### BOOK SEVEN IN THE SIX PACK SERIES



# The Finish Line

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# Chapter 1

#### **Summer 2017**

"I can't believe she's really gone." Amelia sighed as she looked around her completely unorganized new house. Between planning the wedding and helping Sarah move, she hadn't had any time to actually make it look presentable. "I'm really happy for Sarah. Don't get me wrong. I'm just going to miss her so much."

Mackenzie walked over to where Amelia sat at the kitchen counter and put her hands on her shoulders, gently massaging them. "I know, babe. I'm sorry. You're going to see a lot of her these next few months though. It's really cool that she's still planning on coming back for everything."

"I know. I just wish she didn't have to be so far away."

Mackenzie leaned in and kissed Amelia's temple. "What can I do to make you smile?"

For the first time since getting back from California, a genuine smile came onto Amelia's face. "I have some ideas."

"Why do I feel like this is going to be sexual?" Mackenzie groaned, but the sound of her voice told Amelia she was only kidding.

"Because you know me so well. That's why I'm marrying you."

Mackenzie bent down and wrapped her arms tightly around Amelia's neck, her breath hitting her skin in a way that caused goosebumps to form all the way down her arms. "Because I know you well or because I'm good in bed?"

"Both."

Mackenzie laughed, and it was the sweetest sound in the world. "Well, future Mrs. Serrano-Kaufman, what can I do for you today?"

"It's more like what *I* can do *to you*." Amelia turned toward Mackenzie and wiggled her eyebrows. "I wanna put my dip stick in your oil hole."

"You know I can't resist when you use dirty car puns on me." Mackenzie pulled Amelia onto her feet and wrapped her arms around her waist. "I can wear it if you want."

Amelia laughed and playfully pushed Mackenzie away from her. "Stop. Don't act like just because I let you wear it once that you're suddenly a top."

Mackenzie pulled their bodies close again and placed a chaste kiss on Amelia's lips. "I know. I was just trying to seem cooler than I actually am."

"You're very cool." Amelia tugged at Mackenzie's shirt and pulled it over her head. She took in the body that she loved so much and was already turned on. "And hot. That's why I like having you underneath me."

Mackenzie looked toward the doorway of the kitchen. "Should we go to the bedroom?"

Amelia nudged Mackenzie softly then slowly backed away from her. She had a much better idea than a *bed*. "You wait here. I'm going to fuck you against our new refrigerator." She laughed when she heard Mackenzie's rapid intake of breath. "Feel free to be naked and waiting for me," she yelled as she walked out of the kitchen.

A few minutes later, Amelia had stripped down to everything but her strap-on and was ready to have her way with Mackenzie. When she walked into the kitchen, she was ecstatic to see that Mackenzie had listened to her directions and was already naked.

"Oh, baby," Amelia said, practically purring as she walked over to where Mackenzie was standing in front of their refrigerator. "I'm going to need some coolant because you have my engine overheating."

All jokes aside, it was true. Just looking at her future wife had Amelia oh so turned on. When she reached Mackenzie, she pulled her into the hottest kiss. *How had this somehow gotten even better the longer they were together?* Amelia thought people were supposed to lose passion the longer they dated, but it seemed to be the opposite with her and Mackenzie. If this was how good it was now, she could only imagine how much better it would be once they were married. Sure, it was just a piece of paper, but that piece of paper meant a whole hell of a lot to her.

As they continued to kiss, Amelia moved her hand down Mackenzie's body and ran her fingers across her center, happy to find that she was already getting wet. "It feels like you're ready for me," she whispered into Mackenzie's ear after ending their kiss. "I know we're

normally all for foreplay, but I want this one to be hard and fast. Is that okay with you?"

Mackenzie nodded her head quickly as if she was a bobblehead doll sitting on the dashboard in a race car. "I'm more than okay with that."

Amelia picked up the lube she had sat on the counter and handed it to Mackenzie. "Would you like to lubricate my camshaft?"

Mackenzie cackled so loud that Amelia was sure their neighbors could hear even though their house was far away. "Do you even know what that means?"

*Did it matter?* "Absolutely not. I found it when I was looking up dirty car puns."

"That might be the sweetest damn thing I ever heard," Mackenzie said with another laugh.

"No time for sweet. This is going to be rough." Amelia nodded toward the lube in Mackenzie's hands and moaned at how the dildo pushed against her center while Mackenzie lubricated it.

She continued to run her fingers through Mackenzie's folds until she was done, then put two fingers deep inside of her, relishing in the way Mackenzie's body was already like putty in her hands.

She removed her fingers and brought them up to her mouth, enjoying the taste of Mackenzie's pleasure as she licked them clean. She could tell this was already driving Mackenzie insane so she moved in closer and rested one hand on the refrigerator to force Mackenzie's back against it. She took the dildo in her other hand and slowly pushed it inside of her. She moved it in and out a few times at this pace, then looked at Mackenzie with a raised eyebrow and bit her lip. This was when the fun began.

She shoved the toy back inside of her, satisfied when Mackenzie screamed out in pleasure. Every thrust was faster and harder. Amelia held Mackenzie up as the last few thrusts caused her legs to become like jelly. With Amelia holding onto her tightly and one last big thrust, Mackenzie completely lost it, coming hard against Amelia.

When Amelia stepped away, she watched Mackenzie's chest move rapidly in and out as she struggled to catch her breath.

Mackenzie moved the back of her hand to her forehead and wiped the sweat away. "How does sex with you get more mind-blowing every single time?" Amelia's already wide smile grew even bigger. She was happy to know it wasn't just her that felt that way. "Funny. I was just thinking the exact same thing."

Mackenzie wrapped her arms back around Amelia, the skin of their naked bodies touching in all of the right places. "I guess we're like fine wine. We keep getting better with time."

Amelia sat her chin on Mackenzie's shoulder and breathed in the scent of sweat on her skin. As much as she loved sex, she loved moments like this even more. Unfortunately, it was broken up by the sound of a text coming through on Amelia's phone. She tried to ignore it, but that became impossible when texts kept coming through.

She sighed as she walked across the kitchen to find out what was so important. "This better be good since it's interrupting our special time."

When she looked at her phone, she wasn't surprised to find all of the texts were from the group text with her friends.

Maggie McBride: Is everyone free next weekend? I want to have you over for dinner. I have some big news to share with you

Maggie McBride: (Sorry, Sarah, I obviously know you can't make it, but I wasn't going to cut you out)

Hannah Webster: Big news?! Did Stacey finally knock you up?

Maggie McBride: Ha. Ha. No.

Kiera McBride: What is it then? Shouldn't your own flesh and blood know about this?

Maggie McBride: You will. That's why I'm having you over.

Ryann Underwood: I'm free. I'll be there.

Kiera McBride: If my soon-to-be roomie will be there, I'll obviously be there too. Is this at the apartment you pay for or the house you essentially live in?

Maggie McBride: \*Eye roll emoji\* It's at my apartment.

Hannah Webster: It was a logical question. Can my little monsters come along?

Maggie McBride: Of course. But don't talk about my niece and nephew that way. They're angels.

Sarah Dorsey: THIS IS MAKING ME SO SAD :( I WANT TO COME

Hannah Webster: I have a feeling \*coming\* hasn't been a problem for you since moving to California.

Sarah Dorsey: Very true;)

Sarah Dorsey: I still expect a FaceTime call for this announcement though.

After reading through all of the messages and replying that they would be there, Amelia turned her attention back to Mackenzie. "I told Maggie we would come to her place next weekend. I hope that's okay. She said she has a big announcement."

Mackenzie's eyes went wide and a smile split her face. "Do you think she's going to finally quit her job?"

Amelia rolled her eyes. She loved her best friend but knew her better than that. "I doubt it. I'm happy she's doing more photography and actually taking time off, but I don't think she'll ever actually quit. No matter how much we all think she should. She's clearly miserable there."

Mackenzie walked over to Amelia and wrapped her arms around her waist. "Yeah, but she has to decide all of that on her own time. I believe in her. I really think she'll make the right decision eventually."

"You're such a good person. Why are you marrying me?" Mackenzie shrugged. "Balance."

Amelia wasn't expecting that from Mackenzie, but she had to laugh because it was a good one. She playfully slapped Mackenzie's shoulder. "Jerk."

"I'm just kidding. I'm marrying you because you're by far the most amazing woman I've ever met, and I know I'll never find anyone better. I'm actually surprised that *you're* marrying *me*."

Instead of responding, Amelia pulled Mackenzie in closer to her. She really couldn't be happier. It was hard to believe the best was yet to come.

# Chapter 2

Amelia skipped into Maggie's apartment, leaving Mackenzie in her dust. "I'm here," she shouted once inside.

"We're in the kitchen," Maggie yelled.

Amelia waited for Mackenzie to get inside then walked to the kitchen with her. When they arrived, they found Maggie, Stacey, Kiera, and Ryann already there.

Amelia clapped her hands together and bounced up and down. "I'm dying to hear what this big news is."

Kiera pulled out the chair next to her at the table. "Might as well sit down and make yourself comfortable. Hannah and Cecelia are running late."

Amelia snapped her fingers. *Damn*. Apparently her plan to be fashionably late so she didn't have to wait to hear the news didn't work. "I thought we would be the last ones."

Everyone around the table laughed, and Maggie turned away from the stove where she was cooking dinner to raise an eyebrow at Amelia. "You really thought you would be later than Hannah? That girl was *never* on time and now she has two toddlers. It's a lost cause."

Amelia walked over to Maggie and gave her best puppy dog eyes. "How about you tell us and then we'll all act surprised when you say it again once Hannah is here?"

Mackenzie walked over, grabbed Amelia's hand, and dragged her back to the kitchen table. "Or you, my dear, could just be patient."

Amelia made a pouty face at Mackenzie. "But I hate being patient."

Mackenzie laughed and directed her into the chair next to Kiera. "Don't I know it."

Luckily, it was only a few more minutes before the whole Webster clan entered the apartment. Joy had a tight grip on Cecelia's hand and was waddling next to her, and Craig was in Hannah's arms.

Amelia was astonished at how big they were already. She felt like they had just been born. "I can't believe they're walking."

Hannah put Craig down, and he immediately clung to her leg. "Talking a little bit too." She pointed her finger toward Joy. "That one said shit the other day."

"And whose fault is that?" Cecelia asked while throwing an accusatory glance in Hannah's direction.

Hannah put both hands in the air. "Hey, I'm trying. I haven't said fuck in front of them in like two weeks." She slapped her hand over her forehead. "Okay, make that about ten seconds and counting."

"Dinner is ready. Let me get it on plates for all of you, then I'll make my announcement," Maggie said as she pulled plates from her cabinet.

Kiera laughed into her hand. "You're making this very dramatic." "Hey!" Stacey playfully chided Kiera. "Be nice to your sister. This is very big news."

Once they were all sitting with big plates of pasta in front of them, it was finally time for Maggie to make her big announcement. Amelia FaceTimed Sarah to make sure she didn't miss it.

"So," Maggie looked around at the whole table and took a deep breath, "my boss told me the other day that they are ready for me to start taking on my own clients."

Amelia shared a look with Mackenzie that she didn't mean for Maggie to see but it was clear she had when she smiled and held a hand up to them. "I know what you're thinking, but let me finish. He told me I could start taking my own clients, so I gave my two weeks' notice."

"What?" Amelia shouted, almost jumping out of her seat in excitement. That was the last thing she expected Maggie to say.

Maggie nodded. "I wasn't planning on doing it this soon, but if I started with my own clients, it would be harder for me to leave. I would feel like I always had a big commitment to someone or something. And I don't want to be stuck anymore."

Stacey held her fork up in the air. "But wait! There's more." She looked at Maggie lovingly, and this time, Amelia knew exactly what she was going to say. "Do you want to tell them or should I?"

Maggie squeezed Stacey's hand. "You can. This part involves both of us."

Stacey's smile was bigger than Amelia had ever seen it before. "Once Maggie's lease is up, she's moving in with me and the boys."

Soon the room was erupting with hugs and screams of appreciation. When Amelia gave Maggie a hug, she pulled her in extra tight. "I'm not going to lie, I never thought I'd see the day, but I'm so freaking proud of you and happy for you."

Maggie laughed, luckily not taking any offense to Amelia's honesty. "I never thought I'd see the day either, but I've had enough. It's time for me to do what I'm passionate about."

Amelia pulled back slightly and squeezed Maggie's arms. "Speaking of which, now that you're going to be a photographer extraordinaire, don't forget about our little wedding."

"As if," Maggie said with another laugh. "I'm going to make sure your wedding pictures are the best ever. Well, at least all the ones I'm able to take. Obviously taking any of the wedding service or bridal party will be hard since I'm part of it."

"Of course. That's why we have a second photographer and a videographer." Amelia skipped back to the table so other people could share their congratulations. It was then that she remembered Sarah was still on FaceTime. She picked her phone up off the table and gave her an apologetic smile. "You hear that, Sar? Our little girl is growing up."

Sarah's smile was as wide as Amelia's. "I did hear that! Also, don't think I didn't realize how quickly you forgot about me here. Now, put Kiera on the phone."

Amelia passed the phone over to Kiera and heard Sarah say, "You move into my old room yet?"

Kiera smiled at Ryann then back at the phone. "I started, but I'm not fully moved in yet. Tonight is going to be my first night staying there." Kiera's smile grew even bigger. "As sad as I am that you moved, I'm so happy this gave me a chance to finally get out of my parents' house."

"Yes!" Sarah yelled. "Makes it so much easier to hook up with people. You're not dating anyone, right?"

Kiera shook her head and looked down toward the table. "Not since I dated that guy from work for a few months."

"Well, maybe this room will be the first room you have sex with another girl in. God knows those four walls have seen a lot of that." Amelia heard something in the background of the phone call before Sarah spoke again. "Ouch! Elle just slapped me. Apparently, I'm supposed to say it's also a good room to fall in love in." Sarah made a gagging noise that made everyone at Maggie's house laugh. "Alright, I'm going to go. Congrats again, Mags. Don't have too much fun without me."

"God, I miss her," Amelia said with a sigh.

Maggie stood up and walked over to where Amelia was sitting at the table, wrapping her arms around her from behind and resting her chin on top of Amelia's head. "I miss her too. But hey, your next dress fitting is in two weeks, right? I'll be done working by then. How 'bout I come with you?"

Amelia perked up at the idea. "Really? You want to come to New York with me?"

"Of course! I'm in your wedding party and want to earn my keep." Amelia tried not to cringe at the mention of her wedding party in front of the whole group. She felt bad that she couldn't include everyone. Between her siblings and her friends from home it would have been too many people, so she had to cut it off with Maggie and Sarah since she had known them the longest. Of course, by now, everyone already knew who her wedding party was and she had made sure she involved everyone from *The Six Pack* in some way, but it still made her feel guilty.

Still, Maggie was being sweet so she wanted to show her appreciation for that. She held onto the arms that were wrapped around her and squeezed. "You have more than earned your keep, but I would love to have you come."

# Chapter 3

Amelia thought she might start to cry as she stared at her reflection in the full-length mirrors at the dress shop. With only three months left before her wedding, everything was becoming more and more real every day.

Her mom didn't try to hold back her tears. They ran down her face as she stepped onto the podium where Amelia was standing. Instead of wiping the tears away, she took Amelia's hands in hers. "You're beautiful, sweetheart. I'm so happy for you."

Amelia wiped at her mom's eyes for her. "You need to stop crying. You're going to mess up your makeup."

Her mom waved a hand in the air. "Oh, honey, I don't care about that."

"Well, I do, and you're going to make me cry." Amelia laughed through the tears that she couldn't hold back anymore.

Her mom had always raised her to be a *proper lady* so when she realized she was gay during high school, she had been worried about how her mom would respond. Amelia was sure she was going to feel like she was losing her little girl, but it hadn't gone like that at all. When she came to her mom in tears and told her she liked girls, her mom had pulled her into a tight hug and told her she would always love her no matter what. Surprisingly, her dad was the one who had more of an issue with it, but it was her mom who had forced him to come around. She told him if he had a problem with Amelia's sexuality then they were going to have problems, and that was enough to bring him around. Now he was one of Amelia's biggest supporters and was also besties with her future wife. It would have been annoying if it wasn't so adorable.

Amelia looked back into the mirror. The dress she had picked out was an ivory sleeveless mermaid dress that left nothing to the imagination in the front or back. It had so much intricate beading that it had been a real bitch to get altered, but Amelia didn't care. From the moment she put on the dress, she knew it was the one. Kind of like how she felt with Mackenzie.

She laughed to herself as she thought about how Mackenzie would react if she knew how much this wedding dress had cost. She was pretty sure she would pass out, which is exactly why she hadn't told her. Her parents had paid for it so it's not like she *needed* to know, and it was probably for the best if she didn't.

"You're thinking about Mackenzie, aren't you?" Maggie asked as she walked up to her. "I can tell because you get that same goofy grin on your face whenever you are."

"Busted." Amelia motioned for Maggie to join her up on the platform and put an arm around her shoulders. "We've come a long way since college, haven't we?"

Maggie laughed. "That's putting it lightly. I can't believe where we're all at. I'm unemployed, you're getting married, and Sarah *actually* is settling down. It's all so crazy."

"First of all, you're not unemployed. You're pursuing your passion, so you need to stop talking like that. I can't believe it either though. It actually feels like we're all where we're meant to be, even though it's nowhere near where we thought we'd be."

"That's for sure," Maggie said with another laugh.

Amelia pulled her even tighter up against her. A warmth of contentment settled over her. It meant the world to her that she had a friend who had been through so much with her. Even her friends that had known her longer didn't compare to the friendship she had with Sarah and Maggie. It was deeper with them. There was a connection and understanding between them that time alone was not enough to create. "I know I've mentioned it a million times already, but I'm so happy for you."

"I'm so happy for you too. You're marrying the love of your life. This is huge."

"It is, isn't it?" Amelia giggled gleefully. She really hadn't known she could be this happy.

"Mind if I cut in?" Amelia's older sister, Amanda, asked Maggie.

Maggie stepped off of the platform and pointed to Amelia. "She's all yours."

"I can't believe my little sister is actually getting married," Amanda said as she joined her. "I never thought I'd see the day when you found the person to tame you."

"Right? And who would have thought it would be a race car driver from small-town PA?"

"I love it. I really do." Amanda's eyes went wide as if a thought had just popped into her head. She reached into her pocket and pulled out Amelia's phone. "Speaking of said race car driver, your phone's blowing up with texts from her."

When Amelia grabbed her phone from Amanda, she was surprised to see how many texts she had from Mackenzie. "I hope everything is okay with her. She was supposed to be picking up her suit today."

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Mackenzie ran her hands down the sleeves of her custom-fitted tuxedo. She was in complete awe that this moment was happening. It didn't even feel real. She wasn't sure if it would until it was actually happening.

"Fits like a glove," the tailor said as he circled around her and checked it from every angle. "As long as you don't gain any weight between now and the wedding, this is going to be perfect."

Mackenzie waited for him to start to laugh, but apparently, it wasn't a joke. *No pressure at all*. "I'll keep that in mind for the tasting we have coming up with our caterer."

"Who is catering?" the tailor asked. "I know a lot of the favorites in the area."

Mackenzie was sure he wouldn't know this caterer. She would have felt like she was overdoing it getting her tuxedo done by a tailor in Philadelphia if it wasn't for the fact that half of their wedding was being transported in from New York City. Mackenzie didn't even want to know how much the Serranos were spending on this wedding, but they insisted on paying for everything but the rehearsal dinner. "I don't even remember the company's name. It's some big catering company in New York City."

"Oh! Is that where you're getting married?"

"No. We're getting married in middle-of-nowhere PA, but my fiancé likes to say it's our big city wedding in the country." Mackenzie shrugged. "It was a good compromise."

The tailor clapped his hands together and hopped up and down. "I love that. So beautiful."

"Nothing associated with Amelia isn't beautiful so I have no doubt this will be, too." Mackenzie didn't try to stop her tears from falling. She loved Amelia so damn much, and she wasn't embarrassed by the fact that the thought of marrying her automatically made her into a puddle of mush.

"That's so sweet." The tailor turned toward Mackenzie's family. "You all must be very happy for her."

Mackenzie's dad closed the few feet between them and put a firm hand on her shoulder. "We are. Mack deserves the world and she found that with Amelia."

*Oh, God. More tears.* Mackenzie needed to find a way to change the subject before she became a blubbering fool. "Mom, you still have my phone, right? Can you take a picture and send it to Amy? She said she needed to see it as soon as I put it on."

Amy had been Mackenzie's best friend from the time they were five when Amy moved in down the street from her. Amy had gone to school in Pittsburgh, met her now-husband there, and stayed after graduation so they didn't see each other as much as Mackenzie would like. Thanks to texts and phone calls, they still kept in touch all the time.

As soon as Mackenzie's mom held up the phone to take the picture, she realized she had asked the wrong person. She wasn't even sure her mom knew which button to hit and was positive the picture would end up blurry.

"Sent!" her mom said after much too long. The way her smile quickly morphed into a look of horror told Mackenzie something had gone very wrong. "I think I made a mistake."

"What did you do?" Mackenzie wasn't sure she wanted to know.

"Amy and Amelia are very close names. I thought I was hitting Amy. I really did. Why don't you put last names in your phone? You should really put last names."

Mackenzie snatched the phone from her mom's hands, hoping this was all some sick joke. Unfortunately, it wasn't and her mom had indeed sent a picture of Mackenzie in her wedding tuxedo to her future wife. "Shit! Shit, shit!"

Like her life depended on it, because right now it felt like it did, Mackenzie sent out a rapid succession of texts.

#### DON'T LOOK AT THAT!

#### **DELETE OUR TEXT THREAD IMMEDIATELY!**

#### **DON'T LOOK AT THE PICTURE!**

DO

**NOT** 

**SCROLL** 

**UP** 

UP

**SCROLL** 

NOT

DO

When she was about to send another text, a call came through from Amelia. She almost threw her phone as she fumbled to pick it up since she was so overwhelmed. "Delete your texts now."

"What's the deal, Yoda?" Amelia asked with a laugh.

"Did you see that picture?"

"What picture?" Amelia sounded genuinely confused, but Mackenzie couldn't be sure.

"Are you saying that just to make me feel better?"

"Babe, I literally have no idea what you're talking about. Are you okay?"

"You didn't see a picture of me in my tux?"

"You in your tux?" Amelia asked, aghast. "Why would you send me that?"

"My mom thought she was sending it to Amy and sent it to you instead." Mackenzie hoped her mom didn't realize how she unintentionally

rolled her eyes while she said this.

"I'm going to hand the phone to my sister and let her delete the picture. I'll let you know once it's gone."

Mackenzie could only hear the sound of muffled voices for a few seconds before Amelia was back on the phone. "It's deleted. Amanda says you look smoking, by the way. Apparently, I'm not going to know what hit me."

A blush spread up Mackenzie's neck and across her cheeks. "Tell Amanda I said thank you."

"Let me guess... your face is that very cute shade of red right now."

"I guess you'll never know since I'm not sending you any pictures ever again." Mackenzie laughed much harder than was warranted. It was what she did when she went from feeling extremely anxious to relieved.

"I don't blame you, babe. That was a close call. I'm glad I didn't see. I want my first time to be when I'm walking down the aisle toward you."

Just the thought made Mackenzie's toes curl. "Me too."

"I love you, babe. Only eighty-five more days."

"Counting them down." Which she really was. "I love you too."

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### Chapter 4

"I hope I have a refined enough palette for this food," Mackenzie said as Amelia drove them to New York City to meet with the caterers and finalize the menu for the wedding.

Amelia understood Mackenzie's concern. This was all a lot, and having caterers travel down from New York probably seemed like overkill. These had been the caterers for her friend's wedding though, and Amelia was sure any reservations Mackenzie had would melt away with one bite. "You're going to love it, babe. I promise. I just wish your parents could come."

Mackenzie shrugged. "They don't really enjoy leaving the state, especially to go to big cities like New York."

Amelia felt a little guilty about insisting on this caterer when it kept Mackenzie's family from being involved, but she was sure they would love the food. "I'm sorry. Are you mad we're doing this?"

Mackenzie shook her head and took Amelia's hand, the smile on her face sincere. "Of course not. We're having the wedding close to us. If you want New York vendors, that's completely fine. Plus, your parents were nice enough to offer to travel to us next weekend so they could all meet."

"I really can't believe this is the first time our families are meeting."

Mackenzie shrugged again. "Different worlds."

"I sure hope those worlds don't clash." If Amelia was being honest, she had put off their families meeting because it made her so nervous. She loved her blood family and she loved the family she was marrying into, but it was no secret they were vastly different. She hoped that didn't keep them from getting along.

"If you didn't want them to clash, maybe you shouldn't have invited them to my race. I feel like your mom's going to have a heart attack," Mackenzie said with a nervous laugh.

Amelia squeezed Mackenzie's hand to try to reassure her. "I'm proud of you. Hell, *they're* proud of you. They kept telling me they wanted

to see you race, so I figured this is the perfect opportunity."

"Does your mom know there's dirt there?" Mackenzie let out another nervous laugh.

Amelia wished Mackenzie wasn't so stressed about this. It wasn't her family's normal hang out, but Mackenzie was family now and that meant being there for her. "She does. I already warned her not to wear high heels."

This time when Mackenzie laughed, it was sincere. "I love how you Serrano women need to be told not to wear heels in places where there will be mud and dirt."

"Don't make fun. You're going to *be* a Serrano woman soon." Just like that, everything was light and fun between them again.

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After arriving in New York and meeting up with Amelia's mom and dad, they headed to the taste testing. Mackenzie wasn't sure how this would go, but Amelia had reassured her countless times that she would love it.

A high-end catering company from New York City with servers who wore full suits that probably cost more than her wedding tuxedo wasn't her usual taste, but she knew this was what Amelia wanted. As far as she was concerned, that's all that mattered. Amelia could tell her she wanted them to serve beets and broccoli at the reception and she would agree to make her happy.

When they walked into the building, Mackenzie's nostrils were immediately invaded with the most amazing smells. The table they were directed to already had plates set up with little cuts of steak on each one.

"Your fiancé tells us you're a skeptic, so we wanted to start with your favorite food," the woman seating them explained.

Amelia had told them that? How embarrassing. As if reading her mind, Amelia leaned over and kissed her cheek. "Please don't kill me."

Instead of answering, Mackenzie cut a bite-size piece of the steak and brought it to her mouth. Any anger and embarrassment were forgotten as soon as that delectable meat hit her tongue. Mackenzie tried not to moan since she was with Amelia's parents, but she couldn't help herself. The steak was juicy, tender, and perfectly seasoned. It was by far the most

incredible bite of steak she had ever eaten in her entire life. She quickly ate the little bit that was left on her plate.

Once she finished, Amelia switched their plates so her completely untouched piece of steak was in front of Mackenzie. "It's all yours."

"Don't you want to try it to see if it should be one of our choices for the wedding?"

Amelia laughed as if that was a joke. "I heard the sounds you were making while eating that. I'm pretty sure everyone in here did. We're *definitely* having it at our wedding." Amelia leaned closer and whispered so only Mackenzie could hear. "As long as you make those same sounds later tonight when you're doing another kind of eating."

Mackenzie's face heated up as she looked across the table to make sure Mr. and Mrs. Serrano hadn't heard that. Luckily, they were both too invested in their steaks to notice.

Mackenzie was sure there was no way any of the other food would come close to comparing to the steak, and while that remained her favorite, every single thing she tried was absolutely mouthwatering. Even the cauliflower steak that Mackenzie made fun of at first was one of the best foods she'd ever eaten.

It was hard to decide on choices, but after a lot of time and deliberation, they were able to narrow it down. Mackenzie had no doubt they had enough options to satisfy everyone's taste buds.

Once they were done, they hugged Amelia's parents goodbye. "Tell your parents we can't wait to meet them next week," Mrs. Serrano said as she wrapped Mackenzie in her arms. "And I'm also very excited to see you race."

"We both are," Mr. Serrano added. "I'm just embarrassed it's taken us this long to get to one. We should have come sooner."

"It's not a big deal."

Mr. Serrano shook his head. "It is. You're family and we need to be better about these things."

*Family*. Mackenzie not only had an amazing family of her own but also amazing soon-to-be in-laws. She had no idea how she had gotten so lucky, but she was going to hold on tight to all of them.

### Chapter 5

Amelia couldn't remember a time she had seen her mom in a pair of jeans, but as they walked up to the racetrack, she actually looked like she somewhat fit in. She had even worn sneakers and one of Mackenzie's racing shirts. Of course, her dad was also sporting a *MACK* shirt as well, but that wasn't surprising.

When Amelia heard how loud it was already, she questioned why they had decided to have their parents meet for the first time *at* the races. It probably would have been best for them to meet before and actually be able to talk, but the talking was going to have to wait for their late dinner afterward.

When they got to the gate, the usual gatekeeper, Stewart, was there. "Amelia! Great to see you. Counting down the days until your wedding."

It was funny to think that this was the same man who had been working the gate when she first came to one of Mackenzie's races. The one who had asked them if they were coming to watch a boyfriend and told them the pits were unsafe for girls like them.

"Great to see you too, Stewart." Amelia motioned toward her parents. "This is my mom and dad."

After the introductions were over, they crossed the tracks into the pits. Amelia's mom leaned in close to her so she could hear. "It's going to be hard to see anything with all of these trailers in the way. Where can we possibly watch from?"

"Just wait." Amelia purposely hadn't told her mom about standing on top of the trailer, because she wanted to see her reaction in the moment.

When they got to Mackenzie's trailer, she, her dad, and her brother were working on her car. She had to assume that probably meant her mom was already up on the trailer.

"There they are!" Mr. Kaufman shouted when he saw them. He wiped his hands off on a dirty towel and quickly walked over to them. "It's so nice to meet you." He looked down at his hands before placing them at his side. "Sorry, I would shake your hands, but I'm a mess. I'm Scott."

Amelia pointed to her parents. "This is my mom, Ruth, and my dad, Bill."

Their parents exchanged pleasantries and then Mr. Kaufman nodded his head toward the top of the trailer. "My wife is up there. You can head up. I know she's dying to meet you."

Amelia's mom looked all around in the direction of his gaze. "Up where?" Her voice was polite, but her laugh was nervous.

Amelia bumped her hip against her mom's. "On top of the trailer. That's where we watch the races from."

"Is it now?" Amelia's mom bit her bottom lip as if she was literally biting back the words she actually wanted to say.

Just then, Mackenzie came into view from the other side of her car. She walked over to Amelia and put an arm around her waist. "Don't worry, Mrs. Serrano. I promise it's not as scary as it looks. This one used to be scared to death of going up there and now she does it without a care in the world."

"Correction. Now I'm able to *hide* my almost-panic attack every time I climb up there." She gave her mom a malicious smile. "Don't worry though, Mom. No one has fallen off yet. At least, no one that I know of."

Mackenzie gave Amelia a warning glance before focusing back on her mom. "She's just messing with you. No one has ever fallen off, and we've been doing it for years. I promise we won't let anything happen to you. If you're more comfortable though, you guys can go sit out on the bleachers instead of hanging out in the pits. I promise I won't be offended."

Amelia shook her head and pushed her mom toward the ladder on the side of the trailer. "Absolutely not. She's getting the whole experience tonight. If I had to be put through this, so does she. Woman up, Mom!"

Amelia practically had to shove her mom the whole way up the ladder before following closely behind her. When they were both standing at the top, they both took in their surroundings while her dad climbed up. Amelia had to admit that while a night at the races still wasn't at the top of her list of favorite activities, being there really was starting to feel like home.

"Well, you're right about the view," her mom said hesitantly.

Just then, Mrs. Kaufman jumped out of the lawn chair she was sitting in and turned to look at them, her face lighting up with joy. "I'm so

sorry. I didn't even hear you come up." She walked across the trailer at a pace Amelia would never dare. As she got closer, she reached out her hand and stopped once she was standing close to Amelia's mom. "It's so nice to meet you. I'm Edna."

Amelia's mom took her hand and smiled politely. "It's very nice to meet you, too. I wish we would have done this sooner."

Mrs. Kaufman shook her head. "Me, too. I'm so sorry we haven't. Don't worry though. We'll make sure to get together a lot more from now on. We are about to be family after all." Mrs. Kaufman looked back toward where her lawn chair was sitting next to another empty one. "I brought some wedding magazines along if you'd like to look through them together while we wait for Mackenzie's race."

For the first time since arriving at the race track, Mrs. Serrano's smile was sincere. "I would love that."

Before Amelia or her dad could get a word in, they were walking toward the chairs and talking a mile a minute about wedding plans. "Looks like your mom found a new friend," Amelia's dad said as he put a hand on Amelia's shoulder. "Now that your mom is occupied, do you think Mackenzie and her dad and brother would mind if I joined them down by the race car to see what they're working on?"

"I'm sure they would love it." Amelia knew the Kaufmans were happy for any excuse to talk shop. "I'll stay up here and endure wedding talk." She rolled her eyes even though she knew she much preferred that over car talk.

Later that night, after Mackenzie finished second in the final race, both families went out for a celebratory meal. The rundown sports bar they went to was nothing like the restaurants Amelia's parents normally went to, but they embraced it and truly seemed to enjoy themselves.

Later that night, as they were saying their goodbyes, they were already making plans to get together the next day before Amelia's parents headed back to New York. Mr. Kaufman had promised to give Amelia's dad a tour of their auto shop and show him the procedure of getting her racecar prepared each week, and Mrs. Kaufman was taking Amelia's mom to see the wedding venue. Not surprisingly, Mackenzie had decided to go to the auto shop and Amelia to the wedding venue. They were then going to meet back up at the Kaufmans' house for dinner on the grill.

"I think that went really well, don't you?" Mackenzie asked as they drove back to their house together.

Amelia nodded. Honestly, it went even better than she expected, but she didn't want Mackenzie to know she ever had any doubts. "It did. I think my parents found their new best friends."

"I thought I was your dad's bestie." Mackenzie made a fake pouting face.

"It's close. You might have to fight your dad for that position." Mackenzie sighed. "I guess I can share with him."

"Aw, how sweet." Amelia squeezed Mackenzie's thigh then really looked at her closely for the first time that night. God, she looked sexy covered in sweat and dirt. For someone who didn't like either of those things, Amelia certainly did like them on Mackenzie.

Mackenzie smiled nervously. "What's that look for?" "I'm just thinking about how I can't wait to get home." "Why? Are you tired?"

Amelia bit her lip and slid her hand further up Mackenzie's thigh, stopping right before she reached the spot she really wanted to go. "Not quite."

Mackenzie closed her eyes and took a deep, shaky breath. "Oh, okay. Well, as much as I don't want you to, please stop that or else we will never get home to do what you're thinking because I will crash this car."

"Fine." Amelia removed her hand but continued to stare at Mackenzie. Even if she couldn't touch, she was certainly still going to look. "I love you, future wife."

Mackenzie reached out and squeezed Amelia's hand, the smile on her face worth a million words. "I love you too, future Mrs. Serrano-Kaufman."

### Chapter 6

Amelia loved her princess-themed bridal shower and was so excited that that was what her friends and family had decided for her. They even gave her a tiara and sash when she walked in and had her chair decorated like a throne. Everything in the reserved room of the five-star Italian restaurant in New York City (that her mom had probably rented out for way too much money) was either pink, white, or gold.

Amelia's favorite part of the room though wasn't the decorations, the fancy table settings, or all of the gifts waiting to be unwrapped. It was all of her friends and loved ones, one in particular that she had gone much too long without seeing.

"Sarah," she said as she pulled her best friend into her arms. "God, I've missed you. I'm so glad you could make it. Thank you so much for coming."

Sarah squeezed her back before pulling away. She kept her hands on Amelia's arms and smiled at her with that hundred-watt smile that Amelia had missed so much. "I wouldn't miss it. Plus, New York City is a great romantic getaway."

Elle slipped her arm around Sarah's waist and leaned into her. "Thank you so much for allowing me to tag along, Amelia. I really appreciate it."

"Of course. I wanted you here. I'm so happy to see you too. I've missed both of you."

"Phew." Elle jokingly wiped her forehead. "I was worried you might hate me after I stole your friend away and swept her across the country with me."

Amelia knew she was just kidding, but it would be impossible for her to hate someone who clearly made Sarah so happy. She was sure everyone in the room could see the love radiating between them. "I *guess* I can forgive you for that, but only because I've never seen that smile of hers so big." Elle moved her eyes around the room as if she was searching for someone. "Is Mackenzie going to be here at all today?"

Amelia shook her head. They had thought about doing all of these special events together, but with their tastes being so vastly different, they decided to do them apart. She missed Mackenzie though and felt a tug on her heart from the loneliness of being without her. "We're doing separate bridal showers and hers is today as well. We knew if we did them on separate days, our families would insist on going to both, and we didn't want to make them do that, so here we are."

"Is Mackenzie's also in the city?"

Amelia couldn't help but laugh at Elle's question. New York City was probably one of the last places Mackenzie would have a bridal shower. "No. Hers is back in her hometown."

"And I take it her theme isn't *Once Upon a Time*?" Sarah asked with a laugh.

"Not quite."

Sarah and Elle continued to talk to her, but Amelia couldn't keep up because her mind was now a million miles away, or more precisely about one hundred and eighty miles away in a small town with a very special woman.

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Mackenzie doubled over in laughter when she walked into the pool hall and saw the theme her family and friends had chosen for her bridal shower. On the wall hung a big sign that said *Mackenzie's Race to the Altar* and the whole room was decorated with checkered flags and other racing memorabilia.

"I hope that means you like it," her best friend, Amy, said as she walked over to her.

In a lot of ways, Mackenzie and her best friend were total opposites. Amy had long blonde hair that fell halfway down her back and had always been much more girly than Mackenzie. But, even though she lived in Pittsburgh now, Amy was a small-town girl at heart, and that was a commonality that kept them close through the years.

"Like it? I love it!" Mackenzie gave her best friend a big hug. "Thank you so much for doing all of this."

"It definitely wasn't all me, but I'm happy to take the credit."

"So, what's the plan for this thing?" Mackenzie asked as she looked around the room. "It's going to be very un-bridal-shower-like, right?"

Amy put her hand over her chest as if she was offended. "Do you really have to question that? I'm your best friend. I obviously know what you want. This is going to be the least shower-y bridal shower ever. I asked everyone to bring the gifts unwrapped so you don't have to do that, and the only games we will be playing are pool and beer pong. Aside from that, the plan is really just to eat and drink all day."

*Yes*! That was *exactly* what Mackenzie wanted. She put an arm across Amy's shoulders and kissed her cheek. "You know me so well."

"I should. I've only known you my whole life. Now, what do you say we get some beers?"

"I'd say that's music to my ears."

After a few hours of pool and beer, Mackenzie was warm from love and alcohol. The only thing missing was Amelia, but that was a big hole, and no amount of alcohol could fill that. So, she took her phone out and texted Amelia.

I miss you!!

I miss you too, babe. So so much :(

Let's not do anything apart ever again!

Our bachelorette parties are supposed to be separate. Does this mean you want to go to Vegas with me?

Let's not do anything apart after our bachelorette parties...

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# Chapter 7

"Vegas, baby!" Amelia shouted as she and her friends stepped off of the plane.

It was mid-September, which meant the temperature in Vegas had *dipped* down to an average range between the mid-70s to mid-90s. Even as they walked through the airport, Amelia could tell it was much hotter than their current Pennsylvania weather, and that was confirmed when they walked out with their luggage and a very warm blast of air hit them.

Maggie, Kiera, Hannah, and Ryann had all flown out on the same flight as Amelia while Amanda and Sarah were meeting them at the hotel later. Unfortunately, Amelia's New York friends, including her two bridesmaids, Daina and Mariah, weren't able to make it to the bachelorette weekend due to family and work conflicts.

The number worked out well though since the rest of them could stay in a large suite together and only one person would be forced to sleep on a couch or squeeze themselves onto a bed with two other people. Amelia had never let her friends know just how much money her family had, but it was probably becoming increasingly obvious with the wedding festivities.

She didn't want her friends to have to put out extra money to celebrate with her, so she was splitting the very expensive hotel suite on the strip with her parents and Amanda.

The trip to the hotel wasn't bad, and soon they were checked in and given their keys. When the door to the suite opened, Hannah dropped her bags to the floor with a loud thump and her eyes went wide. "You've got to be shitting me." She looked all around then over at Amelia. "I don't even think I want to know how much this place cost."

Amelia patted her on the shoulder. "Not anything you need to worry about. All you need to know is that it's all ours for the next three nights."

Her friends wasted no time running from room to room and claiming their beds. Amelia had no idea if there would be one left for her,

but she honestly didn't care. Just being here with some of the people she loved most in the world was good enough for her.

And even she had to admit that the suite *was* absolutely incredible. There were two bedrooms, one with a king-size bed and another with two queen beds, and there was also a queen sleeper sofa. As if that wasn't enough, there was a stocked minibar and a full kitchen. The suite even had a pool table. She wasn't sure if she and her friends would use that at all, but it immediately made her think of Mackenzie since one of her favorite pastimes was going to the pool hall to play with her dad or brother.

"What are we waiting for?" Hannah asked when she entered the main living area. "Let's start drinking."

Amelia looked at her watch that read 4:30 p.m. and laughed. "It's not even five o'clock yet."

Undeterred, Hannah walked to the minibar and began pulling out alcohol. "Technically, for us it's 7:30, so it's a very reasonable time to drink." She began mixing drinks together. "Plus, it's your bachelorette weekend." She took a large gulp of one of the finished drinks. "Also, it's my first weekend away, and you bet your ass I'm going to make the most of it."

"You're right. Let's do this."

When Sarah arrived an hour later, the whole group had a strong buzz going, and when Amanda arrived two hours after that, they were as good as gone.

Amanda looked down at her watch after she dropped her bags onto the floor. "Really, guys? It's barely after seven."

"Don't you worry 'bout a thing, big sis," Amelia slurred as she walked up to her sister and placed a big sloppy kiss on her cheek. "We've got this all under control."

Amanda ran her eyes over the whole group. "The only thing I'm worried about is how I'm going to get all of you into the bar."

"Don't worry about that," Maggie said, while trying to keep a straight face. "I used to be a lawyer. I have an excellent poker face. Acting sober will be no problem for me." The way she broke into a fit of giggles after saying that told a different story.

"Say that again!" Kiera shouted even though she wasn't far enough away from anyone for that to be necessary. "I love the sound of it!"

Maggie furrowed her eyebrows and stared at her sister. "Love the sound of what?"

"That you *used* to be a lawyer."

Maggie smiled, and Amelia loved the sincere joy she saw on her face. After going years without seeing that, it warmed her heart to see it now. "That's right. I used to be a motherfucking lawyer. Now I'm a motherfucking photographer."

"Hell yeah!" Hannah shouted as she tapped her glass against Maggie's.

"Hell yeah!" Ryann repeated from where she sat at the kitchen bar.

Amanda walked over to the hotel room phone and addressed the group before picking it up. "I'm going to order us a bunch of room service for dinner to soak up some of that alcohol. What do you say you guys take a break for just a bit to get ready?"

*Ah*, *yes*. *Her sister*. *Always the smart one*. Amelia walked over and placed another sloppy kiss on her cheek. "You got it."

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Three hours later, they had eaten, changed, and were sober enough to walk into a bar without getting flagged or denied entry. They went to a club that Sarah had said a big-name DJ was playing at. Since Amelia wasn't at all into electronic dance music, she had no idea if this was true, but she trusted Sarah's tastes.

The group wasted no time getting drinks then making their way onto the dance floor. Since most of the group was already taken, they spent most of their time only dancing with each other. Amelia tried to get Ryann to dance with someone, but she insisted it was too hard since she didn't know who was straight and who was gay. Amelia knew the truth was that Ryann still hadn't been able to put herself out there since getting her heart broken not just once, but twice, by the same girl. *Damn Gretchen*.

Kiera danced with her fair share of guys since she currently didn't have anyone tying her down. Amelia walked up to her when she had taken a break and draped an arm over her shoulders. "Just guys for you tonight, or do you want me to find you a girl?"

"Oh... I...." Kiera hesitated as if she was about to say something but changed her mind. "I don't need you to find me anyone. I'm good. I'm honestly probably all danced out for the night."

Amelia studied Kiera's face, and even though she was completely trashed, she could still tell there was something Kiera was holding back from her. "What were you about to say before you stopped yourself?"

"Nothing." Kiera stared at the ground instead of Amelia. "It was nothing."

Now Amelia *had* to know. This was definitely juicy. "Aw, come on. Just tell me. It's not like I'll remember in the morning anyway."

"It's actually really dumb. I just... after coming out, I realized I had a big crush on... someone I knew growing up. It was no big deal. It's not like I ever have... would have had... a chance with her. She was a lot older than me. It was just a dumb childhood crush, but still. I compare every girl to her now, which is why I always end up going for guys."

The hopeless romantic in Amelia wished she could find this childhood crush and reunite Kiera with her so they could ride off into the sunset together, but even she knew that wasn't actually realistic. She pulled Kiera in closer to her. "You'll find someone. No matter who you end up with, I have no question it will be the person who is perfect for you, and much better than some childhood crush. And hey, if it makes you feel any better, I'm sure she's gotten ugly and mean since the last time you saw her. She's probably one of those awful people who yells at grocery store clerks for bagging her groceries too slowly."

Instead of looking at her, Kiera focused her attention on something behind Amelia and sighed. "Maybe."

Talking about finding the person you're meant to end up with brought Amelia's mind back to Mackenzie and how much she missed her. Luckily, the club Sarah had picked out was in their hotel, so she told her friends she was going back to the room to use a private bathroom, declined having anyone come with her, and quickly headed that way.

As soon as she was alone in the elevator, she called Mackenzie. Unsurprisingly, Mackenzie picked up after just two rings. "Babe? Are you okay?" Mackenzie asked sleepily.

"I'm fiiiiiine. I just miss you, sexy."

Mackenzie laughed, and that laugh made Amelia long to be right there beside her. "Just how drunk are you?"

"Very." Amelia shook her head. "But don't worry about that right now. Do you remember when we first started talking and I called you from the bar?"

"The night you tried to convince me to have phone sex with you?" Another chuckle.

"I believe you mean the night I *did* convince you to have phone sex with me."

Amelia heard Mackenzie snap her fingers. "Oh, that's right. I must have forgotten."

Even though Amelia knew that was a lie, she decided to play along. "Looks like I'm going to have to remind you then."

"Are... are you alone?"

"I am now," Amelia said as she walked into the massive suite that was much quieter without her friends. "What are you wearing?"

"Well, seeing as how it's the middle of the night, and I was asleep when you called, I'm just in my usual sports bra and boxers."

*Shit. It was late, wasn't it?* Knowing Mackenzie, she probably had her alarm set to go off soon so she could prepare her race car. "Shoot, I didn't think of that. Is it too late?"

"It's never too late for you."

The sweetness and sincerity in Mackenzie's voice made Amelia even more turned on. "Good. Because I'm ready to come."

"Are you dressed?"

Amelia walked into the master bedroom and laid down on the bed. "Yes, I'm wearing a very skimpy black dress. I need someone to take it off for me."

Amelia couldn't be sure, but she was almost positive Mackenzie had let out a low moan just in response to that. "Move your hands up the black of your dress and bring them to the zipper. Those are my hands on you. Now my hands are going to slowly pull the zipper down."

God, Mackenzie was good at this. "You've come a long way since our first time," Amelia said as she pulled down the zipper, imagining Mackenzie's hands doing the work and her lips lightly kissing her back the way they always did when she helped Amelia out of a dress.

"Now that the dress is unzipped, I'm going to slowly remove it, making sure my hands run over every inch of your body in the process."

Amelia took off the dress and moved her hands over her body just as Mackenzie had described. "I love your strong hands. They feel so good when they touch me."

"Where do you want me to touch you now?"

"I don't. I want us both to remove the rest of our clothes so we're completely naked." Amelia did as she had instructed and could tell by the muffled sounds over the phone that Mackenzie was doing the same. "Are you naked?"

"I am."

"Send me a picture."

"Babe, I don't know if that's—"

"You know I'll delete it as soon as I get it. I *need* to see you, Mackenzie." And she really did. Right now, she needed Mackenzie's naked body just as much as she needed air to breathe. "Don't worry, I'll start." She held her phone up as high as she could and snapped a selfie of her naked body. She was satisfied with what she saw, so she sent it off to Mackenzie then deleted it from her phone.

"Oh, wow. That's... God, I miss you." Mackenzie was practically growling and Amelia loved it so much.

Not even a minute later, a picture message came through of Mackenzie standing in front of her full-length mirror completely nude. Amelia licked her lips. She was pretty sure if she stared at the picture long enough she could probably come without even touching herself. "You're so sexy. I can't believe in a month you're going to be my wife."

"Where do you want me to touch you, babe?"

Amelia wasn't sure if Mackenzie was hurrying her along because she was that turned on or because she wanted to go back to bed. Either way, it really didn't matter because it was hot as hell.

"You know what to do, babe. Start at my chest and make your way down. I'll do the same. Touch yourself the same way you describe touching me."

For a moment, Amelia wasn't sure if Mackenzie was going to answer because all she heard on the other end of the phone was heavy breathing. But once she caught her breath, she led the way for both of them. "My hands are on your breasts. I'm squeezing them hard just the way you like it. My hands are working your breasts so hard it's almost painful." Heavy pants on the other end of the phone told Amelia that Mackenzie was doing what she was describing. "I'm pinching your nipples between my fingers. How does that feel, baby?"

Amelia pinched her own nipples and her hips instinctively bucked off the bed because that's already where her hands were really needed. "So good. It feels so good. I'm... I'm already so close."

"In that case, I'm going to run one of my hands down your body, slowly making my way until I reach my destination right between your legs. I now have one hand on your breast and the other running between your folds."

Amelia moaned as she moved her own fingers through her folds and imagined that it was Mackenzie. "Baby, that feels so good."

"Now my finger is on your clit, and I'm rubbing it the same way my other hand is rubbing your nipple. How close are you? I'm... ugh... I'm almost there."

"So close." Amelia tried to keep her finger on her clit, but her body was begging for something else. "But... I ... I need you inside of me."

"How many fingers?"

"Two... but lick them first." Amelia moved her fingers to her mouth and licked them clean, imagining it was Mackenzie's pleasure she was tasting instead of her own.

"You taste so good." Mackenzie's voice was sultry and smooth. When had she gotten so good at this? "I'm moving my fingers slowly inside of you. I'm deep within you. Now I'm going to move more quickly in and out... I... Ah... can't talk."

Amelia quickly moved her fingers in and out. Between how good it felt, how turned on she was, and the sounds Mackenzie was making on the other end of the phone, it didn't take her long to come. Stars flashed in front of her eyes and her hips jolted off the bed as her orgasm spread through her whole body. "That was *so* fantastic. I can't wait to do that in person."

"Just a few days, babe. Enjoy the rest of your trip."

Amelia yawned. There was no way she was making it back to the bar. "Love you, babe. Enjoy your race and post-race bachelorette party tomorrow night."

Amelia wasn't even sure if they actually said goodnight because she passed right out. She wasn't sure how long it was before she woke up to the sound of her friends arriving back in the suite.

"I'm sleeping by you," Sarah yelled as she walked into the master bedroom. "I want to be the meat in a Serrano sister sandwich."

She didn't hesitate before jumping into bed and crawling under the covers. "Are you naked?"

Amelia didn't even open her eyes to address Sarah. "Yep. Also, I came in the bed."

Sarah laughed and snuggled in close to her. "Typical. Not a problem for me. Goodnight."

"Goodnight," Amelia mumbled as she drifted back to sleep.

You know the difference between me and your race car? I want you to wreck me.

Mackenzie shook her head at her phone but couldn't help the smile that spread across her face. Amelia was clearly already wasted. Mackenzie was planning on getting very drunk after her race, but she couldn't think about that right now. Right now, her mind was on winning. The owner of the race track was a good family friend, so in honor of her upcoming wedding, he had decided to get a rainbow checkered flag to signal the end of the race. Even though they tried to hide it from her, Mackenzie had heard whispers about how some patrons had expressed their distaste for the idea. Apparently, people thought the racetrack was trying to *push an agenda*. So, in her head, her only option was to win. She figured that would shut people up, at least for a little while. Unfortunately, that made her feel more pressure about this race than any other race in the past.

After her qualifying race, her confidence was up a bit. Her car had felt great, she was hitting the turns exactly as she wanted to, and she was seeded first going into the finals. She had to wait through all the other races for hers though, since they had made her race the feature. Thank God she had made finals. How embarrassing would it have been if this was the one time she didn't?

"Ready to do this?" her dad asked as he handed Mackenzie's helmet to her where she sat inside her car.

"You bet," she said as she slipped it on.

She took a deep breath as her car was pushed out onto the racetrack. This race was so much bigger than achieving a W. It was so much more than getting the points to move her up in the overall standings. This race was for all of the people who ever doubted her. It was for all the times she had overheard whispers about how there was no way a girl could compete with the guys. And most of all, it was for the LGBTQ community. It was to prove to everyone who was offended by a simple rainbow that she

wasn't going anywhere. This community wasn't going anywhere. Because, in the end, love always wins. And now she was going to win too.

She knew her competitors weren't going to take it easy on her. If anything, they were going to try even harder to beat her. That became obvious as multiple drivers tried, and failed, to pass her. When there were only five laps to go, it was her and one other guy competing for that top spot. He had almost passed her once, but she didn't allow that to happen. Now, they were neck in neck. Four laps to go. *Still in the lead*. Three laps to go. *Don't let him pass*. Two laps to go. *You got this*. The white flag. One more lap. *WIN*.

And that's exactly what she did. When Mackenzie saw that rainbow checkered flag flying, she pulled away from the other guy, winning the race by more than a car length. When she made it into the winners area, she was immediately greeted by her dad and brother. They helped her out of the car then exchanged giant hugs.

"Ready to piss off some small-minded pricks?" her dad whispered to her.

Mackenzie had no idea what he meant until she saw her mom walking over to them carrying a big rainbow flag. She winked as she handed the flag to Mackenzie. Mackenzie held it proudly over her head as she stood in front of her car. Much to her surprise, and delight, a loud cheer erupted from the crowd. She actually thought she might cry, which was very unlike her. This upcoming wedding was making her so emotional.

Once she was done celebrating her win and they had the car back in the trailer, it was time to head to one of her favorite local bars. It wasn't anything fancy, just a one-room bar with an old jukebox that people only played country music from unless you wanted to be booed out of the place.

It was just her family, Amy, another childhood friend, Josie, and her best racing buddy, Kyle. She knew that wasn't most people's idea of an exciting bachelorette, but to her, it was perfect.

"Shots?" her brother asked as they entered the bar.

Their dad shook his head. "Just a beer for me. The rest of you can do a shot though."

"We'll save the shots for you kids. I'll have wine," their mom added.

Henry rolled his eyes at their parents. "Fine. One beer, one wine, and five shots."

Mackenzie added the numbers in her head to make sure she wasn't confused. "I think you did that math wrong."

"Nope. It's your bachelorette party, and even if I think it's a super lame one, we're still getting you wasted tonight. Two of those are for you."

Henry stuck to his plan, and it wasn't long before Mackenzie was feeling the effects of the alcohol.

"I love my future wife so much," she told her friends and brother long after her parents had left the bar. "She's just so hot and so nice and so... ugh, I don't even know. So everything."

"You're disgusting," her brother teased.

Mackenzie tried to focus on Henry but it took a moment for her to stop seeing two of him. "You'll understand someday. You just need to meet someone first."

"Actually, I kind of actually have." Her brother's voice was hesitant and he looked at Josie as if he was asking her for permission for some reason. When Josie subtly shook her head, it suddenly all clicked for Mackenzie.

"No way." Mackenzie pointed between Josie and Henry. "You two?" She shook her head. This was a lot to take in. "For real?"

"You've been really busy with moving and wedding planning, so we started spending more time together, and it just kind of... happened." Josie's eyes were wide as she waited for Mackenzie to respond. "Are you angry?"

Mackenzie laughed. *Surprised? Yes. But angry? Never.* "Why would I be angry? You're two of my best friends. I think it's great."

Josie blew out a breath. "Oh, thank God. I've been so nervous to tell you."

Mackenzie pointed between them once again. "How long has this been going on?"

Her brother flashed her a nervous smile. "A few months."

"How many is a few?" Mackenzie was a little hurt they had clearly let this go on a long time without telling her.

"Nine?"

She held up the beer she was drinking and tried to hide her pain. "I'm just happy you're both happy," she said before taking a big gulp.

She took out her phone because there was really only one person she wanted to talk to about this. *Babe! I miss you. I also found out my brother has been dating one of my best friends for nine months behind my back. I'm happy for them, but damn, it hurts that they didn't tell me.* 

Before Amelia could answer she sent another one. *I don't want to make it into a thing, especially when I'm drunk. I know I'll get over it. I just need something to take my mind off of it.* 

Would phone sex get your mind off of it? Amelia answered less than a minute later.

Get my mind off of what? All is forgotten. Good, because if you were a car door, I'd slam you all night long.

It was here. The day Amelia had been waiting for since she met Mackenzie back in 2013 was finally here. It didn't even seem real. When did it actually start to feel real? Because right now, it was still like she was watching a fairytale play out in front of her eyes.

She voiced this question out loud to Hannah, who had surprisingly shown up early for the ceremony. Hannah looked to the ceiling as if she was considering it. "Honestly, sometimes it still doesn't feel real. Every once in a while CeCe and I will be in the middle of doing some mundane task like bathing the twins or making dinner, and I'll have to take a step back and just take everything in. I watch what's going on around me and can't believe that it's my life. That I'm literally living out everything I always dreamed about. There will definitely be a lot of times that life gets in the way and you kind of lose sight of this, but it always comes back. It always comes in the moments you least expect it, and you just have to breathe it in. Keep it safe for the not-so-great moments."

Her words were so sweet, but Amelia couldn't help but laugh since they sounded so strange coming from Hannah. She shook her head as she took in the woman standing in front of her. If it wasn't for the wild red hair, she might not even recognize her. "I still can't believe you're the same girl I met at the bar on that fateful New Year's Eve." Amelia chuckled once again. "You were so convinced you had years of hookups left and that ended up being the night you met your soulmate. It's all so crazy."

"What about you, little miss I'm-going-to-wear-heels-to-a-carnival?" Hannah asked, now joining in with Amelia's laughter. "You're getting married in a barn."

"A very chic and expensively decorated barn," Amelia pointed out. She lifted her heeled foot. "And look—still wearing heels."

"But you own a pair of sneakers." Hannah walked over and took Amelia's hands in hers. "I think you might actually own a few."

Amelia nodded. "I really do. I can't believe it."

Hannah squeezed her hands and stared into her eyes with a seriousness Amelia wasn't used to seeing from her. "I'm so happy for you. So happy. Thanks for letting me be part of today."

"Speaking of which." Amelia looked around the room. "Do you and Kiera both know when you're supposed to go up and do your readings?" "We do," Hannah reassured her.

Amelia looked around once again. Where the hell was everyone? Shouldn't her bridesmaids be ready by now? "Where is Kiera anyway?"

Hannah pulled her hands away from Amelia's and pointed her thumb toward the door. "She's out giving a pep talk to your very overwhelmed officiant."

"Ryann is going to do great." Amelia had no doubt about that. She wouldn't have asked Ryann if she didn't think she was the perfect person for the job.

"I know that, and you know that, but this is Ryann we're talking about. Of course *she* doesn't know that."

"Do not fear. Your bridesmaids are here," Sarah announced as she walked into the room with the four other bridesmaids following closely behind her.

Amelia had chosen Sarah, Maggie, her sister, and two of her New York friends, Daina and Mariah, as her bridal party. She would have put her brother in it too, but she and Mackenzie had decided he would be part of hers since she had fewer people she wanted to include.

"You should see how dapper your bride looks," Maggie said as she walked over to give Amelia a hug. "I snuck over to her cabin to take a few pictures of her after my hair and makeup were done. If you don't mind me saying it, she looks hot." Maggie stepped back from the hug and blatantly ran her eyes over Amelia's body. "But then again, so do you."

Amelia took a deep breath and slowly blew it out. "Does she seem as nervous as I am?"

"Probably more, if that's even possible."

"It's okay to be nervous though, right? It's not like I'm nervous about marrying her. It's just a lot and I'm overwhelmed and I want it to be perfect. For her. She deserves that." Amelia had no idea why she was rambling. It was so unlike her to be this on edge.

Amanda walked up to her next and rested her hands on Amelia's arms. She squeezed them gently. "This is all very normal. It's the biggest day of your life. None of us doubt the fact that you and Mackenzie want to marry each other. Just breathe and enjoy every moment. Today is going to fly by and you're going to always wish you could go back. So make the most of it."

Amelia nodded. "I know. I know. I just hope today is everything Mackenzie has ever dreamed of."

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"Am I dreaming?" Mackenzie asked her brother. "Pinch me, because I must be."

When Henry really did as she asked, Mackenzie quickly pulled her arm away. "Ouch! I didn't actually mean it. I just can't believe I'm actually marrying Amelia Serrano. Seriously, though, Henry, did you ever think I would marry someone so hot?"

Henry shook his head. "Honestly, no."

Now, it was Henry that got pinched at the hands of Josie. "Don't say that to your sister." She furrowed her eyebrows at him, causing him to cower away.

"Sorry. I take it back. I'm sure you could have gotten someone even hotter."

Mackenzie furrowed her eyebrows at him as well. "There's no one hotter than Amelia."

"You know what? I'm just going to stop talking." Henry walked over to Amelia's brother Austin and put a hand on his shoulder. "What do you say we go grab a beer?"

Austin nodded, clearly ready to get away from any conversation about how hot his sister is. "That sounds like a great plan."

Amy stood in front of Mackenzie and fixed the sleeves of her tuxedo. "I was able to sneak a peek at your bride when I went to the bathroom. You better prepare yourself because you might faint when you see her. She really is smoking hot."

"Great. Now on top of everything else, I'm nervous I'm going to fall over in the middle of the ceremony."

"I'll be standing right beside you. If I need to hold you up, I will." A few minutes later, Henry and Austin came back into the cabin. "Hey, ladies, it's time," Henry announced.

Josie wiggled her eyebrows. "Time to marry the love of your life." "Time to marry the love of my life." Mackenzie was the one to pinch herself now, because this was all too good to be true.

"Are you ready?" Amelia's dad asked as they stood, arms linked, by the door of her cabin, which was just a few feet from the outdoor ceremony space.

The whole bridal party had already done their procession, and now it was Amelia's turn. She nodded. "I've never been more ready for anything in my entire life."

"That's my girl." Her dad patted her arm. "You look beautiful, by the way."

"Thanks, Daddy, but please stop or I'm going to start crying already."

"You're only prolonging the inevitable, darling."

He was right. As soon as Amelia reached the beginning of the aisle and laid eyes on Mackenzie who immediately broke into tears, she started to cry too. Mackenzie was absolutely breathtaking in her tuxedo, and Amelia still couldn't believe this was the woman she was going to spend the rest of her life with.

When she reached the end of the aisle, her dad gave her a kiss then headed to his seat. Amelia reached out and grabbed Mackenzie's outstretched hands.

"You're so beautiful," Mackenzie whispered once they were facing each other.

Amelia took a tissue from Amanda and dabbed at her eyes. "So are you."

Ryann gave them a minute to soak in the moment before she started to speak. "We are gathered here today to witness the joining of two amazing people. I can't thank you two enough for trusting me to do this. Also, if I completely mess it up, remember that *you* asked *me*." When the whole audience laughed, Ryann visibly relaxed. "I was lucky enough to watch love bloom between these two from the very beginning, and I have to say that watching their love story play out has convinced me even more that there is a soulmate for all of us out there. Sometimes life has a funny way of

giving us exactly what we need. Sometimes a very girly, heels-only woman is forced to go to a carnival and falls in love with her complete opposite. Sometimes a race car driver finds love with the girl who doesn't even own a pair of sneakers. What I'm trying to say is love finds us in the most unexpected places when we need it most, and these two have a love most of us can only dream of. Today, Amelia and Mackenzie have chosen two readings. One is from the Supreme Court's ruling on same-sex marriage and the other is lyrics from a Midnight Konfusion song."

Ryann motioned for Hannah and Kiera to come up front, and Amelia listened closely as they described love in two very different ways. Which was fitting given how different she and Mackenzie were.

"Amelia and Mackenzie have chosen to write their own vows, so they will be reading those now." Ryann nodded her head toward Mackenzie to go first.

Mackenzie's hands shook as she pulled a piece of paper from her pocket. Amelia listened intently, not wanting to miss a single word of what she was about to say. "Amelia, I don't even know where to start. As I tried to think of how to explain how I feel about you, there were no words to do it justice. There are no words to do *you* justice. You're beautiful, smart, hardworking, kind, and compassionate, but all of those words are too plain for you. And you're anything but plain. You... you break me open. Even now. Even after all these years. I don't think loving you will ever feel ordinary because you're so extraordinary. I could stand here and talk about every single thing I love about you, but we'd be here for hours. I could talk about every single happy memory we have together, but that would take forever because I haven't stopped smiling since I met you. I thought about saying I hope you never change, but change is inevitable and I have no doubt that you'll only get better with time. Instead of all of that, I'm going to make you some promises since that's really what today is all about. I promise to love you every moment of every day. I promise to never stop appreciating you. I promise to never stop opening the door for you. I promise to stick by you, not just in the good times, but also in the worst times. Most importantly, I promise to never let you forget just how extraordinary you are, because someone as special as you deserves to be reminded of that every second of every day. I love you, Amelia Serrano.

I've loved you from the moment I met you, and I'll love you until the end of time."

Amelia turned around and grabbed another tissue from her sister. Mackenzie's words were perfect. But what was even better than her words was the sincerity in her eyes as she said them. Amelia had no doubt that she meant them along with any other words she left unsaid. She just hoped she could do the same for Mackenzie with the vows she had written.

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Once she was done reading her vows, Mackenzie took a deep breath and blew it out. She was so glad that part was over with. As someone who hated having attention on her, the thought of reading her own vows had made her want to throw up, but she did it for Amelia. She did it because Amelia deserved that and so much more.

Now she got to stand back and listen to the words Amelia had written. All she had to worry about now was trying not to completely lose it.

She watched Amelia closely as she grabbed a piece of paper from her sister. Mackenzie stood, unblinking, because she didn't want to miss a single word Amelia had to say.

"Mackenzie, a little over four years ago, my friends forced me to go to a carnival. What they don't know is I had come up with about a million different reasons why I couldn't go and was all set to use one. For some reason, unbeknownst to me at the time, when the day of the carnival came, I felt a pull to go. Something deep inside of me was telling me I needed to go. Now I know that pull was fate. It was because I was destined to meet you. Destined to fall in love with you. And from the moment I saw you, that's exactly what I was doing—falling. You are, quite literally, everything I didn't know I needed. You complete me in a way no one else could. Before I met you, I thought home was a place. Now I know without a shadow of a doubt that home is a person. You're my home. You're my safe space. You're my reason to get up every day. I can't wait to see what this life has in store for us, because I know it's better than anything I could ever imagine. I love you, Mackenzie Kaufman. I love you today, tomorrow, and forever."

Mackenzie couldn't stop the waterfall of tears if she tried. Amelia's words were perfect. Amelia was perfect, and Mackenzie still couldn't figure out how she had gotten so lucky.

When she looked back at Ryann, she was even dabbing her eyes with a tissue. She held up her hand and laughed. "I'm sorry. You're going to have to give me just a second. You two are so beautiful." Ryann took a deep breath and laughed again. "Okay. Time for the rings."

Mackenzie turned to her brother, who patted his pockets as if he couldn't find them. She was going to kill him for that later. For now, she had to marry the love of her life.

Amelia was happy all the formal crap was over so they could finally focus on what was really important—celebrating. She was officially Mrs. Amelia Serrano-Kaufman, and that was a lot to celebrate.

"Could I get just a few more pictures of you two before we head into the reception?" Maggie asked, her camera now hanging around her neck. "I know it's probably the last thing you want right now, but trust me. I want you two to steal a moment away from everything and everyone else, and I'm going to hide off to the side to capture it. I promise you won't even know I'm there."

Amelia and Mackenzie agreed, so Maggie led them to an area far from the wedding festivities, and as promised, essentially disappeared.

"This is really nice," Mackenzie said as she put an arm around Amelia's waist.

Amelia rested the weight of her whole body against Mackenzie and relished how safe she felt. That's what Mackenzie did for her. She made her feel safe, protected, and above all else, loved.

"I love you," Amelia whispered before leaning in to steal a kiss.

When the kiss ended, Mackenzie moved a stray piece of hair behind Amelia's ear and stared at her as though she had put all the stars in the sky. "I love you too."

They stood like this for who knows how long just looking into each other's eyes. No words were needed because it was the unspoken words between them that were saying it all.

"That was perfect!"

Maggie's voice caused the two of them to jump apart. Amelia had totally forgotten she was there. When she walked up and showed them some of the pictures she had just taken, Amelia knew they would always be her favorites. The love between them was so obvious, and she adored how you could tell exactly what both of them were thinking.

"We need one of these pictures blown up and put in our living room," Mackenzie said as if reading Amelia's mind. "Thank you so much,

Maggie."

Maggie squeezed her arm and winked. "Hey, that's what I'm here for." She nodded her head toward the barn. "I'll see you guys in there."

Mackenzie and Amelia walked to the barn hand-in-hand then waited for the rest of the bridal party and family to be introduced. When the DJ announced, "Now it's time for the two people you've all been waiting for—Mrs. and Mrs. Serrano-Kaufman," they danced in together, and it was honestly like no one else was there.

Once they were sitting, Amelia finally had the chance to look around the barn that she hadn't seen since it had been fully decorated. It was everything she could have wished for. It truly felt like they had been transported to a fancy restaurant in New York, even though they were very much inside a barn. A huge battery-operated shimmering chandelier that was specially made for their wedding, hung over the dance floor. Each table was decorated with the finest crystals and the most beautiful flower arrangements. The plates and silverware had been shipped in from one of New York's premier venues, and they almost looked too nice to eat off of.

There was an ice sculpture at one end of the barn, cut to look like the Philly *LOVE* statue, and at the other end was their massive wedding cake, which would probably take years to eat. On top of the wedding cake was their personalized topper, which was a girl in a white dress and heels kissing a girl wearing a racing suit.

"Everything about this is perfect," Amelia said breathlessly. She really couldn't believe how perfectly it had turned out.

"You're perfect," Mackenzie whispered back.

Amelia and Mackenzie had elected to have toasts, their dance, and the cake cutting all done right at the very beginning so they could get the party started sooner. Their wedding planner made sure this all went by quickly, then the caterers immediately had their meal ready to serve. After eating, it was finally time to really celebrate.

Amelia and Mackenzie didn't leave the dance floor all night, simply floating around from person to person sharing dances with all of them. Amelia barely had time to drink but was still drunk on love and happiness. The night ended with everyone who was left belting out *Sweet Caroline* together, and Amelia couldn't remember a time in her life when she was happier.

When everyone else loaded onto the bus that would transport them right down the road to their hotel, Amelia and Mackenzie elected to walk. They walked the dark street hand-in-hand, and for a few minutes, neither of them said a word.

"So, what do you think we should do when we get back?" Amelia asked teasingly. "Any ideas?"

Mackenzie brought her hand to her mouth and faked a yawn. "I'm pretty tired. I thought I would just go to bed."

Amelia smiled from ear to ear. "That sounds like a great plan. I can't think of anything else I would possibly want to do."

"Me either. Definitely want to put on footy pajamas and fall asleep."

Amelia laughed. "Okay. That I do want to see. Please tell me you actually brought footy pajamas with you."

Mackenzie gave her an exaggerated frown. "I did not, but I promise I will wear footy pajamas for you soon."

"God, I can't wait to rip that tux off of you," Amelia said, totally changing the trajectory of their conversation. She couldn't help it though. Thinking about Mackenzie in cute little footy pajamas had oddly turned her on. And not just a little. She could practically feel herself dripping as she thought about getting to the hotel and having her way with her.

Mackenzie must have seen the desire in Amelia's eyes, because she looked back at her with lust burning in her own. "Take your shoes off," she commanded.

"Excuse me?" Amelia had no idea where that had come from. "We need to run."

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Mackenzie was completely out of breath by the time they made it into their hotel room, but that didn't stop her from pushing Amelia up against the wall and kissing her as though it was their last chance. She wanted nothing more than to make love to her wife the entire night, and that's exactly what she intended on doing.

They would slow down eventually. She had no doubt about that. But that's not what she needed right now. Right now, she needed hard and fast. She had been forced to keep her hands to herself all day as Amelia floated around in the world's sexiest dress, and it was completely unfair. Now that they were alone, her hands were going to touch every spot they had been dreaming of touching all day.

"Turn around," she commanded, immediately bringing her hand to the zipper of Amelia's dress and growling as she moved it down and slipped the dress off of her.

For as good as Amelia looked in her dress, she looked a million times better out of it. She was wearing no bra and a skimpy white thong that left absolutely *nothing* to the imagination, which was more than okay with Mackenzie since that thong was going to be removed immediately anyway.

As soon as Amelia stepped out of the thong, Mackenzie ran her fingers through her folds, happy to find that she was already wet. She pushed her harder against the wall and moved a finger inside of her without warning, causing Amelia to scream out in pleasure. Before Amelia could do anything else, Mackenzie switched to two fingers and shoved them deep inside of her. She loved how Amelia screamed out once again and became even more wet. She used two fingers a few more times then switched to three. She wanted to fill Amelia up and feel her come all over her hand. Which is exactly what happened. A few well-timed thrusts was all it took before Amelia melted in her arms.

"That was..." Amelia laughed and shook her head. "Hannah wasn't lying."  $\,$ 

Curiosity peaked. "What did Hannah say exactly?"

"That sex is so much better when you're married. It really is. I think that was the best orgasm of my life."

"It's only going to get better from here, babe," Mackenzie said before picking Amelia up off the ground and carrying her over to the bed.

Once Amelia was lying down, Mackenzie stripped out of her clothes as well, making sure to do it slowly so Amelia could enjoy the show. She lay down next to her and ran a hand through her hair, her body humming and begging for round two.

"Before we slow it down and go again, I need to tell you something." Amelia's smile grew even bigger and it lit up her whole face. "I have a surprise for you."

"What is it?" Mackenzie didn't care if she sounded like a little kid on Christmas. She needed to know what Amelia had up her sleeve.

"Well, you know how we're going to LA for our honeymoon next week?"

"Obviously." Why was she dragging this out?

"Well, it turns out Midnight Konfusion is playing a small show while we're there, and I may have gotten us tickets."

"No way!" Mackenzie almost jumped out of the bed in excitement. Midnight Konfusion was a small indie band that almost no one had heard of, but she was obsessed. Mostly, she was obsessed with the lead singer, Blair Bennett, who was very hot and very gay, but she also had grown to love their music.

Amelia rolled her eyes playfully. "Obviously, *I* would rather see someone like Reagan Moore, but this is for you."

Mackenzie gave Amelia a big kiss on the cheek. She loved this woman so much. "Who knows, babe, maybe Midnight Konfusion will go on tour with Reagan Moore someday, and then we can both be happy."

Amelia patted her on the chest. "Keep dreaming, babe." She didn't have to dream because reality was so much better.

The next day, Amelia and Mackenzie had a post-wedding brunch in one of the conference rooms of the hotel for all of their guests who stayed there. Amelia was so exhausted from their long night that she almost suggested they should skip it, but she knew that wouldn't be right.

She dragged herself downstairs and through the breakfast buffet then took a seat at a table with some of her friends. Sarah gave her a knowing smile. "Someone had a good night."

"It was *alright*, I guess." She winked at Mackenzie as she sat down across from her.

"Alright, huh? I'll remember that tonight."

"Totally kidding, sweetie," Amelia said quickly. She wasn't going to risk missing out on any of Mackenzie's *special favors*.

"You both look nice and sexed up," Hannah said as she joined them at the table. Cecelia nudged her in the side and Hannah rolled her eyes. "Oh come on, you can't tell me sex is a bad word."

Cecelia lifted an eyebrow. "Do you want to explain to the twins what sex is?"

Hannah smiled at Amelia and Mackenzie. "You two look nice and satisfied."

Amelia could tell Cecelia was trying not to smile but couldn't stop herself. "Much better."

Sarah turned toward Elle and squeezed her hand. "I'm going to get more food. Do you want anything?"

"I'm good." Elle watched Sarah walk away then focused her attention on Amelia and Mackenzie. "So, I know you guys just had a huge weekend, but do you happen to be free tomorrow?"

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Amelia bounced up and down in her seat as Mackenzie parked her car in a parking lot close to Boathouse Row. She couldn't help it. She was

so excited about what was about to happen. Or maybe it already had. She looked at her phone to check the time. *12:30 p.m.* 

She wiggled around. "It should be happening *right now*. When did Elle say we could head over there?"

Mackenzie smiled at Amelia, but Amelia could tell she was trying to suppress an eye roll. "12:35. You know that."

"I know, I know. I'm just so excited."

Mackenzie reached over and grabbed Amelia's hand. "It's a big day. That's for sure."

Amelia stared at the clock until it hit 12:35 then immediately unhooked her seatbelt and opened her car door. "Let's go!"

Mackenzie got out more slowly then walked around the car to grab Amelia's hand once again. "Let's walk slowly so we can sneak up and make sure it already happened."

When they were close enough to see Sarah and Elle, Amelia noticed them hugging and then Sarah staring down at her hand. *Oh yeah*. *It definitely happened*. She let go of Mackenzie's hand and started to run. "Meet you over there!" she yelled back at her.

It didn't take her long to reach Sarah and Elle. She immediately picked Sarah up off the ground and spun her around. "Congratulations!"

When she put her back down, she grabbed her hand to check out her newest piece of jewelry. It had a round diamond and plain silver band. It was absolutely perfect for Sarah. "Beautiful. I'm so happy for you."

"So are we!" Kiera screamed as she and Ryann joined them.

They were all talking at a mile a minute when Hannah, Cecelia, and the twins all showed up as well. "Wait a second," Hannah said as she looked around. "Did I beat Maggie here?"

"Absolutely not."

Amelia followed the sound of the voice and found Maggie and Stacey standing off in the distance. Maggie held up her camera as they walked over to join the rest of them. "I was capturing the moment." She grabbed Sarah's hand and took a few close-up pictures of the ring. "Stunning."

"So, I hate to be that person, but any idea how long of an engagement you want?" Stacey asked as she took her turn staring at the ring.

"Actually," Sarah put her arm around Elle's waist and pulled her close, "we'll probably have the wedding within the next six months."

"You decided that in the five minutes it took us to get over here?" Amelia asked with a laugh.

Sarah shook her head and stared at Elle with all the adoration in the world. "We had already decided we wanted to be married this spring so we could start the foster-to-adopt process. I just thought we were going to go to the courthouse or something."

Elle lay her head on Sarah's shoulder and held her tight. "And I, of course, wasn't going to let that happen."

"So, you're saying *The Six Pack* is going to be getting even bigger soon?" Hannah rubbed her hands together in excitement.

Sarah sighed, her smile faltering slightly. "If by bigger, you mean adding my bride, then yes. Unfortunately, I know all too well that the foster-to-adopt process is long and grueling. That's why we want to start it as soon as possible." Her smile came back as she looked around at all of her friends. "I can't believe you're all here for this."

Elle pulled her even tighter up against her. "Of course they are. That's why I waited until now to do it. I wanted you to be able to celebrate with your family."

Amelia could tell Sarah was trying to hold back tears, and she was so happy for her. Sarah really was her family, and now she was going to have an even bigger family of her own. She knew even though Sarah would probably never admit it, it's everything she had ever dreamed of. And nothing made Amelia happier than watching her friends' dreams come true.

*Speaking of which*, Amelia pointed to the camera in Maggie's hands. "What's next for you?"

"I have a few weddings and family sessions coming up." She looked between Amelia and Mackenzie. "I also had a fun idea for you two if you're up for it once you get back from your honeymoon. Have you ever heard of *trash the dress*?"

Oh, hell no. "Unless it's Get the dress a little dirty then take it to an excellent dry cleaner, I'm out. Sorry, Maggie."

Maggie nodded. "I kind of thought that might be the case. I just had visions of you guys in your wedding outfits at the racetrack."

When Amelia saw the way Mackenzie's face lit up at this idea, she knew there was no way she was going to be able to say no. Her mom better have a *very* good dry cleaner on speed dial.

Amelia couldn't believe she had put her dress back on and paid to have her hair and makeup done just so they could get messy pictures at the race track. Except, she could believe it, because she would do anything to make Mackenzie smile, and right now, Mackenzie's smile was wider than Amelia had ever seen it. She hadn't even smiled that big when Midnight Konfusion came onto stage for the first time.

Amelia was also pretty sure Mackenzie had put more planning into this than she had done for their wedding. She convinced the owner of the racetrack, who was luckily an old family friend, to open it for them and had her dad close their shop for the day so they could bring the trailer with her race car in it. Apparently, the plan was to work on it with Amelia. In Mackenzie's words, she was *killing two birds with one stone*.

Maggie waved excitedly as she walked up to meet them in the pit area. She pointed to Ryann who was walking beside her holding a bunch of lighting and other equipment. "Stacey isn't available, so I brought a new assistant with me today. Take it easy on her." She brought her attention to Mackenzie. "You're the mastermind behind all of this, so I'm just going to follow your lead. Do whatever it is race car drivers do, and I'll be here shooting it."

Mackenzie looked to Amelia as if she was searching for guidance, but Amelia was leaving this one up to her. "Let's take it easy on Amelia to start then work our way up to the dirtier activities."

"I hope by dirtier activities, you mean we're going to sneak away and have sex somewhere," Amelia joked, loving the way Mackenzie's face turned red as soon as she said it. "Obviously kidding, babe. Unless, of course, you want to."

Mackenzie cleared her throat then pointed toward the bleachers. "I thought we could start by getting some pictures in the bleachers and the grandstand. Then, you can get some standing in the flag stand, waving this." She pulled a rainbow checkered flag out of the bag she had with her and continued to talk as if that wasn't the coolest thing ever. "Then we can

move on to walking on the track to start getting a little dirty, and once you're comfortable, we'll move on to working on my car. Sound okay?"

Amelia was still stuck on waving the flag. "You mean I can stand up there and pretend I'm the flag-wavy guy?"

Mackenzie laughed. "Yes, babe, you can pretend you're the flagwavy guy."

Amelia had to admit that she actually had a good time with the pictures, especially when she got to wave the flag. The best part was seeing Mackenzie in her element. As much as Amelia didn't want to get her dress dirty, she loved seeing Mackenzie's tux covered in dirt. It was so very her, and that was by far Amelia's favorite thing in the world.

Maggie took a few pictures of Amelia sitting on top of the racecar while Mackenzie was working on it then a few more with her pinned between Mackenzie and the car.

Amelia thought she might have gotten out of the worst of it until Mackenzie looked at her with a huge grin and held up some tool she couldn't even name. "Your turn, babe."

She followed the directions Mackenzie gave her about how to use the tool, and she had to admit it was sexy as hell. By the time they were done, she didn't even care that she was covered in mud and grease that would probably never come out because she knew when they got home they were going to have the best sex of their lives.

As they packed everything up, Amelia caught Ryann staring off into the distance, clearly lost in thought. "A penny for your thoughts," Amelia said as she bumped her hip against Ryann's.

"You and Mackenzie are perfect for each other."

"And?" Amelia knew that couldn't possibly be all that was on Ryann's mind. She was too deep in thought for that to be it.

"And so are Maggie and Stacey and Hannah and Cecelia. And of course, Sarah and Elle."

"And..." Amelia knew what Ryann was trying to get at, but she wanted her to speak it out loud.

"And I want that too. I think I'm finally ready to put myself out there again. I let this whole Gretchen thing keep me down for way too long. I need to realize that's never going to happen and just move on." Amelia pulled Ryann into her arms and kissed her cheek. "Yes! Finally! What can I do? Tell me how to help!"

"Happen to know any single women who like women?"

Amelia thought long and hard but came up short. All of the queer women she was friends with were part of *The Six Pack*. "Aside from your current roomie, no," she said with a laugh. "I can help you make a dating profile though!"

Ryann cringed. "Are you sure that's a good idea? I always kind of pictured myself meeting my soulmate in a more organic way."

"Most people meet their significant others online these days. It's completely normal."

Ryann shrugged. "If you say so. I'm in."

Amelia bounced up and down and clapped her hands together because there was no way she could contain her excitement. She had no doubt this was the first step in Ryann's happily ever after.

*To be continued in book #8: Coming August 1st, 2022!* 

# **Author Spotlight**

#### Morgan Lee Miller

Morgan Lee Miller is the author of <u>All the Worlds Between Us</u>, <u>Hammers</u>, <u>Strings</u>, <u>and Beautiful Things</u>, <u>All the Paths to You</u>, <u>Before. After. Always</u>, <u>The Infinite Summer</u>, <u>The Lonely Hearts Rescue</u> (coming October 2022), and <u>The Hues of Me and You</u> (coming January 2023).

In this installment of Amelia and Mackenzie's story, Amelia surprises Mackenzie with tickets to see Midnight Konfusion on their honeymoon, and Mackenzie mentions how excited she is because Blair Bennett is a hot lesbian. Amelia makes a joke that she would rather see Reagan Moore in concert and that maybe someday the two of them would go on tour together. Blair and Reagan are both characters in Miss Miller's book, Hammer, Strings, and Beautiful Things.

#### Hammers, Strings, and Beautiful Things

Blair Bennett's only twenty-four but already has an impressive résumé. A sought-after songwriter, she's written an arsenal of hit singles for other artists. Now she's ready to conquer the music industry with her own band, and touring with the biggest pop star in the world, Reagan Moore, will get her exactly where she wants to go.

It's a lot harder than Blair expects, especially when she has to cope with the loss of her grandfather. She develops a close bond with Reagan, whose quick wit and easy charm keep her on her toes. As their attraction blossoms, Blair shows Reagan how to have fun again despite her fame, and their impulsive adventures ignite feelings neither can deny.

Everything would be fine, if only Blair could keep it together. But her unhealthy ways of dealing with her grief and her troubled past jeopardize

not only her budding music career but her relationship with the only woman she's ever fallen for.

You can find Morgan Lee Miller on Twitter (@MorganLeeMiller), Instagram (@MorganLeeMiller), TikTok (@MorganLeeMiller) and through her author website.