up at me with anger. “If you hadn’t been so dismissive in the car, you would have found out that I AM getting my masters. That I AM an art history major.”

“You?” I spat. “You want me to believe that a girl finishing her masters at a top university is moonlighting as a call girl?”

She shrunk back, the hurt evident in her face. I watched as she took a deep breath and straightened herself.

“My life is none of your business. Don’t presume to know me. Excuse me, Mr. Young,” she responded quietly before walking into the bathroom and shutting the door.

I let out a frustrated breath before going through my bag and changing out of my suit. I walked out of the closet to find her sitting on the bed reading a book.

“Studying?” I asked sarcastically.

She looked up at me with a glare before looking back down at her book.

I shook my head before sitting on the other side of the bed. “Just make sure you keep your hands to yourself,” I huffed before rolling over so my back faced her.

“Believe me, that won’t be a problem,” she mumbled quietly.

I woke in the morning to see Piper sleeping peacefully beside me. Her long lashes were brushing her cheek and her hair was falling into her face.

I watched as her chest rose and fell with every breath.

I rolled over and took a deep breath. I replayed the events of last night in my head. I knew I had been a jerk.

She had been nothing but professional and extremely believable. She had even kept my mother on her toes, which is a feat itself.

I looked over as she stirred, her eyes slowly opening. She looked up at me before rolling over and climbing out of bed without saying a word.

“Good morning,” I said as she walked around the bed to the bathroom.

“Good morning,” she replied coldly.

I waited for her to come out of the bathroom before rolling out of bed. I stood and walked over to her, watching as she decided what to wear for the day.

“Piper, I apologize for last night. What I said was out of line. You are here to do me a favor and have done a good job so far. You shouldn’t have been treated so harshly.”

She stood and looked at me, her eyes searching mine for sincerity. After a moment she smiled lightly, “Thank you. I am sorry I got so upset as well. It was unprofessional of me.”

She walked past me and into the bathroom and my breath caught as I heard the shower start, picturing in my mind the outline of her body as she stepped into the spray of hot water.

I gave an uncomfortable cough before sitting in the chair by the window to wait for her to finish.

After we had both showered and gotten ready for the day, we walked downstairs together, moving toward the sounds of conversation and laughter.

We walked into the dining room to find everyone at breakfast.

“There you two are,” my mother boomed, “We were about to send up a search party.”

“Good morning, all,” I said as we took our seats. “I apologize if we kept you waiting. We must have a bit of jet lag.”

“I don’t think you can get jet lag from a one-hour flight in the same time zone,” Ariana chuckled.

“Hurry and eat, we are leaving for the last fittings in twenty minutes,” my mother warned before turning to Piper.

“If you like, you can stay at the house. I know just how boring a dress fitting can be.”

Ariana perked up at our mother’s comment.

“Nonsense. Piper, you are coming with us. We wouldn’t just leave you to fend for yourself all day. And besides, we are getting mani/pedis afterward, Tater’s treat.”

She looked up at me with a wink.

“My treat, hmm?” I replied with a sarcastic look.

“Definitely,” Ariana beamed.

I turned at the sound of Piper chuckling. She looked up at me and bit her lip. “I promise, we won’t spend ALL of your money,” she teased.

I rolled my eyes before sitting back in my chair, “So if you all get to do that, what are we doing?”

“Golf?” Jason chimed in with a hopeful look on his face.

“You have your tuxedo fittings at the same time, you fiends,” my mother chastised. “And then get a good cut and shave. You two look like cavemen.”

I ran my hand along my face, realizing I hadn’t shaved in two days. “Yes, ma’am.”

“And you better be back here by two for the rehearsal!” Ariana hollered as Jason and I walked out of the dining room.

“So the tux fitting is in thirty minutes. A cut and shave will take an hour. That gives us three hours to kill,” Jason said with a mischievous look.

“Let’s find Dad and get going then!” I laughed, slapping Jason’s shoulder.

As we stood out on the green, enjoying the sunshine and the fresh air, my father stepped up beside me and put his arm around my shoulder.

“So... Piper?” he prodded.

“What about her?” I asked.

“Well, how serious is this? Is she going to cause any embarrassment for the family?”

I rolled my eyes, “Is that all you think about? What if I really like her?”

“You can’t really like someone that won’t fit in the family. She seems like a nice girl, but is she?” he pushed.

“Yes, Father. She’s a nice girl. She’s smart and kind and passionate and it’s getting very serious,” I shot back, irritated at this line of questioning.

“Well, okay then, let’s play some golf,” my father said, grabbing his driver and walking toward the tee.

Continue to the next chapter of My Sister's Wedding