

New York Times & USA Today bestselling author

CATHERINE BYBEE

All Our Tomorrows



PRAISE FOR CATHERINE BYBEE

Wife by Wednesday

“A fun and sizzling romance, great characters that trade verbal spars like fist punches, and the dream of your own royal wedding!”

—Sizzling Hot Book Reviews (5 stars)

“A good holiday, fireside or bedtime story.”

—Manic Reviews (4½ stars)

“A great story that I hope is the start of a new series.”

—The Romance Studio (4½ hearts)

Married by Monday

“If I hadn’t already added Ms. Catherine Bybee to my list of favorite authors, after reading this book I would have been compelled to. This is a book *nobody* should miss, because the magic it contains is awesome.”

—Booked Up Reviews (5 stars)

“Ms. Bybee writes authentic situations and expresses the good and the bad in such an equal way . . . Keeps the reader on the edge of her seat.”

—Reading Between the Wines (5 stars)

“*Married by Monday* was a refreshing read and one I couldn’t possibly put down.”

—The Romance Studio (4½ hearts)

Fiancé by Friday

“Bybee knows exactly how to keep readers happy . . . A thrilling pursuit and enough passion to stuff in your back pocket to last for the next few lifetimes . . . The hero and heroine come to life with each flip of the page and will linger long after readers cross the finish line.”

—*RT Book Reviews* (4½ stars, top pick [hot])

“A tale full of danger and sexual tension . . . the intriguing characters add emotional depth, ensuring readers will race to the perfectly fitting finish.”

—*Publishers Weekly*

“Suspense, survival, and chemistry mix in this scintillating read.”

—*Booklist*

“Hot romance, a mystery assassin, British royalty, and an alpha Marine . . . this story has it all!”

—*Harlequin Junkie*

Single by Saturday

“Captures readers’ hearts and keeps them glued to the pages until the fascinating finish . . . romance lovers will feel the sparks fly . . . almost instantaneously.”

—*RT Book Reviews* (4½ stars, top pick)

“[A] wonderfully exciting plot, lots of desire, and some sassy attitude thrown in for good measure!”

—*Harlequin Junkie*

Taken by Tuesday

“[Bybee] knows exactly how to get bookworms sucked into the perfect storyline; then she casts her spell upon them so they don’t escape until they reach the ‘Holy Cow!’ ending.”

—*RT Book Reviews* (4½ stars, top pick)

Seduced by Sunday

“You simply can’t miss [this novel]. It contains everything a romance reader loves—clever dialogue, three-dimensional characters, and just the right amount of steam to go with that heartwarming love story.”

—Brenda Novak, *New York Times* bestselling author

“Bybee hits the mark . . . providing readers with a smart, sophisticated romance between a spirited heroine and a prim hero . . . Passionate and intelligent characters [are] at the heart of this entertaining read.”

—*Publishers Weekly*

Treasured by Thursday

“The Weekday Brides never disappoint and this final installment is by far Bybee’s best work to date.”

—*RT Book Reviews* (4½ stars, top pick)

“An exquisitely written and complex story brimming with pride, passion, and pulse-pounding danger . . . Readers will gladly make time to savor this winning finale to a wonderful series.”

—*Publishers Weekly* (starred review)

“Bybee concludes her popular Weekday Brides series in a gratifying way with a passionate, troubled couple who may find a happy future if they can just survive and then learn to trust each other. A compelling and entertaining mix of sexy, complicated romance and menacing suspense.”

—*Kirkus Reviews*

Not Quite Dating

“It’s refreshing to read about a man who isn’t afraid to fall in love . . . [Jack and Jessie] fit together as a couple and as a family.”

—*RT Book Reviews* (3 stars [hot])

“*Not Quite Dating* offers a sweet and satisfying Cinderella fantasy that will keep you smiling long after you’ve finished reading.”

—Kathy Altman, *USA Today*, *Happy Ever After* blog

“The perfect rags to riches romance . . . The dialogue is inventive and witty, the characters are well drawn out. The storyline is superb and really shines . . . I highly recommend this standout romance! Catherine Bybee is an automatic buy for me.”

—*Harlequin Junkie* (4½ hearts)

Not Quite Enough

“Bybee’s gift for creating unforgettable romances cannot be ignored. The third book in the *Not Quite* series will sweep readers away to a paradise, and they will be intrigued by the thrilling story that accompanies their literary vacation.”

—*RT Book Reviews* (4½ stars, top pick)

Not Quite Forever

“Full of classic Bybee humor, steamy romance, and enough plot twists and turns to keep readers entertained all the way to the very last page.”

—Tracy Brogan, bestselling author of the *Bell Harbor* series

“Magnetic . . . The love scenes are sizzling and the multi-dimensional characters make this a page-turner. Readers will look for earlier installments and eagerly anticipate new ones.”

—*Publishers Weekly*

Not Quite Perfect

“This novel flows extremely well and readers will find themselves consuming the witty dialogue and strong imagery in one sitting.”

—*RT Book Reviews*

“Don’t let the title fool you. *Not Quite Perfect* [is] actually the perfect story to sweep you away and take you on a pleasant adventure. So sit back, relax, maybe pour a glass of wine, and let Catherine Bybee entertain you with Glen and Mary’s playful East Coast–West Coast romance. You won’t regret it for a moment.”

—*Harlequin Junkie* (4½ stars)

Not Quite Crazy

“This fast-paced story features credible characters whose appealing relationship is built upon friendship, mutual respect, and sizzling chemistry.”

—*Publishers Weekly*

“The plot is filled with twists and turns, but instead of feeling like a never-ending roller coaster, the story maintains a quiet flow. The slow buildup of a romance allows readers to get to know the main characters as individuals and makes the romantic element more organic.”

—*RT Book Reviews*

Doing It Over

“The romance between fiercely independent Melanie and charming Wyatt heats up even as outsiders threaten to derail their newfound happiness. This novel will hook readers with its warm, inviting characters and the promise for similar future installments.”

—*Publishers Weekly*

“This brand-new trilogy, *Most Likely To*, based on yearbook superlatives, kicks off with a novel that will encourage you to root for the incredibly likable Melanie. Her friends are hilarious and readers will swoon over

Wyatt, who is charming and strong. Even Melanie's daughter, Hope, is a hoot! This romance is jam-packed with animated characters, and Bybee displays her creative writing talent wonderfully."

—*RT Book Reviews* (4 stars)

"With a dialogue full of energy and depth, and a twisting storyline that captured my attention, I would say that *Doing It Over* was a great way to start off a new series. (And look at that gorgeous book cover!) I can't wait to visit River Bend again and see who else gets to find their HEA."

—*Harlequin Junkie* (4½ stars)

Staying For Good

"Bybee's skillfully crafted second Most Likely To contemporary (after *Doing It Over*) brings together former sweethearts who have not forgotten each other in the eleven years since high school. A cast of multidimensional characters brings the story to life and promises enticing future installments."

—*Publishers Weekly*

"Romance fans will be sure to cheer on former high school sweethearts Zoe and Luke right away in *Staying For Good*. Just wait until you see what passion, laughter, reconciliations, and mischief (can you say Vegas?) awaits readers this time around. Highly recommended."

—*Harlequin Junkie* (4½ stars)

Making It Right

"Intense suspense heightens the scorching romance at the heart of Bybee's outstanding third Most Likely To contemporary (after *Staying For Good*). Sizzling sensual scenes are coupled with scary suspense in this winning novel."

—*Publishers Weekly* (starred review)

Fool Me Once

“A marvelous portrait of friendship among women who have been bonded by fire.”

—*Library Journal* (best of the year 2017)

“Bybee still delivers a story that her die-hard readers will enjoy.”

—*Publishers Weekly*

Half Empty

“Wade and Trina here in *Half Empty* just might be one of my favorite couples Catherine Bybee has gifted us fans with so far. Captivating, engaging, lively and dreamy, I simply could not get enough of this book.”

—*Harlequin Junkie* (5 stars)

“Part rock star romance, part romantic thriller, I really enjoyed this book.”

—*Romance Reader*

Faking Forever

“A charming contemporary with surprising depth . . . Bybee perfectly portrays a woman trying to hold out for Mr. Right despite the pressures of time. A pitch-perfect plot and a cast of sympathetic and lovable supporting characters make this book one to add to the keeper shelf.”

—*Publishers Weekly*

“Catherine Bybee can do no wrong as far as I’m concerned . . . Passionate, sultry, and filled with genuine emotions that ran the gamut, *Faking Forever* was a journey of self-discovery and of a love that was truly meant to be. Highly recommended.”

—*Harlequin Junkie*

Say It Again

“Steamy, fast-paced, and consistently surprising, with a large cast of feisty supporting characters, this suspenseful roller-coaster ride will keep both series fans and new readers on the edge of their seats.”

—*Publishers Weekly*

My Way to You

“A fascinating novel that aptly balances disastrous circumstances.”

—*Kirkus Reviews*

“*My Way to You* is an unforgettable book fueled by Catherine Bybee’s own life, along with the dynamic cast she created that will capture your heart.”

—*Harlequin Junkie*

Home to Me

“Bybee skillfully avoids both melodrama and melancholy by grounding her characters in genuine emotion . . . This is Bybee in top form.”

—*Publishers Weekly* (starred review)

Everything Changes

“This sweet, sexy book is just the escapism many people are looking for right now.”

—*Kirkus Reviews*

The Whole Time

“Adorable. Sweet. Sparky. Sexy. Full of good food and wine and family and friends and all the things! I so need to see this series on TV one day! *The Whole Time* was such an adorable + fun + sweet + sparky + just beautiful romance—I loved it! Run to your nearest book dealer for your own Ryan—this one is mine!”

—BJ’s Book Blog

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OTHER TITLES BY CATHERINE BYBEE

Contemporary Romance

Weekday Brides Series

Wife by Wednesday
Married by Monday
Fiancé by Friday
Single by Saturday
Taken by Tuesday
Seduced by Sunday
Treasured by Thursday

Not Quite Series

Not Quite Dating
Not Quite Mine
Not Quite Enough
Not Quite Forever
Not Quite Perfect
Not Quite Crazy

Most Likely To Series

Doing It Over
Staying For Good
Making It Right

First Wives Series

Fool Me Once
Half Empty
Chasing Shadows
Faking Forever
Say It Again

Creek Canyon Series

My Way to You
Home to Me
Everything Changes

Richter Series

Changing the Rules
A Thin Disguise
An Unexpected Distraction

The D'Angelos Series

When It Falls Apart
Be Your Everything
Beginning of Forever
The Whole Time

Paranormal Romance

MacCoinnich Time Travels

Binding Vows
Silent Vows
Redeeming Vows
Highland Shifter

Highland Protector

The Ritter Werewolves Series

Before the Moon Rises

Embracing the Wolf

Novellas

Soul Mate

Possessive

Erotica

Kilt Worthy

Kilt-A-Licious

All Our Tomorrows

CATHERINE
BYBEE



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*This is to every woman who has ever had to make a
choice.*

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Chapter One

The absolutely best part about attending a funeral of a close family member was the ability to wear sunglasses inside. Anyone looking assumed the shield was there to hide the expression of pain and sorrow. For Chase and Alex, it was all about disguising their shock and disbelief of the complete bullshit being spewed from the pulpit. It was one thing for the priest to deliver an appropriate sermon, but the line of people standing up to verbalize their love for Aaron Stone churned bile in Chase's stomach.

"Husband, father, philanthropist, the builder of an empire. Aaron was more than an employer, more than his gilded name that graces so many hotels and resorts all over the globe. Aaron Stone was my friend. Someone I could share a drink with after work or spend a weekend in Vegas with on a moment's notice . . ."

Chase leaned close to his sister's ear and whispered, "High-end escort service on speed dial, no doubt."

Alexandrea, or Alex, as she'd always been called, nudged his elbow and placed a handkerchief over her lips to hide her smile.

Exactly ninety grueling minutes of needless prayer and praise for the prick in the casket later, Chase escorted his father's latest wife behind the coffin while Alex and their mother followed behind.

Chase had been asked if he wanted to be one of the six carrying his dead father to his final resting place, to which Chase replied, "*Hell-to-the-no.*" He didn't trust himself not to "accidentally" drop his end just to see the man tumble out of his perfect funeral and hear people laugh.

A long line of limousines stacked up behind the hearse. Melissa Stone, wife number three and a woman two years younger than Chase, climbed into the back of the first car with her brother and parents.

Chase, Alex, and their mother, Vivian, closed themselves behind the darkened glass of the second limousine and released a collective sigh

once the cameras of the media could no longer record their reaction.

“Damn, that was painful,” Alex said as soon as the door closed.

“It’s far from over.” Their mother patted Alex’s leg as if that would cure the agony they all felt.

Chase removed his sunglasses and looked at the both of them. They wore black, despite Alex’s threat to wear a bright pink floral dress that screamed celebration and happiness.

“Philanthropist? Exactly what did Dad have to do with giving money to those in need?” Alex asked.

“Tax write-offs, I’m sure,” Chase replied.

The limo started to move.

Chase knew from the plans he’d been shown that four uniformed motorcycle police officers were escorting the procession to the cemetery. From the cemetery they’d inch their way up the hills until they were safely behind the gates of their father’s Beverly Hills estate, where a reception would host the fake smiles and insincere tears.

A man as wealthy as Aaron Stone was living his death the same way he lived his life. *Large.*

According to the head of the legal team representing Aaron Stone, the man had planned his funeral a good fifteen years before his death.

Considering Aaron was only in his early sixties and in relatively good health, the fact that he planned his own funeral because no one would be able to do it better put an exclamation point on his narcissism.

“Any idea if Melissa is staying in the house?” Alex asked.

Chase shook his head. “I don’t have a clue.”

“Knowing your father, he and Melissa had a prenup.”

“If it’s anything like yours, she’ll be lucky to keep her jewelry.”

Chase held his comments and listened to his sister vent. She wouldn’t get much of a chance until the show was over and they could retreat to their mother’s modest home in Santa Monica. There, they planned on catching their breath before the morning appointment with the lawyers.

If it wasn’t for the fact that his sister’s and mother’s names were on the list of people requested, Chase would blow off the in-person drama altogether and find a dark bar so he could tell his dead father to fuck off one final time with a shot of whiskey.

They pulled into the cemetery, and sunglasses found their way back on noses.

Thankfully, the service at the gravesite was much shorter than that at the church.

Melissa's loud cries and overly animated tears were out of a scene from a soap opera. The cool breeze of the early spring skies pushed clouds overhead that threatened rain. Literally hundreds of people circled Aaron Stone's casket, most muttering among themselves, some averting their attention when Chase looked directly at them.

Finally, the priest ended his final prayer, asking God to accept the soul at his gate so Aaron's family could move on in peace.

It was only then that Chase stared over his father's casket and felt loss.

Loss for the father he never truly had.

Loss for the chance of redemption.

The man would never again have the opportunity to right the wrongs he had done to his family.

Death had a way of ending all possibility of reconciliation.



A long line of funeral guests slowly sauntered up the steps of Aaron Stone's lavish estate.

Chase stood with Alex on one side and Melissa on the other. It took all of ten minutes before a woman with a cane blocked the parade, giving Chase the out he needed to stop shaking hands and smiling at strangers. "I need a drink," he said to his sister.

"Great idea," Alex chimed in.

They both stepped away from the door at the same time.

"You can't leave me here to face these people alone," Melissa whined.

"You want to shake the hand of every person that has ever kissed up to my father for the last forty years, be my guest." Chase smiled at his sister. "Chardonnay?"

"I'm thinking vodka."

Chase and Alex moved past the foyer and into the formal living room. Framed by pillars and hosting twenty-foot ceilings, the room was

large enough to accommodate four separate conversation areas, complete with sofas and chairs. Wall to wall windows were outlined by arches standing side by side, giving the room a spectacular amount of light.

A bar had been set up at one corner of the room, and waitstaff was already circulating with trays of wine.

The table in the formal dining space was overburdened with food. The kind brought in by a caterer rather than thoughtfully made from the kitchen of loved ones overwhelmed with grief.

Alex avoided moving farther into the room when she stopped beside their mother and Nick.

She immediately grabbed whatever Nick was drinking and put it to her lips.

“Atta girl. It’s about time you got hammered. That funeral was painful,” Nick said to their small group.

“Don’t encourage her,” their mother responded.

Nick was Alex’s best friend, who she often referred to as her gay husband. They’d known each other for years, and because of that, Chase often thought of him as an extension of the family.

“I’ll get her her own,” Chase told Nick as he walked away and toward the bar.

“Vodka martini and a double shot of whiskey.” There was no need to specify a brand, the only liquor behind the bar was top shelf.

“Must be a rough day,” someone said behind him.

Chase turned to the slightly familiar face. “There’s certainly other places I’d rather be,” he responded appropriately.

“I bet.”

He had a slight southern accent that tickled the back of Chase’s head as he tried to place the man.

“You don’t remember me.”

“I’m sorry. It’s been a long day with a lot of people,” Chase explained.

The other man extended a hand. “Jack Morrison.”

The name clicked with the face. “Morrison hotels,” Chase said.

Jack nodded. “One in the same. I believe we met right before you graduated high school.”

“I can’t say I remember, but I do know who you are.” Hard not to, considering the name. The Morrison family made their way into the

papers, just as the Stones did. Families of wealth and power had a way of flashing on the front page from time to time.

“My father would be here, but he’s ahhh . . . not in good health,” Jack said.

“He sent you.”

“I volunteered.”

Chase narrowed his gaze. “Why?”

Jack was slow to smile, but when he did, he started to laugh. “Polite thing to do.”

“I take it you didn’t know my dad.”

“No. Not well anyway.” Jack rocked back on his heels.

“That makes two of us.”

Jack paused. “The tabloids had that right, then?”

Chase took in the other man’s expression. “The part about my father being estranged from his kids? Yeah, that would be one hundred percent accurate.”

“Damn. That makes today extra rough,” Jack said.

“You have no idea.”

The bartender placed both drinks on the bar.

“Can’t pick your family.”

Chase shook his head, grabbed the drinks. “The tabloids had the estranged part right, the rest is crap. Don’t believe everything you read in the paper,” he said.

“I don’t read them. My wife does. In fact, it was Jessie that suggested I come. She said if there’s an ounce of truth behind what the papers said, you and your sister might need a friendly face among the wolves that are bound to come out of the fields.”

Chase regarded the man with a tilt of his head. Jack seemed genuine, but he didn’t know him well enough to determine if kind words at a funeral put him in the trusted category. “We appreciate that,” Chase spoke for Alex. “I should get this to my sister. We could both use some liquid courage today.”

Jack nodded. “I’ll leave you to it. I’m not hard to get a hold of if you need anything.”

Chase smiled, took a couple of steps, then looked back. “What you said about your father being sick . . . is that true?”

Jack hesitated. “He thought your dad was an asshole. My father is a little hard to ignore in a room and didn’t want to make a scene.”

For the first time that day, Chase laughed. Any man as wealthy and influential as Jack Morrison who was willing to call a dead man an asshole . . . at his funeral, was good by Chase. “I’ll be in touch,” he said.

“I look forward to it.”

Back at his sister’s side, Chase handed Alex her drink.

“Who was that you were talking to?” she asked.

“Jack Morrison,” their mother answered for him.

Nick peered over the rim of his cocktail. “He has some swagger working for him. Is he single?”

Alex swatted Nick’s arm with her free hand. “You are not picking up dates at my dad’s funeral.”

Chase could always count on Nick for some comic relief. “Not only is he not single, he mentioned a *wife* . . . so not on your team,” Chase clarified. “He seemed like a decent man.”

“Do you know him, Mom?” Alex asked.

“I don’t know Jack, but everyone in the hotel industry knows his father, Gaylord. I saw *him* at many dinners and events when I was married to your dad. Gaylord’s love for his children . . .” Her voice trailed off, her gaze traveled to the floor. “I’m sorry.”

Chase caught his sister’s eyes.

Alex placed a hand on their mom’s shoulder. “It’s not your fault.”

The “sorry” was a theme their mother used often. Sorry for every shortcoming their father had that she felt she needed to repent for.

“The man is dead,” Chase said, lifting the whiskey to his lips. “Stop apologizing for him.”

“If I had just been—”

“Mom.”

Vivian sealed her lips and nodded once.

The subject was closed . . . at least for now.