
The Tycoon's Make-Believe Fiancée

By Elizabeth Lennox

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Chapter 1

Royston Carmichael stared at the woman who had just entered his office, not believing his eyes. "Wyndi?" he whispered hoarsely, completely poleaxed by the presence of the blond woman. And then his fury exploded. "Is this some kind of a joke?" he demanded, his hands fisting at his side. "I don't know who you are, but my sister is dead! So whatever game you're playing..."

Wyndi couldn't believe what she was hearing. And the pain in her brother's eyes was very real, desperately raw. She stepped forward carefully, her eyes gentling as she tried to reach her brother. "Royston, it isn't a game. It's me. Wyndi."

He glared down at the tiny woman who looked startlingly, hauntingly similar to the little sister he'd tried to protect so many years ago. But it was impossible. "My sister died of pneumonia," he growled, furious that anyone would try such a horrible trick. "The case worker told me my sister died. You're going to have to leave. Now!" he almost shouted.

Wyndi shook her head. "They lied, Royston. I didn't die." She hesitated for a moment. "Think about it. Was there even a funeral?" She waited a moment, letting that question sink in. Wyndi's smile brightened. "I've been looking for you for years, Royston. I promise you, I didn't die and I am here and healthy." She could tell that he was listening, but the tension in his shoulders was too strong. She could see that he was holding himself back, just like he'd done when they were kids.

"You're not going to win this one, Royston," she laughed, immediately understanding his tactics. "Mom and Dad used to laugh whenever you pulled this on them. Remember when you wanted to join the junior football team and they said no? It was too dangerous for you?" she prompted. "You stood in the kitchen while mom pulled the cookies out of the oven, your shoulders all tense, like you were about to go into battle. But Dad stepped in front of you, put a hand on your shoulder and told you that you could do soccer instead of football." She watched waiting for some reaction. "And at their funeral..." She paused as the emotions choked off her words, but suppressed the sadness that sprang up. She had to finish, had to prove that she really was his sister. "At their funeral, you did the same thing, trying to hold back the tears and be strong for me..." She couldn't finish the sentence because she was swept up into a hug, her brother's arms lifting her up into his strong arms while he buried his face in her hair.

"They told me you'd died! If I'd known you were still alive, I would have found you! I would have protected you!" She felt the shudder as his emotions rocked his body, and she held him close, trying to ease the pain he was feeling.

She wrapped her arms around his shoulders, almost giddy with relief and happiness that she'd finally found him. And that there was a perfectly good explanation for why he hadn't searched for her. "Royston, it's okay. You don't have to feel bad – it was so long ago. And I'm doing great now! I'm just so happy to be with you now. I've been searching for you for so

long!” Royston might be holding back the tears, but she let them fall freely, overjoyed to have finally found her brother.

Royston held the slender woman in his arms, feeling her tears against his cheek, and he pulled back. Setting her down on her feet, he looked down at her, taking in how gloriously beautiful she looked. And happy! Damn, she looked happy! “What happened to you? I didn’t believe them at first,” he told her, thinking back on those painful years after their parents had died. He’d been so furious that anyone would try and separate the two of them, and disgusted with himself for not being strong enough or smart enough to put food on the table for her. He’d failed as her big brother, but never again! “I kept running away from the foster homes they put me in, determined to get back to you. They probably told me you’d died just so I’d stop trying to find you.”

Which was no excuse, he thought silently. “Are you okay? You’re going to have to tell me everything. I lost track of you after we were separated, but I promise you, I kept trying to find you!”

Tamar stepped forward, gently touching his wife’s shoulder. “We have that appointment,” he reminded her.

Wyndi bit her lip, not sure what to do. She had to meet with this doctor, but she wanted to stay with her brother.

“What appointment?” he demanded, instantly concerned. “What’s going on?”

Wyndi smiled gently. “It’s nothing,” she assured him, putting a hand on his arm. “I just have a…”

“Who is this guy?” he demanded, turning to face the man who dared to touch his baby sister. “What the hell are you doing to Wyndi?”

Tamar relaxed, amusement shining in his eyes. “I am her husband. And she has an appointment that she cannot miss. We stopped by here first to…”

Wyndi stepped in at that point, not wanting to hurt her brother with the news that they hadn’t been sure of his reaction. “Tamar is taking me to see an obstetrician,” she explained, her eyes darting between the two men she loved. “Tamar specifically set up this meeting with you before my other appointment, just in case.”

“Just in case of what?” Royston demanded, putting an arm around her shoulders protectively.

Tamar stepped in when his gentle, kind wife hesitated. “We weren’t sure why a man of your means hadn’t searched out for his sister,” he explained. “So I ensured that, if you were to reject her for any reason, she would have something happy to go to next. Hence, our first visit with her new obstetrician. She will hear our son’s heartbeat in less than thirty minutes.”

Wyndi's heart melted at the sweet, caring gesture of her husband. He was always trying to protect her from anything, both physical and emotional. She reached out and touched his hand, silently telling him how much she loved him.

Royston took in a deep breath and squeezed her shoulders gently. "You're going to be a mom?" he asked reverently.

Wyndi nodded, her hand automatically coming up to cover her still-flat stomach. She wasn't showing, was actually only a few weeks pregnant. But Tamar was insisting on getting her checked out, just to make sure she was okay and the baby was healthy.

She looked up at her brother, concern etched on her face. "Royston, are you okay? Are you happy?" She reached out and touched his shoulder again. "Do you have someone in your life that makes you feel good?"

Royston chuckled at the further evidence that this was indeed his baby sister. She had always been concerned about his moods, telling him silly, kid jokes when he looked irritated or sneaking him cookies when he'd gotten in trouble for one reason or another. "I'm happy now," he told her, taking her hands. "Will you come back after your appointment? I want to hear what you've been up to, what you've done with your life."

"Of course." She smiled brightly, so excited she could barely contain her happiness. She reached up and touched his cheek. "Are you happy though? Are you genuinely happy? I've been so worried about you. I saw a few pictures online and you don't look very happy," she said softly.

Royston threw back his head and laughed. "My sister has just come back from the dead and I've been told I'm going to be an uncle in a few months. What could be wrong?"

She bit her lip, still not convinced. "But all the women," she said softly. "You don't look happy with them at all."

Royston chuckled and squeezed her fingers. "I'm very happy," he told her firmly. "In fact, I've found the love of my life and we're getting married soon." It was a complete lie, but he didn't care when the worry from his sister's face instantly cleared away.

"Wow! I get my brother back and a sister in law!" She was almost jumping with excitement. "When do I get to meet her?"

"Tonight," he said without thinking. "Have dinner with me tonight and you can meet her but you'll have to tell me everything that's happened to you over the years. Deal?"

Wyndi laughed, delighted. "It sounds perfect!"

"We have to go," Tamar urged gently.

"I'll see you tonight," Royston said, seeing the indecision on her lovely face.

Since she needed to reassure Tamar that she was going to be okay throughout this pregnancy, she relented even though she didn't want to leave her brother just yet. "Okay. Tonight over dinner, we'll catch up. Sounds perfect!"

Royston watched the couple leave, his mind going through all of the issues he'd have to deal with now that he'd found out his sister hadn't died all those years ago. His sister! Damn he couldn't believe that she was still alive! He was thrilled of course, but the guilt that had been gnawing at him ever since he heard that she'd died wouldn't give him peace, even though she looked happier than he'd ever thought possible.

He didn't have time to deal with that guilt now though. He had things to do. First and foremost, get a more detailed background check on this Tamar guy. If his baby sister was married to him, Royston wanted to make sure that he was worthy of her. No way was he going to let her be hurt again!

After hanging up the phone with his security chief, he felt confident that he would have a more thorough report in a few hours from his team.

Happy. He chuckled at the way her sweet, blue eyes had looked up at him. She wanted him to be happy. Yes, that was the Wyndi he remembered. She'd always been so concerned about him, when she wasn't trying to get into his business. Shaking his head at some of the ways she'd irritated him, he couldn't believe what a beautiful woman she'd grown into.

Happy. Damn! Happy? Hell, if his baby sister wanted him to be happy, he'd damn well prove to her that he was happy.

Now he just had to find a fiancée. And he had to figure out how to be happy. How the hell did one become happy?

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Excerpt from "His Captive Lover", book one in the four book Thorpe Brothers Series

Autumn looked at the list, her eyes casually skimming down the cases. When her eyes caught one name in particular, she looked again, shocked and not believing her eyes. When she looked one more time, she gasped, still not sure she believed that this name was on this particular list. Sure enough, the name hadn't changed when she refocused.

Panic filled her and she looked around, wondering what she could do. This couldn't be happening! Of all the names that might have popped up on the court's docket roster, this one was the only one that Autumn never would have expected.

"Ash!" she whispered, suddenly knowing exactly what she needed to do.

Running down the stairs then through the long hallway, she burst into the office on the left corner. The large, intimidating man sitting behind the steel and glass desk seemed to be the day's super hero, at least when it came to this impossible situation. "Help!" she cried out as she burst into his office, not even bothering to knock as she normally would.

Ash looked up, his black eyebrows rising above his strange, blue eyes. "What's wrong?" he asked of the normally ultra-professional, uber-polite-except-when-a-certain-brother-was-around office manager. She rushed into his office, her eyes wide with an emotion that didn't make sense on her beautiful features. Ash watched as she hurried around his desk, remaining calm despite Autumn's panic.

"Please, you have to get her out of there!" she rushed over to his desk and slapped the list down in front of him then immediately turned to figure out what he might need to solve this horrible problem. She hurried behind his desk and grabbed the suit jacket that had been draped across the back of his chair, grabbing his hand and sticking it into the sleeve even while he read the paper she'd slapped in front of him seconds ago.

Ash looked down at the paper, still remaining calm even while he allowed her to help him into his jacket. "This is a list of the people being arraigned this morning." He transferred the paper to his other hand, still reading. With practiced coordination, Autumn grabbed the other hand to stuff it into the sleeve, then pushed the jacket onto his enormous shoulders.

Autumn didn't even bother to look at the paper again, too frantic to get the impossibly large man moving. "Correct. The person you're going to save is the third name down on that list." She grabbed his briefcase and haphazardly stuffed some papers into it, then looked around to see if there was anything else he might need.

Ash looked at the name. "Mia Paulson?"

"Yes! You have to go help her!" She ordered him and shoved his leather chair out of the way while she put her hands up on his shoulders, pushing his enormous body around his desk and out the door. She'd never been so bold before, but she didn't have time to be nice. This was an emergency.

Ash stopped moving and turned around to look down into Autumn's worried, chocolate eyes. "Looks like she's being arraigned for first degree murder."

Autumn looked up at the man who was the only one who could save her friend. Unfortunately, she had to take a precious moment to explain because Ash was too large and too muscular to move when he didn't want to. "She's my best friend and I guarantee that she's innocent. But more importantly, she's probably trying to do this all on her own because she naively believes in the justice system and probably thinks her claim of innocence will get her out of this mess." Autumn was already shaking her head and waving her hands in the air. "There's no way Mia could have killed anyone. She composts all of her plants. She scoots bugs out of her house instead of stomping on them like a normal person. When we're walking down the sidewalk, she'll actually stop and help earthworms get across so they don't dehydrate in the sunshine and die. So killing a human being is completely outside the realm of possibility. Unfortunately, you're her only hope and you've got to do something!" she explained, her voice rising towards the end as her patience in explaining things to Ash wore thin. There wasn't time to talk. The court would be in session in just a few minutes so Ash had to hurry and get over to the courthouse now!

Ash couldn't help it. The image of Autumn with her three inch heels and her pencil skirts, her long, dark hair looking so prim and proper walking with someone who helped earthworms and bugs was just amusing and he let out a deep chuckle. "So she's a saint. But even saints have a breaking point and, when provoked, can kill someone if rage or passion takes over."

"First of all, that wouldn't be first degree murder, would it? Besides, you're thinking of normal people like me when I'm talking to your obnoxious brother, Xander. Not Mia! We've known each other since elementary school," she said, gathering up his

planner and extra pens, stuffing everything into his case in a haphazard manner. She walked behind him again, trying to shove him out of the office which was impossible unless Ash Thorpe was willing to be pushed. He was simply too big.

Thankfully, he allowed himself to be moved along, then pushed out the door. "You have to hurry. She's being arraigned any minute now and she's probably terrified. She definitely doesn't understand the process because she's a school teacher. The woman doesn't even have a parking ticket to her name so she has no clue how harsh the justice system can be. She needs you and you have to hurry!"

Ash grabbed another file on the way out, shaking his head at the odd situation. "If she's being charged with murder, where was she at the time of the crime? What is the evidence the police have on her? What's the motive?" he asked.

"I don't know!" she snapped, pushing him from behind now, picturing her friend's worried face as she sat in a jail cell with all the other criminals who might hurt her because Mia was such a nice, innocent woman who believed in human kindness. "Stop asking questions and move faster!" she ordered him, completely forgetting that she was the office manager while Ash Thorpe was one of the partners of the illustrious Thorpe Group legal team that consisted of four brilliant brothers who all worked in different areas of the law. Not to mention Ash Thorpe was also the best criminal attorney in the country. People hired Ash from all over the United States to get him to defend them.

"Don't you need your coat?" he asked, looking down at her silk blouse. He rarely saw Autumn without her matching suit jacket. She might take it off in her office, but she slipped it on if she had any reason to step out of her area. They were out in the cool October morning with a definite bite to the air.

She shook her head, barely even acknowledging his question in her urgency to get him out the door. "Not now." She led him over to her small car with a combination of forceful nudges, pulls and racing ahead of him to challenge him to keep up with her. When they finally arrived at her car, she opened the passenger seat and practically pushed him in, ignoring the humor of seeing his large, muscular frame sitting inside her tiny vehicle. At his questioning look, she said, "I'll drive. You'll be too slow. We might not make it in time."

He looked at her askance even as he whipped his foot out of the way before she slammed the door on it. "I'm too slow?" he asked with astonishment, but only the dust inside her car heard him since she was almost running around to the driver's side. He chuckled slightly as he shook his head. No one had ever accused him of being slow. He

stepped out of the car and she froze, her wide, chocolate eyes begging him to get back into the car.

“Autumn, what’s going on here? I’m never slow and court is almost in session.”

She was becoming frustrated with his delays and questions. “Stop messing around! Mia needs your help! You’re the one who always thinks that justice has to be done and here you are just standing here mocking me.” She paused a moment, tears threatening her eyes. “Please, Ash. You’re really the only one I would trust. She’s my best friend and I know she’s terrified right now and probably very confused.”

Ash took pity on her and turned serious. Looking at her from across the roof of her car, he smiled reassuringly. Or as soothingly as he could without any knowledge of the situation. “Don’t worry, Autumn. I’ll help your friend. Judge Rooney is on the bench today. If your friend is third on the docket, we still have plenty of time to meet up with her. You can drive and on the way, I’ll call some of my sources and find out what’s going on, get the evidence against her and find out who is prosecuting. Okay?” he asked with that famous Ash Thorpe confidence.

She smiled, instantly relieved that he was finally on board with the issue. “Thank you!” she replied. But a moment later, she pointed for him to get back into the car and, even in her rush, gracefully slid in behind the wheel.

She ignored Ash as he made some phone calls, only hearing his end of the conversation as she focused on the early morning traffic. Thankfully, The Thorpe Group’s offices were close to the courthouse but downtown Chicago traffic was still obnoxiously difficult.

Fifteen minutes later, Autumn swallowed painfully as she pulled into the courthouse parking lot. The expression on Ash’s face scared her more than anything. “What’s wrong?” she asked, parking in one of the empty spaces near the courthouse.

“Pretty much everything,” Ash said and opened the car door. All signs of humor and resistance were gone now, replaced by that cold, logical determination that had made him so famous in previous trials. The man certainly loved his job, but when he grasped onto a situation, he was like a pit bull, not stopping for anything until he’d succeeded. “Come on. We have our work cut out for us.” With that, he strode up the steps of the courthouse and worked his way through security. Once he was clear, he and Autumn rushed through the doors of the courtroom.

Right before he entered, he touched Autumn's arm to stop her. Looking down into her worried eyes he said, "Autumn, you need to let me do my job. I know this is your friend, but I'm going to treat her just as I would any other client. I have to in order to get her out of there."

Autumn swallowed, painfully aware that Mia was still waiting. She had no idea what Ash was telling her, but she nodded in agreement. When he started to turn back to enter the courtroom, she stopped him with a hand on his arm. When he was once again looking down at her, she explained the harsh truth to him. "She can't pay," Autumn said softly. "I'll pay your fees. Please, just help her."

Ash sighed, the issue becoming more complicated. Autumn might look professional and tough and she fought his older brother tooth and nail on anything she considered an important issue, not afraid to stand up for what she believed in. But Ash had worked with this woman for several years now. He knew that, deep down inside, Autumn was a soft, sweet, kind person which made her vulnerable to the harshness of life. "And what if she's guilty?" he asked carefully, needing her to face the possibility.

Autumn shook her head. "No. She isn't. You'll see. Wait until you meet her before you make a judgment. You'll know as soon as you look into her eyes. She's just a thoughtful, gentle person who teaches kids and loves her job and gardens as a hobby. She doesn't do anything wrong except stand up for the little guy."

Ash looked at her for a long moment. This would be a complicated case and if it weren't for Autumn's personal involvement, Ash wouldn't even take it. It seemed like an open and shut case from what his police source said. The only issue in their favor is that the police hadn't found the body of the victim yet.

He sighed, turning to fully face her so he could ensure that she understood how bad this looked for her friend. "Autumn, there's an eyewitness that said Mia Paulson and the victim were in a fight the day the victim went missing. The man your friend is accused of killing? It's her ex-fiancé. Your friend apparently was jilted for another woman." He shook his head and sighed. "Her fingerprints are even on a piece of evidence that has the victim's blood on it. It's an old baseball trophy with one of those heavy bottoms and the police think it is the murder weapon. It's a pretty tight case for the prosecution. If I were on the jury, I'd vote to convict her without even hearing the prosecution's arguments."

Autumn's eyes hardened as she listened to Ash's recitation of all he'd learned on the drive over here. And it just made her angrier. "If that bastard did this, you make

him pay, Ash! Mia wasn't dumped. She broke up with him. Not only did she get rid of him, but their breakup was a while ago. Mia isn't mean or petty but she'd discovered some irritating things about her ex-fiancé and broke up with him. He wouldn't accept the breakup though. He stalked her and drove her nuts. Please, hurry and you'll see!" she begged.

Ash shook his head, wondering why he was even entering into the courtroom under these circumstances. "Autumn, you have to..."

She held up her hand to stop him. "If the evidence is that bad against her, then she needs your talents all the more. Please," she begged once again, "you're her only hope. You're the only one I know of that could help her get out of this mess."

Ash sighed and nodded his head. "Just don't get your hopes up, okay?"

Autumn's bright smile struck him and he wondered why his older brother Xander didn't do something about his feelings for this woman. Autumn was extremely intelligent, stunningly beautiful and obviously in love with Xander. In Ash's mind, the two made a perfect couple. And if the sparks flying around the office between the two combatants lately were any indication, there was either going to be a wedding to attend, or a funeral. Although he wasn't sure which.

"Let's do this," he said and stepped through the doors. Normally, he would spend time with his clients before their arraignment, find out any extenuating circumstances and get control of the courtroom. But because his new "client" was about to be announced any moment, he didn't have time for that today.

"People versus Mia Paulson, murder in the first degree," the court clerk at the front of the courtroom announced with his loud, bellowing voice.

As always, the courtroom was chaotic and filled with people milling about, attorneys speaking with their clients, family members moving around and talking amongst themselves, police officers conferring with district attorneys as well as the prosecuting and defense attorneys calling out their cases to the judge. It wasn't like the old fashioned courtrooms one saw on television but an ultra-modern room where the back was darker than the front and the judge sat on his throne-like chair in front of all the chaos, looking bored and irritated by the bother.

Into this mix stepped Ash while Autumn sat down in one of the rows, feeling better now that Ash was on board and taking charge. She scanned the room and tried to smile reassuringly as the police officer brought Mia forward.

Mia stepped up to the defense table, her eyes wide with fear and her whole body trembling. She couldn't believe this was actually happening. How had her life gotten so out of control?

She was wearing jeans and a tee-shirt instead of a professional looking suit. Since the police had banged on her door in the early hours of the morning, she didn't have any make-up on, her hair was a mess and she was terrified out of her mind. The police had arrived with a warrant for her arrest about four o'clock in the morning, waking her up out of a sound sleep and tossing questions and a piece of paper at her moments before they started rummaging around in her house. She'd answered the door in her robe, pushing her brown curls out of her eyes and trying very hard to focus. And now she stood in front of a busy courtroom, her mind frantically trying to figure out what was happening.

"Do you have counsel?" the judge barked out over the noise of the audience.

Mia looked around, finally figuring out that the judge was talking to her. A lawyer? Was this really happening to her? "Umm..." she started to say but she didn't have a chance to answer the judge. She was about to open her mouth but was stopped by someone behind her.

"Ash Thorpe here to represent Ms. Paulson, Your Honor," a deep, commanding voice said.

Mia looked around, her grey eyes scanning the crowd. A super tall man was stepping out of the crowd and her eyes widened in shock. She looked up into his blue eyes, wondering why he was here, who he was and why he was coming forward. A man this gorgeous shouldn't be in a courtroom. And he definitely shouldn't be standing next to her. But then, she shouldn't be here either! She should be rushing out of her little cottage home, dropping her keys onto the wooden steps and grumbling as she bent down to pick them up again as she raced down the stairs so she could get to school before her kids started arriving. She should be worrying about spilling her coffee on her suit as she fought the traffic into the city.

Instead, because of some weird, unexplainable twist of life, she was standing here, defending herself against a murder charge. Surely this was some sort of nightmare and she'd wake up in a moment. The sky would be lightening on the horizon and she'd figure out that she needed to wear a lighter suit instead of a wool one because it was going to be a hot, fall day instead of those delicious, cool ones that made her feel more motivated.

No, this horrible moment wasn't happening to her.

"How does your defendant plead?" the judge demanded over the din.

"Not guilty, Your Honor," the gorgeous man stated confidently. He stood right next to her, but didn't even bother to consult her on any of the issues. "We request that the defendant be released on her own recognizance," the crazy-tall man was saying.

The prosecutor spoke up and Mia's eyes swung over in that direction, completely confused about what was being said. Was this about her or another case? "The defendant is accused of murdering her ex-fiancé out of jealousy. The people request that the defendant be remanded until trial."

Tall-Gorgeous-Dude shook his head, his eyes glaring at the prosecutor. "Ms. Paulson doesn't have even a parking ticket to her name," the tall, muscular man called back, his voice confident and deep, sexy and Mia couldn't believe that she was thinking something like that while her entire life was at stake. "She hasn't been engaged to the supposed victim in four months, nor does the prosecution even have the body of which Ms. Paulson might have murdered."

The judge swung his eyes back to the prosecutor with irritation, stunned that the prosecutor would bring a murder charge without a body. "Is that true?" he asked.

The prosecutor shook his head, "The victim has been missing for more than a week. His blood was found on the murder weapon with Ms. Paulson's fingerprints."

The judge shook his head. "If there's no body, it sounds like you can't even prove that there's a murder. The man might have just left and gone to an island somewhere," the judge grumbled, obviously wishing he could do the same thing.

Tall-Gorgeous-Dude stepped in at that moment. "Since there's no body and the prosecution can't prove that there's even been a murder, I request that the charges against my client be dropped, Your Honor." Mia's eyes swung from the tall man beside her to the judge, praying with hope that the man in the black robes would agree with this stranger.

The prosecutor spoke up quickly. "The current fiancée to the victim swears that the victim wouldn't disappear. He's a principal at the local high school with enormous responsibilities. And there was a great deal of blood in the victim's house. Too much blood for there not to be foul play. We currently have investigators at Ms. Paulson's house digging up her back yard, searching for the body. We are confident that we will find it by mid-morning."

The judge considered the opposing arguments and came to a speedy conclusion. "Since there's no body, I won't hold the defendant. But the case can continue to trial and I'll let the presiding judge hear whether there's enough evidence to move forward. Defendant is released on her own recognizance, but must surrender her passport to the court until trial." The gavel banged down and another voice was calling out the next case.

Mia felt her arm grasped in a firm, demanding grip and she was pulled out of the courtroom. She still wasn't sure what was going on, but she felt the tall man's body next to hers, felt the trembling start up but for a completely different reason this time.

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The Billionaire's Secret Marriage
The Italian's Twin Surprise
The Forbidden Russian Lover

The War, Love, and Harmony Series

Fighting with the Infuriating Prince (Novella)
Dancing with the Dangerous Prince (Novella)
The Sheik's Secret Bride
The Sheik's Angry Bride

The Sheik's Blackmailed Bride
The Sheik's Convenient Bride

The Boarding School Series - September 2015 - January 2016

The Greek's Forgotten Wife
The Duke's Blackmailed Bride
The Russian's Runaway Bride
The Sheik's Baby Surprise
The Tycoon's Captured Heart