

The Marriage Contract – Bonus Black Friday Scene

“Tell me again why we’re up at this ungodly hour?”

“Because it’s what people do on Black Friday.” Callie Sheridan hoisted her purse onto one shoulder and pointed at the car door Micah was currently holding open. “Get in. We’re going to be late.” She checked her watch for the fifteenth time since she’d left the apartment she’d taken to sharing with Teague when they needed some time away. Thanksgiving had gone off better than expected with their splitting time between her father and his men, and Teague’s family. Since his sisters had all but been banished from Boston for the last few months, the entire family had traveled to Connecticut for dinner. They wouldn’t always be able to do that—not once she officially took over the Sheridans.

Her sister-in-law, Carrigan, rolled her eyes. “Not me. I order online like a sane person. Who the hell wants to brave the crowds before dawn to get twenty dollars off a television? That’s insanity.”

Normally, Callie was inclined to agree. Plus, there was a the added risk of a potential threat in any crowded situation, and it had only been a few months since her world almost came down around her. She climbed into the car after Carrigan and shut the door, waiting until the vehicle pulled forward to respond, “This isn’t about a deal. This is about Teague.”

“Yeah, I know. Which is the only reason I’m here.” She seemed to realize how harsh she sounded. “Not that I don’t like hanging out with you, but have I mentioned that I’m never up this early?”

“A time or two. Thank you for doing this.” She and Teague had something special planned for Christmas, but it seemed wrong not to give him an actual present wrapped beneath the tree. This was their first time going through the holidays together, and she wanted it to be perfect.

“What can I say? I have a soft spot for you two.” Carrigan slouched down in her seat, slipped on her sunglasses despite the fact the sun hadn’t risen, and for all intents and purposes seemed to fall asleep.

The trip into New York didn’t take long despite what Callie had feared, and Micah pulled up next to the shop with twenty minutes to spare. As expected, there was already a crowd gathered—the shop had promised vintage punk gear that couldn’t be found anywhere else. She knew Teague was a fan, and with Carrigan by her side, she liked her chances of getting the guitar she knew he’d lose his mind over.

They climbed out into the frosty morning, earning significant side-eye from the group in front of the door. Carrigan looked around, snorted, and said, “Nope. This isn’t going to work.”

Callie barely had a chance to process her words when the other woman marched to the door, scattering people in her wake, and banged on it loud enough to wake the dead. A guy opened it almost immediately, a glare firmly in place. “We open in fifteen.”

“I’ll give you a grand to let me and the blonde in.”

He blinked. “That’s not—”

“Make it two.”

Callie sighed, looking around. If they weren't careful, Carrigan was going to start a riot. She worked her way up to her sister-in-law's side. "Would it be possible to entice you to simply open early?"

"I thought you wanted that damn guitar?"

She smiled at the flustered guy, ignoring Carrigan. "What do you say?"

"Sure lady. Two grand and I open now." He waited until Carrigan handed the money over and shook his head. "Crazy bitches."

"The craziest. Now, get out of our way." Carrigan barely waited for him to clear the door before she swept into the shop, leaving Callie to follow. Despite the insanity of it all, Callie laughed softly. She'd known life would never be the same after meeting Teague, but it seemed like every day brought some new adventure.

I wouldn't change it for the world.