

RIGHT



MAN



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TIME

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

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QUINN

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Published by Hot-Lanta Publishing, LLC

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Cover Design By: RBA Designs

Cover Illustrations By: Gerard Soratorio

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## Contents

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Excerpt - Kiss and Don't Tell](#)

[More Books by Meghan](#)

# Prologue

TWO YEARS AGO . . .

SILAS

“I don’t know, dude. Maybe I should have gone with the princess cut,” I say into the phone as I head up the elevator to my penthouse apartment that offers expansive views of the Burrard Inlet.

When Sarah and I found this place, she told me we had to get it. Not only were the views everything we could have asked for, but the privacy was also a huge bonus, especially since privacy doesn’t come so easily anymore. Not when you’re the star right wing from the Vancouver Agitators.

“Do we really have to go through this again?” Pacey Lawes says through the phone, clearly irritated with my inability to settle on the right ring.

“I want to get this right.” The elevator shoots me up to the penthouse. “I know Sarah has been waiting for this, and I’m finally in a place in my life where I can get her the ring she deserves. I want to make sure it’s perfect.”

“How many times do we have to go through this? She sent you pictures of that halo ring. That’s what she wants, and what you got matches that. Don’t change anything.”

“Yeah, you’re right.” I sigh. “Shit, I’m nervous.”

“Are you doing it tonight?”

“No.” I shake my head even though he can’t see me. “I have to figure out her ring size first.”

“That would have been job number one,” he says just as the elevator dings and the doors begin to part.

“Probably.” I scrub my hand over my face as I step off the elevator. “This is my first and last proposal, so I’m not quite sure of the timetable here.”

“Don’t think that’s part of a timetable. Just common sense, man,” Pacey says as I set my keys on the side table next to the elevator, kick off my shoes, and then head toward the kitchen where I find one of Sarah’s bras discarded on the counter.

That’s weird.

She’s a bit of a neat freak, so finding something like a bra on the counter and no other laundry feels out of place.

“You there?” Pacey asks.

“Uh, yeah.” I clear my throat and pick up the black lace, a bra I don’t think I’ve ever seen her wear before. And I know because I’ve been with her since high school. I’ve seen the ins and outs of this woman’s wardrobe, and I would have easily remembered a bra like this. “Hey, I have to go.”

“Everything okay?” Pacey asks with concern, obviously hearing the change in my tone.

“Yup, just, uh, realized I forgot to take the meat out of the freezer.” A simple lie that I know will do the trick.

“Oh shit, dude, you’re in trouble.”

“Don’t I know it,” I say right before hanging up and setting my phone on the counter.

I examine the bra, tracing my fingers over the lace. *Have I seen this before?*

No, definitely not.

This is different.

This is not the Sarah I know who *only* wears nude-colored undergarments. That’s all she’s ever worn, and I’ve been fine with it. I couldn’t care less. I just wanted to see what was under the undergarments, and lately, there’s been a drought in that department.

She blames it on hockey, saying I’m never around. But I don’t see how my schedule is any different from last year. Sure, I might have acquired more deals that have brought in an exponentially higher income, and those



commitments have stolen some of my time, but I still make an effort to make time to be available for her.

She's the one who tells me she's tired.

She's the one who offers me her cheek when I try to kiss her good night.

I spoke to the guys about it. How she never initiates intimacy, how she rolls away from me at night, and we concluded that maybe she was tired of waiting for a true commitment from me.

Hence the ring.

But this bra . . . maybe she's trying to spice things up for the both of us.

Maybe she left this here, knowing I was coming home and would believe it's a clue.

A smile stretches across my face as I stick the bra in the back pocket of my jeans and move toward the bedroom.

"Sarah, babe, you here?" I ask, heading closer to the shut bedroom door. "Found your bra."

"Mmmmm." I hear her moan, which makes me pause in my path to open the bedroom door.

Was that moan for me, or was that moan . . . something else?

Confused, I reach for our bedroom doorknob and twist it just as I hear her again. "Yes, right there."

What the . . .

I part the door open, just enough to see Sarah spread naked on our bed with a woman's head between her legs. *What. The. Fuck?*

My mouth drops to the floor, my heart sputters to a stop, and I can feel all the color draining from my face.

"That's it, baby, keep up that pace," a male voice speaks from the side of the room, nearly knocking me back on my ass.

I glance toward the window and find a naked man sitting in the chair I use to put my fucking shoes on, stroking his mediocre erection.

"What the actual fuck?" I say, unable to stop myself.

Sarah's head pops up, and her eyes connect with mine. Fear crosses her pupils right before pure ecstasy. The woman doesn't stop eating Sarah's pussy, the man doesn't stop stroking his dick, and it's as if everything is playing out in slow motion like some sort of fucked-up porn video.

Sarah's eyes remain on mine as she bites her bottom lip and her cheeks flush, a look I haven't seen from her in I don't know how long. And for the life of me, I can't look away as her chest lifts, nipples puckered, skin slick,

and her mouth falls open as a low, feral moan slips past her lips. A sound so erotic that I honestly wasn't sure she could make it.

Her head falls back to the bed, her fingers grip the sheets tightly, and then, to my absolute horror, I watch her come, getting off from another woman while a man in the corner does the same, he groans even louder.

At a complete standstill, unsure of what to fucking do, I stay rooted in place, waiting for this nightmare to end.

"Oh God," Sarah says as she fondles her breasts, plucking her nipples. "So good," she mumbles before she finally catches her breath.

So good? Is she fucking kidding me right now?

The naked woman between her legs pulls away and turns toward me. Her fake breasts are *way too* large for her body. *That's what you notice, Silas?* She stands up and then starts fingering herself. With a coy look, she asks, "Do you want to be next?"

"The fuck?" I ask. "No!" I look past the busty redhead and over at Sarah. "What the fuck is going on?"

Hand draped over her face, she closes her legs and then rolls up to a seated position. She's flush, satisfied, and it makes me so fucking mad. My vision starts to tunnel. She's my girl, and someone else made her look fucking satisfied. That doesn't settle well with me. Nor does her hair looking a mess. Or the wild expression in her eyes. Gratification rings clear in her voice as she says, "I needed a good fuck, Silas."

She needed a good fuck?

That's her excuse?

"Then why the hell did you not ask me? Your boyfriend?"

I stare Sarah down, looking for an answer, but she doesn't give me one. The redhead walks up to me seductively and rests her hand on my chest. "You seem tense. Let me fix that for you."

Keeping still, I speak through my clenched jaw. "I suggest you get the fuck away from me right now."

"Do not talk to my woman like that," the man says while standing and stuffing his now flaccid dick in his pants.

"Test me, dude. Seriously, see how far it gets you. I've bashed more skulls in my lifetime to even count. You do not want to fuck with me."

"Maybe I do," the man says, acting like a stupid fuck. He steps toward me, and without even thinking twice, I cock my arm back. Sarah inserts herself between the man and me before I can hit him.

“Don’t,” she says, her voice stern.

She can’t be serious.

“You’re protecting *him*?” I ask. In my fucking house? My fucking bedroom? What the hell is happening?

Without answering me, she turns toward the man and woman. “I think you two should leave.”

“Are you sure?” the woman asks. “If you’re in trouble, we can stay.”

“She’s not in fucking trouble,” I yell. “I’m her goddamn boyfriend, and if you don’t leave in the next five minutes, I will physically remove you myself.”

“Go,” Sarah says.

While they pick up and leave, Sarah grabs a robe from the bed and tosses it over her body, covering up the bite marks along her rib cage and breasts. Breasts I’ve spent years worshipping.

Pain, anger, and confusion all lace through my body, putting me through a mental fuckery of a roller coaster as I try to pick one emotion to focus on.

When I hear the elevator doors close, I know which one to run with. Anger. I turn toward her and say, “What the fuck was that?”

Arms crossed defensively, she answers, “I’ve . . . I’ve been feeling neglected. Todd and Nancy have—”

“Todd and Nancy?” I shout.

“Yes, Todd and Nancy.” She secures the tie around her waist. “They’ve made me feel supported, fulfilled, and not so alone.”

White-hot rage shoots up my spine. “Don’t fucking come at me with that. I’ve tried to make you feel . . . fulfilled, but you won’t let me. You push me away, turn me down, you won’t even fucking look at me. I mean, what the hell, Sarah? How long has this been going on?”

“Four months,” she says without even an ounce of apology in her voice.

“Four months?” I ask. “Jesus Christ.” I step away, running my hand through my hair. When I look at her, I don’t see the same person I fell in love with years ago. I see someone jaded, someone manipulative, someone who had no intention of protecting my heart.

After everything we’ve been through, all the ups and downs of trying to make it in hockey, the hardships, the joy, she’s going to act like cheating on me for four months is nothing?

That it’s my fault when I’ve put in the effort?

That I'm the one to blame even though we both agreed that my goal to be a professional hockey player is what we both wanted?

She knew what this life would be like. I didn't see her complaining when she got her expensive purses and brand-name shoes.

I stare at her, the woman I gave my heart to, and as anger fills me, I say, "Fuck you, Sarah."

"Excuse me?" she asks, shock registering across her face.

"I said . . . fuck . . . you."

"You're mad at me." She points at her chest. "You're mad at me when I'm the one who has to stay here all alone?"

"You knew what you were getting into," I yell. "You fucking knew this is what life would be like, and you agreed to it. We had an in-depth conversation about what to expect. We agreed this was what would be best for our life together. And to help the situation, to make you feel more comfortable, I got the fancy apartment you wanted. I got you the car and the clothes. I got you everything you ever asked for. So yeah, Sarah, fuck you. We were supposed to be monogamous."

"As if you've never cheated on me," she says offhandedly.

"Never," I answer with a low growl in my voice. It feels like the hair on the back of my neck is standing to attention. "I've never once touched another woman, looked their way, or even thought about it because I love you, Sarah. You're my girl. You're the one I want to be with."

Hand propped on her hip, disbelief in her voice, she repeats, "You never cheated on me? That's hard to believe. I've heard what the other girls have said about all those women running around the hotel rooms looking to hook up with your team."

"Yeah, that's true, but I have fucking loyalty," I snap at her. "I promised myself to you, and I've kept that promise. Wait, have you been cheating on me with other people besides Todd and Nancy?" When she glances away, I have my answer. I throw my arms up and turn my back on her. "Un-fucking-believable." This whole time, I thought she was loyal. I thought we were in this together. I thought that maybe she was pulling away because of the change in popularity I've received. *But she's been fucking unfaithful all this time. What the actual fuck?*

Everything I've known about love comes crashing to a fucking standstill. I feel so . . . betrayed. *Broken.*

I take a few deep breaths. "I want you out."

“What?” she asks.

I turn around to face her. Feeling absolutely gutted inside, I repeat myself. “I said I want you out. You have an hour. Get what you need and get the fuck out. We’re done, Sarah.”

“This is my apartment too.”

“You know what? You’re right, it is.” I smile demonically. “I’ll call the landlord right now and tell her to switch the name on the lease to yours. Enjoy paying rent.”

Her face falls flat. “You can’t do that. I don’t have a job. I put my life on hold to support you.”

“I didn’t know supporting me meant you got to fuck around with other people. I think we have a different view of what supporting really means.”

Not sure if it’s me asking her to leave or the realization that she has nothing without me, but panic lights up her eyes. “Listen, Silas, we can work this out.”

“The fuck we can. Now you either pack up and get out of here in an hour, or the apartment is yours. Rent is due in a week.”

And with that, I storm out of the apartment and as far away from her as I can get.

We are so fucking over.

And I’ll be damned if I ever let anyone treat me like that again.

## Chapter One

---

OLLIE

“To the worst internship of our lives,” Ross says, holding up a shot glass.

I hold mine up as well. “And may Alan Roberts’s teeth fall out for creating the toxic workspace we’ve suffered through all summer.”

“Cheers to that.” Ross clinks his glass against mine, and together, we take down a tequila shot, quickly counteracting the bitter taste with some lime.

When we finish, I let out a large breath. “I can’t believe the fucker is making us work extra to earn our internship credit.”

Ross licks the lime before setting his down. “That’s what happens when you’re fucking the head of the journalism department. You get what you want.”

I grip Ross’s arm. “Do you really think Roberts is fucking Professor Wheeler?”

Ross purses his lips and gives me his telltale look for “girllllll.” “Please, Yamish saw them in her office last spring. That’s how Roberts nabs all of those summer interns to do his dirty work because he siphons them straight from the department.”

“We were siphoned,” I say.

“Exactly, and look where that got us. Sure, we worked a paid internship for college credit. That was great and appreciated, but at what cost? We lost one of the greatest summers of our life to Alan Roberts and his coffee order of steamed milk with a teaspoon of espresso. And now, when we finally have a chance to take part in writing something for his elusive website, we have to do it when school starts to earn our credit. What the fuck is that about?”

“Poor time management,” I say as I pick up my margarita and twirl my straw. Our drink of the summer has been a margarita on the rocks with a shot of tequila on the side. It gets the job done with no hangover in the morning.

Ross and I met our freshman year. We were put into a study group together and immediately hit it off. We bonded over face creams, fashion trends, and workout routines that gave us the best results with the least possible injury.

“Have you even looked at your assignment?” he asks.

I slip the envelope handed to us when we left work today out of my purse and hold it to my chest. “I have not. Have you?”

“No.”

“Want to do it together?” I ask.

He nods and reaches into the back pocket of his perfectly pressed dress slacks and pulls out his envelope. “I’ll read yours, and you read mine.”

“That seems fair. It lessens the blow.”

We exchange envelopes, and he nods at me. “You read mine first. And if it says anything about sports, just end me now.”

“Same,” I say as I pull out the letter. “Ahem. You, my friend, have . . .” I pause, scanning the letter . . . “Oh shit, you have fall fashion trends.”

“Shut up,” he shouts before ripping the letter from my hands and reading it himself. “Holy fuck, a five-hundred-word spread on fall fashion must-haves.” His eyes widen when he looks up at me. “Ollie, do you understand how big a deal this is?”

I chuckle. “I do. I worked with you this entire summer. Everyone is going to see that article, and I have no doubt it will be syndicated.”

“Holy . . . fuck,” he breathes out. “And here I thought Roberts hated me. He just made me get his coffee every morning so he could make sure I had the style to back up the article. This could only mean if I got fashion, you probably got lifestyle. That list of books you’ve been putting together will

pay off.” He rips open my envelope, and I wait in anticipation because I truly hope he’s right. Lifestyle would be my ideal topic, the one I know the most about. I’ve kept up with all the reading, beauty, and exercise trends. I’m my very own Andie Anderson over here.

He clears his throat, tosses the letter open with a shake of his hand, and smiles at me.

“Ollie, my dearest friend who has the glowing complexion of an angel —”

“Thank you, plant-derived squalane.”

Smiling, he says, “You will be working tirelessly, writing about . . .” He pauses, and I know it’s for dramatic effect. Ross doesn’t know any other way to operate. At least that’s what I think until his brow creases in concern, and his smile flattens into a frown.

Uh-oh, that can’t be good.

Unless he’s trying to fake me out.

Would Ross do that, though? He’s not much of a prankster.

Oh God, what if I got something bad?

“What, uh . . . what is it?” I ask nervously.

His eyes slowly lift to mine. “I think they messed up.”

“What do you mean you think they messed up?” I snag the letter from Ross and scan it until my eyes land directly on the assignment. “No, this can’t be right.”

“Looking at assignments?” we hear a cheery yet shrill voice say as she walks up behind us.

Candace Roundhouse.

The bane of our existence.

The suck-up of the summer.

The brown-nose that belongs to Alan Roberts.

Abhorrently annoying and a compulsive inhibitor of all fun, Candace has been the second main reason Ross and I came up with a drink of the summer. Roberts is the margarita. Candace is the shot of tequila on the side.

Plastering on a smile because even though we can’t stand her, we have to pretend to get along, I turn toward Candace and say, “Oh hey, didn’t think you were going out tonight.”

She flips her fake fiery-red hair over one shoulder and gives me a slow once-over. “Yes, thought I would introduce my boyfriend to all my work peeps.”



Ew, who says peeps?

“How fun,” Ross says with his genuinely fake smile. I know it’s fake because his teeth clench tightly together while the corners of his mouth twitch ever so slightly.

“Can you believe Roberts allowed me to put together the assignments? He just tossed it on my desk and said have at it.”

The bitch.

Of course she put these together. I should have freaking known.

“You put these together?” I ask, still trying to hold my composure. I want to flick that red lipstick right off her pursed lips.

“I did.” She smiles brightly. “I knew you would be amazing with the fashion piece, Ross. The minute I saw it, I thought you needed to have it.”

“Yeah, thank you,” he says quietly because sure, she did him a favor. But what about me?

She did this on purpose, I know she did, and it’s all because of the stupid freaking Post-it Notes.

Want to talk about petty?

Candace Roundhouse is the definition of it.

You see, Candace was very particular about her office supplies. So particular that she took in her own, which is fine. If you want to use the stupid gel pens like a girl who grew up in the two thousands, have at it. I’m not going to stop you. But one day, I was running around the office at everyone’s beck and call, and I was on the phone with an advertiser who needed me to pick up a product from a warehouse downtown. I needed something to write the address down on. I was right next to Candace’s desk, and since she wasn’t there, I picked up a pen and a Post-it Note and wrote down the address. When I hung up and turned around, Candace was right behind me, staring me down as if she was one of the twins from *The Shining*.

I smiled awkwardly, begging for forgiveness.

She folded her arms.

Nothing was said between us, just a stare down still ingrained in my memory as one of the top five scariest moments of my life. There is nothing like utter silence to gain the upper hand when facing a competitor, especially me because I can’t stand the silence.

Ross told me he heard Candace offhandedly mention to one of the girls in the office how I used her Post-it Notes and didn’t bother to replace them.

She sounded irritated.

It was ONE Post-it.

See what I'm talking about?

Petty.

Clearing my throat, I say, "So . . . with all due respect, what were you thinking when you gave me my assignment?"

Her amused eyes turn toward me as she says, "Well, all I heard all summer was how much you enjoyed the male form, objectifying men in every which way." What the hell is she talking about? "I thought your assignment would be perfect for you."

"I wasn't objectifying men," I say because if anything, I was professional all summer, and that was exhausting. There were many times I didn't want to be professional.

Like when Candace bossed people around for half an hour while her fly was undone. I could have asked her if she was attempting to win the boss's affection, maybe offer a panty parade, or even looking for singles ready to mingle. But did I open my mouth? Nooooo, and that's because I was a professional.

I didn't tell her it was down either because just that morning, she'd yelled at me for taking the last Green Mountain blueberry coffee pod. Someone had to take it, and that someone just happened to be me.

"I distinctly remember you going into great detail about the contours and crevices of Chris Hemsworth's body."

I shake my head, trying to comprehend her idiocy. "That was on a lunch break, and it's because he just came out with a series of pictures in *Men's Health*. How does that have anything to do with my assignment of . . . hockey?"

Yup, she gave me hockey. A sport I know absolutely nothing about other than . . . skates, uh . . . puck . . . stick . . . and lots of ice. That about sums it up.

She smiles. "Figured you could study the contours and crevices of hockey players. After all, hockey is a national treasure in Canada. You could really do something special with the assignment."

Petty. She is so freaking petty.

I can be petty, you know. I could . . . uh . . . I could kick her right in the crotch. Not sure if that's petty, but it sure as hell would make me feel better. A toe to her camel toe. Blam-o, instant joy for me.

“I know nothing about hockey, and you know damn well if I turn in a fluff piece about muscles and perfectly proportioned man nipples, Roberts isn’t going to give me credit for this summer internship. Everything rides on these last assignments.” I can feel myself losing my cool.

If I don’t do a good job on this assignment, I might have to repeat the internship, and I can’t do that. Repeating would put me behind, and I need to graduate at the end of this year. *I have a strict schedule.*

She taps her chin. “Hmm, you might be right about that. Looks like you need to learn some hockey.”

Stepping forward, I point my finger at her. “You did this on purpose, all because of a Post-it. Honestly, how could you—”

“Darling, there you are,” a male voice says. A familiar male voice. A voice so bone-chillingly familiar that I feel my stomach bottom out as I slowly look up to see Yonny Biliak standing in front of me.

Actually, not just standing in front of me but wrapping his arm around Candace and kissing the side of her cheek.

No fucking way.

Who is Yonny Biliak, you ask?

A self-proclaimed rising star in the legal field, horrid offender of crisscrossing suit patterns, expert dribble pee-er, and my ex-boyfriend of two years. He broke up with me this summer, stating we were going our own ways. *He* thought it’d be best that we focus on our careers and not each other.

Funny how it’s the end of summer, and he seems NOT to be focusing on his career but rather the backside of Candace Roundhouse.

Like I can actually see him rubbing her ass. Right here, in the middle of a bar, as if we’re in the privacy of his stuffy bedroom where he chose to show affection because PDA was forbidden. He had to uphold an image, after all.

“The beefy sweetheart of my life,” Candace coos back as she lifts her hand to his ill-shaven face and kisses his dry, crusty lips. At least that’s how I want them to be, but they actually look quite moisturized, which just irritates me even more. Looks like the man found chapstick. Also, can we please pause for a moment and lament over the pet name “beefy sweetheart”? Blech. “I’m so glad you found me. I’m lost without you,” Candace continues.

Oh, come on.

Are they trying to make the bar collectively dry-heave?

I feel Ross lean into me, his hand slowly falling to my back protectively. I appreciate him. He knows how I was after my breakup with Yonny. Yonny never treated me right, yet I still gave him all of me, so when we broke up, I didn't take it that well.

I spent more time holding a bottle of wine to my lips than I care to admit . . . and yelling at innocent birds just trying to put in a day's work of finding twigs and worms.

When the two sugarplum sweethearts of our generation are finally done cooing at each other, Yonny looks up, only to be partially stunned when I come into view.

"Ollie," he says, straightening up. "Didn't see you there. How, uh, how are you?"

Lovely.

Bubbling with euphoria.

On the precipice of so much joy that my soulless heart—as you once called it—might combust into micro pieces of merriment.

"Great," I answer louder than I want. "So great. The greatest, actually. The greatest of all time. GOAT. I'm the GOAT of all GOATs."

"Stop saying goat," Ross whispers.

I smile with just my lips, regaining my composure, and say, "Just wonderful."

Yonny drapes his arm around Candace and pulls her in close to his chest, clearly trying to make me jealous.

Well, try harder, sir, because you're not much of a prize to fight over.

Yet . . . even though I know he's not a prize and more of a jerk than anything, I feel myself gearing up to do something stupid, say something stupid, anything to save face in front of the man who once told me it was normal to have pee drips all over his underwear.

"I'm really great, actually," I continue because they can't hear that enough. I push my hair behind my ear. "Yup, everything is wildly awesome for me right now. Just got the assignment of a lifetime thanks to Candace, living my best life in the heart of Vancouver, rolling in lavish food from sponsor after sponsor, and easily having the best sex of my life." His brow turns down, and that spurs me on because nothing feels better than seeing an ex displeased with your success. "Yup, so much sex, crazy sex too. Sex

that actually makes me convulse like an electric shock but straight to my pu  
—”

“A semblance of class,” Ross says, cutting me off.

Yup, okay, I can admit when I’ve gotten a touch out of hand.

“Well, that’s nice,” Yonny says, looking uncomfortable. Yeah, that’s right, feel uncomfortable. Regret life. Reconsider all of your choices.

“That’s funny,” Candace says, a smarmy look on her face. “Last I heard, you’ve been in a drought since you and Yonny broke up.”

Freaking office gossip.

I get drunk one night and tell a few girls that it’s been the Sahara Desert between my legs all summer, and it just happens to get back to Candace Roundhouse. What is she freaking doing? Paying people for information? Does she pay them in Post-it Notes? I wouldn’t put it past her. She’s vengeful, folks, and not one to mess with.

Yet here I am, going all in.

“This was recent,” I say. “He’s actually here, right now, the man I’ve been losing many nights of sleep to. The man who has stretched me in more ways than one. The man who I’ve purposely called daddy in the middle of fu—” Ross elbows my ribs. Right, stay on track. I clear my throat. “So . . . yeah, anyway, I bet you two have a lot of public rubbing you want to get on with, so I’m just going to go—”

“Where is he?” Candace asks, the challenging look in her eyes telling me she doesn’t believe me one bit. What a freaking frump. “I would love to meet him.”

Of course she would.

“Oh yeah, I would love for you to meet him. Unfortunately, my little cuddle bunny is shy,” I say, offering an apologetic smile.

“What are you doing?” Ross whispers under his breath, clearly concerned for me. He has all the right to be because I have become unhinged.

“Oh, I’m sure he’s shy,” Candace says with a roll of her eyes. “So shy that he doesn’t exist.” She pats Yonny’s chest. “Let’s go before she embarrasses herself even more.”

“He does exist,” I say, anger pulsing up my spine. My voice sounds so convincing that I almost believe he has magically appeared from my imagination and parked it right here in this bar.

Candace glances over her shoulder. “Okay, Ollie. Enjoy your assignment. I’m sure you’ll do a wonderful job with it.” Her condescending tone tips me over the edge, and I feel my body go absolutely feral.

Teeth snarling.

Hair raised.

Bloodshot eyes.

Ohhhhh no, she doesn’t walk away from me with the last word, not when I have to conjure up a fake boyfriend who has given me the best sex of my life.

“He is. Actually, there he is,” I say, aiming my gaze at the first man I see. And before I can stop myself, I charge toward the far end of the bar.

Better watch out, man, feral beast incoming.