

MY SMOKIN' HOT, OLDER EX-BOSS
NEEDS A FAKE WIFE TO APPEASE
HIS DYING GRANDMOTHER.

And he has his sights set on me.

If I had a penny for every time that happened to me. I'd have... zero.

I know deep down I'll regret it, but he's desperate and I need the cash.

He's number one on my enemies list but number one on the killer-smile-plus-chiseled-abs list.

Pretending to be lovey-dovey with him at a family wedding is painful. Gorgeously painful.

We end the night breathless with our clothes in a pile.

My former self would just blow this joint, forget his woody cologne, and move on with my life.

But the dreaded two little blue lines suddenly change everything.

BAD BOY BILLIONAIRE
DADDY

AN ENEMIES TO LOVERS SURPRISE PREGNANCY
ROMANCE



EVERLEIGH GREEN

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LENA



“*I* don’t know how the hell I let you talk me into this,” I said into my cell phone to my best friend, Callie.

“You didn’t exactly need much persuasion when you heard that one week’s work would bag you a hundred thousand dollars,” Callie reminded me. “And it’s barely even work.”

“I know, but when I agreed to it, it was just an idea. Now it’s real and I actually have to go through with it,” I said.

“Ok, Lena, breathe,” Callie said. “Remember what I said? All the guy wants is a pretend fiancé in public so his family stay off his back and his old grandmother thinks he’s found the one and can die happy. That’s it. He’s not the sort of person who needs to pay for sex. Honest, he’s smoking hot, just your type. You’re basically going to have a nice week in a nice hotel with good food and decent people. And you get paid for it.”

“You’re starting to sound like you regret offering me the job,” I said with a soft laugh.

“Girl I would take your hand off for this one, but you

would never handle the other client. He's ... messier shall we say," Callie said. "Now I have to go. Remember, you're just playing a part like an actress."

Callie ended the call before I could say anything else. I knew she was right, but I was still so nervous. I blamed the wine we drank the other night, three bottles of the stuff between the two of us, for me saying yes to this. I was always the straight-laced girl that played by the rules. I wasn't the sort of girl who dated for money. But Callie made being an escort sound pretty glamorous and if this deal was half as sweet as she had led me to believe it would be then I was all good. For years I had craved being able to drop the miss perfect persona and just be me. Maybe this was my chance to make it happen.

I checked my watch. Five minutes until we were due to meet. This moment was my last chance to back out of this if that's what I was going to do. But I wasn't going anywhere, and I knew it. One week, one hundred thousand dollars, no strings, and no sex stuff? I would have to be mad not to do it. And there was no law to say I had to use the word escort, right?

"Miss Rogers?" a deep male voice said from behind me.

I took a deep, calming breath and turned around and forced myself to smile despite my disappointment. The man behind me must have been almost sixty and although he looked clean and well groomed, he was nothing like my type at all.

And then I could see why this guy was paying for company. Not, as Callie told me because he wanted no strings and no mess, but because this guy would struggle to find a twenty-five-year fiancé that he wasn't paying. I felt as though I could already hear the judgement in his family's voices when I was introduced to them. He might as well just say this is Lena, my gold digger.

“That’s me,” I said, hoping I sounded happier than I felt.

“Please come with me,” he said, returning my smile. “Your plane is almost ready for take-off. We just need to get your luggage loaded and you seated.”

I followed him, pulling my suitcase behind me. He slowed down slightly and took my suitcase from me and then he fell into step beside me. I forced myself to keep looking straight ahead, not wanting him to catch me giving him the side eye and coming up disappointed.

“Alfred?” a shrill female voice called from behind us. He stopped walking.

“Sorry, please excuse me,” he said.

Unsure what to do, I stopped and waited for him.

“When you have finished helping Miss Rogers, could you please go up to the second-floor lounge and take Mr Andrews’ daughter to runway three,” the woman asked.

“Sure,” he said and then we were walking again, and I felt a flicker of relief inside of me.

“You work for the airport?” I asked.

“Of course,” Alfred smiled. “Why else would I be escorting you to your plane?”

Why else indeed I thought. I wasn’t about to admit I had no idea what the man I was meeting looked like and I had momentarily thought it was him. I thought quickly.

“I thought a member of the crew would come for me,” I lied.

“Oh no, they will be doing all of their safety checks at this point,” Alfred said.

We reached a door which Alfred pulled open and gestured for me to step through. I thanked him and I found myself outside. The client’s private plane sat gleaming merely meters away.

“You can board whenever you are ready Ms Rogers. I’ll

put your luggage in the hold. Would you prefer to keep your purse?" he asked.

"Yes, thank you," I said.

I walked to the plane on slightly unsteady legs. I told myself to calm down. There was still every chance Callie hadn't lied to me and this guy was hot. And if she had lied, I was just going to think of the money and smile and get on with it, just like I had when I had thought I was about to be seen as the latest gold digger in someone's family.

I climbed the steps to the plane and a flight attendant dressed in a crisp looking navy skirt and blazer over a white blouse smiled widely at me.

"Hi," I said.

"Good morning," she replied. "Welcome aboard. Mr Summers is waiting for you on the right. Enjoy your flight."

I kept my smile frozen in place, but I felt anything but happy. But no. I knew I was being paranoid. It couldn't be him ... could it? But it was. As I stepped into the aisle, he stood up, his dark brown eyes blazing as he looked at me in undisguised anger.

"What the fuck are you doing here Lena?" he demanded.

RAFAEL



This had to be a fucking joke. When I had told Callie I wanted a professional for this week, I had meant it. And I was paying enough for the week to ensure that's what I should have gotten. If I had wanted an amateur, I would have pulled some girl in a club. But I wanted someone who would play their role without any fuss. And while I had no intention of having sex with the woman, part of the act would be us sharing a hotel room. And I couldn't see Lena being any happier with that arrangement than I was.

I looked at Lena, waiting for some sort of explanation, but she just stood there mute looking back at me. I couldn't help but notice that she was pretty. She had full red lips and full cheeks that made me want to reach out and touch them. Her little nose was a tiny bit too small for her face, but rather than spoil her looks, it added a slight vulnerability to her features that I liked. Her long, straight hair shone, the dark brown color of it making her green eyes stand out.

And her body. What could I say about her body? She had large breasts and curvy hips, the sort of hour glass figure a

lot of women would kill for. I couldn't help but imagine my hands on those hips, her breasts in my mouth. She was dressed casually – jeans, flat black shoes, and a black t shirt – but that didn't make her look any less fuckable.

I cleared my throat, pushing the image away. It didn't matter how good this woman looked, there was no way I could spend a full week with her. She had always rubbed me up the wrong way. She was sarcastic and abrasive, always as cold as ice, and I got the impression she went out of her way to be cold to people on purpose. I could imagine her being some sort of trophy wife, the high maintenance type who pride themselves on being high maintenance and that wasn't something I found even remotely attractive.

"Well?" I demanded, when it became clear to me that Lena wasn't going to answer my question without further prompting. "What are you doing here? I wanted a professional."

Lena held her head up high and smiled at me, but the smile didn't reach her eyes.

"I am a professional," she said. "See my old boss was a complete wanker and he fired me so I had to find a new job quickly. And here we are."

"Yeah, this isn't going to work," I said.

Lena came towards me, some of the casual arrogance gone from her face.

"Look, I need the money, ok? And you need someone who can pretend to like you for a week. Who better than someone who's been doing exactly that for years at work," she said.

"But Lena, you were bad at it," I pointed out. "You think I don't know you didn't like me?"

"No, but you have no idea how much I dislike you. And that was me just doing enough to not openly despise you. It'll be different if I'm actually trying," she said.

"I don't think ..." I started.

“Five minutes until take off,” a voice said from behind me.

One of the cabin crew was approaching us. As she neared us, Lena reached out and picked a piece of imaginary fluff from my shoulder, a strangely intimate gesture. I was about to demand to know what she was doing when she smiled, and this time, the smile lit up her whole face and made her eyes sparkle.

“I can’t wait to meet your family,” Lena said. She clapped her hands in supposed joy. “Especially your sister. I never had a sister, and it will be nice to almost have one. And if she’s anything like you, I just know I’m going to love her.”

The cabin crew member stopped beside Lena and smiled.

“Would you like to get seated?” she said.

“Sure,” Lena said. She looked down at me. “Are you moving over or am I taking the window seat?”

“There are like twelve other seats,” I pointed out.

“Yes, but none of those are next to you,” she said. She rolled her eyes and smiled at the cabin crew member. “Honestly. Who said romance is dead huh?”

“Ah but he’s cute so that makes up for it,” the cabin crew member laughed back.

I rolled my eyes and moved over. Lena sat down beside me and fastened her seat belt and then she took my hand in hers and absently rubbed her thumb over the back of my hand. I tried to ignore the way her hand felt in mine, the way my skin tingled where it touched hers. Shit. Maybe she was a professional after all.

“My name is Helen,” the cabin crew member said. “Once we’re in the air, if you need anything, just let me know. Otherwise, your meal and drinks will be served approximately twenty minutes after take-off. Is that ok?”

I nodded my head and she moved away, and I pulled my hand away from Lena’s.

“What was that?” I asked.

“Call it an audition,” she said. “And don’t tell me it didn’t work, because even you were buying it at one point when you told me there were other seats, not demanded I get off the plane.”

I sighed. She had a point. She had drawn me into the role she was playing, and she had more than fooled Helen. But could she keep it up all week? I had very little choice but to let her try it. It was Lena or no one at this point.

“Fine. The job is yours. But one fuck up Lena, one person who suspects it’s all a sham, and that’s your fee gone,” he said.

Lena considered this for a moment.

“Your grandmother,” she said finally.

“What about her?” I said.

“If your grandmother suspects this is a sham, then you don’t pay me. She’s the one you care about and if I agree to just anyone suspecting something, all you have to do is come clean to a trusted friend and have them doubt us and boom, my pay is gone,” she said.

I smiled despite myself.

“I like the way you’re thinking Lena. Maybe this can work after all. You’re on,” I said.

I held my hand out and Lena shook it and again, I ignored the tingling sensation where our palms touched. It looked like we were about to do this for better or for worse.

* * *

I WAS ONCE MORE REGRETTING AGREEING to this. After Lena did her little show on the plane, she barely spoke another word to me. Don’t get me wrong, I didn’t particularly want to talk to her either, but I was concerned that she wasn’t going to be able to put herself into this role completely. And it wasn’t just on the plane that she ignored me. When we landed and got off the plane, she was all smiles and thank

you to our driver who loaded the luggage into the trunk and held her door open for her, but I might as well not have been there. She still didn't speak a word to me.

My concerns were growing with each mile we drove, until finally, we pulled up at the hotel where all of the wedding events would be taking place. I had, by that point, pretty much decided to call the whole thing off. I opened my mouth to tell Lena that, but she was already on her way out of the car. I sighed and got out myself and before I had a chance to speak to Lena, my parents appeared in the doorway to the hotel. Wonderful.

They came towards us as the driver unloaded our luggage. My mom pulled me into a hug, and I hugged her back.

"Hi mom, how's things?" I said.

"Good," she smiled. "It's so nice to see you. And who is this?"

She released me and turned her focus to Lena. I swallowed hard. This was it. Lena was going to ruin this whole thing. Was she just going to come out and tell my mom I had paid her to be my girlfriend? Or was she going to be the moody bitch she had been all of the way here?

As it turned out, she was neither. She smiled, the one that lit up her whole face, and embraced my mom. They air kissed each other's cheeks and Lena acted like she had been doing that her whole life. Maybe she had. I wouldn't know.

"Mrs Summers," Lena gushed. "It's so nice to meet you. Rafael has told me so much about you. I'm Lena."

"Ah well then I am on the back foot," my mom said. She swatted at my arm. "Because Raf here has kept you all to himself. He has been all very mysterious. He wouldn't even tell me your name you know; he just said he was bringing his girlfriend and that I would like you."

"Well, I hope that much is true," Lena smiled. She

gestured down at herself. "And please don't think I thought this was an appropriate outfit in which to meet you. I thought we would have time to get to our room and change first."

"Nonsense," my mom exclaimed. "You look lovely. Doesn't she look lovely Harry?"

My dad, used to my mom's exuberance and happy to stay quiet for the most part, nodded his head and smiled.

"Yes," he agreed. "Nice to meet you, Lena."

"And you, Mr Summers," Lena said.

"Now no more of that Mr and Mrs Summers nonsense, you hear me?" my mom said. She linked her arm through Lena's and began to lead her inside. "I'm Sofia and this is Harry. Come along and grab a drink and meet the others. Harry, can you have a porter come and collect their luggage and get them checked in?"

"Oh no, I need to change first," Lena said.

"Nonsense," my mom said, her word of the day it seemed. "You look just fine. We're only going to have one quick drink in the bar."

Lena gave in graciously and allowed my mom to lead her away. I followed my mom and Lena down a corridor as my mom chatted away and asked Lena the occasional question which she answered fully and with interest. I found myself starting to relax a little bit. Lena was good at this, and if she wanted to turn off the charm and ignore me when we were alone, I could live with that. In fact, now I had seen her in action and knew she could turn it on and off like a tap, I would welcome it.

We reached the bar and my mom and Lena entered followed by me. There were a few people sitting at the tables, but overall, the bar was pretty quiet, and I instantly spotted the table my family were sitting at. There was my grandmother and Sammy, my sister, and of course my niece, Eve.

Bradley, Sammy's husband to be wasn't there and I realized that his side of the family weren't there at all. It must have been some sort of a bride thing. I don't know. To be honest, I don't really care. I loved my sister, don't get me wrong, but I remembered when weddings lasted a day and that was more than enough. Now we have to be here for the week and get involved in all kinds of shit I would rather avoid having to do. Weddings weren't really my thing. Sue me.

The irritable feeling inside of me went away a lot when my grandmother got up from the table and came over to me. She pinched my cheeks which really should have embarrassed me and if it had been anyone else doing it, it would definitely have been embarrassing, but my grandmother could do pretty much anything to me and I would be cool with it.

"Darling boy," she said, smiling and pulling me in for a hug. "It's been too long. You know, one of these times, you'll leave me abandoned and when you come and see me, you'll find me dead."

"Don't be so melodramatic, Grandma," I said, laughing. "I only saw you last Tuesday. It's not even a week ago."

"I know," my grandmother agreed. "But you should have seen the look on that poppet's face when I was talking."

I realized she meant Lena and I had to admire the fact that my grandmother had almost given her another reason to hate me. My grandmother beckoned to Lena who stepped forward and smiled.

"It's a pleasure to meet you," Lena said.

"Ah, don't be so sure about that now," my grandmother said with a wink. "You might find I'm a cranky old thing."

"Well, that you are mother," my dad put in, joining us around the table. "But we love you anyway."

My grandmother shook a fist at my dad and then laughing, she hugged Lena. While they were hugging, my father

gave me our key card for our room. I glanced at it. Room five nineteen.

“Welcome to the family dear,” my grandma said, releasing Lena and smiling warmly at her. “You feel like one who might stick around.”

I felt instantly guilty when she said that, but at the same time, I felt relieved that my plan seemed to be working. My grandmother was in her early nineties and while she seemed to be as fit as she had ever been, I knew how quickly someone that age could go downhill, and I wanted her to think I had someone. She had always dreamed of the day I met a nice girl and settled down and I wanted her to think I had done just that.

“That’s the plan,” Lena said, smiling at my grandmother.

“Grandma, this is Lena,” I said. “Lena, my grandmother, Evelyn.”

The two women smiled at each other again and then as my grandma returned to her seat, I introduced Lena and Sammy to each other. They smiled and exchanged pleasantries and then Eve surprised everyone by holding her arms up to Lena to be picked up. Lena didn’t hesitate. She scooped Eve up and plonked her on her hip and began cooing over how cute she was.

“I can’t believe it,” Sammy said, shaking her head in wonder. “She’s usually so clingy. She’ll only go to us, Bradley, and his parents and that’s about it. She won’t even go to my best friend, her godmother, like that.”

“You must be a natural,” my mom said, smiling at Lena and pulling out a chair for her to sit down.

Lena sat down and thanked her, sitting Eve on her lap.

“Do you have children of your own Lena?” Sammy asked.

Lena shook her head.

“No,” she said. “To be honest, I never really wanted children.”

I cringed inside as my family all went quiet and then Sammy broke the silence.

“Oh, you and Raf might not be the best match then. He wants at least four don’t you, big bro?” she said.

I didn’t get a chance to respond before Lena laughed and nodded her head.

“Oh, believe me, he made it known it was a deal breaker. And I have to admit I’ve come around to the idea. I think before I always thought I didn’t want children because I hadn’t met anyone I could see as being a father to my children. Until I met Rafael.”

She turned and smiled at me and squeezed my hand. I returned the smile, relieved that she had turned the situation around so effortlessly. She really was good at this. Maybe even better than Callie.

My dad went up to the bar and came back a few minutes later with an ice bucket and a bottle of champagne. The bar tender followed him with a tray full of champagne flutes. We all took a glass and the bar tender poured the drinks for us and then we toasted to Sammy and Bradley and the start of their life together.

The conversation flowed almost as quickly as the drinks and somewhere along the line, Bradley and his parents joined us and then Melissa, Sammy’s best friend and her maid of honor and Liam, Bradley’s best man. The other bridesmaids and groomsmen weren’t there yet, and I silently wondered how the hell they had gotten out of it, and I hadn’t.

I hadn’t realized how late it had gotten until my mom announced that she was starving, and I saw that it was after nine o’clock. We decided no one really wanted to go and get changed at this point and so rather than go through to the restaurant, we ordered bar meals and stayed where we were. Once we finished eating our food, we were soon back to

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