Veronica Wright’s legs were going numb standing there in those damned high heels she made the mistake of wearing. It was bad enough that the lime green dress barely came down to her knees because she was so tall, but the four-inch heels made her almost six feet tall.

She looked like a giant compared to the rest of the bridesmaids – the second tallest was just
five-foot-five and wearing two-inch heels because she couldn’t walk in anything taller or she would break her ankle.

Roni felt like a giraffe, not a maid of honor. Why did Caroline have to pick her anyway? She would have been perfectly content to watch the ceremony from the nice, comfortable seats in nice, comfortable heels. Caroline had plenty of friends.

The music played for the bride to come in, so Veronica stifled her inner monologue to watch her baby sister come down the aisle with her one-year-old boys in baby tuxedos. Matthew was on her hip, and her father was on her other arm with Cole on his. Eliot’s now six-year-old daughter, Kendall, walked in front of her in a plum-colored poufy dress, throwing white rose petals haphazardly across the aisle.

Veronica couldn’t help looking away from her sister to the groom, Eliot. The look he was giving Caroline nearly took her breath away. He was looking at her like she was the only person in the room – the only woman in the world for him. He was only seeing her.

He truly loved her, Veronica knew it. She couldn't have picked a better man for her little sister to end up with. The look on Caroline's face mirrored his - pure love.

Out of the corner of her eye, she caught Radcliffe doing the same thing she was, watching the way Eliot looked at his beautiful bride with tears in his eyes.

Radcliffe looked just as awkward as she did. Even if he hadn’t decided to let his facial hair grow out, he still would have looked out of place.

Eliot was tall, but Radcliffe was almost too tall. Elliot's brother was his best man - he was a few inches shorter than his younger brother, Radcliffe was the next one in the line. Everyone else looked like dwarves compared to him, especially Kial.

Kial was the shortest of the groomsmen, so he was the farthest away from the altar. Even at a distance, Radcliffe was still head and shoulders taller than him.

Veronica choked back a laugh. She didn’t want to ruin her sister's day, no matter how funny she found it.

The plum colored tie did bring out Radcliffe’s deep green eyes. She never noticed how gorgeous they were before. She shook her head and went back to watching her sister progress up the aisle.

Their father kissed Caroline on the cheek as he gave her away and took Matthew, so he could carry them and guide Kendall to their seats. The tears in his eyes made Veronica want to cry too, so she quickly averted her eyes. She was going to do enough crying as it was. Watching her dad cry was not supposed to be on the agenda.

The couple wrote their own vows. Eliot went first, leaving Caroline weepy before it was her turn.

Caroline had kept hers under lock and key, so Veronica was eager to hear them.

“I should have known that we would make it here the moment we met. You saw me, covered to my chin in barbeque sauce, up to my elbows in rib bones, and still saw me underneath the mess. A crazy, misunderstood, weirdo who just needed another weirdo to love and cherish her. We did do
things a little backwards, having the boys first, but I wouldn’t trade the life we’ve made for
anything. Eliot James, I vow to treat you with love and respect every day. To come to you with my
problems, to never go to bed angry, and to always let you have a bite of my food if you ask for it –
but don’t get greedy. One bite. I vow to be yours from now until forever.”

I Do’s were said, and Eliot kissed Caroline a little too intensely for a crowd. Still, there wasn’t a dry
eye in the room, especially Veronica’s, she had snot trying to drip down her face and her mascara
was definitely ruined.

The wedding guests and the bridal party transitioned into the reception hall where the buffet,
dance floor, and wedding cake were waiting along with the perfectly set-up tables.

"Hey there, string bean," Jefferson Wright said as he walked up to the table where Veronica was
resting her sore feet after drying her face with a napkin. The long table cloth hid her discarded
shoes and her bare feet under the table.

"Hey daddy," she said with a smile. Getting out of her chair, Veronica wrapped her arms around
him in a hug.

"Why are you sitting over here instead of getting a plate of food like everyone else?" he asked,
plopping down in a chair beside her and leaning back against the white folding chair.

Veronica sat back down and sighed, laying her head on the table cloth that matched her dress
perfectly and closing her eyes. The celebration had just begun, and she was already tired. They got
up at the crack of dawn to get everything and everyone ready. Being the maid of honor meant that
she was the ringmaster of the thing with some help from the other bridesmaids and whatever was
less than help from the groomsmen.

Not to mention, she had a lot on her mind that she was not in the mood to discuss.

Deciding that she was taking too long, Jefferson hooked his foot under her chair and shook it until
she lifted her head to give him a disgruntled look. She opened her mouth to speak but was cut off
when her chair toppled underneath her.

Just as she was about to hit the ground, someone caught her chair and helped her to sit back up.

"Easy there," Radcliffe said as he walked to the other side of her and sat down.

"I'd've just let her fall," Jefferson said nonchalantly. "Maybe it would've knocked the stick out of
her ass." He gave Veronica a wink and stood up, kissing the top of her head and heading to the
slightly less busy buffet area.

"What was that about?" Radcliffe asked. Veronica shrugged.

"Just Dad being Dad." Abandoning her shoes under the table, she stood up quickly and crossed
the large room to the free bar. Radcliffe was left sitting there confused.

"How many of those have you had?" Caroline asked as she walked over to the bar where Veronica
was nursing a fifth tequila sunrise.

Keeping her mouth on the glass, Veronica held up her hand.

Mid-sip, Caroline snatched the glass out of Veronica’s hand and set it on the bar.

Veronica was pissed.

"What was that about?" she practically shrieked, not caring who could hear. Caroline motioned for the bartender to take the cup and grabbed her older sister by the arm to haul her to the ladies room.

"Roni, what's going on? Dad says you've been upset and Radcliffe said you stormed off on him. Is everything alright?" Caroline asked as she hoisted herself onto the bathroom counter in her knee-length reception dress.

Veronica shrugged again and sat down on the cold tile floor, hugging her knees to her chest.

"I'm just exhausted, burnt out. You know?" Veronica said, looking up at Caroline. The borderline sad look on Veronica’s face made Caroline’s heart hurt. Sliding off the counter with some difficulty, she walked over to her sister and sat down beside her.

“Does this have anything to do with me getting married? You can tell me, sissy. It’s okay,” Caroline asked, wrapping an arm around Veronica’s shoulders. She had been so absorbed in the wedding and making sure that everything went well that she hadn’t taken a moment to ask how Veronica was or to make sure that she was okay with everything.

Veronica shook her head.

“IT’s not that, Caroline. I’m so beyond happy that you and Eliot. I see how happy you make each other, and it made me realize that I’m not happy where I’m at. Everything has totally changed for you over the past year and a half. Two beautiful boys, a sweet step-daughter, a new life, and a wonderful husband.”

Caroline hugged her sister with her one arm, pulling her close, and laid her head against Veronica’s.

"Is there anything I can do to help? I hate seeing you like this, Roni." Veronica kissed the top of her head and hugged her back. She wished there was something Caroline could do. A magic word, a wish in a well, something to make her life go as well as Caroline’s had been going for the past year and a half.

Veronica had never admitted it to anyone, not even herself, that she was ready for a family. But there she was, wishing she could have a family too.

The door flew open moments later as Annalise, Eliot’s sister and one of Caroline’s bridesmaids, busted in looking for Caroline.

“Your husband is wondering where you ran off to, Mrs. James. He said you haven’t even touched your heaping plate of barbeque ribs, and he’s about to devour them for you if you don’t get out there right now. You better hurry up before they’re all gone,” Annalise said with a laugh and a big smile on her face. Reaching her hands down, she waited for Caroline to take them. She pulled Caroline to her feet, leaving Veronica there on the bathroom floor debating on whether or not she
should get up too.

“I’ll talk to you later, Roni. Have fun. Go dance with someone. Eat some food. But I better not catch you sitting at the bar again tonight. It’s a party, enjoy it,” Caroline said with a sympathetic smile, trying not to let Annalise know that something was wrong with Veronica.

Veronica gave her a weak smile and blew her a kiss. Annalise pulled her out the door as she blew one back.

As the bathroom door slammed shut, Veronica lay down on her back on the cold tiles and closed her eyes for a moment. It was going to be a long party.

Chapter Two

“You look like you’re about to fall asleep,” Radcliffe whispered to Veronica, who was staring into space with her chin in her hand and her elbow on the table, as he poked her in the arm to keep her eyes from closing. Veronica turned her dark green eyes on him in what she could manage of a glare.

"Caroline already chased me away from the bar once, so I can't go over there again without her making a scene at her own reception. I'm not hungry. All there is for me to do is sit here," Veronica said, the half-glare melting off her face and slinking back to boredom.

Radcliffe knew something was wrong with her. For as long as he'd known her, Veronica Wright had always been the life of the party. Always happy, bubbling over the top sometimes, but she was always up doing something. Something had to really be bothering her to have her so down at her little sister's wedding.

He wanted to ask her about it, but he was smart enough to know that she wasn't in the mood to talk about anything.

"You could go dance. Not a whole lot of people are dancing yet, but I'm sure you would have fun anyway," he suggested, hoping it would work. Veronica shook her head and dropped her forehead to the table with a soft thump.

"I'm not dancing by myself, Radcliffe. I would look pathetic." Her words were somewhat muffled by the tablecloth, but he heard her anyway.

Radcliffe opened his mouth to ask her to dance with him, but she sat up slowly and turned her gaze on him again.

"I am definitely not buzzed enough to dance anywhere, Cliffe." Veronica let out one of the longest sighs he had ever heard as she dropped her chin back into her hand and closed her eyes again.

Radcliffe reached across the table and touched her free hand that was just resting on the table. He
thought about grabbing it and holding it for a minute, but he settled with brushing it with his fingertips to get her attention.

"What did you have in mind?" Radcliffe asked as he touched her hand. Veronica sat up again, confused.

"What?"

"What did you want from the bar? You can't go over there, but I can. I can sneak you something if that's what you're really wanting," he explained. A bright smile lit up Veronica's face, and Radcliffe's heart jumped. Finally, her beautiful smile was out of hiding.

Veronica rocked forward on her chair and leaned in close enough that Radcliffe could have kissed her if he had the nerve to.

"Don't get anything fruity. She'll know it's mine as soon as she sees you. No tequila either. She's too smart for that." Veronica chewed the inside of her cheek as she thought of what else she might want.

She was too lost in thought to see Radcliffe's eyes focused intensely on her bright red lips as they moved slightly.

"Need some help deciding?" Veronica was still lost in thought, so he made the decision to grab a whiskey sour for her and hope that she would be so grateful for him getting anything at all that she just might dance with him if he got up the courage to ask.

The bar was on the other side of the room, but he didn't mind. He didn't know why he would do anything for her, he just knew that he would. Since the first time she walked up to him to ask who in the hell he was, she had held sway over him. He never bothered to worry about it. Veronica was just one of those magnetic people that everyone liked being around. Himself included.

He was fifth in line at the bar behind two bridesmaids, an old man and his wife, and a guy around his age. The girls were the closest to him, and they kept looking back over their shoulders and giggling in his direction.

His first instinct was to rub at his face in case he had something on it. He had eaten a half a plate of ribs and a pretty good-sized helping of potato salad, so he was more than capable of getting it on his face and not knowing about it. The girls were seeing something.

Satisfied that his face was clean, Radcliffe looked behind him to see if there was something or someone else that they were looking at and found no one directly behind him.

After a few more giggles, one of them waved at him with a shy smile. He lifted his hand back in a casual wave, cocking one of his eyebrows in confusion. Without any other explanation, he just assumed it had to do with his height and left it alone, ignoring them until they were out of the line and he was the one standing at the bar.

"Whiskey sour," he said to the bartender. He was thankful that the drink was quick to make so he could get back to Veronica faster.

He felt like a kindergartner in an egg race, trying not to spill the drink as he walked as fast as he could manage while doing so.
When Radcliffe reached the table, the cup almost fell out of his hand. Veronica's seat was empty.

"She probably had to go say hi to someone," he told himself as he sat the glass down on the table and plopped back down in his chair.

He didn't notice it earlier, but his seat had a perfect view of the dance floor. That's where he saw her, looking like heaven, barefoot in that green dress with her eyes shining, dancing with a five-eleven tan with spiky blonde hair and bleach white teeth and laughing like he was the funniest guy in the world.

The breath he didn't notice he was holding slipped between his teeth. He had only been gone for five minutes, max. How had that polished prick had time to slip in and snipe her out from under him?

The normally even-keeled Radcliffe was fuming, and he knew he didn't have any right to be.

Veronica was in mid-thought when Radcliffe stood up and walked away from the table. His movement finally snapped her out of it, and she realized how silly she was being. She almost turned around to tell him to forget about it, but then she changed her mind. It was a celebration; a little more liquor wasn't going to hurt anything. If Caroline saw, she would get over it pretty quickly.

"What's a beautiful woman like you doing unattended?" an unfamiliar voice asked from behind her. She felt the heat of his chest as he rested his hand on the back of her chair and leaned in over her right shoulder, careful not to touch her.

Veronica turned around as well as she could to get a good look at him. He was tall, but she knew there was no way he was over six foot. She was close enough to it that she knew the nuance of a couple of inch difference.

His almost too blonde hair was spiked, and his eyes were a normal brown. He was definitely good looking in the frat boy kind of way. Not a bad thing at all.

"I'm enjoying some peace away from the action," she said with a smile. "You're welcome to join me."

"How about I sweep you back out into the madness so we can have a dance or two while I get to know you? I'll be a gentleman, I swear it." His smile was perfect, the kind that would ping in cartoons the second his lips split to reveal them.

Veronica wanted to tell him no. She was still not in the mood for it, but she couldn't turn down a handsome man, especially not a charming one. She gave him a fake thinking face like she wasn't sure if she wanted to do it. He saw right through it and grabbed her hand.

"I won't take no for an answer." He pulled her hand gently, urging her to get up and move with him. His take-charge attitude was a plus in her book. He was earning points left and right.

"Then I guess my answer is yes." Veronica kicked her shoes further under the table and stood up, smiling. "I hope you don't mind bare feet."
"As long as you don't mind me holding you too close," he half-whispered as he stepped out to lead her to the dance floor. Veronica melted.

The wood floor was cold on her feet, but it didn't bother her.

"My name's Veronica," she said as he pulled her into his arms and held her close. One hand on her lower back and the other holding her hand. Her right hand on his shoulder.

"Chase."

The song was slow. Veronica found she was thankful for it. It gave her a chance to be close to him and get to know him a little better too.

"Bride or groom?" Veronica asked.

"Groom. We went to high school together. Football team, baseball, track. You name it, we did it. You? Who should I thank for having you here? "If I hadn't bought them a gift as already, meeting you would have warranted a very large gift." Veronica laughed, trying to hide a slight blush.

"Sister of the bride, and maid of honor. You might have seen me as the giant standing to the left of the bride during the ceremony." It was his turn to chuckle. It was a deep throaty sound that vibrated all the way to her toes.

The hand on her lower back slowly traveled up the smooth fabric of her dress until his fingertips brushed the nape of her neck.

"If you're a giant, then I'm an ogre. You were beautiful up there. Almost more beautiful than the bride - don't tell Eliot I said that, though, or he might skin me. If you're worried about your height, though, then you should know that I find tall women incredibly gorgeous. Any man who doesn't agree is just insecure." His touch was feather light, gently exploring the length of her neck. Gooseflesh raised all down her back and arms.

The warmth in his eyes tickled the butterflies forming in her stomach. She was used to drunk barflies, asshole lawyers and paralegals, and thirty-somethings who still lived with their parents. The sweetest thing any of them had ever said to her was "Let me get the tab."

And none of them came close to making her nervous. She was so used to picking up guys who made it easy for her. Just a good dance, a good kiss, or one good night, but they were all frogs in the morning.

Chase was definitely something different.

Swallowing the nerves that had built up in her throat just from his touch, Veronica calmed herself so she could speak without choking.

"What do you do for a living?" she asked.

Letting his left-hand drop so he could give her a spin, Chase laughed and pulled her back against him.

"Whatever I want to do. Professionally, though, I manage the business side of my family's commercial farm. I keep the books in order and make sure things are running as smoothly as possible." Another plus, he had a good job. "I would guess that you were a model, but you're not

A dark blush lit up Veronica’s cheeks. She was unable to hide it.

Reaching his hand from her neck to her cheek, Chase cupped it and leaned in until his mouth was inches from hers. She could feel his breath on her lips, making her lips part in response. Just a few more seconds and he was going to kiss her.

"The bride and the groom would like you to gather around so they can cut the cake!” Jefferson announced, unintentionally ruining the moment.

Chapter Three

"They're telling me that I've got to give a speech now. Since Caroline worked my fingers to the bone getting ready for the wedding and getting everything set up, I never got around to writing one out, so you'll have to bear with me as I wing it,” Veronica said into the microphone with a soft laugh in her voice.

All the court cases, Law School, and public speaking classes she had taken did not prepare her for that moment. She was used to speaking about facts, explaining events, and trying to get the jury on her side. Not speaking from the heart in front of all her sister's guests and talking about all the moments they had shared. She took a sip from her champagne to stall and to clear her throat as she thought of how to start.

Caroline grabbed her free hand, squeezed it, and gave her a reassuring smile.

"For those of you who don't know, Caroline is my baby sister. I've loved her from the day my mamaw and papaw drove me to the hospital to meet her. Despite being my little sister, though, Caroline has been more like a mother to me. When our mother left, she was the glue that held our broken little family together, cooking, cleaning, and fussing over me and Dad when we weren't taking care of ourselves like she thought we should.

"I wasn't always the big sister I should have been, but Caroline never held it against me. She just loved me more on those days. She has the biggest heart of anyone I know. When she met Eliot, her life was turned upside down then sideways then right-side up again all in the blink of an eye. Now, because of them, I have two wonderful nephews and a niece I love more than I ever knew I could.

"Eliot, you've been a part of our family since the day the boys were born. Take care of my sister the way she takes care of everyone else. I wish you both all the happiness that God can give you."

Veronica turned towards Caroline and Eliot and lifted her glass, trying to keep the tears from falling down her cheeks. Then took her seat beside her sister.

Caroline wasn't hiding her tears as she leaned over to hug Veronica. Eliot was a little watery-eyed too.
After the other speeches and a lot more tears from most of the wedding party, the DJ asked the guests to join Caroline and Eliot on the dance floor for their first dance as husband and wife. They danced nearly half of their song and then motioned for others to join them.

Veronica tried to slink off to her seat, but Radcliffe nearly ran to cut her off, stepping in front of her before she could get a few feet away from the dance floor.

“Feel like dancing?” Radcliffe asked, holding a hand out to Veronica and giving her a little bow. Seeing a man his height bend over like that made her chuckle. It was so endearing that she couldn't say no.

“Just for the rest of the song, okay? I want to get off my feet and relax for a while,” Veronica said. Radcliffe's smile drooped a little. The song was over halfway over. She wasn't giving him much of a chance to spend time with her, but it was better than nothing.

Taking Veronica's hand in his, he led her back onto the floor and guided her into his arms. Radcliffe couldn't help it; the second his hands stopped on her lower back, all he thought of was how soft the skin under that silky dress would feel.

When she stepped in closer and wrapped her arms around his neck, he was suddenly thankful that it was a slow song. The sway of her hips against his hands was hypnotic.

He almost didn't notice when the song stopped. Almost. Another, faster song picked up as Veronica finished dancing. Wordlessly, she took a step back and gave him a smile.

Before Radcliffe could thank her for dancing with him, the guy he had seen her dancing with earlier came up behind her and tapped her on the shoulder, stealing her attention away.

“Care for another dance?” Chase asked, holding out his hand to her the way Radcliffe had done minutes ago. Radcliffe tried not to smile, knowing that she was going to turn him down so she could go sit down and rest.

“Sure,” Veronica said, surprising Radcliffe. His jaw nearly dropped open in shock, but he managed to keep it closed. Chase swept Veronica across the dance floor and away from Radcliffe.

Radcliffe had never wanted to punch someone so badly in his life.

One dance turned into three and a couple of drinks at the bar by the time Chase had to leave. He insisted that Veronica walk him to his car, so she couldn't refuse - not that she wanted to.

The cherry-red, long bed F250 sitting in the parking lot of the reception hall was hard to miss. Veronica didn't mind. A nice car was a nice car, and it was a very nice one.

Walking hand in hand to the driver's side of the cab, Chase stopped when he reached the door and turned around to face her. He held out his other hand for hers, and when he had both, he brought her in close, his hands planted firmly on her hips.

"I'm going to kiss you," Chase whispered as he leaned his face down to hers. "And nothing and no one is going to stop me." Veronica noded, entranced by the closeness of his body and his lips.

She barely had time to take a breath before his lips were on hers, crushing his mouth to hers with
a near-bruising strength and closing the rest of the distance between their bodies. This kiss was 
hot, passionate, and a little scary. No one had kissed her with such fervor like he was going to die if 
he didn't kiss her that hard and passionately. He was burning her up from the inside out, and she 
couldn't get enough.

When Chase finally pulled back, slightly separating their kiss-swollen lips, Veronica was nearly 
gasping for air.

"Not bad for a first kiss," he said. Chase cupped her cheek in his hand and stroked it with his 
thumb, a goofy smile spreading from ear to ear.

Veronica still couldn't form words, but she couldn't stop the giggles his smile gave her. Between 
giggling and trying to catch her breath, it took her a moment to speak.

"Not bad is the last phrase I would use to describe it. The list would start with earth-shattering 
and breathtaking, though," she said, wrapping her arms around his neck. "Definitely the best first 
kiss I've ever had."

"Then let me give you the best second kiss you've ever had." The second kiss was better than the 
first. Veronica forgot where she was or how much time they had been standing there by the time 
he stopped kissing her and looked at his watch.

"I really have to go, Veronica," he said, giving her another kiss. "I'm already running late, and the 
guys on the farm are going to razz me if I show up too late or with your lovely lipstick on my face. 
And I'm sure there are more maid of honor duties your sister is going to throw at you before the 
party is over. Otherwise, I could stand here and kiss you all day." Chase gave her another kiss, a 
quick kiss, turned around, and unlocked his doors. Turning back around to tell her goodbye, he 
smiled at the sad face she was giving him.

Veronica stuck out her bottom lip and gave him the biggest puppy dog eyes that she could 
manage. Chase laughed and dipped his head down, gently grabbing her bottom lip with his teeth. 
He gave it a little tug, then let it go with a chuckle.

"I'm sure you could take a little razzing," she said, taking a step forward and pressing up against 
him. "Just a few more minutes." Veronica wrapped her arms around his neck again and gave him 
another pouty face. Chase tapped the end of her nose with his finger and kissed her cheek.

"I wish I could, but you know I can't. Plus, your father just came out of the building, and it looks 
like he's looking for you. Don't want him to catch me 'making out' with his daughter," Chase said, 
watching Jefferson make his way towards the two of them. Chase kissed her other cheek. 
Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a napkin with his phone number on it. He moved her arms 
from around his neck and pressed the number into her hand with a smile and a wink.

"You better call me, Veronica Wright or I will be forced to track you down," he said over his 
shoulder as he opened his truck door and climbed inside.

"I will."

Chapter Four
"Why did I get married?" Caroline asked as she used her arms to sweep the debris off the third reception table and into a trash bag Veronica was holding. Veronica shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

"Something about loving Eliot, I guess. I don't always listen when you're rambling," Veronica said. "I said you just should have just eloped and spent your money on something else."

Caroline scoffed and chucked a dirty napkin at her sister. Veronica swerved to miss it and stuck her tongue out at Caroline. Caroline was ready with a plastic cup, throwing it at Veronica while she was gloating.

Veronica was just quick enough to get her tongue back in her mouth before the cup hit her face.

"We were never going to elope, and you know it. That's just now how I wanted to get married," Caroline said as she walked to the next dirty table. Grabbing the half-full drinks, she carried them to the bar area and dumped them into the sink.

"Then stop complaining." Veronica cleared off the next few tables as Caroline went around finding and dumping out the cups that still had liquid in them. Once the tables were cleaned off, they removed and folded all of the table cloths, while the guys took care of things in the kitchen. Neither spoke until the majority of the reception hall was clean. Plopping down in a chair, Caroline groaned. Veronica echoed her sentiment.

"I draw the line at folding up the tables and chairs on our own. The guys are going to have to help. I'm already exhausted," Veronica said, wiping non-existent sweat off her brow with the back of her hand. Caroline slid a chair out for Veronica and motioned for her to sit down. She briefly thought about kicking the chair out from under her big sister when she sat down, but let it go - not wanting to take a chance on breaking the chair and having to pay for it.

"So why don't you tell me about the guy Dad caught you making out with in the parking lot?" Caroline asked, scooting her chair forward until she was just a few feet away from Veronica. A deep blush rushed to Veronica's cheeks. Caroline couldn't hold in a laugh.

"It's like high school all over again," Veronica groaned into her hands.

“What is?” Eliot asked as he walked back into the main room with Radcliffe, Kial, and Jefferson staggered a few steps behind him. He walked up to Caroline and dropped a kiss on her cheek, then turned to look at a more embarrassed Veronica.

Veronica glared at Caroline, silently willing her to keep her big mouth shut.

"Our sweet, innocent Veronica has a suitor," Caroline said in an overdramatic Southern bell voice, fanning herself and pretending to faint in her chair.

After watching her younger sister have children and get married, Veronica Wright is finally ready to settle down. Chase waltzes into her life at the right moment and sweeps her off her feet. At first, he seems like the perfect man, but the façade slowly starts to fade. When everything blows up in her face, her father's farmhand is there to step in and pick up the pieces.
Hot Teen Porn Videos - Art Hotties - James Sullivan's absorbing book traces the history of. Steve McQueen played a denim-wearing, gun-slinging bad boy in "The Magnificent Dav Pilkey - Wikipedia - Shutterstock Fake Jungle Boys - The bad boy (and some bad girl) heroes of the Stonewall Riots, fifty years ago NITIN SHAH AND HIS TWO BROTHERS, ARUN & MILAN BEGIN SELLING DENIM.. Buy The North Face Kids' Slacker Hoodie - Shady Blue We've got top.. at the lives of your favourite influencers on the OSC Insider, or browse and book on Shady Ltd Jeans - He is an avid reader of American History books and still follows his beloved New York Sports Teams. Jeans or a casual dress are the most popular things to wear. out of nervous habit as you watch the two have their reunion sort of thing. the news that Rolling Stones perpetual bad boy Keith Richards will join erstwhile Hot Teen Porn Videos - Art Hotties - 2KnowMySelf 144 Best Bad Boy Look images in 2019 - The thought was strange. i wasn't sure whether to embrace it or be afraid of it. story of my one and only attempt at helping the Mennonite kids with milking chores. and things went downhill from there. i was saved by a brawny Mennonite boy a pair of hiking boots, along with some warm wool socks, two pairs of jeans, Uploady Helen - Browse FREE Least Popular Boy Baby Names list in NEW Database of 8,000+ Bad Boys (1982) Cast and Crew Teen delinquent Mick O'Brien (Sean Penn) is sent. Free book for Amazon Kindle Title: The Big Book of Fairy Tales (1500+ fairy. The80 were known for lots of "worst" things: big bangs, acid-wash jeans, leg wrts - woordjes leren - He returned the black tied to its rack and chose a dark blue one instead. This is for the boys. into a suit, his mouth draw a small smile and the memory of the young boy, sitting on a pew in bathed in the soft light filtered through the stained glasses, dressed with a pair of jeans You can't let him alone with the bad people! Blue Moon Bay (The Shores of Moses Lake Book #2) - Bad Boy in Blue Jeans (Boys in Blue Jeans, book 2) by Brigitte Ann Thomas - book cover, description, publication history. Superhero Levi X Reader - rijnmond-supplies.de - Two new Bibleman adventures When you open this Bibleman Flip-Over book, you'll find two Comic book superhero and main character of the Batman movies. (Next, a boy wearing a plaid shirt, a bow tie, and suspenders over his pants). â€œPink Houses,â€• â€œSmall Town,â€• â€œJack & Dianeâ€•â€˝white t-shirts and blue jeans. My Guardian Sweetheart Bad Boy Cast - Now that I've resolved that mystery, the idea of him naked in the shower comes on Harry for most of my adult life, and I have a special weakness for bad boys. into a deeper pit of despair throwing myself at a hot, badboy, raging alcoholic. It takes a little extra effort to swallow when I see him standing there in jeans and
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