

# BRIDESMAID UNDERCOVER

MEGHAN  
QUINN

 *Bloom books*

# PROLOGUE

## HARDY

MY PENIS FEELS PHENOMENAL.

Like it's floating on a puffy white cloud being blown around by whispers of "you had sex" last night.

Not just any kind of sex, but mind-altering sex.

Sex that made me see stars.

As if my head was stuck in an erotic wormhole where luminous spheroids were glittering all around me.

To keep it simple for you... I am not the same man that I was before last night.

A new standard has been set, an impossible standard, and there's only one person to blame... well, not blame, but celebrate.

Fucking Everly Plum.

Not to be corny, but she took my breath away last night.

Stole it.

Made me believe that I'd actually died of asphyxiation and risen to orgasmic heaven.

And before you say I'm being a bit overdramatic about a night of sex, I swear on my left nut that I've never felt this way before.

Ever.

Also, and this is very, very important... I never saw this dark mistress of the night coming.

A total wild card.

A loop that was thrown my way and I took it.

Sure, yes, we're friends.

And, of course, I've always thought she was beautiful.

But did I think when looking at her, "Oh hey, there's coupling in our future"?

Never.

But hell, just look at her peacefully sleeping, her nearly pitch-black hair strewn across the white of her pillow, creating a stark contrast of innocence and sin. Beard burn mars the soft, silky skin on her cheeks, neck, and chest. Yeah, I was feral over the feel of her beneath me. And those lips, which drove me absolutely insane last night, are puffy, pink, and swollen.

I can see myself all over her.

I can recall the feel of her hands caressing my back, her nails digging into my skin.

I can smell her sweet perfume surrounding us like an erotic cloud of mischief.

And if I hold my breath, I can faintly still hear the way she gasped when I entered her.

Fuck... I can still feel it...

I drag my hands over my face as I roll to my back, very unfamiliar with my surroundings but feeling comfortable at the same time. I prop myself up on my elbows and glance around her studio apartment. It's tiny compared to the farmhouse I have outside of San Francisco and my apartment here in town. Pretty sure the primary bedroom in my farmhouse is bigger than her studio. But whereas my place feels starkly decorated by someone I paid, Everly's apartment is full of warmth and character.

Velvet curtains drape the exposed brick wall that offers a rather large window and view of the bay. Gold-framed black and white pictures hang around her apartment, while an impressive ficus soaks up the sun from the corner of her apartment. Across from the bedroom space, she's

created a dining nook right next to the kitchen with a wood table that is flawed with imperfections but decorated with a smooth, matte black vase. Her apartment is a combination of old world and modern functionality, something I didn't get to appreciate last night as I was pushing her up against the door and mauling her mouth.

Or when I had her legs wrapped around my face.

Or when I was rocking her bed like a madman against the wall with my uncontrolled and wild thrusts.

Christ.

When I got dressed last night, I had no intention of ending up naked and in bed with Everly, but thanks to a decent consumption of heavy-handed Moscow mules, Jell-O shots, and a persistent ex-girlfriend, I ended the night tearing Everly's clothes off with zero patience.

And as I glance over at her beautiful face again, I realize that I want a repeat. I want a lot of repeats. I want all of the fucking repeats until—

*Bzzzz.*

Brows knitted together, I glance to the floor where my pants are bunched up, my phone sticking out of the back pocket. *Why's he texting me?*

The only time Hudson, my older brother, would ever text me this early is if it's urgent.

Groaning quietly to myself, I snag my phone. With my back toward Everly, I open the text message.

**Hudson:** Please, for the love of God, tell me you didn't sleep with Everly last night.

Fear prickles the back of my neck as I try to figure out how the hell he'd even know what happened. I didn't accidentally call him in the middle of...everything...did I? I exit out of the text message and go to my recent calls in my phone. There's nothing.

But then...

I notice the texts above the one from this morning.

**Hardy:** Everly is so hot. Such a good kisser.

**Hudson:** What? Are you fucking serious right now?

**Hudson:** Hardy, pick up your phone.

**Hudson:** What the hell is going on? Are you with her right now?

**Hudson:** Hardy!

Oh shit.

I have a feeling this won't be good. I can go about this two ways: I can tell him the truth, or I can possibly go about this conversation in a roundabout way to see how much trouble I might be in.

Obviously, I choose the latter.

**Hardy:** And if I did sleep with her...that would be...?

He texts back immediately.

**Hudson:** Bad, you moron! That would be very bad.

I twist my lips to the side, trying to understand why sleeping with Everly would be a bad thing, because from personal experience, it was a good thing.

A very good thing.

Easily the best decision I've ever made.

**Hardy:** Just for reference, could you explain why sleeping with her would be a bad thing?

**Hudson:** Because she's working with your sister! And don't you remember what happened a few years ago, when I happened to ask if I could date one of her employees?

**Hardy:** Attempting to remember, but the brain is a bit foggy at the moment.

**Hudson:** She freaked out, said there were millions of women to choose from, don't dip in her pond.

**Hardy:** Hmm, I have a distant memory of such a thing.

**Hardy:** So you think she would be mad?

**Hudson:** Are you saying you had sex with Everly last night?

**Hardy:** I'm not confirming anything.

**Hudson:** Well, I'm at your apartment and you're not here, so you tell me what the hell you did last night.

**Hardy:** Jesus, this guy.

**Hardy:** Fine, we slept together.

**Hudson:** Fucking Christ, Hardy.

**Hardy:** It was the Moscow mules!

**Hudson:** Are you at her place now?

**Hardy:** Yes. She's sleeping and I'm trying not to wake her up for another round.

**Hudson:** Don't even fucking look at her. Get up, grab your clothes, and leave. I'm not kidding, Hardy, this won't go over well.

**Hardy:** I understand why this might not go well, but also...maybe she would be happy for me?

**Hudson:** She won't be.

**Hardy:** But maybe she will...

**Hudson:** SHE WON'T! Haisley is very protective of her business, you and I know that. If you date someone she's working with, and you ruin that relationship, Haisley is going to be pissed.

The relationship she has with Dad is severed, so don't taint the relationship she has with you.

And that right there, that's all he has to say, because he's right.

After Haisley married Jude, we found out some things about our father that, well, let's just say they didn't settle well, so as a group we decided to part ways with him and his billion-dollar hotel chain business. We started our own cooperative with our dad's direct competitors, the Cane brothers, and we have multiple ventures now under the cooperative, including Haisley's business, which also involves Everly...

**Hudson:** Not to mention, Everly is an employee under the cooperative, in a way, and we've been strict about not dating employees.

Once again, the fucker is right.

**Hudson:** So get out. Now.

Internally I groan because the last thing I want to do is leave this bed. It's warm.

Naked Everly is next to me.

And I had plans. Wonderful, amazing, throbbing plans. Yes... throbbing.

I was going to make some coffee, maybe order some breakfast, and then wake Everly up with my tongue.

What I wouldn't give for another taste.

But Hudson is right. He's really right. I crossed a line last night, a line that could hurt my sister. And Haisley is not someone I ever want to hurt. She's been through enough in her life and, if anything, I'll do whatever it takes to protect her, which means...I need to bolt.

I glance over my shoulder just to make sure Everly is not awake and when I see her still peacefully sleeping, the covers nearly exposing her spectacular chest, I internally weep inside and then turn away. I slip out of bed, completely naked, and grab my clothes before I move to her bathroom.

I quietly shut the door and start dressing.

My dick that was once feeling phenomenal is now on a watchlist for murder. The broken dream of another round with Everly fills me with such deep sorrow that I feel it all the way to the tips of my goddamn toes.

I don't even bother to check out my disappointed expression in the mirror as I quickly slip on my clothes—I know what it looks like.

Depressed.

Deprived.

Defeated.

I stick my phone in my back pocket, run my hand through my hair, and then on a depleted sigh, I exit the bathroom, just in time to see Everly sit up from the bed and stretch her arms over her head, showing off her beautiful beard burn-covered chest.

Fuck.

Me.

When she sees me out of the corner of her eye, she quickly scrambles for the sheets to cover herself up.

*Babe, I sucked on your tits last night, several times, so no need to cover up.*

"Oh...hi," she says cutely as she wets her lips, taking me in with her eyes.

I scratch the back of my head as I mentally tell myself to stay away. "Hey," I say, my voice coming out all scratchy.

"Are you, uh...leaving?"

I thumb toward the door and say, "Yeah, was going to take off."

"Oh, sure, yeah." She worries at her lower lip.

"Have an early start to the day," I add.



“Of course. Work, work, work,” she says awkwardly.

“Yup, got to love that work.”

“So much work,” she says.

“All the work,” I mumble.

Any other ways we can say work? Because I’m here for the sweat-inducing conversation.

She glances at the sheets, silence falling between us before she says, “Yeah.” When she lifts her eyes to me, vulnerability laces through them. “I, uh, hope I didn’t do anything wrong.”

Fuck, she’s second-guessing herself, and that’s the last thing I want her to do when she was the best sex of my goddamn life.

“No, you didn’t,” I say. “It was...last night was...phenomenal. Really fucking great.”

I catch the blush in her cheeks. “Yeah, it was.”

“The best,” I say.

“Easily,” she replies.

“Like, my world is different now.” Her brows lift, and I feel like I’ve said too much. Time to shift gears. I take a step toward the door. “Well, I should be going.”

Her expression falls. “You don’t, uh...you don’t want any coffee or anything?”

I shake my head as I find my shoes on the floor and slip those on quickly. “Nah, I’ll pick something up. But thanks.”

“Okay.” She worries that lip again. I *want* to walk up to her, push her back on the bed, and make out with her...for hours.

“So, yeah, thanks for last night, but I’ll, uh, I’ll see you around, I’m sure.”

“Yeah.” She diverts her eyes to the bundled-up sheets in front of her. “Um, before you leave, not sure how much alcohol took over last night, but...you said some things...”

Oh, I’m sure I did.

I’m sure I said a lot of things.

Hell, I'm worried what came out of my mouth last night after experiencing what I can only describe as the purest form of ecstasy.

I wouldn't be surprised if there was a *yahoo* thrown out.

*A hurray.*

*A blessed be to God.*

"Yeah, there was lots of alcohol, huh?" I say, trying not to be awkward, but also...hating myself. "People say weird things when alcohol is involved."

She slowly nods. "Okay, yeah, I get it." She softly smiles and then meets my eyes, a distance forming in them. "You know, I still think you have a chance with Maple. I saw you guys talking, so, you know, if you want me to still try to make that happen, I can."

I want to squeeze my eyes shut in irritation because after last night, the last thing I want is for Everly to think she still needs to help me out with my ex. I want nothing to do with Maple romantically.

Maple wants nothing to do with me.

We're friends.

The persistent ex-girlfriend I mentioned? That was Maple. She was the one pushing me toward Everly last night.

And I freely went with the flow.

But...fuck, after what Hudson said, maybe...maybe agreeing with Everly might be the easy sidestep to avoid any confusion and awkwardness.

"That, uh, that would be awesome," I say as a tight ball forms in my throat.

*No, it would not be awesome. What would be awesome is if I could climb back in bed with you, if we could share a coffee while you curl into my chest, if we could not leave your apartment all day and just get lost in each other.*

She demurely pushes her hair behind her ear, avoiding all eye contact with me as her shoulders turn in. "Okay, well, see you."

I lift my hand up to her and offer her a wave. “See ya.”

And with that, I exit her apartment, shutting the door behind me. I walk a few feet away, pause, and then lean against the wall of her apartment building, letting my head fall back to the hard surface.

Fuck me.

How did this even happen?

I’ll tell you how...I was desperate to find a relationship. So desperate that I asked the wrong person to help me—well, maybe they *were* the right person.

And how does Everly fit into all of that? Well...it’s quite the fucking story and, after last night, it just became a complicated one.

I glance back at her door, the gears in my head spinning.

*This. Is. Not. Right.*

Fuck, I have to go back in...