

**SECRET BABY
FOR THE BAD
BOY
BILLIONAIRE
EXCERPT**

A SECOND CHANCE ENEMIES TO
LOVERS ROMANCE SANTA BARBARA
BILLIONAIRE BOYS BOOK 3

SIENNA WEAVER

SIENNA WEAVER CONTEMPORARY ROMANCE

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xxoo,

Sienna

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CHAPTER ONE

HAYLEY

MY EYES SCAN THE row of seats, making sure everyone is accounted for. I've never handled this kind of wedding, and it's daunting. I'm so stressed, I'll probably need a massage to loosen my muscles after this.

Security is helping, for the most part, but I have to make sure everyone is doing their jobs.

At first, when I got the bride's list, I was happy. The work I have to do here is far less than the others I've done in the past. A simple beach wedding with a guest list of a hundred people. Most high-profile people want a private beach wedding. Where there'll be no disturbance from the press or the locals.

But the wedding's main problem is that it's Tyler Harrington's wedding. One of the most eligible bachelors of Santa Barbara is getting hitched, and it's garnered a lot of attention. The bride wanted her wedding to be on the public beach where Tyler had proposed to her and now there's chaos.

Half the broken-hearted girls of Santa Barbara are on the beach watching the wedding. Most of the reporters in the city are here covering the event. Between the reporters and the onlookers, the hefty bouncers have their hands full.

But I do love the simplicity of the wedding. Especially the setup. White chairs and pink flowers. I've always thought begonias and azaleas were cute. They're a bit delicate for my taste but they look so beautiful here.

I do a second sweep of the place before I have to move on to another task.

"Guests are seated," I mutter.

Check.

"Groom is in position, and everything is going smoothly."

Double check.

"Hot guy staring at me..."

My pen pauses on the clipboard when I realize what I said. I look back at the groom. Standing behind him is a face that I recognize all too well.

He has black spiky hair that looks like he's been running his hand through it. His brown eyes, and a goatee that fits him to a T, Ryan is every woman's fantasy.

He's certainly featured in a few of mine.

Two years ago, I broke my cardinal rule:

Never hook up with anyone while at work.

Ryan and I had sex in the bathroom at his friend's wedding. It was a quick one and I'd just been looking to scratch the itch that refused to go away after seeing him. That moment is engraved in my head ever since.

I never thought I'd see him again but now he's at another wedding I'm organizing. It's almost like we're fated to meet. And at weddings, of all places...

He winks at me and my heart flutters.

Nope. Get your head back in the game, Hayley, I tell myself.

I'm not falling for the same trick a second time. No matter how fine he is, I'm going to keep a wide berth between Ryan and me.

That's easier said than done. My heart is racing again, and I can feel the familiar stirring in my belly.

Ryan is a hard man to forget. Even though we'd only had a quickie, it was the most memorable sex I've ever had. And that's saying something. I'm twenty-nine and I've had a lot of great sex. Although failed relationships, none of them compare to that moment in time with Ryan.

Memories of him pinning me to the sink in the restroom two years ago while taking me from behind floods my head. His face was visible in the mirror above the sink, and I could see every emotion that crossed his face.

Hmm.

I bite my bottom lip and clench my thighs.

Get your head out of the gutter, Hayley.

I turn away from Ryan and focus on the crowd. I'm not doing this again. Not here, not with him. I'm going to have to avoid him.

The bride comes down to the beach and I breathe easy. Ever since I planned a wedding and the bride got cold feet, I've had that fear at the back of my head. That's the only wedding I organized that didn't happen and I intend to keep it that way.

I watch Zoya Petrova take the final steps into becoming Zoya Harrington. The love visible on the groom's face makes me feel warm inside. Weddings are beautiful, and that's about the only part of marriage that really is. I remember how my wedding was to my ex-husband.

I was the blushing bride. The bride who was so starry eyed and lost in the moment, I didn't catch my husband eyeing one of the guests at the party. I never caught him cheating on me in the restroom with said guest. But years later, he confessed to all the times he'd been unfaithful to me.

I wonder if Tyler will be cheating on Zoya moments from now. Given his track record with women, it's hard to believe he decided one was enough for him.

Nah! I doubt it.

His bride is pregnant. He'd be an asshole if he cheated on her. With the way he's staring at her now, like she's a goddess, he's probably going to stick to his vows.

Despite myself, my eyes stray to the groomsman behind Tyler. I hadn't gotten a good view of Ryan's body the last time. Maybe I want another time with him?

This time I'll be able to savor the moment. That black tux he has on will come off and show me the tight abs underneath his shirt. We'd be somewhere bright, with a soft bed and...

His brown gaze falls on me and he smirks, almost as if he can read my thoughts.

Damn it! Now, I'm horny.

I must be ovulating. I was perfectly fine before seeing him.

I walk away from the wedding and head back to the hotel. I just need to take care of this tiny problem so I can stop thinking about Ryan.

I dash into the private family restroom. I drop my purse and clipboard on the counter, lock the door behind me, then pull my dress up. I take my panties off and grab the bidet. This is the first time in the past two years that I've been drawn to a man. I was too busy with work to go on dates and now this is the result.

The cold water calms me down. I wash my hands at the sink and exit the restroom. A bit of water had splashed on my dress. I'm dabbing at the stain with a handkerchief when I run into someone.

"Oh! I'm sorry."

I look up and my eyes go wide.

"Just the woman I was looking for," says Ryan in that thick voice I've been dreaming of.

“R-Ryan,” I stutter. I run my hands down my dress. “What are you doing here?”

Just moments after I was fantasizing about you...

His lips curve in that irresistible smile and his eyes twinkle mischievously. “You remember me. I’m flattered.”

Of course, I remember you. You left me with a gift.

“Have the bride and groom left the beach?” I ask.

I feel jittery. My body is reacting to him in ways it’s not supposed to.

“Yes, they’re on their way to—”

“Okay. I’ll go check on them then.”

I try to leave but he grabs my hand. A shiver runs down my back and my body goes stiff.

“Hold on,” he chuckles. “Why are you in such a hurry?”

His eyes caress my body softly. They linger a bit on my chest and my nipples harden.

“I was hoping we could catch up,” he continues. “It’s been a long time since I’ve been faced with true beauty. What do you say to a dance with me later?”

I chuckle nervously. I got to hand it to him, he knows how to press the right buttons and it’s working.

“Nope. Sorry, I have to go.”

“That’s a shame.” He makes a sad face but lets go of me.

I take five steps forward and pause. I can’t believe I’m thinking of this but I’m horny and he’s right there. Just once more and then I can get rid of this feeling in the pit of my belly and get back to my calm and logical self.

Then after, I can tell him about our son.

I turn back to him.

“Changed your mind?” he asks.

I breathe in deep. “As a matter of fact, yes...”

I grab his face and mash my lips with his. He grabs my waist instantly and pushes his hard-on into my belly.

Oh!

His lips are just as soft as I remember, and they feel so good. With one hand behind my head, he plunges the depths of my mouth with that skillful tongue of his and I’m lost.

Like a tornado, we sweep into the restroom and enter the same stall I’d been fingering myself in. My purse and clipboard clatter to the floor and he kicks them aside. Ryan pulls up my dress and I fumble with his belt buckle. His thumb caresses my clit while he slips two fingers in me.

I moan and my eyes roll to the back of my head.

I know I’m going to regret this decision later, but right now this is all I want.

CHAPTER TWO

RYAN

I SWIRL THE CHAMPAGNE around in the glass I'm holding while watching Tyler have his first dance with his wife. That word "wife" still feels foreign to me.

Nick, Tyler, and I had always talked about how we'd never get married. Tyler swore he'd get married at fifty and Nick was only interested in having fun till he decided to get serious. I don't plan on ever getting married I'd watched them both fall in love, and now I'm the only bachelor left.

I won't say I'm glad, or that I'm unhappy that they're married and our trio has become a solo. I'm just here still wading in these unsure waters. Tyler smiles as he whispers something into Zoya's ear.

He couldn't keep his hands to himself at the ceremony and he's been grinning like a fool since he got hitched.

My eyes sweep across the room till they find Nick and his wife, Millie, with their baby, Mia. Nick kisses his wife on the cheek, and she responds by turning to him and kissing him on the lips.

I guess I can say I'm happy that they're happy. They're one of the rare ones who get to fall in love and not get hurt. The rest of us aren't so lucky.

I, for one, have never been in love. It's a useless emotion that brings you more pain than it does pleasure. Everybody who's ever loved somebody has been burned by it, yet they get into another relationship and try again, only to get hurt once more.

Why?

Because they're all masochists and I'm not.

I only care about pleasure. The kind you can get while balls deep in a woman. That's the only kind that matters.

I throw the rest of my drink back. A waiter passes just in time. I drop the glass on his tray and grab another one.

Someone sidles next to me, and my back stiffens.

Please don't let it be the wedding planner.

"What are you doing here all by your lonesome?" asks a familiar voice, and I relax.

I turn to Audrey, Nick's sister, with a smirk. "Just people watching and enjoying a glass of bubbly." I take a sip of my champagne.

The light from the ceiling makes her auburn hair look like fire. She has freckles scattered across her nose and cheeks. I can't forget the face of the gangly teenage girl she used to be. She had acne and was very shy. Now, she's blossomed into a beautiful woman.

“I didn’t think you were the type to watch people,” she says.

I shrug. “I only watch people when I’m bored.”

She stares at me in surprise. “You’re bored right now? It’s a beautiful ceremony.”

“To you it is. For me, all the mushiness just makes my skin crawl.” I shudder for effect and she chuckles.

“You’re crazy.”

“That I am.” I gulp down half my drink.

I look back at the bride and groom and my gaze meets with the last person I want to see right now.

Hayley Mitchell. The woman I couldn’t keep my eyes off all day. Or my hands, apparently.

Maybe it’s just me, but she looks exceptionally beautiful today. Her blond hair is still pin straight like I remember but her body is different. Her hips are fuller and she’s banging in that lilac dress she’s wearing.

I especially loved the easy access the dress afforded me.

My dick twitches and I clench a fist.

Hayley’s lips twist to the side and she folds her arms on her chest. She tries to act like she’s not observing Audrey and I, but she’s failing.

This is what happens when I hook up with the same woman twice.

She and I had met at Nick’s wedding. She was the one who planned it. Millie had been so impressed that she’d recommended her to Zoya.

In hindsight, if I wasn't so reluctant to participate in the wedding planning, I'd have found out she was the one in charge instead of the surprise I got today.

I broke my one rule:

Never hook up with the same person twice.

I don't know which is worse. That she felt as good as I remember and even better. Or that I want her again.

I grit my teeth.

I shouldn't be feeling this way.

I'm willing to bear the discomfort of being at a wedding for my friend, but what I'm not going to do is stay here and keep thinking about the different ways I can fuck Hayley Mitchell. That's not going to end well and right now, I don't trust myself to be in the same room as her because I want to kiss those glossy lips of hers again.

I hand my champagne to Audrey. She stares at the glass in confusion.

"Tell Tyler that I left early," I say.

"You're leaving?" Audrey asks.

"Weddings give me hives. You do not want me to break out in a swollen mess right now, so bye."

Audrey laughs. "Oh my God, Ryan! You're a clown."

"Yeah, yeah. Bye."

I slip away before anyone notices and decides to stop me.

My footsteps echo in the quiet hall. The music leaking out of Tyler's reception fades away with each step I take and that cheerful mask on my face falls off.

My problem with weddings is that they are a lie. You might be happy with the woman right now but your family isn't and after a while, their displeasure starts to bleed into the happy bubble you created for yourself, and then you begin to resent your wife. You hate the sight of your son and life becomes unbearable. Everyone is miserable.

Your vows aren't that important anymore and you start to cheat on your wife.

I will the images in my head to crawl back to the dark hole they came from but they're resilient today.

This is why I don't go to weddings. I wasn't at my parents' but they're a constant reminder of how woeful marriage can be. They should've done me a favor and never gotten married in the first place.

Maybe someday I won't be so jaded, and I'd believe in love like everyone else.

I arrive at the parking lot, and I take out my car key from my pocket. I unlock my car and get in. I'd driven here by myself but right now I wish I'd brought my driver with me.

I look down at the glove compartment and let out a sigh. I always tell myself I won't do this but I keep it close to me. Opening the compartment, I take out the gold locket in it. I unlatch it.

Seeing my mother's smiling face has always brought me so much pain.

I still remember that day like it happened yesterday. She and my Grandfather were arguing just weeks after my Dad died. I don't remember what their argument was about. I was just nine then, but I remember how badly I wanted them to stop. Their voices were so loud, they could be heard all over the house.

I wanted my stepsister, Evelyn, to help me feel better but she'd never been nice to me. She hated my guts as much as she hated my mother, so I knew to avoid her at all costs.

I'd gone out to the yard to play soccer, so I could get my mind off them. The sun was bright and scorching when I started but I kept at it. Getting sunburned was better than going back into the house.

Evening fell and my mom came to get me. There was a cab waiting for her in the driveway and she had her bags with her. I thought we were leaving together but she told me to stay.

My thumb strokes the locket. Mom's bright blue eyes had been filled with tears, but she tried to look strong as she told me she was leaving for a while. She was going to spend some time with her parents and would be back to get me in a few days.

She promised she was going to come back, but she never did. I waited and waited. Sitting by my room window sometimes, and other times I'd sit on the porch steps and watch the driveway. Nobody ever came to get me, or tried to explain why my mother wasn't coming back anymore.

My father had been cheating on his wife with my mom before his wife died. I was the bastard child born out of that relationship, and everyone resented me for their mistakes.

When I grew old enough to leave, I went to my maternal grandparents' house to find my mom, but she wasn't there. She never went to her parents. I couldn't find her.

I still haven't been able to. She was just gone.

I snap the locket shut and close my fist around the little trinket. So many times, I've fantasized about throwing it in the sea. I thought it would bring me peace and fill the hole in my chest. I even tried dumping it in the fireplace at home once, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. I don't want to forget her face.

I guess I'm a masochist after all.

I put the locket back in the glove box and start the car, zooming out of the parking lot.