

# Undone Bonus Chapter

By Callie Harper

## Ash

January off the coast of the British Virgin Islands. Could it be the best place in the world to chillax in the middle of winter? A mild breeze playing along, 80 degrees and full sun, sparkling clear light blue waters, expansive white sand private beaches. I said hell to the yes.

The thing was, I could be under a rock with Ana and I'd be happy. That was one of the many wonderful things about my fiancé. Together, we didn't need any of the glittery glam or opulent expenses of celebrity life. All we needed was each other. Ana was all simple goodness. But that's what made it was so fun to spoil her.

I'd chartered us a luxury yacht for two weeks, 40 meters long, three stories high, with four bedrooms plus a crew. She kept worrying about the expense. It was hard for her to wrap her mind around my reality, now hers: money was no object. Family money plus rockstar money totalled hundreds of millions. We could afford to spend a couple of weeks on a luxury yacht.

We'd had a few friends join us over the past couple of days. They were Brits, wickedly funny. I'd enjoyed myself, but I couldn't help it, all the good times and laughter had made me think of my bandmate, Connor. He'd been my partner in crime as long as I could remember. But it had almost been a year now since we'd spoken. I'd taken a big step away from the band and away from him and all I'd had on that front was radio silence.

Until last week. I'd gotten a letter from Connor, a thick one, right before Ana and I had taken off on our trip. I hadn't opened it yet. But I had it with me, burning a hole in my pocket.

Speaking of smoking hot, Ana sauntered up on deck with a magazine, a bottle of water and a big smile. She was wearing a bikini, navy blue and skimpy, and it looked good enough to tear right off of her. When we'd had company, she'd covered up with wraps or tunics. But now that we were alone, even the bikini seemed like too much.

"Hey, baby." I reached up and grabbed her hand, bringing it up to my lips for a kiss. She draped herself into a lounge by my side. That would do. For now. But before long, either I was going in over there or she was coming on over here. None of this two chair bullshit.

"It's so gorgeous here!" she exclaimed, admiring the expanse of bright blue surrounding us.

"Gorgeous," I agreed, looking straight at her.

"Have you heard anything yet?" She wore big sunglasses so I couldn't read the expression in her eyes, but I could hear the worried tone in her voice.

"About..." I knew there was a list of things she was concerned about with the wedding. I kept telling her to turn everything over to other people. There were

people who ran weddings for a living. We were paying one of them and, in turn, she was managing a whole slew of people to get everything set for the big day. But Ana insisted on getting involved with all the details. We'd decided to do it in her hometown in upstate New York. No venue big enough for the four or five hundred guests we had planned, we'd rented out a field and would be tenting it up.

"Heath," she clarified. "Has he gotten in touch?"

"Nope." I'd asked my big, gruff mountain man of a younger brother, Heath, to be my best man. I probably shouldn't have done it. It was exactly all the kind of shit he hated—dressed up in a monkey suit, on display, tons of photos and press. But when I thought about who I wanted by my side as my wingman on the big day, it was Heath. Strong and silent, he'd been there for me when I'd really needed it. Right when my best friend over all the years had turned out to be a total douche.

"If he doesn't want to do it, you can always ask Colt," Ana suggested.

"No," I dismissed the idea instantly. My other brother, CEO Colt and I didn't exactly have the same kind of friction we'd once had, but I wanted my wedding to be a warm and fuzzy celebration. Colt didn't do warm and fuzzy. He'd be there, of course, my whole big crazy family would be, but he'd be sitting with the other guests and then likely paired off with some bitchy society type. He seemed to favor the ice queens who'd glare at the cameras, then desperately search online the next day to see how much coverage they'd received.

"Don't worry," I reassured Ana. "Heath'll come around. I'll tell him he can leave early, after the ceremony."

"Well, he should stay for family photos at least," Ana bargained.

"I'll see if I can work that in." I kissed her hand again. "We could always go up and visit him in Vermont. I'd rent us a cabin. With any luck, we'd get snowed in." I flashed her a smile, letting her know very clearly exactly what memories I was picturing at that moment. I loved that I could still make her blush.

"That does sound good," she answered, sounding slightly flustered. Oh the things I liked to do to this woman. "But we can't go to Vermont." She seemed to come to her senses. "Heath would hate that."

"Why?"

I still couldn't see behind those sunglasses, but I'd bet that she rolled her eyes. "You're famous, Ash. Everywhere you go you're swarmed with cameras. He'd hate that."

"I'm not that famous anymore." She just looked at me, clearly not agreeing at all. "I'm out of the spotlight, baby," I insisted. "I'll have a ring on my finger in four months. I'm no longer an eligible bachelor."

"Remember the guy who fell off of our roof last week?"

She was right. A cameraman had somehow gotten in past security and made it up onto the roof. Now he was walking around in a brace and still somehow trying to sue me for personal damages. I wasn't worried about it, though. Our family lawyer Nelson would have him for breakfast. "Sorry, baby," She held my hand in hers as if delivering grim news. "You're one of the world's most famous rockstars."

"I'm not a rockstar anymore," I corrected her. "I'm a classic crooner."

Grabbing her water bottle, I started using it as a microphone.

"It had to be you," I sang to her in my best lounge lizard voice. "It had to be you!" I leapt to my feet, hamming it up. "I've wandered around, finally found somebody who could make me be true!"

The letter that had been in my pocket fell out at her feet.

"What's this?" She picked it up and I couldn't help but cringe. It wasn't that I wanted to hide things from Ana. I just didn't want to cause her any more pain. Seeing Connor's name on the envelope would remind her of what a dick he'd been to her and she didn't need that all dredged up.

"Connor wrote me a letter." I took it from her and bunched it back into my pocket.

"And you haven't opened it and read it yet?" she asked, not sounding as upset as I'd worried she might.

I shrugged. "Haven't found the right time to do it."

"You should read it," she advised. "You never know what can happen with a letter. What if you lost it? Remember the one you sent me that I never got?"

"That's only because your crazy roommates burned it," I reminded her.

"Hey, those are our bridesmaids you're talking about."

"Are you sure they're not going to try to ruin the wedding?" I asked, only partially joking. Her roommates seemed to have come a long way from the days when they'd conspired against me so hard they'd destroyed all evidence of my love letter. But you never knew. "They wouldn't try to, I don't know, burn down the church?"

"Of course not! That was when they thought you were an asshole. They love you now."

"Good."

"I just need to figure out how to pick a dress that they'll both wear."

"Not my area of expertise," I confessed, coming to sit alongside her. See, we really only needed one lounge chair between the two of us. I ran my fingers along her bare shoulder, warm from the sun. Her bikini top was held up by a thin string, knotted together at the back of her neck. "There are things I know a lot more about, though." I dropped my lips to her collarbone, kissing my way along her soft skin.

She shivered, and I knew it wasn't due to cold in the 80-degree sunshine. I smiled, my tongue out to lick. But then she sat up.

"OK, here's the deal." She reached a hand up to my shoulder and got momentarily distracted, running her palm along my muscles. I liked how she got as distracted as me when we were together. But then she stood up.

"You've got a letter to read. You should get it over with. I'll go fix us something cool and refreshing to drink and then I'll come back and you can show me your..." She paused, wagging her eyebrows suggestively "area of expertise."

"Is that what you want to call it?" I asked as she laughed and started away. "Not my Jimmy Kimmel? My Just-in-Beaver?"

"Stop! That's horrible!" she laughed over her shoulder as she disappeared below deck.

Nothing but me and Connor's letter. She was right. She always was. That was the good and bad thing about having an amazing partner. Better to get it over with. Ripping off the proverbial Band-Aid, I opened the letter and started in.

Twenty minutes later, Ana came back up to the deck. I'm not going to lie, I felt shaken up.

"How you doing?" Ana put two drinks on a low table and sat down next to me on my lounge chair.

"Connor's in NA." I looked down at my feet. He'd written quite a letter. I wasn't sure what to make of it yet.

"That's probably a good thing," she offered, letting me take my time.

I held up the sheets of paper. "It's an apology," I explained. A long one, practically a fifteen page treaty on how much he sucked and why. He told me how self-destructive and nearly suicidal he'd grown over the last couple of years, not excusing his behavior but explaining it. He'd gone into a tailspin over losing the two people he was closest to in the entire world, me and his sister, Tandy. She'd slipped deeper and deeper into drug use, and then died of an overdose a little over two months ago. That's what had finally did it for him. He'd put himself into a 90-day treatment center. Now, 60 days in, he was allowed to send out letters to everyone he'd hurt. Ana and I were first in line. He'd asked me permission to send her a letter directly, too, apologizing but not expecting forgiveness.

"How do you feel about it?" Ana asked. She was too good, starting with that question. It was her he'd truly wronged, her he'd attempted to drug and then I didn't even want to think about what else he'd had planned. But she asked how I felt about his apology.

"How do you feel about it?" I asked back. "You're the one he hurt."

She shrugged. "I forgave him a long time ago."

"Are you crazy?" I asked, reaching out to tuck a strand of hair behind her ear.

"Maybe," she admitted. "I just always feel like holding on to anger eventually does more damage to the person feeling angry. I'm not saying I'm ready to be BFFs with Connor. But I don't want to walk around mad."

"You're amazing," I marveled.

"Are you still angry at him?"

"Hell, yeah!" I replied instantly. Of course I was angry. He'd hurt my woman. But I missed him, too. We'd been through a lot together, from gangly outcasts getting beat up at an English boarding school to rockstars on top of the world.

"Maybe you'd feel better if you talked to him?" she offered.

"Maybe," I agreed. This shit was complicated. Good thing I had someone much smarter than me to navigate it all with.

"It'll all work out." She smiled at me.

So, of course I had to kiss her. How could I not? So lovely and thoughtful and generous, she always thought of others before herself. Her capacity to forgive and forget honestly humbled me. I didn't think I'd ever be as good a person as her. It was just my dumb luck she'd up and fallen in love with me. I might question the wisdom of her choice, but I'd do what I could to live up to the trust she'd placed in me. And whatever happened, I'd make sure we enjoyed ourselves.

Starting now. Reaching over, I wrapped my hand along the back of her head, through her silken hair, and brought my lips to hers. It never failed. Each time we kissed I felt it, like an electric jolt. There was something about kissing Ana that made

all the other kisses seem like something else, something less. Forgettable. But Ana? I could kiss her all day.

But why not add a little more into the mix while we were at it? My lips drifting down, kissing her jaw, her neck. My fingers found the bikini top that had been taunting me all afternoon. So dark against her creamy skin, it drew my attention like a magnet, such small strips of fabric between me and what I wanted most. The past few days had been fun sharing the yacht with other people, but many, many times I'd had to watch Ana walk around in sexy swimwear and just watch. Or I'd pull her into my lap and have to content myself with playing with her hair while we hung out with our friends.

But now there was no more need for covering up. Now we got to have fun on a whole next level. I brought my mouth down to the triangle of her bikini top, tracing the edge with my tongue. She swallowed, her breathing picking up. I loved making her pulse race. She always knew she was in for a ride with me, and I liked keeping her guessing about which direction we were headed. And sometimes she surprised me, herself. Like last night when she'd hopped into the shower and taken me right in her mouth there in the steamy, wet heat.

My cock stirred at the memory, and at the way her nipples were starting to strain against the thin, stretchy fabric. I drank in the little sounds she made as she grew more aroused. As much as the beast in me growled to take her, take her quick and dirty and now, I almost always succeeded in slowing myself down. She was so worth the wait.

My fingers got into the action, touching, stroking, massaging, working every inch of her breasts except her nipples. Those I saved for last, watching as they grew more stiff, more needy. I tilted my head up for a moment and was rewarded with seeing Ana toss her head back, her lips open, loving every second of my attentions. She deserved a pinch. And I needed her bare to do it right.

"Untie your top, Ana," I told her. Her eyes fluttered open and she looked at me, half-lidded with desire as she complied. I loved watching her move as she offered herself to me, most of the reserved shyness she'd had at the start of our relationship now replaced with wanton eagerness. She knew how good I could make her feel and she wanted it.

Her breasts spilled out of her top, round and full and perfect, her rosy nipples peaked and calling to me. I blew across her stiff tips and she threw her head back again, crying out at my tease. Palming one of her mounds, I kept watching her face as I brought my thumb and forefinger up to her nipple. Then I pinched, giving her some friction and just a hint of pain right where she felt so sensitive.

"Oh!" she cried out and wiggled a little, growing impatient. Agitated. Maybe slightly uncomfortable.

I dropped my head and licked where I'd pinched, taking her nipple full into my mouth, covering it in my wet heat. She groaned. But then she bit her lip, her eyes flickering to the side.

"Are you sure no one's going to come out here and see us?"

"No one's going to see us baby." I kissed her with reassurance. She kept worrying we were going to get walked in on by the crew. I'd explained to her, the understanding wasn't just tacit, it was explicit, in writing—they weren't coming up

on deck. We needed a small crew to drive and tend to this bad boy, but they were paid for not just their service but their complete invisibility. People didn't spend \$100,000/week to charter a yacht and then not get privacy. We were good to go.

Secure in the knowledge we were alone out on our ocean paradise, I feasted on her breasts, so lush and ripe. Licking, sucking, kissing, touching, she was like the ultimate playground, the softness of her skin, her eager gasps. And there was more where that came from.

"Undo the bottom for me, baby."

She looked up at me in that slow, erotic daze I liked to put her in. With languorous movements, she untied her bikini bottom. God bless whoever created the string bikini. It might be my favorite piece of clothing. So tempting on, so easy to get off.

I caressed her hair and licked her throat as I murmured, "Spread your legs, Anika. Show yourself to me."

Slowly, she eased one thigh over to the side, then the other in the opposite direction. Gleaming, pink and slick, my cock swelled at the sight of her pussy and ached for release. Seeing how much she wanted me, it made it so hard not to just forge ahead. But what if I delayed gratification just a little bit more?

"Touch yourself for me," I whispered, caressing her parted thigh. Trailing my fingers up and down her soft skin, I watched as she slipped a finger down and parted her pussy. She closed her eyes with a moan as her fingers found her clit, swollen and plump and slippery. She began working it, circling and stroking and pressing, her fingers slipping and dipping. I loved seeing her get lost in it, but knew she wasn't completely lost. A part of her always stayed with me, aware of my reactions, how much she was turning me on.

"Did I get you wet?" I asked, dropping down between her legs to kiss along the inside of her thighs. Now I had front row seats to the show.

"Yes," she groaned, her rhythm starting to increase.

"What are you thinking about, baby?" I asked, mesmerized by her mounting desire.

"Your cock," she groaned, pushing two of her fingers up inside of her pussy. Well fuck me, I loved her filthy mouth. And to think of the sweet little librarian I'd met just over a year ago. Stern and disapproving in her Peter Pan collar behind the library desk, could I ever have imagined her like this? Fact was, yes I could and did, right from the start. Sometimes you just knew.

I licked and bit her a little, light, along her sensitive inner thigh. I watched her tense and quiver, her hand working wonders.

"Tell me more," I ordered. She knew I liked to hear her dirty, nasty thoughts, fueled by all that heat she'd kept tamped down for so long. No longer. Now she could let loose and own it, and not just as the arm candy alongside a rockstar, but as a bonafide songwriter herself. It was time for her to shine.

"I want to ride you," she moaned. Yeah, just like that. "I want to straddle you and ride you," she panted, "work on your cock so it hits me just right."

"Yeah," I managed, the cock in question hard as a fucking hammer and practically yelling, "HERE I AM GUYS! INVITE ME TO THE PARTY!"

“And then...” Her body tensed, her fingers moving fast as she gripped the arm of the lounge chair with her free hand. “Then I’m going to come all over your cock!” And she shuddered and cried out, coming right in front of me, her sweet cream dripping along her fingers as she moaned and sighed.

I’d grown up rich, given everything I wanted. Some of my earliest memories involved servants waiting on me hand and foot, and that had only gotten crazier when I’d hit it big in music, people lining up to kiss my ass, both figuratively and literally.

Surrounded by so much all the time, I’d always felt empty. Now, with this lovely, kind, talented woman smiling at me in post-orgasmic pink—my favorite color on her—I’d never felt more full. My heart almost couldn’t take it. It felt like it might burst right open.

“I can’t believe you said yes,” I murmured.

She smiled shyly at me, and I knew she knew what I meant. I couldn’t believe that she’d said yes to spending the rest of her life with me. My wife. What did I ever do to deserve that?

“Don’t get all mushy on me now,” she teased. Glancing down at the giant tent at my crotch, she added, “I can see there’s a party in your pants and I want in.”

Laughing together, I crashed down next to her, taking her in my arms, tickling her a little along her ribs in that spot that got her going. She twisted and cracked up, then melted onto my chest as my palms started caressing her back. I felt her sigh, head to toe, as she told me, “I love you.”

“Ana, I love you so much.” I kissed the top of her head and held her to me, the luckiest man in the world.

## **Ana**

When I’d first met Ash I never would have guessed he could be so sweet. That look of astonished wonderment, marveling over how I’d agreed to become his wife? I’d caught a tear at the corner of his eye. Didn’t he know I was the lucky one? The one who’d won the rockstar prize millions the world over craved.

Of course, they didn’t really know Ash, so it couldn’t truly be said they wanted him. They knew his image, his public persona, but there was so much more to him. I’d seen his vulnerability, and how big his heart could be behind all that brash swagger.

“Now about that fantasy you just shared with me,” Ash said, as if reminding me about an item on my to do list.

“Yes, right,” I replied, matching his all-business tone. My pussy still tingled and felt so warm and wet from my orgasm. I loved coming for him. A little over a year ago, I think I’d still felt vaguely guilty about touching myself, even in the dark alone at night in my bed. Like it was something I couldn’t avoid, but didn’t exactly make me feel proud.

How far I’d come. And how many times I’d come. Sorry for the pun, but there it was, asking to be made. Now, I loved touching myself, especially with Ash

watching, knowing how much it turned him on. And every word I spoke was true, when I reached into my deepest fantasies, they all revolved around him.

He held me to the side with one arm and slipped his shorts off with the other.

"Impressive," I complimented him on his dexterity. But then it took on another meaning as I looked down at his glorious cock, so huge and hard and right there at the ready for me. I wrapped my hand around his girth and slid it along him, strong as steel yet his skin warm and soft to the touch, such a fascinating combination. Good thing I had the rest of my life to explore it.

He wrapped his hands around my waist and shifted me up and over him. I spread my thighs, parting them, my knees on either side. I brought my hands up to his chest, so broad and sexy with his tattoos licking along his muscles. He sat back, slightly reclined in the lounge, looking like a tiger about to get a great, big meal.

"You ready?" I asked him, enjoying the tease. I moved my hips right up where they needed to be, positioning his tip just at my wet entrance. He nodded, keeping his eyes right on mine, his large hands on my waist.

With a deep groan, I brought my pussy down onto his cock, my lips parting as I took him in. I couldn't do it all at once. Wet as I was, he was still so big. I paused a moment, working up and down on his wide, thick shaft, adjusting to his size. Now his eyes were closed and his breathing seemed almost pained. I knew he wanted all the way in. I brought my hand up to his shoulder and eased myself further down, taking more of him in, more and still more until finally he groaned.

"So good." Clutching my hips yet letting me take the lead, set the pace, he sank his mouth down to my throat, sucking me, marking me.

I started to move, working my way up and down his long cock. I got lost in it, mesmerized by the sensations, the growing pulse of pleasure only he worked up in me. Riding him like that, I could angle myself exactly how I wanted, push my sensitive clit right into him and take so much pleasure.

"Yes, baby," he encouraged me, feasting on my body, now glistening with a light sheen as I worked. He reached up and grabbed onto my breasts, leaving the thrusting entirely to me as he massaged and squeezed and then teased my stiff nipples.

"Ash," I groaned, riding him fast and wild, far past any self-consciousness. He already had me so close, so ready to orgasm yet again. I didn't need to hold back. He knew me completely and the more intimate we got the stronger our bond grew.

"I can feel you're about to come, baby," he murmured, his eyes lit with desire.

"Yes," I groaned, letting the release build, feeling his cock so huge and hard and throbbing up inside of me. He was close to coming, too, and then I'd feel him so deep in me, exploding, giving me all of it.

"Come," he growled. I came apart at his words, my thighs tensing up, my pussy closing around his cock in hot, wet spasms as he came, too, thrusting up inside of me deeper than ever before, making my eyes water and widen as I screamed out in pleasure. I held on as he thrust up into me, emptying his hot come, crying out. Collapsing onto his chest, we lay together panting, sweaty, incoherent.

"So good," I managed, kissing his chest as his arm wrapped around my waist.

"Fucking amazing," he murmured, kissing my forehead, fingers slipping through my hair.



Eventually, we rose and made our way to the shower. Steamy and warm, I didn't think I could get any more relaxed but it happened. Toe-curling orgasms, the man of my dreams, and a walk-in shower with both. Yeah, I was a lucky woman.

"I can't wait to show you the place we're having dinner at tonight," Ash told me as we toweled off. "You can only get there by boat. The seafood's so fresh it sings to you from the plate."

"Singing fish, huh?" I laughed. "I'm there."

As I looked into my closet and faced the difficult choice of strappy sundress versus strappy sundress, Ash pulled on some pants and checked his phone.

"Hey, I just got a text from Heath."

"Oh good!" I exclaimed, slipping into my white strappy sundress. It had a criss-cross top, a simple tie at the waist and somehow made me feel like a fairy princess. "Is he going to be your best man?"

Ash didn't answer right away, still looking at his screen with his face scrunched up, confused. "Know anything about the *Fame!* Network?" he asked.

"What?" Why was Ash asking me about a TV network?

"That's what Heath texted me. 'Know anything about the *Fame!* Network?'"

Zippering up my dress, I turned to him. "Isn't that the one that does all those crazy reality shows?"

"Yeah, with the celebrity wives and teen models."

"And the topless mud wrestling between the celebrity wives and teen models."

"Really?" He looked interested in the concept.

I tossed a pillow at him, handy off a nearby chair. "Why do you seem so excited about seeing that?"

He cracked up and I realized that he'd played me. He loved to tease. I threw another pillow at him.

"Buy why does Heath want to know about the *Fame!* network?" I asked.

He turned his attention back to his phone, texting. Then he looked up. "OK, I just told him they're celebrity hounds and asked why." His phone blipped instantly with a response. Ash read it aloud, "They're in my town. Want to make a reality show *Hot Off The Grid.*"

My mouth dropped open. Ash looked up at me, seeming just as surprised.

"A reality show? In his Vermont town?" I'd never been there, but Ash had told me it was as remote as you could imagine, all mountains and snow and not much else. Exactly the way his quiet giant of a brother Heath liked it. He gave new meaning to the strong, silent type. He had to be hating the reality show intrusion.

"I've got to give him a call." Ash shook his head, clearly baffled.

"You don't think..." I trailed off, not wanting to accuse him or make him feel bad about all the crap associated with his celebrity status. After all, it was the paparazzi hounds we had to thank for meeting each other at all. But it was possible, that Ash's stay in Vermont last year had led the cameras into that corner of the world. Maybe they wanted to do some sort of an expose on Ash's past, talk about his dark days composing his hit song "Undone." But that was more VH1 *Behind the Music*, not a *Fame!* network reality show.

“Hot Off the Grid,” Ash repeated, a slight smile on his lips. “It’s not a bad name for a show.”

“I guess Vermont’s off the grid, remote and in the wilderness. But what’s hot about it?”

Ash’s smile got a bit bigger. “Maybe it’s Heath? He’s always had women climbing all up on him. Not that he’s ever noticed.”

I declined to comment. It was true that his brother, Heath, was hotter than hell, but Ash might not exactly love my saying it. Not that Ash had anything to worry about. Heath was hot as a brawny Highland warrior, wielding a battle axe with one hand and scooping his woman up with the other to haul her back to his lair. But I had my rockstar. I was all good.

“Man, Heath’s got to be hating this.” Ash looked back at his phone, shaking his head.

“How long until we dock?”

“About an hour. You’re going to love this restaurant.” He looked as excited as a kid about sharing it with me.

I leaned in for a kiss and he wrapped his hand around my waist. A kiss was never just a kiss with Ash. We teased and licked, nipped and laughed, kissing once more.

His phone made another loud blip.

“I’ll let you call your brother,” I laughed, finally pulling away. “I’ll be up on deck if you need me.” I poured myself a glass of wine and grabbed my Kindle.

“Enjoy.” He waved to me as I headed up.

I settled at the prow of the boat, nothing but the blue sky up above and the azure sea out beyond. I’d never seen anything like it.

I had so much to feel grateful for. A wedding in a few months in my home town. My parents so happy and excited. The man of my dreams, literally. He’d gone from a high school poster on my wall to my fiancé, soon to be husband. And he was so much more amazing than I’d ever imagined.

I felt blissed out, even with the re-emergence of Connor in our lives. I’d tensed up when I’d first seen the letter he’d sent to Ash. But I’d meant what I’d said. Holding on to bitterness and anger only ended up harming yourself. How did I benefit from bringing all that negative shit into this, literally paradise? I didn’t.

Moving forward, I didn’t exactly want Connor moving in with us, but there might be a place for him in our lives. I believed in people changing and growing. It sounded like he’d been in a dark place. Who knew, maybe out of pain he could become a better person? I bet Ash would enjoy rocking out with his band again. I’d certainly enjoy seeing him strut around on the stage, my rockstar.

Smiling out at the ocean, I took a sip of my wine. Sparkling wine I realized it was, the bubbles tickling my tongue in a delightful way. I looked at the glass, wondering what vintage it was. I had so much to learn about Ash’s fancy world.

But what fun it was to do it! Sitting out on that yacht in the lap of luxury, I thought of all my ancestors toiling in the frigid winters of Russia. Generation after generation born into poverty, freezing starvation, war and deprivation. Picking up my drink, I lifted it to the sun, and dedicated it to all of them. Here’s to all my ancestors who worked their tails off day after day.

I'd stumbled into a windfall of epic proportions, but I'd never forget my roots. My parents, my family, I'd bring them all with me in my heart. And Ash and I had started a foundation expanding children's services through the public libraries. I'd make sure we gave back, helped others, shared our wealth.

We'd still have plenty of time to bask in the glorious magic we had between us. I rose my glass yet again, taking another tickling, exhilarating sip. Here's to the good life.

Thank you for reading my bonus chapter from "Undone!" Are you excited about meeting Ash's brother, Heath? Here's the blurb for his story:

## **Untamed (Heath & Violet)**

There's a massive, ripped mountain man named Heathcliff. He's brooding, bearded, and sexy as hell. Then there's city girl Violet, a TV producer hungry for a hit show. You'd best not get in the way of her Louboutin heels or make her chip her nails. They both have secrets they're trying to hide. They're having even more trouble keeping their hands off of each other. When Violet's reality show "Hot Off the Grid" starts filming in Heath's tiny Vermont town, what could possibly go wrong?

### **Heath**

All I want is life out of the spotlight. I'm up here in my cabin in the woods and I like it that way. No one knows who I am and no one cares. Then she shows up, strutting along in heels with her long, sexy legs, tossing around her silky, golden hair and smelling like vanilla and honey. It should be easy to ignore her. She's exactly the high-maintenance, gold-digging type I've steered clear of my whole life.

The only problem is the blisteringly hot sex. Melt down the cabin, end winter and start spring sex. Other than that, I see no reason that my life is going to change at all.

### **Violet**

Where even is Vermont? When I got the call to scout the location for our network's next reality show, I seriously had to pull out Google Maps. When I first got there, I was counting the hours until I convinced those country bumpkins to sign away all their privacy for the next six months.

Funny thing about these rural places, though. They grow 'em big. Crazy big, if you know what I mean, ladies. There's this guy. Just thinking about him, I've got to stop for a second and fan myself. I'd tell him to get lost only I can't seem to form words around him other than "yes," "more," and "I'm going to...Oh!" It must be the

orgasms melting my brain. He's nothing like the type of guy I'm after, believe me, and once I've wrapped up this deal I'm never looking back.

At least that's what I'm telling myself. But each time he touches me I can't remember my name, let alone my sales pitch. And I'm starting to realize that if I seal this deal and get my big win, we might both have a lot to lose.

NOTE: *Untamed* is a hot standalone romance. It's the third story in the *Beg for It* series about the dominant, alpha males in the Kavanaugh family and the strong, sexy women who make them finally meet their match.

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