

Chapter 9: A Bachelorette Encounter

There was something about Piper that I couldn't resist. She had this undeniable spark, a re that never seemed to burn out. She was vibrant, full of life, and absolutely stunning. Ever since our kiss at the cocktail party, she was all I could think about.

I woke up a few hours after brunch to nd Piper tangled in my arms. Her warmth and comfort were intoxicating, and I couldn't help but enjoy it a little too much. I could feel my body reacting to her closeness, her skin against mine.

But I couldn't move without waking her. I tensed up when she stirred in my arms, her eyes uttering open and widening as she realized our position.

"Oh!" she gasped, looking up at me in shock before pushing herself away. "I'm so sorry."

"Don't be," I said with a smirk, rolling out of bed.

She sat up, brushing her hair out of her face, trying to hide her ustered state. "So, what are the plans for this evening?"

"I think the bachelorette and bachelor parties are tonight," I replied, running a hand through my hair.

"Oh, right," she said quietly. "You better not have too much fun tonight. I'll probably just stay in the room and watch a movie, if that's okay."

I sco ed. "We both know Ariana won't allow that. You should get ready."

"Will do. I'm here to please, after all," she said sarcastically before stepping into the bathroom to get ready.

An hour later, we walked downstairs to nd Ariana waiting by the door, looking anxious.

"Good! You're ready! Let's go!" she exclaimed, pulling Piper out the door and toward a limousine lled with boisterous women. Piper shot me a pleading look as she was dragged away.

I stepped out onto the porch, receiving a chorus of whistles and catcalls from the limo. I saw Jamie inside, watching me as I walked down the driveway.

"Tate, wait a minute!" I looked up to see Piper break free from my sister's grasp and jog toward me.

Suddenly, I found myself pulled close to her, our lips locked in a deep, passionate kiss. I threaded my ngers through her hair, pulling her body close to mine.

She grinned as I kissed her back, wrapping her arms around my neck and pulling me closer. When she nally released me, the group of women in the limo stared at us in silence.

"Have fun, behave yourself," I said with a wink before letting her climb back into the limo.

As soon as the doors closed, the women erupted into excited chatter, and I couldn't help but smile, knowing I had just made their night.

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I sat in awe next to Ariana as we drove to our unknown destination. That kiss had been far more intense than I had anticipated.

"How on earth did you snag that man?!" The girls all laughed and teased as we drove away.

I shrugged. "Luck."

We arrived at a day spa, and Ariana announced that we had the entire place to ourselves for the night. The girls eagerly dove into spa treatments and cocktails, while I enjoyed a foot rub from a large, intimidating woman named Maude. I sipped a soda with lime, knowing better than to get drunk with these girls.

"So, Piper..."

I looked up to see Jamie approaching in a u y white robe, taking a seat beside me.

"Hello, Jamie."

"How did you snag the most eligible bachelor on the East Coast?" she asked, her voice laced with venom.

I repeated the story I had told countless times before, about meeting Tate at a PR charity function and hitting it o .

"That's very unlike Tate. He doesn't generally interact with the help," she replied snidely.

I smiled sweetly. "Well, I guess he's changed since you knew him."

Jamie continued to pry, but I grew tired of her questions and walked away. She called after me, claiming that Tate's mother wanted us together and that she always got what she wanted.

"I don't know if we'll work out or not," I replied, "but either way, it's none of your business. And if you belong together, why on earth would you have left him two years ago? Because from what I can tell, only a crazy person would leave Tate Young."

With that, I walked away, leaving her fuming.

That night, after an evening of pampering, Ariana and I snuck back into the house and up to our rooms. I giggled, slightly buzzed from a couple of fruity cocktails I'd accepted from the bride.

I changed into an oversized t-shirt and climbed into bed, scooting closer to Tate, who had returned before me and was already asleep. I rested my head on his shoulder and drifted o , feeling comfortable and warm.