

Sweet Symphonies - Bren + Madie Bonus

BREN

I was on cloud-fucking-nine.

I might have been a little drunk last night when I'd railed Madie in the shower after our bonfire, but that didn't mean I didn't remember how goddamn good it felt when she clenched around my dick and moaned my name.

And I wasn't drunk at *all* this morning, meaning that every detail around the moment when Madie called me her boyfriend would forever be seared into my brain.

It was so fucking hot and sweet at the same time, the way she got all possessive when Nessa made some teasing, dirty comment about me, which I'd known was only a ploy to get Madie's reaction. And hell, did Madie react.

"Hey, Wednesday," she'd snapped, even though she had a teasing smile on her face. Her eyes twinkling. "Stop flirting with my boyfriend."

Boyfriend.

I'd been thinking of Madie as mine for a while now, but now she was *really* mine. And shit if that didn't make my Saturday.

But Saturday just kept getting better. Because now she was sprawled out next to me, soaking up the early evening sun in that tiny bikini. And it was taking all of my goddamn restraint not to run my hands all over her.

I reached peak happiness when Nessa sat up on her towel, sipped her margarita, and said a little drunkenly, "I think we should play truth or dare. We never finished our game last time."

I sat up on my elbows, ready. "Absolutely. Hit me up first, Nessa."

She smirked at me, and I knew we were on the same brain wavelength.

"Truth or dare, Hadaway?"

Okay, I *hoped* we were on the same brain wavelength. Because I very confidently made my selection.

"Dare."

Her smile grew, and she took a sip of her drink while Beau's head popped up behind her, prepared to watch the show.

"I dare you," Nessa said slowly, "to kiss Madie."

A grin split onto my face.

Because unlike the last time she'd dared me that, I could kiss Madie without reservation. Without regret. Without wondering about the intentions of her desire when I looked over at her, and she bit her lip, teasing me.

There was no confusion about how she wanted me and how I wanted her.

"Hi, baby," I murmured.

A slow, coy smile slipped into place on her face. "Hey, Bren."

I couldn't help but flick my eyes over the rest of her. One tanned leg was propped up as she rested on her towel. Curves were covered by the teeniest bit of fabric. Her swimsuit was a little wet, a little plastered to her skin. Sand stuck to her side. She'd tossed her arm above her head, and I knew it wasn't meant to be seductive. But hell, it was.