

# The Billionaire's Secret Wife

## Chapter Twenty-Five

The singer's voice soared as she sang "Cheek to Cheek." The orchestra provided a romantic accompaniment.

The ivory hall was full of great food, drink and fresh flowers. In the center was a champagne fountain surrounded by ten layers of plumerias in full bloom. Liveried servers milled around with silver trays, making sure no guest went without the proper libations. Even though everyone in Vanessa and Justin's social circles had wanted an invitation to the reception, she'd chosen to keep the event on the smaller side, with only the people who mattered most to them—their friends and family.

Vanessa had quit her job soon after the accident. Working ridiculous hours for clients chosen for their ability to pay the most money no longer appealed, even if it meant she'd never be a partner. Better to start doing something meaningful with her life. She'd told Justin about her non-profit and her wish to be actively involved in it. Without hundred-plus hour weeks, she would finally be able to give it the attention it deserved. He'd offered to fund it, but that had ended up being unnecessary. Not when Gavin Lloyd had been managing its assets. She'd heard that he had the Midas touch, but the amount of money currently in Just and Proper Help's coffers was almost beyond her ability to comprehend. And it was all hers to help those in need.

Vanessa and Justin swayed to the song. Others came onto the dance floor, and Barron showed off some surprisingly fancy steps with Stella Lloyd.

Vanessa was almost into her second trimester, but she didn't show much, not with the white empire-waist dress she was wearing.

"This is exactly how it should've been done from the very beginning," Vanessa whispered into Justin's ear as he expertly led her. "I should've never try to hide our marriage."

"You had your reasons." Justin grinned. "Only two things matter now."

"What?"

"One, our baby is doing well."

She had to agree with that. "And two?"

"That you're mine."

She couldn't help but smile. "I love you."

He took her hand and laid it over his heart. "I love you."

## Epilogue

The man stood out on the sand, feeling the gritty scrunch under his toes. The weather was getting hot now—too hot, really—but he didn't want to stay inside the beach house.

He couldn't remember his name, but somehow he knew the house's security code. It still astounded him that no one had tried to stop him from using the credit cards in the wallet he'd found in his pocket. They all bore a name he didn't recognize, but—somehow—they were his. And so was the U.S. passport; there had been no trouble using it to go through customs in several different countries.

In the last few months, he'd visited the places he'd found stamped in the passport, hoping that something would jog his memory. Nothing did, but then

again he couldn't exactly walk around asking people for help. He apparently had a lot of money—it was obvious from the kind of clothes in his bag and the treatment he received at airports and hotels. If he admitted that he couldn't remember who he was, he'd become a target.

Five men walked toward the beach. He watched them, wondering who they were. They didn't look like locals. They were white, fit and had the hard look of professionals. There was a housekeeper who called him "mister," but otherwise nobody had come to the place in the time he'd been there. A cold frisson of warning tingled at the back of his neck.

"Shane Pryce?" one of the men said.

Maybe. "Who are you?"

"Dane sent us."

"Who's Dane?"

"Your brother. It's time you come home."

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