

NEVER SAY GOODBYE



SOME kind of PERFECT

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHORS

KRISTA & BECCA
RITCHIE

CONTENTS

Title

Recommended Reading Order

2018

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

2019

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

Chapter 12

Chapter 13

Chapter 14

June 1st, 2019

Chapter 15

November 30th, 2019

Chapter 16

2020

Chapter 17

Chapter 18

Chapter 19

April 21st, 2020

2021

Chapter 20

Chapter 21

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[2022](#)

[March 29th, 2022](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[December 25th, 2022](#)

[2023](#)

[Chapter 29](#)

[Chapter 30](#)

[Chapter 31](#)

[Chapter 32](#)

[Chapter 33](#)

[Chapter 34](#)

[Chapter 35](#)

[2024](#)

[Chapter 36](#)

[Chapter 37](#)

[March 24th, 2024](#)

[Chapter 38](#)

[Chapter 39](#)

[May 11th, 2024](#)

[Chapter 40](#)

[October 3rd, 2024](#)

[Chapter 41](#)

[2025](#)

[Chapter 42](#)

[January 27th, 2025](#)

[Chapter 43](#)

[Chapter 44](#)

[Chapter 45](#)

[Chapter 46](#)

[Chapter 47](#)

[2026](#)

[Chapter 48](#)

[Chapter 49](#)

[Chapter 50](#)

[Chapter 51](#)

[2027](#)

[Chapter 52](#)

[Chapter 53](#)

[Chapter 54](#)

[Chapter 55](#)

[Chapter 56](#)

[Chapter 57](#)

[Chapter 58](#)

[Chapter 59](#)

[Chapter 60](#)

[Chapter 61](#)

[2028](#)

[Chapter 62](#)

[Farewell](#)

[Farewell](#)

[So Long](#)

[So Long](#)

[Goodbye](#)

[Goodbye](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)

[Also by Krista & Becca](#)

[About the Authors](#)

SOME kind of PERFECT

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHORS

KRISTA & BECCA
RITCHIE

Some Kind of Perfect Copyright © 2016 by K.B. Ritchie
2023 Edition

All rights reserved.

This book may not be reproduced or transmitted in any capacity without written permission by the publisher, except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages for review purposes.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the authors' imaginations or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

RECOMMENDED READING ORDER

Follow the Calloway Sisters (Lily, Rose, and Daisy) as they navigate love, family, and friendship in 10 unforgettable books.

Addicted to You

Ricochet

Addicted for Now

Kiss the Sky

Hothouse Flower

Thrive

Addicted After All

Fuel the Fire

Long Way Down

Some Kind of Perfect

2018

“I’m always going to be a sex addict, but I’m more than just sex.”

- Lily Hale, *We Are Calloway* (Season 1 Episode 01 – Pilot)

1

June 2018
Hale Co. Lobby
Philadelphia

LILY HALE

I've never been punched in the face before, but I imagine this is how it feels. Below my eye, the skin puffs and swells with constant throbbing pain. I cover the right one with my palm, afraid if I drop my hand, half of my face may fall apart altogether. Just like Mrs. Potato Head.

That's me.

Lily Potato Head Hale.

For the moment at least. I'm a mess, and it's not even my fault.

Lo clutches my wrist, attempting to tug my hand down, but I don't relinquish that easily. *Lest my eyeball pop out of the socket.*

"Let me see, Lil." His amber irises rage hot between concern and anger.

We're not in private. We stand in the very center of Hale Co.'s pristine lobby, the waxed marble floors reflecting my discomfort back at me. I can't hide behind the fiddleleaf fig plants, their ceramic pots stationed on either side of the shiny elevators.

I'm not a botanist or suddenly fascinated by foliage, but Connor mentioned their specific name one day. Apparently Cobalt Inc. has English Ivy in their lobby. I didn't know someone could find a way to be conceited about houseplants, but Connor has lots of talent in making his belongings seem superior.

Maybe because they are.

I shake out the thought. I don't need the fiddleleaf figs or Connor's English Ivy. I can stand here. Right here. Out in the open. I know I can.

At the sleek entrance desk, a pretty blonde receptionist watches us like she's tuned into a television show. She doesn't even care as my sole eye meets her eye. And she's not the only one. Hale Co. employees push through the revolving doors and depart from the beeping elevators, and their wandering gazes plaster onto us.

Loren Hale might be the boss, but I don't show up at his offices that often. Let alone flanked by *three* bodyguards. They do their best to subdue the crowds outside, which start dispersing. Younger teens hoist posters like: *kiss me, Loren Hale!* and *my cinnamon roll Loren Hale and we love you, Lily!* They wait by the curb on the chance that we'll exit, but they can't see us through the tinted windows.

It's not their fault my eye swells either.

My bodyguards couldn't prepare for the *one* hostile stranger. It's usually just one bad apple.

And this apple happened to throw a plastic penis at my face. Which, granted, has happened before, but none have ever made contact.

Now I'm suffering from being literally smacked in the face with a penis, and I'm not sure what hurts more: my face or my dignity.

Probably my face.

It fucking hurts.

Lo cups my cheeks, his features contorting through a series of emotions.
"Are you crying?"

“No...my one eye is just watering.” I sniff before my watery eye morphs into full-fledged tears.

His cheekbones cut sharp. “That asshat is road kill.”

It sounds less like a threat and more like a character description. When Lo realizes that I am in no way dropping my hand, he tucks my gangly frame closer to his hard chest.

My tense shoulders nearly melt, but my palm stays its course, keeping my face together. I am one step away from a Picasso painting.

Lo fumes beneath his breath, “A goddamn disgrace to human kind.” His fury is radiating so much that I almost expect flames to shoot out of him like Cannonball from *X-Men*.

For some reason, I decide now’s a great time to bring it up. “You look like Cannonball.”

“I didn’t realize I have blond hair...oh wait, I don’t,” he says dryly. “And I haven’t checked my ass recently, but I’m really fucking positive fire isn’t shooting out of it.”

Talk of his ass distracts me. I almost sneak a peek, but my long-time bodyguard approaches us. Bald, burly, and extremely tall, Garth is the most experienced bodyguard of them all. As the head of the fleet, he has the unique job of ordering Rose and Connor’s bodyguards around. It’s one of the few things I can hang over their heads with pride.

My bodyguard is better than your bodyguard, ha!

Lo speaks first, his eyes narrowing to scalding pinpoints. “Did security get him?”

Garth nods. “They’re calling the police now.” To me, he asks, “Do you need to go to the hospital?”

Before Lo insists, I blurt out, “No! I’m fine. Seriously I just got punched.” *By a penis.* What is my life?

Lo stares down at me like I’ve lost my mind. I haven’t. I’m completely sane. None of the guys would go to the hospital for this, and I don’t want to

either just because I'm the girl. *So there.*

Lo can't read my mind though. "If you don't need a hospital, then let me see." He grabs my wrist again, and his other hand coyly slides down the length of my hip. *Where is that going?*

I watch it, sort of distracted by his jawline, which is closer to me—really his entire *body* is close to me. His black slacks, black V-neck shirt, arrowhead necklace, soft skin and light brown hair. Just all of him: the entirety of Loren Hale. Ice and whiskey.

But the metaphorical whiskey.

His hand continues to dip down my cotton black dress, which resembles an extra long T-shirt. I feel his palm slip to my lower back, descending and descending—he squeezes my butt!

I startle enough that I surrender. Public displays are frequent between us, but surprise ass-grabs still do *surprise* me.

With both of my hands clutched to his belt loops, he has free view of my whole face. I watch his expression grind through more dark and stormy sentiments. Then his throat bobs, and his eyes lose all trace of anger.

"Lil," he breathes, holding my cheek again.

"It's that bad?" I pat the tender skin with my fingertips. It stings, so I lower my hand.

He shakes his head slowly and then forces out a sharp, "No." Lo has started doing this thing when he lies: his eyes dart to the side for a millisecond before returning to me. He adds, "Don't give me that look."

"What look?"

"The one that says, *you're a lying liar, Loren Hale.*"

"Then tell me I look like the best Lily Hale you've ever seen." I try to straighten up to appear like the best version of Lily. I can't recall what version I'm on. Maybe Lily 8.2.

He grimaces at my eye. "You're the best Lily—but your eye looks like shit, which is *not* your fault."

“I know.”

He nods, more to himself. “Can you see out of it?”

My eyelid droops, and it hurts to lift it up. “A bit.”

Lo nods again, but this time, his gaze flashes murderously. He turns to Garth. “We’re pressing charges for assault. You can stay here with the other bodyguards and wait for our lawyers. When you’re finished, you can meet us at my office.” Lo is so assured, no indecisiveness or need to turn to his father or a friend.

After Garth agrees, we walk to the elevators, and Lo’s confidence never vanishes. I inspect my face in the shiny elevator door while we wait.

It’s worse than I thought. A giant red welt covers half my face. The bottom of my eye took the brunt of the impact. I run my fingers through my shoulder-length hair, at least hopeful that the strands aren’t greasy today.

You’re not a total mess. See.

Lo comes up behind me—and I blink back most thoughts that could easily turn into sexual fantasies. *Don’t space out.*

It’s not like I have in a while, but I still need to remind myself. He wraps his arms around my waist and sets his chin on my shoulder. I ease back into his chest. “Mmmm.” I freeze. *Did I make that sound aloud?*

Lo whispers in the pit of my ear, “You doing alright?”

He means about sex. In stressful situations, I cope *with* sex—but everyone already knows this by now, unless you like to skip our sad stuff.

“I think I’m overthinking,” I say honestly. I’m clutching onto his bicep, basically saying *don’t let go of me.*

He doesn’t.

But he does kiss my temple and then straightens up, holding me tighter.

The elevator dings, and we slide inside. He pushes one of the buttons, and the doors shut, finally granting us a sliver of privacy.

I face him and grab onto his belt loops again. “I can’t believe that happened...pinch me.”

He pinches the skin on my elbow.

“Ouch.” I wince and rub my arm. “Why can’t this be a dream?”

“Come on, Lil. You wouldn’t want this in your dream. There are no cocks or mind-blowing orgasms.”

He’s right. “You’re so right.”

His gaze finds my swollen eye again. “Next episode of *We Are Calloway*, I’m speaking about this fucking idiot—see how he likes to be called the dick-thrower for the rest of his life.”

The docu-series reminds me of Daisy, and for about five months, my first incoming thought attached to my little sister has been *Daisy is alive*.

My eyes start welling.

Daisy is alive.

I wasn’t certain I’d ever see her again. She almost died giving birth, and that day in the hospital hit all of us like a comet slamming into Earth. Rose, the backbone of our sisterhood, was inconsolable. I couldn’t speak. I remember feeling like someone destroyed a link in my life. I’d spent my high school and college years pushing my sisters away, and now I could barely function at the thought of Daisy being ripped away.

I blink back tears. Before Lo notices my glassy gaze, I sweep out the morose thoughts and try to recall what he said. *The docu-series*. We’ve only released one episode of our new docu-series so far, but all the articles have been positive since it aired. We’re all eager to film more soon.

“All the other fans were nice outside.” A girl started crying when I smiled and complimented her poster. As though my acknowledgment of her existence made her year. I never thought *I* could bring someone that level of happiness.

It felt good.

Lo wraps his arm across my shoulders, and we watch the numbers increase on the elevator monitor. Swanky jazz music plays softly, and my mind starts taking detours.

I wonder, “You’re not going to be embarrassed to have me walk through your offices, right?”

Lo looks at me like I’ve grown antennas.

“I mean,” I say quickly, “it’s just that I’ve obviously been punched.” I point to my face. “And in a few minutes, the news will relay how it was a penis that punched me. Not to mention, I’m your wife, so all of your employees will see me and be thinking *his wife was just punched by a penis.*”

The elevator suddenly halts, and the doors spring open. A forty-something man in a suit and two women in business-casual dresses stand on the other side. Waiting.

Lo says bitingly, “These are taken.” He taps the *closed doors* button incessantly, and when they shut, he hits the *stop elevator* button.

My eyes widen like *he*’s the crazy one here. “Now they’re going to think we’re having sex on the elevator.” The fact that I’m a sex addict is so much a part of me that I don’t shy from it anymore. I only care because I don’t want to make it harder for Lo to be respected by his colleagues. I know none of us can escape gossip, but I just want to be a positive force in his life.

As Lo looks at me and as I look at Lo, I see the little boy who chased me around my family’s parlor. I see the teenager who relentlessly teased me, who stuck his tongue in my ear. Who pinched my cheeks. Who said mean things after drinking bourbon. Who held me as I fell fast asleep.

I see my best friend.

With his sharp features and dagged gaze, he snaps, “First of all, no one is thinking *his wife was just punched by a penis.*”

“I am.”

He cocks his head. “You’re Lily Hale. Ninety-nine percent of your thoughts are certified original.”

I smile. “What about the one percent?”

“That’s when you and I are thinking the same thing.” He draws me to his chest, his hands on my shoulders.

His strength courses through vital parts of my soul, and I inhale a heartier breath. We’re so much better together than we are separate. I wouldn’t have said that at our beginning, but now, it’s truer than anything I know.

“Secondly,” he says with that familiar edge to his voice, “you did not get *punched* by a penis. Some dipshit threw it at you. And it was *fake*.”

“Solid point.” I nod and then cringe. “I do feel kind of badly though. Like, your dick has been the only one to touch my face in so long and...”

He’s glaring. The type of Loren Hale glare that could wither ancient gardens and set fire to cities. “No, you did not cheat on me with that *thing*.” He pauses for a second and then reaches into his pocket. “Do you need to call your therapist? Because if you feel violated, Lil, then this is a whole other issue.”

I frown. *Do I?* “Maybe later.” Dr. Banning has a way of putting everything into perspective, and after seven years, she’s been a trusted ally. “I think I could use some cold peas for my eye though. That’s what you use when you get punched.”

He wears this pained look like I’m hurt, not just physically. “Lil—”

“I know I didn’t get punched, but it sounds cooler than having something thrown at me.” I’m dealing with this my way, and it’s not a bad way—it’s just the Lily way. The good news: our son is with my parents right now, so he didn’t get hit in the crossfire. This is what I care about most.

“Okay.” Lo gives in. “Then you got punched, but I’m not calling it a penis.”

“A dildo?”

He cringes. “Let’s call it the *thing*. We don’t need to give that shitty fuck a creative name for his weapon.”

I test it out. “I was punched by the thing.” *I like it.* “Sounds better.”

“Thirdly.” *There’s a thirdly?* He pauses for a short moment, his gaze roaming my features, and then he tucks a strand of my hair behind my ear. “There is absolutely *nothing* you could do or say or *anything* that could happen that’d make me embarrassed to be your husband.” He shakes his head and repeats, “Nothing.”

I sniff, trying to restrain incoming tears. I put my hand to my burning eye, pain increasing. “Don’t make me get all emotional.”

“Well don’t get so down on yourself.”

“Fair enough.” I feel time ticking by now, especially since people are waiting for us in his office and whoever needs to use this elevator. “Are we good?”

“Not yet.” He bends down a little, and before I locate my brain, his lips are on mine. The surprise kiss jolts me, but as the shock wears off, I sink into the embrace. My hands wrap around his shoulders, and I rise to the tips of my toes, intensifying the kiss. My eager body curves against his, and our tongues skillfully tangle together.

He grips my hips, one large hand edging towards my ass.

Squeeze it again. My mind pleads.

Instead, he swiftly tugs my body further against his, the kiss deepening. A moan catches in my throat, and I tremble, heat building between us.

He breaks apart. “Now we’re good.” His lips are a little pinker and more swollen.

I touch mine, stinging from the quick force. *What a tease.*

I eye Lo greedily: the few brown strands hanging in his eyes, his hair shorter on the sides, his cheekbones—yes those cheekbones that I will mention from here until eternity. *You would too if you saw them.*

It’s not even his appearance. It’s the way that he keeps glancing over to me as he presses the elevator button. It’s the way his pinky hooks with mine, just for a second, before he full-on cups my hand. It’s the way he

spent all this time giving me a pep talk—when I know tomorrow, I'll be there to give him one if need be.

It's the way he feels like another extremity of myself. Like a huge, overwhelming part of me.

We've been through so much, and I can see our road paved with more bumps, our fight filled with more battles—but ones we're finally equipped to face.

The elevator doors slide open, and we walk ahead.

Ready to face one more together.