

Unbelievable Bonus Chapter

By Callie Harper

Colt

I had about a half hour to wait at the tiny island airport, not enough time to go get a drink, so I settled down in a seat next to a window. You knew you were on a tropical island when the airport featured warm breezes flowing through open windows. Caroline's brother, Wyatt, was joining me for the weekend to do some fishing. Down in the Bahamas, I knew of a couple of spots where we could pursue the illusive, silvery bonefish. They could reach up to 20 pounds and usually required a challenging, full day of angling, on the hunt. Wyatt and I had been talking about it for weeks, and now we'd found time to do it.

It wasn't my favorite thing to be away from Caroline, but I was looking forward to hanging out, enjoying the sunshine and a little sport, all while getting to know her brother better. I knew the distance that had grown between Caroline and her family, both literal and figurative, was healthy. Her parents and sister had relied so heavily upon her that they took advantage, and she needed to break the cycle.

But she still loved her family and wanted them as part of her life. We'd invited all of them, plus her good friend Hannah, to come to New York and join us over the holidays. Wyatt and Hannah had accepted the offer. Neither had been able to visit until after Christmas, but now, the last week of December, Wyatt and I were meeting up, plus Hannah was joining Caroline in the city for a girls' weekend.

That was another reason I'd cleared out. I could be a big, possessive bear of a husband. She didn't need me lurking around while she enjoyed time with her friend. And Gigi. Caroline had surprised and pleased me by telling me that my sister, Gigi, would be joining them as they headed out on the town. I'd always known that Caroline and Gigi would hit it off. They were both the type of sweet, kind people that others simply wanted to be around. It only made sense they'd enjoy being around each other.

I loved the idea of the two of them getting close, and Hannah had always struck me as a spunky, fun sort if also somewhat crazy. After all, if she hadn't come right up to me at that bar months ago and told me that Caroline had a thing for *50 Shades of Grey*-type CEOs, it might have taken us longer to get together. It still would have happened, one way or another. What we had between us was undeniable. But it might have taken more time for it to happen if I hadn't known right off the bat that Caroline was turned on by dominant CEOs who liked some commanding, rough play in the bedroom. And other places, too.

I cleared my throat and turned my attention out the window. I'd see Caroline on Monday and then I could turn fantasies into reality. Right now, I focused on the warm, tropical breeze and blue sky out the window. The colors in the tropics always

lifted my senses, all the vivid pastels combined with the white sandy beaches. Wyatt was due to soon. He'd had no qualms about hopping on a private, chartered plane, despite what had happened to his sister last year. He knew that crash was a fluke, and he was right. Plus, he had an adventurous spirit.

I wanted to talk to him about his future plans. That had been another reason I wanted to spend some time with him this weekend. I had a feeling Wyatt had some good business ideas that I'd be interested in helping him grow. He had to have learned a thing or two working as a wilderness guide over the past few years. Eco-tourism was a high-growth industry. Maybe he'd have some input into future directions for my company.

We were all set to open the eco-themed resort in Redwood Bay in the summer. All indications were that it would be a huge success. Our target market both down in the Bay Area and up in Seattle were already snapping up rooms and the place hadn't even opened yet. We were getting a ton of favorable press for heading in this new direction, blending a concern for the environment with the luxury accommodations and services for which we were known.

My phone blipped with a text. Wyatt and I would be heading out of cell phone range for the next 36 hours, but business could still get me. Better to deal with it now instead of later. I clicked to open it.

Tim: Need to talk RE Leonard and Columbia.

It took me a moment to process his meaning. Tim was my COO now, in Leonard's old role for going on eight months. He was doing a fantastic job, and we'd heard surprisingly little from his predecessor after I'd fired him. Frankly, I'd expected a legal battle. Leonard had pre-dated my time as CEO, serving as my father's trusted right-hand man for years. I wondered how many ruthless decisions he'd guided, and what kind of a leader my father could have been with a better advisor. But we chose our bed-fellows in life, and I knew he'd considered Leonard a valuable asset, the bad cop to his good.

I looked at Tim's text again. Columbia? I assumed he meant the country, not the university or the sportswear company. But it still made no sense. We had no holdings in Columbia.

Leonard had been after me, wanting to pursue some opportunities and leads there. He'd wanted to get a finger in the coffee trade. I'd told him I'd rather put my finger into a shark tank. I knew there were some reports about improvements in the country. Kidnappings had declined from their peak about 15 years ago.

But I'd told him that as long as Columbia remained on the short list of countries the U.S. State Department warned Americans not to travel to—alongside Saudi Arabia, Pakistan, the Central African Republic, Chad and North Korea—I figured it was best to stay out. Violent crime related to drug trafficking still ruled the roost. When there were so many burgeoning opportunities and entrepreneurial ideas all around us in the United States alone, why did we need to venture into Columbia?

Tim had probably discovered that Leonard had plans to go ahead and do it anyway. Crafty bastard. He'd probably researched it, even made initial contacts,

feeling out the deal. I bet Tim was pissed. I gave a heavy exhale, knowing I'd have a mess to sort out. But I'd do it. I always did.

Colt: OK. I'll handle it when I'm back.

I resented having to devote even another second to that idiot. After what Leonard had done to Caroline and her business, he didn't deserve any of my time. But, I'd spend it, clean up whatever it was that Tim had uncovered and then I could truly wash my hands of him.

I turned my phone off, looking forward to a calm, uninterrupted weekend. And then, perhaps even better, my return on Monday to New York where I would see my sexy, gorgeous, amazing wife. I couldn't get enough of that woman. Good thing I had my whole life ahead of me to devote to the task.

Caroline

Gigi, Hannah and I enjoyed lunch on Saturday at one of the Upper East Side clubs to which the Kavanaughs belonged. They had tabs running at a bunch of places. I couldn't keep track of it all. And I still didn't feel completely comfortable waltzing in and saying "put it on the Kavanaugh tab." But Gigi did.

She was so charming and graceful, poised and pulled together. She seemed to lead a charmed life, pampered and perfect in every way. Pedigreed to the utmost extent, she was exactly the kind of woman I would have expected to look down her nose at me.

But Gigi was nothing like that. She may have been raised with the best of the best, but she acted like she was exactly like the rest of us. She just also happened to have access to the billion-dollar Kavanaugh fortune, plus an ancestral estate in Yorkshire. No biggie. They were such a prominent family that *Town & Country* magazine had featured their waterfront mansion in the Hamptons in their latest issue. And guess who was the celebrated interior designer who'd created the perfect beach-chic look throughout the home? Gigi Kavanaugh.

But you'd never even know it. She never mentioned a word. I was the one who brought the magazine to lunch, putting it down on the table in front of the three of us.

"So, what's this all about?" I asked, smiling at my sister-in-law. I was proud of her for starting her own interior design business. She certainly didn't have to earn a living. She could lounge around eating bon bons all day, but she'd gone and launched her own enterprise, clearly sharing the same entrepreneurial spirit as her brother.

From the glossy magazine photos, it looked like she was great at what she did. If she wasn't going to brag about herself, I would have to do it for her. That was part of the joy and privilege of being family.

"How did you see that?" Gigi blushed prettily, taking a sip from her sparkling water. She wore a light pink dress. You'd never think it would look right, in late

December on a cold, wintery day in New York. And bubble gum pink? Who looked good in that color other than five-year-olds and Barbie?

But somehow Gigi made it look effortlessly chic, the new *it* color, sitting petite and elegant in her silk. She paired it with sleek grey boots from a designer I now recognized, having lived in Paris for the last several months.

"You did this?" Hannah asked Gigi, amazed, holding up the magazine. "How the fuck much did all of this cost?" She gestured to the two-page spread, featuring a grandly-furnished and decorated beach-themed living room. For all of Gigi's talented work, I had to say, the best feature had to be the gigantic windows overlooking the ocean. You couldn't buy that on Wayfair.com.

"Too much," Gigi agreed, laughing.

"How rich is this family you've married into?" Hannah looked at me, eyes wide. She'd brought her signature style along with her to Manhattan, rocking a retro Bridget Bardot tumble of hair—clearly not all of it her own—and an off-the-shoulder psychedelic mini dress. I loved the contrast Gigi and Hannah made. But what I loved even more? They seemed to be getting along.

I'd always worried about how Colt and I could overcome what seemed like insurmountable differences between our two worlds. We clicked, that was clear from day one, but I'd had serious doubts at first about whether it would be enough. He had Bill Gates and Warren Buffet's personal cell phone numbers on his phone. My parents lived in a clothing-optional artists' colony. The divide between our worlds wasn't just a crack. It was a chasm.

But we'd had remarkable success building bridges over it. Gram and Gigi had been the first to venture across from his side to mine, welcoming me as a fully beloved family member straight away. Now Hannah and Wyatt were coming over from my side to his, spending time over in my new world. I was so grateful to them for it.

I had secret plans to lure Hannah over more permanently, either to New York or Paris. I hadn't sprung it on her yet, but I was convinced that not only I but also the rest of the world needed more Hannah. With her confidence and vision, I could see her with her own fashion line, catering to the rest of us 99 percent with hips and ass and bust to spare.

"Do you see that man?" Gigi asked suddenly, leaning toward me and speaking in a hushed voice.

"What?" I looked up, behind her, over at the entrance of the restaurant. Nothing but wealthy Upper East Side New Yorkers everywhere the eye could see. "Where?"

"Over by the bathroom." She spoke low and conspiratorially, darting a glance over her shoulder. I followed her gaze and still saw a whole lot of nothing.

"He's gone." She sat up, looking around her, seeming bewildered.

"Are you OK?" It seemed so unlike her, this sudden paranoia. "Is someone bothering you?" Colt would put a certain end to that, if some man was following her around.

"I'm sure it's nothing." She shook her pretty head, straightening herself out though she didn't have a hair out of place. "I've had the strangest feeling lately. Like someone is watching me. And I could have sworn, for a minute there, I saw

someone." She rubbed her forehead, as if banishing the worried thought, and took a sip of her sparkling water.

"I'm fine." She gave me a bright, reassuring smile.

"Are you sure?" I wasn't convinced. I hadn't known her all that long, but what I'd seen of her didn't strike me as especially jumpy or prone to imagining things.

"I haven't been sleeping well lately," she confessed. "So I'm a little on edge."

"We have to take you out tonight," Hannah declared, patting her hand. "We'll get you out on the town. See if we can't get you so drunk you'll be dancing on a table at some dive bar." She turned to me, warming to the idea. "Where can we take her that's really sketchy? She needs to loosen up!"

We all laughed and got into discussing our plans for the rest of the afternoon and evening, deciding on way too much for even a week's worth of time. Gigi seemed fine again, getting into a hilarious conversation with Hannah about the highlights of fashion throughout the different decades. I hoped she was all right.

I remembered her dropping the full glass of champagne at the family holiday party. It wasn't a big deal, we all had our clumsy moments, but it wasn't like her. I didn't know what was going on, but I felt certain that Colt and I were going to have to keep an eye on Gigi.

§

"Where have you been?" I flung myself at Colt, unashamed at my eagerness, when he finally, finally came home Monday night.

"All kinds of travel delays," he acknowledged, enfolding me in his strong arms. "But I'm here now."

We kissed like we'd been apart for years, not days, and he swept me up in an embrace, carrying me over to the couch. We sat down, me in his lap, kissing the whole way.

"Did you have a good time?" I managed, breathless, as he stroked my cheek and nuzzled my ear.

"I did. And you?"

I could barely think to answer, with his hands along my body, circling my waist, stroking down my thighs. "Mmm-hmm," I answered, hitting two birds with one stone. Yes, I had had a nice time with my friend and his sister. And, yes, could he please keep doing exactly that with his tongue along my neck?

I wore a silk robe, already coming unshashed to reveal the new lingerie I'd purchased over the weekend. I loved surprising him with little gifts, even if his favorite thing was to rip the wrapping right off and leave it discarded and forgotten on the floor. It really was a shame how many pretty lacy bits got sacrificed to the altar of our passion. Ah, well. It was the price we had to pay.

"This is very nice," he murmured in a low, smoky voice, his fingers tracing the lacy edge of my new bra. He dipped down to kiss a trail down my cleavage. I tipped back my head, giving him all the access he wanted.

“Were you a good girl this weekend?” he asked, and I knew what he was talking about. We’d had a naughty conversation right before he’d left, with him giving me exactly the kind of dirty commands that left me writhing and wet.

“It was hard,” I pouted, enjoying playing along. We had fun together, he and I, testing and pushing our boundaries. There was so much we could explore under the umbrella of complete trust.

“Was it?” he asked, reaching over to my breast, cupping it in his large hand. He ran his thumb over my nipple. It peaked at his touch, pushing against the silk. I could feel his muscles tense, his intake of breath as he watched my arousal. The two of us were like a torch hitting a full pack of matches.

“I told you you could touch yourself,” he reminded me. “But I told you you couldn’t come. Now be honest with me, Caroline.” His voice grew more rough and demanding as he took my stiff nipple between his thumb and finger. “Did you come when I told you not to?” He pinched as he asked me and I felt a surge of wet heat right in my core, my pussy growing throbbing and slick. I gasped and dug my fingers into his shoulder as he held me firmly on his lap.

“Oh, Colt,” I moaned, wriggling against him, feeling his hard cock pressing against my ass. I knew he liked to play with me. But we’d spent the whole weekend apart. Didn’t he want to fuck me? I wanted that, right now.

“You didn’t answer me, Caroline.” He circled my nipple with his fingers, then pulled on my bra, roughly shoving the lacy silk down underneath my breasts. My exposed mounds got pushed up by the confines of the bra, still fastened around my back. My nipples stood out in bare, stiff points. His mouth was down in an instant, sucking, making my mind explode with his possessive heat. He blew on my wet, aching tips, licked again, then bit down as I cried out with the mixed pain and pleasure.

“Colt! I didn’t come! I didn’t,” I assured him, pushing my ass against his cock. I hadn’t that weekend, but I sure wanted to now.

“Show me how you touched yourself, sweet Caroline,” he demanded, sitting up, putting a little distance between us so he could watch. I still sat sideways on his lap, his arm around my waist, but he leaned back to enjoy the view.

We’d been together for the better part of a year now. I was his wife. He’d done things to me I’d never imagined I’d let anyone do in my life. And yet, I still felt moments of shyness. Like now.

I bit my lip, looking up at him. I knew how much he enjoyed watching me touch myself. And once I got over the initial sense that it was wrong, I shouldn’t be doing it, I liked showing him as much as he liked watching.

“You want to come, don’t you?” he asked, his voice issuing a low warning. He could withhold orgasms. He’d done it before. The man had an iron will.

I nodded, mesmerized by his steely gaze. He was so powerful and dominant, yet took such good care of me, too. I felt so safe with him. He wanted to see me touch myself? I could do that for him.

I brought my hands down to my panties and wriggled them down my hips and legs. He watched me do it, enjoying how I was stripping for him. I brought myself back full onto his lap, my breasts still forced erotically up and out of my bra for his pleasure. And, slowly, I brought my hand to my pussy.

“Spread your legs, baby, so I can see,” he instructed, thickly. I did it, giving him a nice view of how wet he had me even before I dipped my fingers down and gave myself a good stroke.

“That’s it,” he encouraged, feasting on me with his gaze as I started getting into it, pushing against my clit, thrusting my fingers up inside, working myself for him. With one hand he held me firmly on his lap, letting me know, in no uncertain terms, he had me right where he wanted me. With the other, he teased my breasts, fingering them, lightly stroking, massaging.

“Oh,” I panted, finger-fucking myself for him to watch. “Oh, Colt.” I could feel my orgasm right at the surface, pushing, waiting to explode. But I’d wait for him to tell me to do it. He liked it when I came for him, at his command. I liked it, too.

“You’re close, aren’t you, baby?” he asked, teasing me wickedly with his tone and his fingers. “You need to come, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I whined, bucking my pussy against my hand, desperate. He needed to let me do it.

“Are you going to show me how pretty you are when you come for me?” he asked. I groaned, spreading my legs wider, giving him an all access pass.

“Now come, baby. Come for me.” At his words, I came apart, screaming with my orgasm as he pinched my nipple, hard, and watched me come on my own hand, my juices of arousal coating my fingers. It felt so good, so warm and right there on his lap, coming for him, giving him exactly what he wanted. And what I did, too.

“So good, Caroline,” he praised me, giving my tender nipple a long suck. “So pretty when you come.”

“Oh, Colt,” I sighed, resting my cheek against his chest, feeling his heart pounding as fast and hard as mine. He got so turned on when I did. We were good like that.

“It’s good to be back,” he whispered, running his hands along my legs, my arms, drawing me into him.

“I’m so glad you’re back,” I murmured, perfectly contented, snuggling into him on the couch.

“Comfortable?” he asked, stroking my hair.

“Yes.” A peaceful smile played at my lips and I looked up at him, blissed out. My husband, the love of my life.

“Well, don’t get too comfortable,” he responded, a teasing, hot gleam in his eyes. “Because I’m about to fuck you raw.”

I gasped and laughed, thrilled at his ability to surprise and shock me. And please me, too. He did lots of that, all the time.

We didn’t fall asleep until a few hours later. By the time he was done with me, I was sore and stretched and even a little bruised. But that smile across my face was even wider as I finally fell asleep, buck naked, my head resting against his chest, his hand possessively draped along my ass.

Colt really was a man of his word. He never made promises he couldn’t keep. I sighed with satisfaction, the lucky woman reaping all of the benefits.

Thank you so much for reading! I love sharing my books with you!

Stay tuned for Gigi's story in *Undeniable*, coming out in October. A LOT is going to go down!

Preorder on iBooks:

<https://itunes.apple.com/us/book/undeniable/id1120981899?mt=11>

Goodreads TBR: <https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/30359129-undeniable>

And you don't have to wait that long for more Callie Harper goodness. My next book, *In Deep*, is Olympics-themed, released on the opening day of the games, August 5th! It's a standalone, launching a whole new series. It's hot, it's fun, and it's only 99 cents now through the Olympic swimming events! Make sure you snap it up before the price increases. Who doesn't love a bargain? Especially when it's this delicious ☺

iBooks: <https://itunes.apple.com/us/book/in-deep/id1120982833?mt=11>

Goodreads TBR: <https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/30359117-in-deep>