## A Deal With The Billionaire Playboy Author: Bookish Girlie

## 01

Willow

The coffee shop is packed.

Way more packed than it needs to be on a Sunday afternoon. What happened to church?

I'm waiting in the long line, smothered by the litter of other people waiting to be attended to when the 'baby shark' song blares through the room.

Inwardly, I cringe. Trying my best to bite back the swell of mortification, I pull the roaring device out of my purse, pressing the silence button on the side.

Ugh.

I make a mental note to change that.

And no, I didn't just wake up one morning and decide I'd love to have the kids tune alert me every time I get a call or notification, but that's what happens when one looses a bet to Kenzo Wesley. I love my boyfriend, lord knows I do, but in all the years we've been together, I've lost every single one of our random little bets, forgive me if I'm bitter about how the bastard always wins. People shoot me weird glances, but I shrug them off, moving further up the line. I missed the

call, staring at my phone screen, my mouth twists, realizing it was from an unknown number. "Your order, miss?"

The cashier drags my attention away. "Oh, a caramel iced coffee to go please."

Just as I'm about to dial the number back, my phone pings with an SMS.

Make your way to room 506, Glazier Hotels. Kenzo has a surprise waiting for you. He needs

Hello Willow,

you there right away.

Oh, Kenzo. He knows how much I hate surprises, but for some reason, he always wants to

My cheeks warm.

make a big deal out of the littlest things. I act like it aggravates me, but deep down, I love how much he cares. And how much effort he always puts into his gestures. I reminds me of the year prior, when we went on our vacation to the Bahamas. He'd said it

was nothing, I was complaining so much about how my work had been stressing me out, so

he thought we could take a little break. That's all it was to me, but I ended up coming back home a week later announcing our engagement. My teeth worry my bottom lip. It could be nothing, really. But with Kenzo? Anything is possible. For all I know, the man could have a Priest and an officiant waiting to seal the deal

by the time I arrive. I take my order, pay, then make my way out of the busy coffee shop. I have no idea whether or not I should change. It's been a long day, and it's barely even three pm. I'm wearing nothing but a pair of grey sweats and a cropped t-shirt. My hair is piled in a mess of brows curls atop my head. I'm not sure if I want to be caught on camera looking this

scraggly. It might be nothing, hell, this might just be an exaggerated booty call. But I'm not willing to risk it. The last thing I need is a scathing call from my dad about how I'm staining his image by letting pictures of me not looking my absolute best touch the headlines. And best believe, they would.

Dad is no joke around Boston, his reputation precedes him. Therefore, it preceded my entire family as well. I wouldn't want to be on the receiving end of the old man's wrath.

wheel as I smile to myself.

That settles it. I'm juggling the items in my hand while walking on the busy street, trying to dig my keys out of my purse. Once I'm in my car, I make my way to the closest high end

boutique in sight, opting for a casual fitting dress. I pair the outfit with a simple pearl necklace stored in my glove compartment, one of Kenzo's expensive gifts to me. I'm giddy, my entire body thrums with excitement. The drive to the hotel isn't long, half an hour maybe, but in the short minutes, I let my mind wander, my fingers curling around the

Once I make it to the Hotel entrance, I hand my car off to the valet, impatiently trotting up the concrete steps. I keep an eye out for any loitering cameras, if Kenzo used a third party to get that message to me, the person could have leaked it to the press for all I know, it's any

easy way to make a lot of money. But the coast is clear. Good. Room 506 It's on the seventh floor.

The soles of my brand new heels click on the linoleum tiles as I walk across the hallway.

You need a key card to grant you access into the rooms, but the door of room 506 is already blinking green, unlocked. I school my features, resting my hand on the doorknob, taking in a deep breath before pushing it open.

drops to my toes.

to my knees on the spot.

"Kenzo!" She moans.

And then I hear it. I hear them. Her moans carry through the otherwise quiet room, breathy and full of pleasure. My heart

Beth? My Beth?

"Fuck, Beth," Kenzo groans, "You're so warm. You feel so fucking good."

My steps quieten, I walk further into the room, halting at the sight in front of me. It's a face

wall.

full of his bare ass, flexing as he thrusts into her. Her hands tighten on the sheets, legs wrapped tightly around his waist.

watching them. They're fucking, enjoying themselves, and it feels like I've forgotten how to breathe.

They're so lost in the pleasure of what they're doing that they haven't even noticed me

My best friend and my Fiance. In bed. Together. It takes everything within me not too drop

I need to get out of here. My feet move on their own, darting back out the way I came. I press a hand to my mouth, trying to muffle the sob that breaks free.

image out of my memory and never see it again. But I cant, I cant do any of that. I can barely see a thing, my vision blurred with tears as I trudge through the lobby, making my way out of the hotel.

How could I have been so stupid? How long has this been going on? How long have they

I'm lost in thought, in grief, not paying attention to where I'm heading till I bump into a

It's hard to believe it, every inch of me wants to refute what I just saw, to deny it, to burn the

No, a person. I stumble back a couple feet, the figure doesn't even budge. Wiping at my eyes, I mutter out

a broken apology, tilting my face to meet the eyes of the person in front of me. I look up...

and up, he's standing at a little over six feet, cold grey eyes already pinned on my tear

streaked face. Luciano Roman.

been sleeping together, right under my nose.