

Chapter 71

PRESENT

[Vivienne]

By the time our flight lands at Lynden Pindling International Airport, Rosita and I are thoroughly rested and incredibly excited.

Since Rosita planned this vacation all on her own and kept it a surprise, I don't even bother asking what kind of resort or hotel she might have picked.

Rosita flashes me a grin as we exit the plane, her designer shades perched perfectly on her nose. "Ready to get spoiled rotten?"

I laugh, adjusting my own sunglasses. "I was born ready."

As we step outside, the tropical air hits us—warm, humid, and carrying the faint scent of saltwater. A private car is waiting for us, the driver holding a sign with our names on it. We slide into the backseat, and Rosita pops open a bottle of champagne from the minibar, pouring us both a glass.

"To paradise," she toasts, clinking her glass against mine.

"To paradise," I echo, taking a sip. The champagne is crisp and cold, the perfect start to what I'm sure is going to be an indulgent getaway.

The car eventually pulls up to the entrance of a sprawling, ultra-exclusive resort. It's the kind of place where privacy is guaranteed, and the service is impeccable. A bellhop is already there, opening the door for us as we step out onto the pristine pathway leading to the main building.

"Not bad, Ro," I say, raising an eyebrow as I take in the grandeur of the place.

"Just wait until you see the suite."

We're whisked away to our penthouse, and when the doors open, I'm blown away. The suite is massive, with floor-to-ceiling windows that offer a breathtaking view of the ocean. There's a private infinity pool on the terrace, and the interior is decked out in the finest décor money can buy.

"Okay, you've outdone yourself," I admit, setting my bag down.

She shrugs, though she's clearly pleased with herself. "I thought we deserved a little something extra, don't you think?"

Room service brings us another bottle of champagne and a lavish lunch, complete with fresh fruits, lobster, and chilled shrimp. We relax on the terrace, soaking up the sun and sipping on mimosas as we devour every last bite of the decadent feast.

"So, what do you wanna do next?" Rosita asks as we finish lunch. "Shopping? Dancing? Drinking?"

I grin, taking a sip of my champagne. "How about all of the above?"

"Sounds good to me!" she laughs. "Let's go, then."

We hit the designer shops and boutiques in the heart of Nassau, loading our arms with bags full of designer labels. The atmosphere is festive, the music is blasting, and the locals are welcoming.

"Oh, my God, Viv, we HAVE to go to this music festival," Rosita says as

she holds up an event poster for me to see. "It looks like SO much fun! They even have a pool party at the beach."

I examine the poster, then glance back at her with a knowing grin. "Looks exciting."

"Hell, yes!" she whoops.

"I thought we were going to hit the bed after this? Don't you need to rest?"

"Yeah, we can do that. After we get drunk and dance the night away," she screams and then drags me to the next shop.

After shopping until the sun begins to set, we head back to the penthouse to get dressed up for the festivities.

"You know, we really should go to a spa here," I suggest as I apply makeup.

"Are you saying you're already tired of all this fun? Come on, we can go to a spa once we get back. We came here for a reason, remember?"

"Alright, alright." I wave her off, knowing she's right.

Five minutes later, Rosita steps out of the bathroom, and I gasp when I see her outfit. She's wearing a bright blue and white minidress that shows off her toned legs and makes her look even hotter than usual.

"Wow, Ro, you look amazing!"

She smirks. "You think? I picked this outfit to get laid tonight."

"It's perfect," I say, grinning. "You're definitely gonna turn some heads."

"Great. Maybe I can hook up with someone. I'm overdue for some action, you know?"

"You'd better be careful," I say, laughing as I head to the bathroom to change into my outfit. "Don't wanna catch something nasty."

When I walk back out of the bathroom, wearing my own sexy outfit—a strappy black dress that hugs my curves just right—Rosita lets out a low whistle.

"Damn, girl. If you weren't my bestie, I'd be all over you right now."

I shake my head, adjusting the straps of my dress, feeling the smooth fabric against my skin. "Well, Ro, if I ever decide to switch teams, you'll be the first to know."

We both laugh as she tosses her hair over her shoulder.

"Alright, let's go raise some hell," she cheers, rushing out of the room.

I laugh and follow her, grabbing my purse on the way and locking the door of our suite.

We take the elevator to the first floor, but just as the doors open, I realize I left my phone on the bed.

Before I can tell Rosita, who's already rushing out, the doors almost close, and a man slips through the gap and slams right into me.

Out of nowhere, a wave of déjà vu hits me like a truck.

And the fact that I know this man makes me wonder if I'm losing my damn mind.