



2 *in* 1  
GREAT  
VALUE

# *Desire*<sup>™</sup>

CLAIMING HER  
BILLION-DOLLAR  
BIRTHRIGHT

---

Maureen Child

FALLING FOR HIS  
PROPER MISTRESS

---

Tessa Radley

**Maureen Child**  
**Tessa Radley**  
**Claiming Her Billion-Dollar  
Birthright / Falling For His  
Proper Mistress: Claiming  
Her Billion-Dollar Birthright**

**Аннотация**

Claiming Her Billion-Dollar Birthright Erica Prentice's world tilted when she found she belonged to a wealthy Colorado dynasty! But it was the family attorney, handsome Christian Hanford, who really put her heart in a spin. Fraternising with the Jarrod heiress could get Christian fired. So Erica must choose: the dynasty...or desire!Falling for His Proper MistressTycoon Guy Jarrod believed the rumours of Avery Lancaster's gold-digging ways. But she was an itch he needed to scratch. Forced to work with her again, he'd have his fill and send her on her way... But if the rumours were false, he'd have made a mistress of the woman who should have been his wife!DYNASTIES: THE JARRODS A family divided by secrets, forging a dazzling future

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Claiming Her Billion-Dollar Birthright

Maureen Child

**“Why don’t you take a few days to make your decision?”**

**Christian offered.**

“According to the will, you’ve got a couple of weeks to take your place at the resort.” He scribbled his phone number on the back of his business card, then handed it to her.

She ran her thumb over the embossed lettering in a slow stroke that was mesmerizing to Christian. His body stirred and he shifted uncomfortably on his chair.

What he’d like to do was blow off the business talk, take her for an elegant meal and then off to his hotel. If she was any other woman, that’s exactly what he would do.

But Erica Prentice was off-limits. If she ended up going to Aspen, his body had better get used to living with disappointment.

“We both know what that decision will be.”

“You’re going to accept the conditions of the will?”

“How can I not?”

Dear Reader,

It's always exciting being invited to take part in a continuity series for Desire™. First, because I *love* writing Desires. Second, because it gives me a chance to work closely with some of the amazing writers in the line.

This time was no exception. In the Jarrod continuity, my book is first. I get the chance to introduce characters, and show you the location of our stories. If I've done my job right, then hopefully you'll be convinced to stick around and read the next five books in this series.

The Jarrod dynasty was born in Aspen, Colorado, more than a hundred years ago. The family's grown along with the town and now the Jarrod Resort is the epitome of lush extravagance. The Jarrod family itself is what all Desire families should be—larger than life. In this series, there are secrets to uncover, hidden loves to reveal and happy endings to find.

In my book, you'll meet Christian Hanford, an attorney who owes everything to the late Donald Jarrod. And his heroine is Erica Prentice, a woman whose life is about to be turned upside down.

I hope you'll enjoy yourselves with this first instalment of DYNASTIES: THE JARRODS. And I hope you'll let us all know what you think! E-mail me at [maureenchildbooks@gmail.com](mailto:maureenchildbooks@gmail.com) or snail mail me at PO Box 1883, Westminster, CA 92684-1883, USA.

And happy reading!

*Maureen*

## **From The Last Will And Testament Of Donald Jarrod**

*... and to my youngest child, my daughter **Erica Prentice**, I bequeath the sixth portion of my estate. Erica, I understand that your inclusion in this document will be a surprise to not only yourself, but to your brothers and sister, as well. It is my deepest wish that you will find a way to become part of the Jarrod family, fractured though it is. I am also leaving you the theater program for the play where I was first so lucky to have met your mother. I've kept this tattered playbill as a remembrance of your lovely mother ... as a remembrance of you. It is my hope that, by giving you a place at Jarrod Ridge, I've also given you a chance to know some part of me, as well.*

# About the Author

**MAUREEN CHILD** is a California native who loves to travel. Every chance they get, she and her husband are taking off on another research trip. The author of more than sixty books, Maureen loves a happy ending and still swears that she has the best job in the world. She lives in Southern California with her husband, two children and a golden retriever with delusions of grandeur. Visit Maureen's website at [www.maureenchild.com](http://www.maureenchild.com).

To family.

Mine. Yours.

And to all the wonderful, irritating moments  
we share with them.

# Prologue

Christian Hanford refused to sit in a dead man's chair.

So instead, he walked to the front of Don Jarrod's desk and perched uneasily on the edge. The old man's study was in the family living quarters on the top floor of Jarrod Manor. Here at Jarrod Ridge resort, everything was luxurious. Even a study that the public never saw. Paneled walls, thick carpets, original oils on the walls and a massive fireplace built of river stones. Of course, there was no cheerful blaze in the hearth, since summer had settled over Colorado.

He imagined none of the people in the room felt cheerful anyway. How could he blame them? They'd lost their father only a week before and now, they'd just had the proverbial rug pulled out from under them.

Years ago, each of the Jarrod children had left Jarrod Ridge, the plush resort that had been in their family for generations, to make their own way. Their father had pushed them all so hard to succeed that he'd managed to drive them away, one by one. To come back now, when it was too late to mend fences, was a hard thing to accept.

Not to mention the fact that in death, Don had figured out a way to not only bring them all home—but to keep them there. Something he hadn't been able to do in life.

The huge Jarrod estate was to be divided equally among his

children—on the condition that they all move home and take over running their legacy. Each of the Jarrod siblings had been slapped hard and none of them were happy about it. The old man had found a way to control them from the grave.

Which wasn't sitting well.

Christian watched them all, understanding how they must feel, but sworn to abide by his late client's wishes. God knows he'd tried to talk Don out of this, but the old man had been nothing if not stubborn.

Blake Jarrod and his brother Guy were the oldest. Though not identical, the twins each carried the stamp of their father. Blake was more the buttoned-down type, while Guy was a bit more easygoing. Gavin was two years younger than the twins, but he and Blake had worked together for quite a while out in Vegas.

Trevor Jarrod was the most laid-back of the bunch—or at least that was the demeanor he showed

the world. Then there was Melissa. The youngest and the only girl.

Or so she thought.

Christian sent a mental kick out to his now deceased mentor for leaving him in this position. But even in death, Don had wanted to rule the Jarrod clan and no doubt, wherever he was now, he didn't really care that it was Christian getting stuck with the dirty work.

Blake stood up as if he couldn't bear sitting still another minute. Just a week since Don Jarrod's death, none of his

children had had a chance to come to terms with his passing. And now they'd all been sucker punched.

They'd left the cemetery just an hour before and after reading through most of the will's bequests, emotions were running high. Well, Christian thought, they were about to go even higher.

"Why are we still here, Christian?" Guy asked from his seat, bracing his elbows on his knees. "You've read the will, what's left to say?"

"There's one more thing to cover."

"What haven't you covered?" Trevor asked, shifting a glance around the room at his brothers and sister. "Seems pretty clear to me. Dad's arranged things to get us back to Jarrod Ridge. Just like he always wanted."

"I still can't believe he's gone," Melissa whispered.

Gavin dropped one arm around her shoulders and gave her a supportive hug. "It'll be okay, Mel."

"Will it?" Blake asked. "We've all got lives separate from the Ridge. Now we're supposed to walk away

from whatever we've built to come back home and take over?"

"I understand how you feel," Christian said softly and waited until all eyes were on him. "I do. I told Don this wasn't the way to handle things."

"Let me guess," Guy interrupted, "Dad wouldn't listen."

"He had his own ideas."

"Always did," Trevor mused.

"The point is," Blake said, voice loud enough that everyone

settled down to hear him, “Dad split the estate up equally between the five of us. So what’s left to talk about?”

There was his opening, Christian thought, bracing himself for what would come in response to his next statement. “The fact that the estate’s been split, not into five equal shares, but *six*.”

“Six?” Gavin repeated, glancing around at his siblings as if doing an unnecessary head count. “But there are only five of us.”

“Don’s last surprise,” Christian said quietly. “You have a sister you’ve never met.”

# One

“Please send him in, Monica.” Erica Prentice checked her hair and smoothed the front of her sleeveless black dress. She turned to glance out the narrow window behind her desk and took a quick moment to enjoy the pitifully small glimpse of the ocean afforded her.

Situated firmly at the bottom of the totem pole at Brighton and Bailey, a PR firm in San Francisco, Erica didn’t exactly rate the best view. But that was okay, she told herself. She’d prove herself—both to her employers *and* her father, no matter how long it took.

But right now, she was meeting with an attorney who had refused to tell her what he wanted to see her about. Which accounted for the jangle of nerves in the pit of her stomach. She was enough her father’s daughter to realize that the sudden appearance of a lawyer rarely heralded good news. The Prentice Group, one of the largest clothing manufacturers in the country, were constantly dealing with attorney-led problems. Briefly, she thought about calling her father to ask him if he knew anything about a lawyer from Colorado, but then realized she didn’t have time for that.

Behind her, the office door opened and she turned to greet her visitor. But whatever she might have said died unuttered at her first look at the man standing in the doorway.

The elegantly cut dark blue business suit he wore only emphasized the muscular body beneath. His shoulders were broad, his legs were long and his dark brown eyes were narrowed on her. He had a strong, square jaw, neatly trimmed brown hair and a mouth that looked as though it didn't smile often.

It only took seconds for Erica to get an impression of cool confidence. It took even less than that for her to feel an attraction to him that sent what felt like champagne bubbles shooting through her veins.

When she was sure she could speak without making embarrassing gulping noises, she held out her hand and said, "Mr. Hanford, I'm Erica Prentice."

He crossed the room, shook her hand and then held on to it for just a bit too long before releasing her. "Thanks for seeing me."

As if she'd had a choice, she mused. He'd arrived at her office ten minutes ago, unannounced, to claim to have something important to discuss with her. The fact that he hadn't even hinted at what that might be made her wary even as her hormones continued to do a dance of appreciation.

Erica waved him to one of the two chairs opposite her desk. "I have to admit, I'm intrigued. Why would a lawyer from Colorado come all this way to see me?"

"It's a long story," he said, glancing around her office.

She knew what he was seeing and that he was probably singularly unimpressed. The beige walls of the tiny room were mostly bare but for two paintings she'd brought from

home to lessen the grim atmosphere. Erica's office was nearly claustrophobic, as befitting someone just getting started on their career. Of course, she thought, not for the first time, if she'd been offered a job in the family company, things would have been different.

Though her older brothers all ran different arms of the Prentice Group, Erica's father had made it clear that she wouldn't be a part of the family business. They'd never been close, she thought, but she'd hoped that she'd be given at least a chance to prove herself, as her brothers had. But her father wasn't a man you could argue with and once his mind was made up, the decision might as well have been set in concrete.

Still, she thought, dragging her brain away from the problems of family, now wasn't the time to be thinking about any of that. As tempting as it might be to indulge in a long meeting with a gorgeous lawyer watching her through amazingly dark chocolate eyes, she simply didn't have time for it today. As it was, she'd only managed to squeeze out a few minutes from her already packed schedule to accommodate Christian Hanford. She couldn't give him more.

Leaning forward, she folded her hands on her desktop and smiled. "I'm sorry, but your long story will have to wait for another time. I have another appointment in fifteen minutes, Mr. Hanford, so if you wouldn't mind, could you just tell me what you're doing here?"

His gaze met hers and held. Erica couldn't have looked away

if she had wanted to.

“I represent the estate of Donald Jarrod,” he said quietly.

“Jarrod.” Erica thought about the name, trying to place it, when suddenly, she made the connection. “Colorado. Jarrod. You mean the Jarrod resort in Aspen, Jarrod?”

He gave her a brief smile and inclined his head. Reaching down for the briefcase at his feet, he pulled it onto his lap, opened it and took out a legal-size, manila envelope. Sliding it across the desk to her, he said, “Yes, *that* Donald Jarrod.”

Confused but curious, Erica picked up the envelope and opened it. She pulled out a document and glanced at the title. “His *will*? Why do I have a copy of the man’s will?”

“Because, Ms. Prentice, you’re one of the beneficiaries.”

She glanced from the document to him and back again. Her stomach did a wild spin and flutter that left her feeling off balance.

“That makes no sense,” she murmured, slipping the will back into the envelope and deliberately flattening the brass clasp. “I’ve never met the man. Why would he leave me anything in his will?”

His features tightened and Erica thought she caught a glimpse of sympathy shining in his eyes before he took the envelope back from her and slid it into his briefcase. “I told you it was going to be a long story.”

“Right.” She watched him close up his black leather case and wished she had the document in her hands again. She’d like the chance to read it herself before they went any further. But

apparently, Christian Hanford wanted his say first. Which didn't do a thing to ease the tension flooding her system.

What was happening here? How had her average, run-of-the-mill day taken such a bizarre turn? And what did a dead empire builder from Colorado have to do with her?

"Then perhaps we can meet later, when you have more time."

She didn't want to wait, but didn't see how she could avoid it.

"Time. Yes. That's probably a good idea. I'm ..." Erica shook her head, met his gaze and said, "I'm sorry. This is just all so confusing. Maybe if you gave me some idea what this was about. Why I was mentioned in his will ..."

"I think it's best to get this done all at once," he said. "No point in getting into it now when we can't finish it."

He stood up and Erica was forced to tip her head back to look up at him. That frisson of attraction was still there, but now there was more. There was a sense that once she met with Christian Hanford and heard the whole story, nothing in her life was ever going to be the same.

She could see the truth in his eyes. He was watching her as if he could read her mind and knew exactly what a tumult her thoughts were in. She read understanding in his eyes and once again thought she caught a flicker of sympathy.

Nerves rattled through her and Erica knew she'd never make it through her whole day now without knowing what was going on. How could she possibly meet with clients and do the myriad other little jobs that required her attention with this mystery hanging

over her head?

Nope, an impossible task. On impulse, she stood up and said, “On second thought, I think we should have that talk now. If you could give me a half an hour to clear up a few things, we could meet ...”

*Where?* Not her apartment. She wasn’t inviting a strange man into her home, even if he was a lawyer. Not here in the office. If she was about to get hit with bad news, she’d rather it wasn’t done in front of people she had to work with every day.

As if he were still reading scatter-shot thoughts, Christian offered, “Why don’t we meet for lunch? I’ll come back in an hour and then we’ll talk.”

She nodded. “One hour.”

Once he’d left, Erica took a deep breath in a futile attempt to steady herself. Her stomach was jumping with nerves and her mind was whirling. What in the world was going on? Once again, she was tempted to call her father and ask his advice. But at the same time, she knew he would simply tell her to think it through and make her own decisions. Walter Prentice had never been the kind of man to “mollycoddle” his children. Not even his youngest child and only daughter.

No, she would meet with Christian Hanford, get to the bottom of this and then decide what to do about it.

But before she could do that, she had to clear her appointments for the day. She had no idea how long this meeting with Christian Hanford was going to take—or if she’d be in any kind of mood to

deal with business once their meeting was over. She hit a button on her phone. Her assistant, Monica, opened the office door an instant later. Her blue eyes sparkling, she asked, “What’s up with Mr. Gorgeous?”

Erica sighed. Monica was more friend than assistant. They’d bonded shortly after Erica had come to work for B&B nearly a year ago. The two of them were the youngest employees in the company and they’d forged a friendly working relationship that had resulted in lots of after-business drinks and dinners. But today, Erica was feeling too jumbled to enjoy her friend’s teasing.

“I have no idea.”

Monica’s smile faded. “Hey, are you okay?”

“I’ll let you know later,” she said, sitting down at her desk again. “For now, I need you to cancel today’s meetings. I’ve got something important to take care of.”

“That won’t be difficult. When do you want everything rescheduled?”

“Work everyone in as quickly as possible,” Erica told her. “We’ll just double up a little and stay late if we have to.”

“Okay,” Monica said. “This does sound important. Is everything all right?”

“Honestly, I don’t know.” The unsettled feeling in the pit of her stomach kept warning her that things were about to get very weird.

And there wasn’t a thing she could do to avoid it.

Christian was waiting for her when Erica came down the

elevator and crossed the lobby of the office building. Something inside him stirred at the sight of her. He'd felt it earlier, too. The moment he'd looked into her whiskey-brown eyes, Christian had known that this woman was going to be trouble.

He didn't do trouble. Not for years, now. He had exactly what he'd spent most of his life working toward. A position of respect and more money than he could spend in two lifetimes. He hadn't worked his ass off for years to get where he was just to let it all go because his body had reacted to the wrong woman.

And Erica Prentice was definitely off-limits to him.

Not only was she the illegitimate daughter of his long-time employer ... there was also the fact that any "fraternization" with members of the Jarrod family could see him lose the job he valued so much.

Hadn't ever been an issue for him before this. Melissa Jarrod was a sweetheart, but she'd never interested him. But he had the distinct feeling that Erica Prentice was going to be a different matter altogether.

As she crossed the glossy floor, his gaze took in everything about her. Shoulder-length light brown hair, soft and touchable. Smooth, pale skin, amber eyes and a mouth that had a tendency to quirk to one side as if she were trying to decide whether to smile or not. She was short, but curvy, the kind of woman that made a man want to sweep her up and pull her in close. Not that he had any intention of doing anything like that.

Her eyes met his and Christian told himself to take care of

business and get back to the jet waiting for him at the airport. Safer all around if he concluded this trip as quickly as possible.

“Sorry I’m late,” she said as she joined him.

“No problem.” Of course the fact that he wanted to take her hand again just for an excuse to touch her might be looked on as a problem. Shaking his head to dislodge that thought, he said, “Look, I saw a café just down the street. Why don’t we go have some lunch and get this situation taken care of?”

“Fine.” She headed for the glass doors and walked outside when they swished open automatically. She stopped on the sidewalk and pushed her hair out of her eyes when a cold San Francisco wind tossed it into the air. Looking up at him, she asked, “Tell me this much first. Are you about to make me happy? Or is this going to screw up my world?”

Christian looked down into eyes shining with trepidation. “To tell the truth, maybe a little of both.”

## Two

“You must be crazy,” Erica said fifteen minutes later.

The outdoor Italian café sat at the corner of a busy intersection in downtown San Francisco. Only a few of the dozen small round tables covered in bloodred tablecloths were occupied by people stopping for an early lunch. Inside the restaurant there were less hardy souls, diners not wanting to deal with the capricious wind. Fabrizio’s was one of Erica’s favorite places, but now she was sure this visit was going to forever take the shine off the restaurant for her.

Staring across the table at the man who watched her through steady eyes, she repeated what she’d said only moments before. “You’re wrong. This is crazy. I am *not* Donald Jarrod’s illegitimate heir.”

Their waiter came up to the table just as she finished speaking and Erica felt heat rush up her neck and fill her cheeks. She only hoped the man hadn’t heard her. That would be perfect. She was known here. People would talk. Speculate.

They would anyway, she realized. The Jarrod family, much like the Prentice family, was big news. Even if this wasn’t true—which, she assured herself silently, it wasn’t—word would get out and soon Erica would be the subject of tabloid gossip and whispered innuendos from those she knew.

She could just imagine the reactions from her father and

stepmother, Angela. Walter Prentice loathed scandal. He'd raised his children to believe that family business was private and that getting one's name in the paper was not something to be desired. Now, Erica thought, ancient dirty laundry would be spread out for the world to read about and enjoy and she and her family would be the punch line to mean-spirited jokes told at cocktail parties.

Oh, God, this just couldn't be happening.

"Iced tea for the lady," the waiter was saying as he divested his tray of drinks, "and coffee for the gentleman. Have you decided on lunch?"

"No," Christian said. "We need a few minutes."

"Take your time," the young man told him, then gave them each a smile and left them alone with their menus.

Erica didn't even glance at hers. She wasn't sure she'd ever be hungry again. She grabbed her tea, took a long drink to ease the dryness in her throat and then set the glass down. Keeping her voice low enough that Christian was forced to lean across the table to hear her over the discordant hum of traffic, she said, "I don't know what this is about, or what you're up to, but ..."

"If you'll hear me out, I'll try to explain."

He looked as if he wished he were anywhere but there and Erica knew exactly how he felt. She wanted nothing more than to jump up, vault over the iron railing separating the café tables from the sidewalk and disappear into the crowds. But since that wasn't going to happen, she told herself to remain calm and listen

to him. Once he was finished saying his piece, she'd simply walk away and put this hideous conversation out of her mind forever.

He threw a quick glance at the table closest to them as if to assure himself he wouldn't be overheard, then he looked back to Erica. His dark chocolate eyes shone with determination as he said quietly, "I realize this is a shock—"

"It would be if it were true," she allowed.

"It is true, Ms. Prentice." His voice dropped another notch. "Would I be here if this were all some elaborate joke?"

"Maybe," she said. "For all I know this is some sort of extortion attempt or something."

Now those dark eyes of his fired with indignation. "I'm an attorney. I'm here at the behest of my late employer. It was his final wish that I come to you personally to deliver this news."

Erica nodded, seeing the insult her jibe had delivered and said, "Fine. It's not a joke. But it *is* a mistake. Believe me when I tell you, I'm the daughter of Walter Prentice."

"No," he said tightly. "You're not. I have documentation to back me up."

She took a breath of the cold, clear air, hoping it would brace her for what was coming. If this was a mistake, she'd find out soon enough. If it was all true, she needed to see proof. "Show me."

He delved into his briefcase and handed her a smaller manila envelope than the one he'd shown her earlier at her office. Warily, she took it, her fingers barely touching it, as if she half expected

the thing to blow up in her hands. But it didn't and she opened the clasp and slid free the three sheets of paper inside.

The first document was a letter. Written to Don Jarrod and signed by ... Erica's mother. Her heart lodged in her throat as she stared at the elegant handwriting. Her mother had died in childbirth, so Erica had always felt cheated out of a relationship with the woman her brothers remembered so clearly. Danielle Prentice had kept a journal though, one that had been passed on to Erica when she was sixteen. She'd spent hours reading those pages, getting to know the mother she'd never known. So she recognized that beautiful, familiar handwriting and it was almost as if her mother were there with them at the table.

The note was brief, but Erica felt the grief in the words written there.

My dear Don,

I wanted you to know that I don't regret our time together. Though what we shared was never meant to last, I will always remember you with affection. That said, you must see that you can never acknowledge our child. Walter has forgiven me and has promised to love this child as he has our sons. And so I ask that you stay away and let us rebuild our lives. It's best for all of us.

Love,

Danielle

Shock faded into stunned, reluctant acceptance as Erica's eyes misted over with tears. Not once in her journals had Danielle ever even hinted at the affair she had had with Don Jarrod. Yet

these few, simple words were impossible to deny even as the page before her blurred and she blinked frantically to clear her vision. Slowly she traced the tip of one finger across the faded ink, as if she could actually touch her mother. Though a ball of ice had settled in the pit of her stomach, she realized that this letter explained so much.

Walter had never been an overly affectionate father, even with Erica's older brothers. But with her, Walter had been even more ... distant. Now at least, she knew why. She wasn't his child. She was, instead, a constant reminder of his wife's infidelity. Oh, God.

Christian was sitting there across from her and not speaking, and for that she was grateful. If he tried to say something kind or sweet or sympathetic, she'd lose what little control she was desperately clinging to.

She lifted her gaze to look at him and said in a last-ditch attempt to avoid the inevitable, "How do I know my mother actually wrote this letter? For all I know you've had it forged for your own reasons."

"And what could those be?" Christian asked. "What possible reason could the Jarrod family have for lying about this?"

"I don't know," she admitted as she frantically tried to come up with something, anything that might explain all of this away. Her family wasn't a close one, but they were all she had. If she accepted this as truth, wouldn't that mean she would lose them all?

“Look at the other two papers,” he urged, taking a sip of his coffee.

She didn’t want to, but didn’t know how to avoid it. Pretending this day had never happened, that Christian Hanford had never appeared at her office, wouldn’t work. Hiding her head in the sand wouldn’t change anything. If this were actually true, then she had to know. And if it were all some elaborate lie, then she had to know that, too.

Nodding to herself, she looked at the next paper and froze in place. It was a letter from her father to Donald Jarrod and it managed, in a few short lines, to completely disintegrate the last of her doubts.

Jarrod,

My wife is dead, delivering your daughter. This letter is as close as you’ll ever get to the child, make no mistake. If you try to get around me, I’ll see to it that you regret it.

Walter Prentice

“Oh, my God.” Erica slumped against her chair and looked at Christian.

“I’m sorry this is so hard.” His voice was without inflection, but she thought she caught the sheen of sincerity in his dark brown eyes. Still, his being sorry didn’t change anything.

“I don’t even know what to say,” she whispered, staring at her father’s handwriting. She’d have known that scrawl anywhere. She knew it was genuine because as her older brothers had long said, what forger could ever reproduce such hideous writing?

God. Her brothers.

Half brothers.

Did they all know? Had they been lying to her, too, all these years? Was nothing in her life what she'd thought it was? If she wasn't Erica Prentice, then just who was she?

"Ms. Prentice ... Erica," Christian said, "I know you're having a hard time with this."

"I don't think you could have the slightest idea," she told him.

"Fair enough," he said. "But I do know that your biological father regretted never being able to know you."

"Did he?" She shook her head, unsure just what she felt about Donald Jarrod. What kind of man was it who slept with another man's wife? Who created a child and then never made an attempt to acknowledge it? Had Walter's letter really kept Don Jarrod away? Was he that easily put off? Had his affair with Danielle and Erica's birth meant nothing to him?

As if he knew exactly where her thoughts had taken her, Christian said, "Donald's wife, Margaret, died of cancer, leaving him with five children to raise alone when the youngest, your sister Melissa, was only two."

"My sister," she repeated.

"Yes," he said, "and Melissa is eager to meet you, by the way. She's delighted she's not the only girl in the family anymore."

"I'm the only girl in my family, too—" Erica laughed shortly as she looked at him. "But then, apparently I'm not."

An icy wind blasted down the street and the sun slipped behind

a bank of gray clouds. Erica shivered, but didn't know if it was the emotional reaction or the sudden drop in temperature that caused it.

Christian said, "Don met your mother at a vulnerable point in his life—"

"And that excuses him?"

"No, it doesn't," he said, his features tightening even as his voice grew clipped. "I'm simply trying to explain it to you the same way Don did for me. He knew how you'd feel hearing this news."

"I'm surprised he gave it a thought," she said. "Not one word from him my whole life and now I'm supposed to be grateful that my biological father is popping up after his death?"

"He didn't contact you because he thought it would make your life more difficult."

"Putting it lightly."

"Exactly. Don't think you weren't on his mind, though." Christian folded his hands around his coffee cup. "I knew him for a lot of years and I can tell you that to him, family was most important. It must have driven him insane knowing you were here and completely out of his reach."

"So my father's—Walter's—threat worked. Donald stayed away from me to avoid scandal."

"No." Christian smiled a little at that. "Don wasn't worried about what other people thought of him. My guess is he stayed away out of respect for you and your father. He wasn't the kind

of man to go out looking to destroy marriages.”

“And yet ...”

Christian shook his head. “Just before he died, Don talked to me about all of this because he knew I’d be the one coming to see you.”

“So even when he knew he was dying, he didn’t get in touch with me.” Erica wasn’t sure how she felt about that. If Donald Jarrod had contacted her, would she have believed him? Would she have welcomed him? She couldn’t say. Her relationship with her father had never been a good one, but she did love Walter. He *was* her father. The only one she’d ever known.

Didn’t she at least owe him loyalty?

Frowning, the man across from her admitted, “I argued with him about that. I thought he should talk to you. Tell you this himself. But he refused to go back on his word. He’d sworn to Walter he would stay away and he did, though I believe it cost him a great deal to keep that promise.”

“I’ll have to take your word for that, won’t I?”

“I guess so.” Their waiter appeared with a coffeepot to refill Christian’s cup, but when he would have stayed to take their order, he was waved away again. “Look,” Christian continued when they were alone again. “Just do me a favor and read the last letter in that envelope before I say any more.”

She really didn’t want to. What more was there to tell? What in her life was left to shake up and rearrange? Yet, morbid curiosity had a grip on her now and Erica knew she’d have to satisfy it.

Somehow, she wasn't surprised when she glanced at the bottom of the page and saw the name *Donald Jarrod* in a bold signature. Lifting her gaze to the top of the paper, she read,

My Dear Erica,

I know how you must be feeling right now and I can't blame you. But please know that if I had been given the opportunity, I would have loved you as I cared for your mother.

People—even parents—aren't perfect. We make mistakes. But if we get the chance we try to correct them. This is my chance. Come to Colorado. Meet your other family. And one day, I hope you'll be able to think of me kindly.

Your father,

Donald Jarrod

Again her eyes misted over. She had never known her mother. She'd grown up with a stepmother, Angela, who had been as distant in her own way as Walter had. Now, it turned out, she'd never known her father, either.

"Did you read these letters?"

"No. Don gave them to me in the closed envelope and they've stayed sealed up until just now."

She looked at him. "And I'm supposed to take your word for that, too?"

He met her gaze. "I'll never lie to you, Erica. That is one thing you can depend on."

Since she'd only just discovered that her entire life had been based on a lie, that should have been a comforting statement. On

the other hand, she didn't know if the statement itself was a lie.

A headache burst into life behind her eyes and Erica knew it was only going to get worse. So it was best if she just finished this meeting as quickly as possible. Then she could get away. Think. Plan. Try to make some sense out of this insensible situation.

Pushing her hair out of her eyes as the wind whipped it into a frenzy, she said, "All right. Say I believe you. I'm Donald Jarrod's daughter. What now?"

He reached down for his briefcase, opened it and extracted the manila envelope he'd shown her earlier. "As a beneficiary of Don's will, you receive an equal share of his estate."

"What?"

He gave her a small smile. "The estate's been split between all six of his children."

Erica sighed and took a gulp of her iced tea. "I can imagine how news of me went over at the reading of the will."

"As you might guess. Surprise. Shock."

"Sounds like we'll have a lot in common," she said wryly, still reeling from the information overload she'd experienced.

"More than you might think," he told her as he slid the envelope across the table toward her. "There's a catch to your inheritance, though."

"Of course there is," she mused, laying her fingertips atop the will as if she needed the physical contact to assure herself that this was all for real.

"Each of you has to move to Aspen to help run the family

business. If you don't ..."

"If we don't, then no inheritance."

"Basically."

"Move to Aspen?" She glanced around her at the city she'd grown up in and loved. The city sidewalks were at the bottom of canyons built of steel and brick. Sly sunlight poking through gray clouds appeared and disappeared as if performing magic tricks. Crowds of pedestrians hustled along, everyone hurrying, fighting the wind and the snarls of traffic. Car horns blared, music from a street corner musician peeled out and somewhere close by, a tiny dog yapped impatiently.

The city was hers.

What did she know about Colorado?

But was that even the point? How could she *not* go? Yet, if she did, how would her father and brothers react?

Christian watched her features and knew just by looking at her that her thoughts were tumultuous. Why wouldn't they be, though? He'd known that what he'd had to say to her would shake the foundations of her life. Make her question everything she had ever known.

And he still resented the hell out of the fact that Donald had left this mess in *his* hands.

"You don't have to make any decisions right now," he said after a few long minutes had passed.

She gave him a reluctant, halfhearted smile. "That's good, because I don't think I could."

Nodding, Christian offered, “Why don’t you take a few days? Make your decision, then call me.” He scribbled his cell number on the back of his business card, then handed it to her. “According to the will, you’ve got a couple of weeks to take up your place at the resort. Use the time. Think about what you want to do.”

She held his card and ran her thumb over the embossed lettering in a slow stroke that mesmerized Christian. His body stirred and he shifted uncomfortably on his chair. He didn’t need this attraction to her and wished he could shut it all down.

Unfortunately, the longer he was with her, the stronger that attraction became. What he’d like to do was blow off the business talk, take her for an elegant meal and then off to his hotel where he could lay her down across his bed and they could spend a couple of hours enjoying themselves. If she was any other woman, that’s exactly what he would do.

*That* thought made him even more uncomfortable than he had been before.

Erica Prentice was off-limits and if she ended up going to Aspen—which he thought she would—then his body had better get used to living with disappointment.

“A decision,” she said softly, locking her gaze with his. “We both know what that decision will be.”

“I think I do,” he told her. “You’re going to accept the conditions of the will.”

“How can I not?”

He smiled in approval. "You have more of your father in you than you know."

"Which one?" she asked.

"Does it matter?" he countered.

Christian studied the woman across from him and tried once again to take a mental step back from the raging lust pounding through him. He'd never had such an immediate reaction to any woman before, and it was disconcerting as hell when he was trying to concentrate on business.

Her face was an open book. Every emotion she felt was written there for the world to see and he had to admit that he liked that about her. There were no artifices. What you saw with Erica Prentice was what you got.

She was strong, as well. The kind of news he'd just delivered might have flattened most women, but she was already finding a way to deal with it. Might not be easy, but he didn't think she was the kind of woman to run from a challenge. Her whiskey-colored eyes shone with tears she refused to shed and that, too, struck a spark of admiration in him. She could control her emotions, which would be good once she hit Aspen.

Dealing with a whole new family wouldn't be easy, but he was willing to bet she'd make it work. But he had to wonder how the Jarrod siblings were going to handle it. They'd all been shocked of course, but he'd expected that. He hadn't counted on the outright hostility he'd sensed from Blake and Guy. If they tried taking their outrage at their father out on Erica, Christian

would just have to stop them.

Surprised at the thought, he realized that he was feeling ... protective of her. Which didn't make a bit of sense since he'd only just met her. But there it was. She'd had her whole life turned upside down and inside out and damned if he'd let the Jarrod twins make her feel even worse about it.

"Is there something else you're not telling me?"

He looked at Erica. "What? No. Why do you ask?"

"Because you suddenly looked fierce enough to bite through steel."

"Oh." Apparently his legendary poker face, his ability to mask his emotions, was slipping today. "No, it's nothing. I was just thinking about some business I have to take care of back in Aspen."

"Right. You live there, too."

"I do." He smiled to himself, thinking about the home he had built on the Jarrod property. "I've got a house on the resort grounds. Don wanted his lawyer close by."

"Handy."

"It has been." He shrugged and expanded on that a little. "I grew up in Aspen. Worked at the Jarrod Resort as a teenager."

"So you knew my—" she stopped and rephrased what she'd been about to say "—Don Jarrod a long time."

"Since I was a kid."

"So you know his children, too."

"Sure. We didn't hang out together as kids, but I knew them."

Got to know them better later on.”

“What’re they like?”

“You know,” he said, glancing around for the waiter that had apparently given up on them ordering lunch, “we should get a meal while we talk.”

“I’m not hungry, thanks.”

“Oh.” He should have figured she’d still be too shaken to eat.

“Are you sure?”

“I am. Just tell me how they took this news. Are they furious? Am I going to be facing a firing squad in Colorado?”

He gave her a smile he hoped was reassuring. “Nothing so dramatic. I admit they were as stunned as you. But they’re nice people. They’ll deal with it.”

She took a deep breath and blew it out again. “I suppose we’ll all have to.”

There it was, he thought, that thread of steel running through her slender, feminine body. “I have to say, I’m surprised at how well you’re taking this. I actually expected you to need more convincing.”

She shook her head and thought about that for a moment before answering. When she did, her voice was soft and low. “I’ve just discovered that my entire life has been built on lies.” Her eyes met his and Christian felt the power of her stare slam into him. “I have to know the truth. I don’t expect you to understand this, but I feel as though I *have* to go. Not for the inheritance. I don’t need Don Jarrod’s money. I have to go for *me*. I have to

find out who I really am.”

He had the oddest urge to reach across the table and cover her hand with his. His palm actually burned to touch her, but he resisted, somehow knowing that one touch would be both too much and not enough. Instead, he kept his voice deliberately businesslike as he said, “I do understand. You need to see *both* of your lives to be able to accept either one.”

She tipped her head to one side and studied him. “You do understand.” After a long moment, she turned her head to look out at the street pulsing with life behind them. “Until this morning, I thought my life was pretty dull. Routine. The biggest problem facing me this morning was getting through the morning meeting at the office. Now, I don’t know what to think.”

“Maybe you should give yourself a break. Don’t try to figure anything out yet.” He saw confusion and hurt in her eyes and he didn’t like the fact that it bothered him. “All I’m saying is, wait. Go to Aspen. Meet your other family. Take some time.”

She nodded thoughtfully. “Before I can do that, I have to go see my father,” she said. “I need to hear what he has to say about this.”

“Of course.” He stood up as she did and held out one hand toward her. When she slid her palm against his, heat skittered up the length of his arm to reverberate through his chest. Oh, yes, touching her was an invitation to disaster. Instantly, he released her hand again. “I’ll be flying back to Aspen tomorrow, so if you have any other questions, I’m at the Hyatt at the Embarcadero.”

She smiled. "I love that hotel. Good choice."

"Nice view of the bay," he admitted. As she picked up her purse and the manila envelopes he'd given her, Christian heard himself say, "Call me when you're ready to come to Colorado. I'll tell you what to expect when you arrive."

"I will." She swung her purse up onto her shoulder, held on to the manila envelopes he'd given her and said, "I guess I'll be seeing you again soon, then."

"Soon." He nodded and stood there alone to watch her leave. Sunlight slanted through a bank of clouds and dazzled her hair with light. Her hips swayed and his gaze fixed on her behind so he could enjoy the view.

The next time he saw her, they would be in Aspen. Surrounded by the Jarrod family, he would be forced to keep his distance from her, and Christian didn't like the thought of that at all. He had a feeling that cleaning up the mess Don had left behind was going to be a lot harder than he'd believed it would be.

# Three

Erica was always nervous when she walked into the headquarters of the Prentice Group. Of course, that was the impression her father wanted to make on prospective clients or competitors. Walter wanted people to be intimidated by their surroundings, because then he would always have the psychological advantage.

The building itself was massive, a glass-and-steel tower. Its tinted windows kept the sun at bay and prevented prying eyes in neighboring buildings from peeking in. As if that weren't enough, the décor had all the warmth and comfort of the great man himself. Cold tile, white walls and stiff, modernistic furniture set the scene in the main lobby and that tone was echoed on every floor.

Walter Prentice was a firm believer in the saying “Perception is everything.” He showed the world what he wanted them to see and that picture became reality. Erica thought about her father—or the man she'd always considered her father—for a second and felt an old ripple of anger slide beneath the surface of the confusion and hurt rampaging through her.

She'd been raised to uphold the family name. To be a shining beacon of respectability and decorum. This building was the heartbeat of the Prentice family dynasty. Where her brothers worked with their father. Where family meetings she was never

included in were held. Where the men of the family made plans that the women were expected to follow. This was the place she had never felt good enough to enter.

Her father hadn't wanted her here. He'd made that clear enough. Wouldn't even consider her working in the family business, no matter how she had tried to convince him. Erica had never understood why, but she had been on the outside looking in for most of her life. Today, she had discovered the reasons behind her sense of seclusion.

Did her older brothers know the truth? Was that why they'd never really been close? As a kid, she'd wondered why her big brothers weren't like those of her friends. Sure, they were much older than she was, but still, they'd never paid attention to her. They'd never had the kind of relationship she had once wished for. Had they known the truth all along? Was she the only one who'd been in the dark?

It was time to find out.

She walked across the gleaming, cream-colored tile floor to the security desk. The general public could just walk up to the bank of elevators on the south wall and take them up to any number of floors. But to reach the top floor, where her father's and brothers' offices were, required a stop at security where you were given a badge that would get you onto the penthouse elevator. As a child, she'd always felt "special" going through these motions. Today, she only felt even less a part of the Prentice world.

“Good afternoon, Ms. Prentice.”

“Hi, Jerry,” she said. The older man had been working in her father’s lobby for twenty years. When she was a child, Erica remembered, Jerry had kept candy at his station so he always had some for her when she arrived. Now that she thought about it, she realized Jerry had always been happier to see her than Walter had. “I’m going up to see my father.”

“That’s good. Nice for a father and daughter to stay close,” he said as he made a notation in his log, then handed her a badge. “Now that my Karen’s moved out to college I don’t see her nearly enough.”

Erica smiled and hoped it looked more convincing than it felt. Fathers and daughters. She wondered wistfully if Don Jarrod had been a good father. Had her sister, Melissa, had the kind of connection with her father that Erica had always hungered for? Or had her biological father been cut from the same cloth as Walter? After all, they were both wealthy, important men. Maybe it was in their natures to be closed off and more concerned with business than with their children.

Some relationships were so much closer than others. And some, she mused, with a thought for the father she would never know, were never realized at all.

“You have a nice day now,” Jerry said as she took the badge and headed for the private elevator.

Nice day. Two words rattling around inside her mind as she pushed the call button. Confusing day. Terrifying day. Nice? Not

so much. In seconds, the doors swished open, she stepped inside and listened to the muted music that drifted down around her.

Now that she was here, Erica's stomach was churning. What was she going to say? What *could* she say? "Hello, Father, or should I call you Walter?"

Tears stung at her eyes, but she blinked them back. She hadn't cried in front of Christian Hanford and she wouldn't cry now. For one brief moment, the Colorado attorney's gorgeous face rose up in her mind and Erica thought if only he hadn't been there to tear down the foundations of her life, she would have been seriously attracted to him. But it was hard to notice a hum in your body when your heart was breaking.

Even now, her heart hurt and her knees were trembling. Music played on as the elevator silently streamed skyward. She should have thought this through more before coming to the office, Erica told herself. Figured out what she was going to say before coming here. But her feelings had pushed her here. That wild rush of anger and confusion and hurt was simmering inside her and waiting wouldn't have made a difference. She wouldn't have calmed down. If anything, the tension riding her would have only increased with a wait.

Besides, she thought as the elevator stopped and the doors slid open to reveal the rarefied air of the penthouse suite of offices, it was too late to back out now. She was here and it was past time for answers.

Thick, cream-colored carpet stretched on forever. Her father

didn't want to be bothered by the clipping sound of shoes on tile. And what Walter Prentice wanted, he got. So the carpet was thick and the music soft. It was like stepping into a cloud, she thought. The view out the glass walls was impressive, the city stretched out all around them and the bay just beyond.

Taking a deep breath, Erica walked down the long hall to the desk of her father's assistant. Jewel Franks was fiftyish, no-nonsense and had her fingers on the pulse of the entire company. She had iron-gray hair neatly coiffed, cool blue eyes and the patience of a saint. She had to, to be able to work with Walter on a daily basis as she had for the last thirty years.

"Erica!" Jewel smiled at her. "What a lovely surprise. Your father isn't expecting you, is he? I don't have you on my list for the day...."

Erica felt a reluctant smile curve her mouth. Jewel's lists were legendary. If it wasn't written on her legal pad, it didn't exist.

"No, I'm sorry," she said. "This is a spur-of-the-moment thing, Jewel. Does he have a few minutes?"

The older woman gave her a wink. "You just managed to catch him between calls, honey. Why don't you go on in?"

"Thanks." Erica's stomach spun and dipped, as if her insides were dizzy and looking for a way to sit down. Another deep breath to fortify already flagging nerves and she was walking to the double-door entrance to her father's office. A soft knock, then she turned the brass knob and entered.

"What is it, Jewel?" Walter didn't even look up from the sheaf

of papers on his desk.

Erica took a second to study him as he sat there. All of her life, she'd looked up to this man, tried to please him and wondered why she continually failed. His hair was thick and cut short, white mingling with the black now, and his navy blue suit fit him like a uniform. Which it was, she supposed, since she had rarely seen her father in anything but a suit and tie. That tie was power-red today and as he lifted his gaze to look at her, she saw his eyes narrow in question.

“Erica? What are you doing here?”

Not exactly a warm greeting, but Walter never had cared for being interrupted at the office. “Hello, Father.”

Openly frowning now, he asked, “Is there something wrong? Shouldn't you be at work?”

She watched his face, searching for some sign of warmth or pleasure, but there was nothing. So she walked across the floor, never taking her eyes from his. When she was standing opposite his desk, she said, “I had a visitor today. A lawyer from Colorado.”

Walter jerked as if he'd been shot. Then he stiffened in his chair and set his sterling silver pen onto the desk top. His features went deliberately blank.

“Colorado?” He repeated the word without the slightest inflection in his voice.

“Don't,” Erica said, staring into those distant green eyes of his as she had her whole life, hoping to see love shining back at

her. But again, she was disappointed. “Don’t pretend to not know what I’m talking about.”

His eyes narrowed as he sat back in his chair and gave an impatient tug to his suit vest. “Young lady, don’t take that tone with me.”

Erica almost laughed and would have if her heart wasn’t aching in her chest. She hadn’t heard that particular phrase from him since she was seventeen, and telling her father she was going to a concert with her friends. Of course, she hadn’t gone to the concert, since he’d refused permission and sent her to her room. She wasn’t a rebellious girl anymore though, fighting her own nerves and her father for the right to spread her wings. And she no longer needed his permission to do what she felt she had to do. She was all grown-up and she deserved some answers.

“Father,” she said quietly, “the attorney told me some things. Things I need to talk to you about.”

“I can imagine he did. But I’m not going to discuss this with you.” His jaw jutted out, his eyes narrowed and he silently dared her to continue.

“I need to know, Father,” she said, doing just that. “I have the right to hear it from you. I have to know if everything he said was true.”

“You want to talk about rights? What about my rights to not have this distasteful matter resurrected?” he muttered, tapping his fingers against the desk in a nervous tattoo. “You’re Erica Prentice. My daughter, and by heaven, that should be enough for

you.”

God, she wished it were. She wanted it to be enough. But just looking at Walter’s face told her that there was so much more she needed to know. All her life, she’d loved this man. Wanted him to be proud of her. Had strived to be the best—at everything—just to win his approval.

Now, she wanted him to tell her this was all a mistake. Some cruel trick. Yet even before she’d come here, she’d known it wasn’t. “Father, please. Talk to me. I don’t even know what to think about all of this.”

He ground his teeth together, his jaw working furiously before he said, “That bastard Jarrod. This is all his fault. Even from the grave he tries to steal from me.”

“What?” That was not the opening she’d been expecting.

Walter pushed back from his desk and stood up. “He left orders in his will to contact you, didn’t he?” He shoved one hand through his hair, startling Erica. It was the first time she’d ever seen him actually rattled.

“I knew he would,” Walter was muttering. “It was the one sure way he could get around me. Should have known he wouldn’t keep his word.”

This was getting more confusing by the moment. “Don Jarrod left me an equal share in his estate.”

Walter snorted derisively. “Of course he did. He knew I couldn’t stop him and this was the only way he had left to stick it to me.”

“To you?” Erica shook her head and felt the sting of tears she wouldn’t allow burning in her eyes again. “This isn’t about you, Father, this is about me.”

“Don’t you fool yourself.” Walter stabbed his index finger at her. “This was always about Don Jarrod and what he could take from me. No better than a damn thief, that man.”

Heart sinking in her chest, Erica watched as Walter’s features went florid with the rush of temper. Even knowing it was foolish, she’d been harboring one small flicker of doubt inside her. The hope that this was all wrong. That Don Jarrod had made a mistake. That Walter was her father and really did love her. So much for hope.

“So he really was my father?”

“Yes.” Walter bit the word off as if it had tasted foul. “The bastard.” He glanced at her, then looked away again and stalked across the room to stare out at the gloomy view of gray sky and sea. “Your mother and I were having ... problems. No point in getting into them now, it’s over and done years ago. But we separated for a time. I went to England for several months, setting up the European branch of the company. Thought it best if Danielle and I each had some space. Some time to consider what we wanted.”

She stared at his broad back as he kept his gaze fixed on the window and the world beyond the glass. He couldn’t even look at her as he spoke and that ripped another tiny shred out of her heart.

He had thought it best to leave her mother for a while, Erica told herself and wondered what her mother's wishes had been. Then Walter was talking again and she paid attention.

“Don Jarrod was here, in town, supposedly buying up a hotel or two. They met at the theater. Introduced by mutual friends,” he said that last word with a sneer, as if the sting of betrayal were still too sharp. Then he inhaled deeply and exhaled on a rush of words. “The bastard took advantage of her. I was out of the country, and Jarrod saw she was vulnerable, sad. He romanced her, seduced her and got her pregnant.”

Erica swayed unsteadily, but kept standing. It all sounded so awful. So ... tacky. How was she supposed to feel about this? She was the unplanned result of a hurried affair. Not the sort of thing a woman wants to hear.

Walter was still talking. “Of course,” he told her, with a glance over his shoulder, “I didn't realize your mother was expecting you until after we'd reconciled ...”

That's when it hit her. “So you were separated when—” It didn't really make it better, but at least her mother hadn't been cheating.

“Hardly matters,” Walter argued. “We were still married. Not that Don Jarrod would care about that. I loved my wife. I wanted our marriage back. Danielle assured me the affair was long over. Jarrod had returned to Colorado and we put it behind us. When she discovered she was pregnant, she went against my wishes and told him because she felt he had the right to know about his

child.”

“He knew all these years.”

Walter snorted. “Yes. Naturally he got in contact. He wanted to be a part of your life—as if I would ever have allowed that. The scandal of it would have rocked this city. Ruined business, cost me clients. I couldn’t have that.”

“Of course not,” she whispered, feeling another sharp slice of pain. Scandal was the one thing Walter wouldn’t tolerate. The idea of his friends and business associates knowing about his wife’s affair would have been unbearable for him. He hadn’t hidden the truth because of his desire to protect and love her, but to save himself embarrassment.

This explained a lot, she told herself, her mind racing, darting from one thought to the next so quickly she could hardly keep up. As a girl, she had dreamed of a daddy who doted on her. After all, she was the youngest in the family by quite a bit. The youngest of her older brothers was still fifteen years older than she. Erica had grown up practically an only child. Her brothers were out and building lives of their own by the time she was a teenager.

But Walter had never been the kind of father she’d yearned for. At last, she knew why. And Erica wondered sadly if Don Jarrod would have been any different. He was—or had been—much like Walter, a businessman first last and always.

And yet.

“He wanted me,” she said softly, more to herself than to

Walter.

“He wanted to ruin *me*,” Walter told her flatly. Some of the hot color drained from his features. “He tried to convince your mother to leave me. Go with him to that backwater out in the country. But she knew what was best. What was right.” He nodded with satisfaction. “Besides, I told her I wouldn’t hold her mistake against her.”

“No,” Erica said softly. “You held it against me.”

He stared at her. “I beg your pardon?”

Erica’s pain was enveloped by a rising tide of regret and sadness. “Father, my whole life you’ve looked at me with barely concealed revulsion.”

“Not true,” he said, but his gaze slipped to one side, avoiding her eyes.

Even now, he couldn’t look at her. Couldn’t meet her gaze and admit to the truth. But she wouldn’t play the game anymore. She finally understood why she’d always been a little less worthy than her brothers and that in itself was liberating.

“Yes,” she said, “it is. I used to wonder what I’d done that was so wrong. So awful to make you dislike me so much.”

“I don’t dislike you, Erica,” he said, surprise coloring his voice. “I love you.”

She wished she could believe that, but with her heart aching it was simply impossible. “You’ve never acted as if you do.”

He squared his shoulders and lifted his chin. “I’m not an emotional man, Erica, but you should be well aware of my

feelings.”

“Until this moment, I wasn’t sure you had any,” Erica snapped, then lifted one hand to cover her mouth, almost as stunned as he was that she’d said such a thing.

He looked at her as if she was someone he didn’t even recognize, and to be fair, Erica thought, she could understand his reaction. In her whole life, she’d never once spoken back to him this way. Stood up for herself. Always, she had tried to be the perfect daughter. To win a smile or a nod of approval from him. At this moment though, none of that meant anything to her. Right now, all she felt was her own hurt. Her own disappointment. Her own wish that things were different.

“Erica,” he said, that deep voice rumbling out around her as it had since her childhood. “I *am* your father in every way that matters. Haven’t I always been here for you? Didn’t I raise you? Have you *ever* wanted for anything?”

“Only your love,” she said, voice catching as she finally admitted to him that she’d felt that lack her whole life.

“How can you say that?” His shocked expression told her exactly how surprised he was by her words.

The tears that she’d managed to hold at bay all day finally began to show themselves. Irritated by their arrival, Erica quickly swiped them away with the backs of her hands.

“I’m sorry, Father,” she said at last. “Maybe my coming here wasn’t a good idea. I didn’t want to upset you. Didn’t want us to tear at each other.”

He took a single step toward her, then stopped, clearly unsure of his next move. Which was, she thought, another first.

“Erica ...” He paused as if gathering his scattered thoughts, then said, “Your mother wouldn’t want you to go. She’d want you to stay here. With your family.”

Would she? Erica wondered. Or would her mother understand the need to discover her roots? God, what a clichéd way to think of this. But wasn’t it true? Wouldn’t she be exploring her past so that she could figure out her future?

“I do love you, Father,” she told him. “But I’m going to Colorado. I have to. To meet my brothers and sister. To find out if I belong there any more than I do here.”

“What’s *that* supposed to mean?” His bellow was completely unexpected. Walter Prentice never lost his temper. Or at least, he’d never allowed anyone to witness it. “Of course you belong here, this is your home. We’re your family.”

“So are they.”

“You will not do this thing.” He folded his arms across his chest. “I forbid it.”

Erica had to smile through her tears. Typical of this man, she thought. If he couldn’t sway, he would command, fully expecting that his opposition would fold and do exactly as he wanted.

Still, she loved him and wished he would sweep her up into his big arms and tell her this was all nonsense. That of course he loved her. Always had. Always would. She wanted to be cuddled against her father’s broad chest and reassured about her place in

the world.

But that wasn't going to happen.

Sadly, she faced him. "You can't stop me, Father, so please don't try." Erica walked to the door and opened it but before she could slip through, his voice halted her.

"If you don't find what you're looking for there?" he asked. "What then?"

She glanced back at him and suddenly thought that he looked so ... lonely, in his plush office surrounded by the symbols of his success. "Honestly? I just don't know."

"So what is she like?"

Christian looked up from the desk in his office at the Manor and smiled at Melissa Jarrod. She wore a pale yellow silk blouse tucked into a short, dark green skirt. Her heeled sandals gave her already five-foot-eight height three extra inches and her blue eyes were sparkling with excitement. She shook her long fall of blond hair back from her face, planted both hands on the desktop and leaned toward him.

Looked as though he wouldn't be getting much work done, he told himself. Melissa was bound and determined to get information on her new sister and until he surrendered to the inevitable, Christian knew the woman wouldn't be going anywhere.

"Come on, Christian, give a little," she prodded.

"I already told you she seems very nice," he said.

"Nice doesn't tell me a lot." She straightened up and paced

around the room. “Is she funny? Boring?”

He didn’t remember her being boring, Christian thought. Would have been easier on him if she had been. But no, Erica Prentice had to be strong and intelligent and—not helping, he told himself. “She’s . . . nice.”

Melissa laughed. “Honestly, you’re hopeless. You make a terrible spy.”

“Good thing I’m a lawyer then,” he said and shifted his gaze back to the papers on the desk. His brief hope that he’d satisfied her curiosity and would be allowed to get back to work was shattered a second later.

“Fine. As a lawyer, give me a description. Tell me how she reacted. What she’s thinking. Something,” she begged.

Sitting back in his chair, Christian looked across the room at the youngest Jarrod sibling—well, now thanks to Erica, she was the second youngest. Melissa hadn’t taken long at all to decide to come home to Aspen. She’d quit her job managing a trendy, luxurious day spa in Los Angeles and had taken over at the spa here at the resort. Since she was also a yoga instructor, she had plans to include yoga retreats at the spa, as well. She’d slipped back into mountain life as if she’d never left it.

“What do you want to hear?”

“I don’t know,” she said, laughing again. “I have a sister I’ve never met. Is she fun? Does she smile a lot? Is she stuffy? You know, more into business than anything else? Because really, with my brothers, I’m hoping she’s not.”

“She didn’t seem to be,” he said, thinking back on that one day he’d had with Erica. Not like he hadn’t been doing a lot of thinking about her ever since they first met. On the long flight home, he’d almost convinced himself that the instant attraction he’d felt for her wasn’t as overwhelming as he’d believed. But then Erica had called him that night to tell him she would be arriving in just a few days.

All it had taken was hearing her voice and his body was tight and hard and. Christian cut those thoughts off fast. Melissa was pretty damned intuitive and he didn’t need her picking up on what he was feeling for her sister.

“She was,” he said, before Melissa could prod him again, “surprised. As shocked as all of you were to hear about her connection to the family.”

“Poor thing,” Melissa murmured, her soft heart showing. “I can’t even imagine having that curve ball thrown at you.”

“You did have it thrown at you,” he reminded her.

“Yeah, but I already knew I was a Jarrod. She’s coming into this cold and it had to be hard to find out you’re not who you think you are.”

Christian smiled at her again. She was going to be an ally for Erica. A safe harbor in a strange new world. And that was a good thing. He had a feeling she was going to need friends. In their communications with him, Blake and Guy weren’t exactly warming up to the idea of a new sister. And as for Gavin and Trevor ... he’d know when they arrived what their attitude was

going to be.

“I think it’s safe to say it hit her hard. She’s strong though,” Christian told her. “Every bit as tough as you are. But she’s got a soft side, too,” he mused, remembering the sheen of tears she’d managed to keep at bay when they’d been talking.

“Do I detect some interest there?” Melissa asked.

“What?” He straightened up and glared at her. Damn it, he couldn’t afford to relax his guard for a minute around her. She was way too perceptive. “No. You don’t. Besides, that would be inappropriate.”

“Oh, for heaven’s sake, Christian,” Melissa said with a sad shake of her head, “you sound like a Puritan or something.”

“I’m not and I’m also not discussing this with you. Don’t you have a spa to run?”

Frustrated, she huffed out a breath. “Honestly, men are the most bizarre creatures.”

“Thanks so much. Goodbye.”

“Oh, I’m going,” she said, smiling now as she headed for his office door. “But don’t think this ends the conversation, Christian.”

Once she was gone, he leaned back in his chair again and told himself to shape up. He couldn’t afford to show any of the Jarrod siblings that he was attracted to Erica. With the board of directors due to meet in a few months, he couldn’t afford to start rumors.

Dating a member of the Jarrod family was one sure way for

an employee to find himself quickly unemployed. It was there in the contracts they all signed, since Don had been adamant about protecting his family. Don's will ensured that the fraternization clause would stay. The board of directors would follow Don's directions until new ones were put in their place. Christian couldn't count on the Jarrod siblings doing anything to change the status quo. And he wasn't going to give up the job he'd worked so hard for and loved so much for any woman.

No matter how much he wanted her.

## Four

Three days after her lunch with Christian, Erica was on a private plane headed to Aspen. Strange how quickly she'd managed to pull this together. Erica had taken a leave of absence from her firm, closed up her condo and put her car into storage. When she called Christian Hanford to tell him her plans, he'd insisted on sending the family jet for her. She'd argued with him of course, but Erica thought as she looked around her, she was glad she'd lost that argument.

The plane was furnished with both elegance and comfort in mind. Thick, sky-blue carpeting covered the floor and the dozen seats were in pale blue leather and more comfy than any first-class accommodation she'd ever tried. There was a flat-screen TV on the bulkhead, a selection of movies for the DVD player and a stereo outfitted with dozens of CDs. There was also a uniformed hostess who had served Erica a delicious breakfast before disappearing into the front of the plane with the pilot and copilot.

She had the cabin to herself and Erica was grateful for the respite. She'd been doing so much thinking and considering over the last few days, had had so many people talking to her and at her, it was nearly a vacation to have some quiet time to herself.

Although, with all of this quality thinking time, she was starting to make herself crazy wondering what exactly she was

getting herself into. Christian had said that her new family was eager to meet her.

She had to wonder about that. He was probably just being nice. Why would they be taking this situation any better than her older brothers had? She hardly saw her siblings unless it was at some family function, but only the day before, the three of them had descended on her en masse to try to talk her out of this move.

Erica leaned her head back against the seat and closed her eyes. She could still hear her brothers' voices, alternately pleading, arguing and demanding that she stop hurting the man who'd loved her and raised her. Strange how they were all so interested in protecting Walter from a truth he'd known all along. None of them had given much thought to what *she* was having to deal with.

Even with her brothers coming at her from all sides, that confrontation hadn't been as bad as the one with her stepmother. Angela, to give the woman her due, loved Walter to distraction. She'd made him happy, Erica knew, and she'd even tried, in the beginning, to foster a relationship with Erica. But the woman really wasn't very maternal and Erica had been old enough to resent a woman who wasn't her mother trying to take over her life. So they'd never really connected. And that wasn't likely to change now, she thought as she remembered that last scene with her stepmother.

*"You're hurting him with this, Erica," Angela had said softly, her tone and expression clearly showing her disapproval. "He*

*doesn't deserve this sort of treatment from you."*

*"Angela, all I want to do is find out who I am," she argued patiently.*

*"And you believe your father resents your choice."*

*"Are you saying he doesn't?"*

*Angela took a long breath and let it sigh from her lungs. Picking up her clutch, she tucked it beneath her left arm and slowly shook her head. "You've never looked past his brusque exterior to the man beneath, have you?" Not waiting for an answer, she said, "One day you will, my dear. And you'll see that Walter's heart aches for you. He loves you, Erica. It doesn't matter that Don Jarrod donated his sperm to your creation. It's Walter Prentice who is your father."*

Was Angela right? Or was she only defending her husband as she always had? Erica didn't know, but she couldn't allow anything to stop her from this quest.

"So basically," Erica whispered to no one, "I'm on my own. Probably about time, too," she added under her breath.

Heaven knew this was the greatest adventure she'd ever undertaken. Unlike her friends, she hadn't back-packed through Europe after graduating from college. She hadn't taken a year off to "find" herself. Instead, she'd done exactly what was expected of her. She had gotten a job at a well-regarded firm and began the process of building a respectable life. In fact, Erica had never done a single thing on impulse. She had been the good little girl, doing the right thing. The proper thing. All because she had been

trying to prove herself to a father who had never noticed her. Now though, it seemed she was making up for all of that.

Pulling up stakes and moving halfway across the country to live with people she didn't know and help run a resort she'd never seen.

It was crazy. Made zero sense. She should be terrified.

But she wasn't.

Erica looked out the window at the earth far below and watched the view change from city to mountains and plains and felt a stir of excitement rise up inside her. This was new. Fresh. She had a chance here that few people ever had. An opportunity to completely reinvent herself. She was going to do the best she could with it. She was going to find her way and figure out who she was and when that was done, she'd be able to face her father again and hold her head high.

She picked up her cup of coffee and sipped at it. But for the muffled roar of the engines, the inside of the jet was quiet. She wasn't interested in watching a movie or listening to the selection of music they had on board. In fact, she was actually too restless to sit still. The only thing keeping her in her buttery-soft leather chair was her instinctive fear of flying. And as the time ticked away, Erica's excitement turned into nervousness and she worried about the reception she'd be receiving once she landed.

Friends? Or enemies? And how would she be able to tell?

The pilot's voice crackled over the speaker, interrupting her thoughts. "Ms. Prentice, please make sure your seat belt is

fastened. We're beginning our initial descent and will be landing in Aspen in about twenty minutes."

She nodded as if the man could see her, then smiled at herself. Only twenty minutes until her new life started.

He was waiting on the tarmac.

Christian Hanford looked different than he had in San Francisco, Erica thought as her heartbeat sped into a gallop. For one thing, he wasn't wearing a suit. And if she'd thought him gorgeous in that elegantly cut business suit, it was nothing to how she felt now.

He was wearing dark blue jeans, black boots and a red pullover collared shirt. His short dark hair ruffled in the wind and his lazy stance as he leaned against a black BMW only added to the "dangerous" air about him.

He walked to meet her as she came down the retractable stairway. A half smile on his face, he stopped at the bottom of the staircase and looked up at her. "How was your trip?"

"Fabulous," she said quickly. "Thank you for sending the jet for me."

"Least we could do," he said and held out one hand to help her down the last few steps. His thumb traced lightly over the back of her hand and his touch felt like licks of flame. His dark eyes locked with hers and Erica felt a nearly magnetic pull toward the man. For one split second it was as if they were the only two people in the world. His square jaw was shadowed with a faint trace of whiskers and his mouth was still curved in that half smile

as he added, “It’s the Jarrod family jet. You’re family.”

She laid her free hand against her abdomen in an attempt to still the butterflies that had suddenly decided to swarm inside her. It was a wasted effort. With excitement came nerves and she didn’t expect either to let up anytime soon.

“How about a quick tour of Aspen before we go to the resort?”

“I’d like that,” she said, tearing her gaze from his really gorgeous dark chocolate eyes long enough to look around her. Once she did, she gasped.

She glanced around the small—compared to San Francisco—airport and the mountains surrounding them. The sky was so blue it nearly hurt to look at it and the white clouds scudding across that sky could have been painted on, they were so perfect. The air was sharp and clean and the relative quiet was nearly deafening to a woman used to the sounds of a city.

“It’s beautiful,” she whispered, staring out at the mountains that towered over them like guardian angels.

“You know,” he said, and she turned to catch him looking at her, “it really is.” Then he shook off whatever he was thinking, and gave her hand a tug. “Come on, city girl. Let me show you around.”

She was too damn beautiful; that was the problem, Christian told himself. He’d hoped that his memory of her was exaggerated. That she hadn’t really had eyes the color of finely aged whiskey. That she didn’t smell like peaches. That her softly layered hair didn’t really lift in the wind until it looked like a

halo around her head. He'd hoped that his desire for her would be something he could tuck away and ignore.

But just touching her hand had set off explosions of want inside him and now Christian knew exactly what he was up against.

Temptation.

He kept her hand tucked into his as he led her toward his car. The top was down and it was a perfect day for her to see her new home. When he opened the car door for her he took an extra second to enjoy the view. She wore white linen slacks, a dark blue shirt and black leather flats, and managed to look more beautiful than any woman had a right to. Oh, yeah. He was in deep trouble.

He closed the car door and said, "We'll drive through town, let you get your bearings." "What about my luggage?"

"They'll deliver it to the resort."

"Right." She nodded. "Okay then."

He hopped in on the driver's side, fired the engine and drove out of the airport.

"I can't believe the mountains are so close," she said, pushing her windblown hair out of her face.

"I've lived here my whole life so I guess I don't really take the time to look up at them much."

"I don't know how you could do anything else," she admitted.

He followed her gaze briefly, allowing himself to admire the sweep of green that climbed up the mountains ringing Aspen. Like most citizens of Aspen, he more or less took the natural

beauty of the place for granted. When you grew up in the middle of a painting, you tended to think everyone else lived with those kinds of views, too.

Christian gave her a quick grin. “I give you two weeks before you stop noticing them, just like the rest of us.”

She glanced at him and shook her head. “I’ll take that bet.”

As he drove into the city, he rattled off the names of the businesses crowded along the streets. On Galena he pointed out the old brick buildings, several of the shops and Erica noticed the flower boxes lining the walkways between stores. Down Main Street, he showed her the *Aspen Times*, one of the town newspapers, and she smiled at the small blue building adorned with old-fashioned gold lettering across the front.

He knew what she was seeing, but he had to admit that like the mountains, he tended to take for granted the charm of the city he’d grown up in.

It was modern of course, with plenty of high-end boutiques and shops for the megawealthy and celebrities who flocked here every year. But it was also an old mining town. Brick buildings, narrow streets, brightly colored flowers in boxes and old-fashioned light posts that were more atmospheric than useful. It was a mingling of three centuries, he supposed.

“In Aspen, we’ve sort of held on to the old while we welcomed the new.”

“I love it,” she said, her head whipping from side to side so she could take it all in.

He threw a quick look at her, saw pure pleasure dancing in her eyes and wondered how he was going to maintain a strictly business relationship with the youngest of Don's daughters. As his mind wrestled with his body's wants, he tried to focus on the road and not the way she lazily crossed her legs.

"It's so big," she said after another minute or two.

"Aspen?" He gave her another quick look. Coming from a city the size of San Francisco, he was surprised to hear she thought Aspen was big. "It's not, really. Population's around five thousand with a hell of a lot more than that every winter for the skiing and in the summer for the food and wine gala."

"No, not Aspen itself," she corrected. "Colorado. It's all so ... open. God, the sky just goes on forever." She laughed a little and shrugged. "I'm more used to fragments of sky outlined by office buildings."

"Which do you like better?"

"Well," she said as he stopped at a red light, "that's the question, isn't it? San Francisco is beautiful, but in a completely different way. I feel so out of my element here."

The light changed, he put the car in gear and stepped on the gas. Keeping his eyes on the road, he said, "You're Don Jarrod's daughter, so Colorado's in your blood. Your family goes back a long way here."

"Tell me," she said, focusing on him now more than the city around them.

"I'll do my best," he said, thinking back to everything he'd

heard Don talking about over the years. “Don’s great-great-grandfather started the resort. He was here for the silver mining boom that started the city back in 1879. Bought himself some land and built what he called the biggest, damndest house in Colorado.”

Erica smiled. “No shortage of self-esteem in the Jarrod family then?”

“Not at all,” Christian agreed with a chuckle. “Anyway, by 1893, Aspen had banks, theaters, a hospital and electric lights.”

“Impressive,” she said, half turning in her seat to watch him as he spoke.

“It was. Then the bottom dropped out of the silver market, mines closed and people moved out by the hundreds. Eli Jarrod refused to go, though. He kept adding on to his house, and opened it up as a hotel. There were still plenty of people back east who wanted to come out here on fishing and hunting trips and Eli was set up to take care of them.”

“Smart.”

“Not a shortage of brains in the Jarrod family, either,” he told her. “Anyway, Eli managed to hang on. The Depression wasn’t easy for anybody, but then the resort really took off in 1946. Then people were discovering the mountains for skiing and the Jarrods were prepared to handle the tourism trade.”

“Right place, right time?”

“I guess,” he said, “though they hung on through the lean years when everyone said that a hotel in the middle of ‘nowhere’ was

a bad idea. So maybe you could just put their success down to pure stubbornness.”

He steered the car past a delivery truck and along street after street. Businesses gave way to bungalow homes set far back on wide lots dotted with pines. Soon they left the city behind and turned onto a road guarded on either side by tall trees and open space.

“Tell me about the resort.”

Christian nodded. “Like I said, it started out as just the family home, though your ancestor made sure it was the biggest house for miles around. As he turned it into a hotel, the place got even grander. Wings were added off the main building and the Jarrod resort was born.” He took a sharp left and steered the car across the bridge spanning the Roaring Fork River. “And the resort just kept growing. The main hotel is out front and the top floor is the family residence. That’s where you’ll be staying.”

She took a breath and nodded. “Okay, what else?”

“There are lodges built on the grounds, some of them actually going up the slope of the mountain. There are standard log cabins, some stone ones. Most of the lodges are small and cozy, one-family deals, but there are much bigger ones too, fully staffed with butlers, maids and cooks.”

Her eyebrows rose. “Wow.”

“Oh, yeah.” He steered the car down a narrow road lined with stands of trees so thick she could barely see through them. “I think you’re about to be amazed, Erica Prentice.”

She laughed. “What makes you think I haven’t been already?”  
“It’s about to get better,” he assured her.

The long drive up to the resort unfolded in front of them. An acre of neatly tended lawn bordered by banks of flowers spilling color and scent lay in front of the truly impressive Manor.

Erica felt her mouth drop open. “It’s a castle,” she whispered, her gaze sweeping up and over the main stone building, then encompassing the wings jutting out from either side. Flowering green shrubs crouched at the base of the Manor and gleaming window panes shone in the sun like diamonds. There were peaked roofs, balconies with iron railings and the aged brick of the structure itself was the color of roses.

It would have seemed like a postcard, but for the bustle of employees around the circular drive making the whole place come alive. A doorman in a sharp, navy-blue-and-gold jacket spouted orders like a general and bellmen raced to follow them. Luxury cars idled beneath an arched stone covering over the gravel drive as guests stepped from them to be escorted into the hotel.

“This is ...” she whispered, still stunned.

“I told you,” Christian said. “Amazed.”

“That’s really not a big enough word,” she told him as he pulled under the archway and stepped out of the car. In a moment, Christian was at the passenger side, helping her out. She stood up and did a slow turn, trying to take in everything at once.

It was impossible. She thought she’d need weeks to get the

whole picture of the Jarrod resort. But what she had seen, she loved. Erica had never seen anyplace like it. It was as if she had stepped into a fairy tale. All that was missing was the handsome prince riding up on a black charger.

Then her gaze shifted to Christian. Handsome man in a black BMW. The modern version of the fairy tale then, she thought with an inner smile. But he wasn't a prince and she wasn't in need of rescuing. Or was she?

Shifting her gaze to scan the yard, then turning to peek through the open double doors into the lobby, Erica couldn't avoid a quick jolt of nerves that shot from her stomach up to her heart and back again. She was here. About to meet a family she'd never known and there was no going back.

"Second thoughts?"

She turned to look at Christian and found him watching her with a bemused expression on his face. Funny, she hadn't even met him a week ago and now, he was the one spot of familiarity in a rapidly changing world.

"No," she said firmly, taking a deep breath as she did so. "No second thoughts. I made the decision to come here and I'm going to stick with it."

A flash of admiration lit up his dark eyes briefly and Erica felt warmed by it.

"Good for you," he said, then waved one arm out toward the interior of the hotel. "Ready to see your new home?"

"As I'll ever be," she told him and started walking.

The honey-colored wood walls and floors shone like a jewel box in the overhead lights. Framed photos of the mountain taken during every season dotted the walls and there were tables and chairs scattered around the wide lobby. A hum of conversation rose and fell as people wandered around the room and through it all, there was an almost electrical air about the place.

Erica swiveled her head from side to side, looking at everything as Christian guided her across the lobby to an elevator off by itself. “This is the private elevator to the family quarters,” he told her and took a card from his pocket to slide into the key slot.

The door slid open and they stepped inside. Again, honey-colored wood set the tone, making Erica think not only of a mountain cabin, but warmth and luxury.

“Your key will be in your suite, waiting for you,” Christian was saying. “Your luggage probably beat us here, since we took the scenic route. You’ll find everything you need in your suite. There’s even a small efficiency kitchen there and it’s been stocked with the basics.”

“Okay.”

“There’s also a main kitchen on the family level, if you really feel the urge to cook something. But the hotel restaurants will deliver, so you don’t have to worry about that if you don’t want to.”

“Oh, I like cooking,” she told him as the elevator stopped and the door opened.

“Well, then, you and your brother Guy should get along just fine. He’s a chef.” Christian stepped out and held the door back for her. “He was, anyway. He owned his own restaurant in New York before coming back to Aspen and now he’s pretty much taking over running the resort restaurants.”

“A chef,” she mused with a smile. “I’m not in his league, then. I said I like cooking. Didn’t promise I was good at it.”

“Make me dinner some night,” he said, then stopped and frowned to himself as if he already regretted the words.

Judging by his expression, Erica ignored what he said, stepped into the hall and sighed as she looked around. “It just keeps getting prettier.”

The hallway they stepped into was wide, leading off in two directions. Wood floors, walls the color of fog and a narrow table boasting a cobalt vase stuffed with roses and hydrangeas greeted her. Every few feet, an arched window let in sunlight and provided a view that was breathtaking. But she didn’t have enough time to look around and enjoy it.

Christian pointed to the left. “Down there are four suites, and just past them, along the hallway, is the family room.”

“Okay ...” She noted that the private quarters followed the line of the hotel, only the windows here looked out over a palatial pool area. The aquamarine water held a few guests lounging on rafts and on the flagstone area surrounding the pool, cabanas, tables and chairs with brightly colored umbrellas offered places to sit and chat. There was a bar tucked into one corner of the

space and uniformed waiters and waitresses hurried back and forth seeing to the guests' comforts.

No doubt about it, she had walked into a very different world in Colorado than the one she was accustomed to. Then she realized that Christian was still talking and she turned around to watch him and listen.

"Past the family room is the original family quarters. The master bedroom and bedrooms for your brothers and sister when they were kids."

She tried to imagine growing up in this place, but it was hard to envision. So much space. So much open land for children to run and play. Smiling, she recalled that as a girl, she'd thought the park her nanny had taken her to was a veritable wilderness.

"As his kids got older," Christian said, "Don had the place rehabbed, building each of them their own suite and a few extras for guests."

It sounded as though Don Jarrod had done everything he could to keep his children at home. Yet each of them had fled Colorado. She had to wonder why.

Erica took a breath and nodded. "Are they all living here now?"

As if he could read the trepidation on her face, he smiled and said, "No. Right now, there's only Guy in one of the suites and Guy's twin, Blake, and his assistant living in two of the others. The rest of your family are here—staying in different lodges."

Only a couple of siblings to worry about facing every day then.

That was good. Erica would prefer to settle in a little before she was forced to deal with Don Jarrod's other children. But if Guy or Blake and his assistant were there at the moment, now was as good a time as any to get the first of the introductions over with.

"Are any of them here now?" Erica tried to steel herself for meeting the first of her new family. Though now that she thought about it, she wished she had a minute to drag a brush through her wind-tossed hair and to put on some makeup and—

"No," Christian said, interrupting her frenzied thoughts. "Blake's gone for a few days at the moment. He and Samantha have been flying back and forth a lot to Vegas, wrapping up loose ends in the business and getting ready to take over here. Blake and your brother Gavin have been building hotels, mostly in Las Vegas and they've done exceptionally well out there."

"And they're giving it up to come back here?"

"Yeah," Christian said. "Like you, your brothers and sister have closed down their old lives and are here to start over again."

But they were returning to something familiar at least. She, on the other hand, felt as though she'd fallen into the rabbit hole. Nerves rattled through her again, but resolutely, she fought them down.

"What about Guy?"

"This time of day, he's probably downstairs in the main restaurant."

She drew a breath and let it go. "What about Gavin? Is he in Vegas with Blake?"

“No, he’s here. But he’s living in one of the private lodges on the grounds.” Christian shrugged. “He wasn’t interested in moving into the Manor.”

Erica was beginning to understand that none of her brothers and sister were exactly thrilled to be back in Aspen. Yet, they’d all come, putting aside their plans and lives outside Jarrod Ridge to return and take up the family resort again. That told her that despite what were probably mixed feelings about their father and this place, their loyalty to family meant more than their reluctance to return. And that knowledge made her feel better, somehow. If family was everything to these people, then eventually, she might be able to have a relationship with all of them.

“What about the others?” she asked. “Where are they living?”

He led her down the hallway in the opposite direction from Blake’s suite as he continued.

“Well, like I said, Trevor has his own place in Aspen, but he’s here most days. Guy stays here mainly because he’s working here at the Manor. And Melissa ...” He paused. “She lives in Willow Lodge. It’s the farthest lodge from the Manor, but anyone here can tell you where that is. She also runs the hotel spa, and you’ll find her there most days.”

“How big are the family quarters?” she suddenly asked, astonished at the length of the hallway in both directions.

“As big as the top floor of the hotel. Including wings,” Christian added with a smile.

“Amazing,” she murmured as she followed after him.

“Yeah, it is. Down here is your suite, plus two more. Farther along this hall, you’ll find the kitchen, the great room and what was Don’s office. My office is down on the main floor, but I do most of my work at home.”

“Right. You don’t live at the Manor. Where’s your place from here?”

He steered her toward one of the high, arched windows lining the hallway and pointed. “See the red roof just past that tall pine?”

She did. The building couldn’t be more than a five-minute walk from where she was standing. “Close.”

“It is. So if you ever need anything ...”

He was standing so near, she felt heat radiating from his body toward hers. He smelled so good, she wanted to breathe deeper and when she looked up into those chocolate-brown eyes, she had the strangest desire to lean in and ... *What* was she thinking? Didn’t she have enough going on in her life at the moment?

“Thanks,” she said abruptly, taking a safe step back from him. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

He watched her for a second or two and Erica wondered if he could tell what she’d been thinking. If he could see that she had been wondering what he would taste like. If his lips were as soft and warm as they appeared to be.

But if he did know, then he was as determined as she to not draw attention to it. He scrubbed one hand across his face, then

waved one arm out in front of him in silent invitation to continue on down the hall. He walked beside her and the heels of their shoes sounded out like gunshots in the stillness.

When he finally stopped in front of a door and opened it, Erica stepped past him and stopped dead on the threshold.

It was gorgeous, which shouldn't have surprised her. Everything about Jarrod Ridge was breathtaking. But somehow, she hadn't expected her room to be so ... wonderful. After all, she was the stranger here and from what she could tell so far, her new brothers and sister had been no more thrilled to hear of her existence than she had been to hear about them. She'd half expected an ordinary hotel room, lovely, but generic. This, she told herself as she walked farther into the room, was anything but generic.

The living room was done in various shades of blue. Pale blue walls, dark blue, overstuffed furniture, cobalt vases stuffed with flowers dripping heavy scent into the air and navy blue drapes at the arched windows. The wood floor was dotted with braided rugs in shades of blue and cream and even the fireplace was fronted by tiles that looked like delft.

"Wow," she said and even that word was just so insignificant to the task.

"Glad you like it," he said, moving into the room behind her.

"What's not to like?" She did a slow turn, trying to see everything at once. Then her gaze landed on Christian again. "To tell the truth, I wasn't expecting anything like this."

He grinned briefly and something inside her twisted up tight in response. Really, the man had an almost magical smile. Good thing he didn't use it often.

"What were you expecting? A cell in a dungeon?"

She smiled and shrugged. "No, not that bad, but nothing so ..."

"Melissa suggested you stay in this suite. She thought you'd like it and your brothers had no objection."

"No objection." Well, that was something, she supposed. "It was thoughtful of Melissa."

"You'll like her. She's looking forward to meeting you."

"And my brothers?"

He paused for a long moment before he said, "They'll come around."

"Just one big happy family, huh?" Funny, her excitement-driven nerves had become anxiety-driven in the blink of an eye. It seemed there were plenty of hard feelings for everyone to get through before they could even begin to relate to each other.

"You have as much right to be here as they do," he told her.

"Do I?" Erica shook her head and frowned as she threw out both hands as if to encompass the entire resort. "They grew up here. I'm the interloper. This is their *home*."

"The home that every one of them escaped from the minute they got the chance."

Her hands fell to her sides. "Why did they? Was Don Jarrod such a bad father?"

“Not bad,” he said, crossing the room to stand by her side. “Just busy. Opinionated.” Christian smiled ruefully. “He wasn’t even my father and he was full of orders about what I should do with my life and the best way to do it.”

“Sounds familiar,” Erica mused, strolling to the window and staring out at the pool area and the mountains beyond. “I grew up with a father much like him. Ironic, isn’t it?”

“Maybe that insight will make it easier for you to understand your siblings.”

“I guess we’ll see. Seems strange that this lovely place is practically empty. It’s sad, somehow. That none of the Jarrods want to live in their family home.”

“Well,” Christian allowed, “like I told you, Don wasn’t the easiest father in the world. Most of them have issues with the place and aren’t very happy about the way their father arranged getting them back to Aspen.”

She sighed a little. “So, we’ve got father troubles in common, anyway.”

“You could say that.” He shoved his hands into the back pockets of his jeans and watched her as she walked to the sofa in her new home. “Speaking of your father, how’d it go when you spoke with him about all of this?”

Erica shot him a look. “As I expected. He didn’t want me to come.” “Why did you?”

She stopped, leaned over and picked up a throw pillow. She ran her fingertips across the heavily embroidered fabric, then set

it down again. “I had to. I had to come and see and ...”

“Find yourself?” he offered.

She laughed a little. “Sounds pompous, doesn’t it?”

“Not really. I’ve been lost before. It’s not always easy getting found again.”

Erica tipped her head to one side and studied him. He looked so in control. So at home. So sure of himself, it was hard to imagine that he might have suffered self-doubt or anxiety. But she supposed everyone did from time to time. The trick was to not let those times get the best of you.

She turned around and let her gaze slide across the room that would be her home for who knew how long. There was a hallway off the living room that she assumed led to the bedroom and—  
“You said there was a stocked kitchen?”

“Yep.” He pointed. “Right through there.”

She went to investigate and off a short hall, she found a two-burner stove, a small refrigerator and several cupboards. The fridge was stocked with water, wine and soda along with fresh vegetables. There was a bowl of fruit on the abbreviated counter and she noticed that the window in the kitchen overlooked an English-style garden.

“You hungry?” Christian’s voice came from directly behind her.

She turned around to look at him and admitted, “Actually, I am.”

“Why don’t we go get some lunch downstairs? I can answer

your questions and you can meet one of your brothers at the same time.”

That brother being Guy, she reminded herself. The chef. Well, that meeting just might kill her appetite, but gamely she said, “Give me one minute to freshen up and I’m ready.”

Ready for all of it, she added silently.

## Five

Guy Jarrod had once been a sought-after chef, with a reputation of excellence, but when he opened his own restaurant, he'd stepped out from behind the stove so to speak. He'd learned to love the business of running the restaurant even more than he had the actual art of cooking.

Now, he hired and fired chefs, made sure everything ran the way he wanted it to. But being back at Jarrod Ridge doing what he did best hadn't been on his agenda. Trust his father to make sure he eventually got his way where his children were concerned ... even if it meant he had to die to do it.

Still irritated at being managed from beyond the grave, Guy had to admit that running the five-star restaurant at the Ridge was turning out to be a better gig than he'd expected it to be. He had big plans for the place.

Over the years, the restaurant and the general manager of the hotel had become, not lax, exactly, but complacent. They stayed with what worked rather than trying out new things. That was about to change.

All he had to do was get accustomed to being back here again.

"Excuse me, Mr. Jarrod?"

"What is it?" He looked up as one of the servers rushed into the wine cellar off the kitchen. A young kid who looked familiar, Guy hadn't had time to learn all their names yet.

“Mr. Hanford’s in the dining room with a guest. He asked if you could come out to speak with them.”

Christian. Well, part of being back in Aspen was going to entail dealing with his brothers, his sister—sisters, he reminded himself sternly—and Christian. They’d been friends once, Guy reminded himself. Now, they were business colleagues all because of one old man’s stubborn refusal to let go of his children.

“Fine. Tell him I’ll be right there.” He left the wine cellar where he’d been taking a personal inventory—he wanted to know exactly what the restaurant had on hand and didn’t trust anyone else to do it right.

That thought brought him up short. Maybe he was more like his old man than he’d ever thought.

He stalked through the kitchen, out into the main dining room, his gaze constantly shifting. He checked on the servers, on the table settings, on the flowers. He noticed the tablecloths and the flatware and the shine on the silver and brass espresso machine. He had a sharp eye, no tolerance for sloppy work and he intended to make good use of those traits now that he was back running this place the way it always should have been run.

Guy spotted Christian sitting at a booth in the back. As he got closer, he saw that across from him was a trim, pretty brunette with amber eyes. She looked vaguely familiar to him, but he couldn’t place her. Which meant, Guy thought suddenly, *this* was the long-lost sister they’d all been waiting to meet. Her familiarity

was simply that she had something of the Jarrod family stamped on her features.

They hadn't noticed his approach yet, so he took that spare moment to observe her. Pretty, he thought again. But she looked on edge. And hell, who could blame her? All of them had been dragged back to Jarrod Ridge whether they liked it or not.

Yet she had the worst of it, he thought. At least he and his siblings had each other. She was the stranger in a strange land. Despite a flicker of sympathy for her, though, Guy agreed with his twin. A newly acknowledged sister didn't deserve an equal share of the estate.

Christian caught Guy's gaze as the man approached. He also noticed the appraising gleam in the man's eyes as he gave Erica a quick once-over. He knew Erica was nervous about this meeting, but Christian was glad she would be starting out by meeting Guy. This Jarrod sibling had always had a cooler head than most of the others.

Well, except for Trevor. There wasn't much in life that shook Trevor.

"Christian, good to see you," Guy said, but he wasn't looking at him. Instead the man's eyes were locked on Erica. "And you must be my new little sister."

She flushed nervously, but she lifted her chin, stuck out her hand and said, "That's me. But I usually go by Erica."

"Good one," he said and shook her hand briefly. "So, you getting settled in?"

“I am, but I think it’s going to take me a while to be able to find my way around.”

“I’m pretty sure the front desk has maps,” he said, giving her a smile. “What do you think of the Manor?”

“It’s gorgeous,” she blurted, looking around the half-full dining room at the guests gathered there. “It must have been a wonderful place to grow up.”

“You’d think so, wouldn’t you?” Guy tugged at the edge of the tablecloth, smoothing out a tiny wrinkle in the fine linen. “Christian told us you were in PR back in San Francisco.”

“Yes, I was.”

“That’ll come in handy, then.” A server slipped up behind him, whispered something and then drifted away again. “I’m sorry. There’s something in the kitchen I need to handle. Christian, good to see you again. Erica.” He shifted his gaze to hers and held it for a long moment before smiling. “I’ll be seeing you around.”

When he was gone, Erica blew out a breath.

“Wasn’t so bad, was it?” Christian watched her as she reached for her water glass and took a sip. Guy could have been a little more welcoming, but on a scale of one to ten, ten being a warm hug and one a shotgun reception—he’d scored about a five.

“A little nerve-racking, but all in all, not bad,” she admitted. Then she asked, “What did Guy mean, my PR skill will come in handy?”

Christian had wanted to give her a day or two to get used to being here, but there was no point in putting things off. There

was a lot coming up and since she was now expected to take her place in the Jarrod family, she might as well get her feet wet right away.

“The food and wine gala is coming up in a few weeks,” he said. “It’s a big deal in Aspen. Held every year, lasts several weeks and has foodie and wine lovers in the country and in Europe coming into town to enjoy themselves.”

“I’ve read about it,” she said. “And seen some coverage on the news every year, too. It’s practically a Mardi Gras type thing, isn’t it?”

“Close enough,” he told her. “The city depends on the tourism dollars and the gala the Jarrods sponsor is a big part of that. As one of the Jarrods, you’re right in the middle of this one.”

Her eyes went wide, but she nodded and said,

“Tell me.”

Again, he had to admire how she was able to go with the flow. She was strong, but she had the tendency to bend, not break. Most of the women he’d known in his life would still be sitting in San Francisco trying to come to terms with everything she’d dealt with in the last few days. Not Erica Prentice though. Once her decision was made, she gave it her all.

For a tiny thing, she was formidable.

Her gaze was locked on him and he found himself getting distracted by those amber depths. By the way she chewed at her bottom lip when she was thinking. Hell, he was distracted by her, period.

Grumbling to himself, his voice was brusque and businesslike as he said, “Your brother Trevor is the marketing expert. He’s been running his own company right here in Aspen for years. Now, he’s taking over the marketing for Jarrod Ridge.”

“Big job.”

“It is,” he said, “and so is yours. You’ll be the new head of the Ridge’s PR department.”

When she looked startled, he added, “You’ll be working with Trevor directly on most of it. You’ll have your own office at the Manor, so you’ll be on site more often than Trevor. The two of you will probably see a lot of each other over the next few weeks.”

“Won’t that be fun.”

Worry had crept into her voice again and he reminded her, “Trevor’s pretty laid-back. He’s not going to be a hard-ass, so nothing to worry about there.”

She took a deep breath. “Hope you’re right about that.”

“I am. Just as I’m right about thinking you’ll handle yourself well here.”

“Right into the deep end then?”

“Any reason to think you can’t swim?” Christian asked and watched as she seemed to consider his question.

Finally, she shook her head, gave him a fierce, bright smile and said, “I’ll swim.”

“I bet you will,” he said, staring at her as she picked up her leather-backed menu and perused the offerings. He wished to hell he didn’t find her more and more intriguing with every

passing minute. What was it about this one small, curvy woman that had his body tied up in knots and his brain overheating?

Was it the lure of the unattainable?

He didn't think so. There had been plenty of women when he was younger who had been out of his league. A townie kid with a single mom didn't really have the means to play in the ball games of the rich and famous. But he wasn't that kid anymore and he could have the pick of any woman he wanted.

What he couldn't figure out was why that didn't seem to matter.

The one woman he wanted was also the one woman he couldn't have.

Two hours later, Erica was alone in her suite. Sunset was deepening into twilight but here in her rooms, the lamplight was bright and she was too wrapped up in what she was doing to even notice the end of her first day in Colorado. Christian had gone back to work after their early meal—excusing himself as quickly as possible with a claim of having to get some work done before morning. Once she was on her own, Erica had done a little exploring.

Now, she sat on the couch in her new living room and looked at all of the magazines, books, postcards and brochures she had spread out around her. She'd practically bought out the gift shop downstairs, buying up every item she could find pertaining directly to Jarrod Ridge.

And there had been plenty to choose from. The brochures

listed every activity to be found at the resort and the book described the history of the place. She'd stared at the black-and-white photos of her grandparents and biological father with a fascination that had kept her captive for nearly twenty minutes. The grainy images of men in worn jeans and cowboy hats were so far removed from the tidy heritage she'd grown up hearing about, it was fascinating. She'd looked for resemblances between the people in those old pictures and herself and she'd found them. The shape of her eyes, the curve of her mouth. It was odd to see something of herself in people she had never met.

Yet in a weird way, it was almost comforting.

Her family was bigger than she'd ever imagined. They had been adventurers, dreamers. Men and women who had come to the middle of nowhere and built a life, a legacy that had lasted. Their dreams had grown and blossomed and had become something very special.

And she was a part of it.

A very small link in a lengthy chain.

When a knock sounded on her door, she was at first surprised, then a second later, a little worried about who might be dropping by. But then, she thought, it might be Christian. He might have decided to come back and take her on a little tour of the hotel. That thought spurred her off the couch and toward the front door. She fluffed her hair, smoothed her shirt and smiled to herself at the prospect of being with him again.

But when she opened the door, there was a woman standing

there, holding two bottles of wine.

“Red or white?” she asked, walking past Erica into the living room.

“I’m sorry?” Confused, Erica just watched her.

“Red or white? Which do you prefer?”

“Uh, that depends, I guess ...”

The woman grinned at her. “Good answer. I’m your sister, Melissa. And I’ve just stolen some wine from our brother Guy’s private reserve so that you and I can get to know each other.”

Hard to feel out of sorts or uncomfortable with Melissa Jarrod beaming goodwill toward her. Although the woman did manage to make Erica feel a little frumpy in her wrinkled clothes. Melissa was wearing sleek black jeans, an off the shoulder, silk turquoise top and black sandals that were really nothing more than three slinky straps and a three-inch heel. Her long blond hair hung loose down her back and her wide blue eyes were sparkling with challenge and welcome.

“You stole the wine from Guy?” Erica repeated, closing the door, then turning to face her sister.

“Sure did. There may be hell to pay tomorrow, but tonight, we party.”

“That actually sounds like a great plan,” Erica said, smiling.

Melissa grinned right back. “Just so you know,” she said, “if we both drink it, we both face Guy’s wrath. A united sister front.”

“Sisters,” Erica repeated.

Melissa wrinkled her nose then shrugged. “I know. Sounds

weird still, doesn't it? Does to me, too. But I think you and I are going to make a terrific team."

Erica felt a bit of her earlier tension slide off her shoulders. Looking into her sister's eyes, knowing that this welcome was genuine, made her feel that maybe making a home at Jarrod Ridge wasn't going to be as difficult as she had thought it would be.

"You know," Erica said, "I think you're right. So, do you know if they stocked wineglasses in my new kitchen?"

Melissa led the way and threw back over her shoulder, "Since I'm the one who ordered the stocking done, I happen to know that wineglasses were first on the list."

"Excellent," Erica said following her into the tiny kitchen. "I'll make some popcorn, so let's start with the white. What do you think?"

Melissa set both bottles down onto the counter, then turned and held out her hand to Erica. "It's a good choice. Guy stocks the best sauvignon blanc anywhere in Colorado."

"And how will he feel about us helping ourselves?" Erica asked as she took Melissa's outstretched hand in hers for a shake.

Shrugging, Melissa said, "Guess we'll find out.

Together?"

"Together," Erica agreed and for the first time since she'd arrived in Colorado, felt that there was a real chance she would be able to make her own place there.

Then the two women moved companionably in the small

kitchen, getting to know each other as they worked. Halfway through the second bottle of wine—they'd decided to open another bottle of white that had been stocked in Erica's fridge—the two women were well on their way to being fast friends.

"You make excellent popcorn," Melissa announced.

"Thank you. I told Christian I could cook."

"And was he impressed?" Melissa shook her head. "No, never mind. Probably not. The only things that impresses Christian are ledgers, files and injunctions."

"You've known him a long time?" Erica asked, settling back into the couch and curling her feet up beneath her.

Melissa was tucked into the opposite corner of the couch. "Forever," she said. "Since we were kids. Of course, back then, Christian was working for the resort and dear old dad didn't approve of family and employees hanging out together. But I saw him all the time and the boys and he were sort of friends even back then. When Christian was a teenager, my father took an interest in him." She frowned, took a sip of wine and said, "Dad loved to point out that Christian didn't have any of the advantages that *we* had and yet his drive to succeed eclipsed ours." Shaking her head at the memory, she said, "Let me tell you, there was a lot of irritation toward the great Christian when we were kids. Dad dangled his accomplishments in front of us like a perpetual taunt." Melissa shook her head in memory. "Good thing Christian was such a nice guy or things might've gotten ugly. Anyway, my point is, once Dad noticed him, Christian was

around the Manor a lot more.”

Erica’s mind drew up a picture of a young Christian, battling for success, trying to find a place for himself amidst the Jarrod family. It seemed she and he had a lot in common. Here she was, after all, trying to do the same thing that he had so many years ago. But it wasn’t only his adapting into the Jarrod world she was curious about. She wondered what his life had been like before Don Jarrod. In fact, she just wondered about Christian in general. Thoughts of him were never far from her mind, even though she told herself that now was definitely not the time to indulge in an attraction. She had to find her own footing here. Did she really have time to explore a relationship? And did she dare risk trusting someone so new in her life? Besides, it wasn’t as if Christian had made a move. Maybe she was alone in feeling the draw toward him. And if she was, then she’d keep it to herself.

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