



THE CEO'S  
BABY SURPRISE

Helen Lacey

 Cherish™

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## The CEO's Baby Surprise

### Аннотация

COUNTDOWN: NINE MONTHS Mary-Jayne Preston didn't do one-night stands—ever. Except for her one and only with devastatingly handsome tycoon Daniel Anderson, who swept her off her feet before she knew what was happening! The attraction was powerful . . . and seemingly mutual. But when she told him she was pregnant, all bets were off! Daniel hadn't let his guard down since tragedy struck his own life four years earlier. Now he's drawn to the irresistible M.J., but cannot—will not—let himself fall in love with her. He insists on marriage to protect her and their twins, but M.J. will accept nothing less than true love from this lone wolf . . . forever.

**“If this child is mine then I won’t dodge my responsibility.”**

She looked less than impressed by the idea.

“If you’re talking about money, I think I’ve made it pretty clear I’m not interested.”

“You can’t raise a child on good intentions, Mary-Jayne. Be sensible.”

She looked ready for an argument, but she seemed to change her mind. “I’m heating up lasagna. Are you staying for dinner?”

Daniel raised a brow. “Am I invited?”

She shrugged, like she couldn’t care either way.

“Sure,” she said. “That would be good.”

He watched as she removed several items from the refrigerator and began making a salad. And Daniel couldn’t take his eyes off her. Her glorious hair shone like ebony beneath the kitchen light and she chewed her bottom lip as she completed the task. And of course thinking about her lips made him remember their night together. And kissing her. And making love to her. She had a remarkable effect on him, and he wondered if it was because they were so different that he was so achingly attracted to her. She was all challenge. All resistance. And since very little challenged him these days, Daniel knew her very determination to avoid him had a magnetic pull all of its own.

And he had no idea what he was going to do about it.

**The Prestons of Crystal Point:** All’s fair in family ... and love!

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**HELEN LACEY** grew up reading *Black Beauty* and *Little House on the Prairie*. These childhood classics inspired her to write her first book when she was seven, a story about a girl and her horse. She loves writing for Mills & Boon® Cherish™, where she can create strong heroes with a soft heart and heroines with gumption who get their happily-ever-after. For more about Helen, visit her website, [www.helenlacey.com](http://www.helenlacey.com).

For my mother, Evelyn.

Who believes in me no matter what.

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Mary-Jayne Preston yawned, opened her eyes and blinked a few times. The ceiling spun fractionally, and she drew in a soft breath.

*I'm not hungover.*

She closed her eyes again. The two glasses of champagne she'd drunk the night before weren't responsible for the way she felt. This was something else. An unusual lethargy crept into her limbs and spread across her skin. Her lids fluttered, and she glimpsed a sliver of light from between heavy drapes.

*An unfamiliar room.*

Her memory kicked in. The Sandwhisper Resort. Port Douglas.

*But this isn't my bedroom.*

This was a villa suite. And a top-end one, judging by the plush feel of the giant king-size bed and lavish damask drapes. Extravagance personified. Her eyelids drooped before opening again as she stretched her spine—and then nearly jumped out of her skin when she realized she wasn't alone in the big bed.

A man lay beside her. She twisted her head and saw a long, perfectly proportioned back. Smooth skin, like the sheerest satin stretched over pressed steel, broad shoulders, strong arms and dark hair. He lay on his stomach, one arm flung above his head, the other curved by his side. And he was asleep. The soft rhythm of his breathing was oddly hypnotic, and she stared at him, suddenly mesmerized by his bronzed skin and lean, muscular frame.

And then, in stunning Technicolor, it came rushing back.

*The party.*

*The kiss.*

*The one-night stand.*

Her first. Her last.

She needed to get up. To *think*. She shimmied sideways but quickly stopped moving when he stirred. She wasn't quite ready for any kind of face-to-face, morning-after awkwardness. Not with *him*. She took a deep breath and tried again, inching her

hips across the cool sheet so slowly it was agonizing. Finally one leg found the edge of the mattress and she pushed the cover back. He moved again and she stilled instantly. He made a sound, half groan, half moan, and flipped around, the sheet draping haphazardly over his hips as he came to face her.

*But still asleep.*

Mary-Jayne's breath shuddered out as she caught sight of his profile. He was ridiculously handsome. No wonder she'd lost her head. The straight nose, chiseled cheeks and square jaw was a riveting combination. And she quickly recalled those silver-gray eyes of his...just too sexy for words. As her gaze traveled lower her fingertips tingled. His body was incredibly well cut, and she fought the urge to touch him just one more time. She spotted a faint mark on his shoulder. Like a love bite.

*Did I do that?*

Heat surged through her blood when she remembered what they'd done the night before, and again in the small hours of the morning. No sweet wonder her muscles ached and her skin seemed ultrasensitive. She'd never had a night like it before, never felt such intense desire or experienced such acute and mindboggling pleasure.

It was like a dream. A fantasy.

And she needed to wake up from this particular dream. Quickly.

She managed to ease off the bed and quickly looked around for her clothes. Her underwear was by the bed, and she snatched

it up with guilty fingers and then quickly dressed into the thong and bra. The shoes were easily spotted—one was by the window, the other under a chair in the corner of the room. But the black dress was nowhere to be seen. The smooth fabric had clung to her curves, and the man in the bed had told her how beautiful and desirable she'd looked. No one had ever said those words quite that way to her before. She found her purse on the chair and continued looking for the dress, keeping a mindful eye on him.

*Please don't wake up...*

He didn't, thankfully, and a few moments later she found the dress, scrunched in a ball and hidden beneath the quilt that had fallen to the foot of the bed. She stepped into it and slipped it up and over her hips, settling her arms through the bodice before she twisted herself into a pretzel to do up the zipper. Breathless, she cast another look toward the sleeping man.

*I'm such a fool...*

For weeks she'd stayed resolute, determined to avoid crashing into bed with him. But the moment he'd touched her, the moment he'd made his move she'd melted like an ice cube in hell.

Mary-Jayne pushed her feet into her patent pumps, grabbed her purse and ran.

## Chapter One

*Pregnant.*

Not a bout of food poisoning as she'd wanted to believe.

Mary-Jayne walked from the doctor's office and headed for her car. Her head hurt. Her feet hurt. Everything hurt. The snap

on her jeans felt tight around her waist. Now she knew why.

She was three months and three weeks pregnant.

She opened the door of the borrowed Honda Civic and got inside. Then she placed a hand over her belly and let out a long, heavy breath.

Twenty-seven. Single. Pregnant.

*Right.*

Not exactly the end of the world...but not what she'd been expecting, either.

*One day* she'd imagined she'd have a baby. When she was married and settled, not while she was trying to carve out a career as a jewelry designer and wasn't exactly financially stable.

She thought about calling her older sisters, Evie and Grace, but quickly shrugged off the idea. She needed time to think. Plan. Sort out what she was going to do, before she told anyone. Especially her sisters, who'd want to know *everything*.

She'd have to tell them about that night.

She gripped the steering wheel and let out a long, weary sigh. She'd tried to put the memory from her mind countless times. And failed. Every time she walked around the grounds of the Sandwhisper Resort she was reminded. And every time she fielded a telephone call from *him* she was thrust back to that crazy night.

Mary-Jayne drove through the gates of the resort and took a left down the road that led to the employees' residences. Her villa was small but well appointed and opened onto the deck and

to the huge heated pool and spa area. The Sandwhisper Resort was one of the largest in Port Douglas, and certainly one of the most luxurious. The town of Port Douglas was about forty miles north of Cairns, and its population of over three thousand often doubled during peak vacation times. Living and working at the luxurious resort for the past four and half months hadn't exactly been a hardship. Running her friend Audrey's boutique was mostly enjoyable and gave her the opportunity to create and showcase her own jewelry. Life was a breeze.

Correction.

Life *had* been a breeze.

Until she'd had an uncharacteristic one-night stand with Daniel Anderson.

CEO of Anderson Holdings and heir apparent to the huge fortune that had been made by his grandfather from ore and copper mining years earlier, he owned the Sandwhisper Resort with his two brothers. There were four other resorts around the globe—one in Phuket, another along the Amalfi coast in Italy, another in the Maldives and the flagship resort in the San Francisco Bay Area.

He was rich, successful, uptight and absurdly arrogant.

Everything she'd always abhorred in a man.

He was also reported to be kind, generous and honest.

Well...according to his grandmother.

Eighty-year-old Solana Anderson adored her grandsons and spent her retirement flying between the east and west coasts of

Australia and America, living at the resorts during the spring and summer months in alternating time zones. Mary-Jayne liked the older woman very much. They'd met the first day she'd arrived at the resort after the desperate emergency call from her old school friend Audrey had sent her flying up to Port Douglas with barely a packed suitcase. Audrey had moved into Mary-Jayne's small house in Crystal Point so she could be close to her ill mother while Mary-Jayne moved into Audrey's condo at the resort. Once she was in residence, she read the scribbled note with instructions her friend had left and opened the boutique at an unrespectable eleven o'clock. It was meant to be a temporary gig—but Audrey insisted her mother needed her. So her planned three weeks ended up being for six months.

And Solana, straight backed and still vibrant at nearly eighty years of age, had come into the store looking for an outfit to wear to her upcoming birthday party, and within the hour they were chatting and laughing over herbal tea and several outfit changes. It was then she learned that Solana's American-born husband had died a decade earlier and how she'd borne him a son and daughter. Mary-Jayne had listened while Solana talked about her much-loved grandsons, Daniel, Blake and Caleb and granddaughter Renee. One hour ticked over into two, and by three o'clock the older woman had finally decided upon an outfit and persuaded Mary-Jayne to let her see some of her handcrafted jewelry pieces. Solana had since bought three items and had recommended Mary-Jayne's work to several of her friends.

Yes, she liked Solana. But wasn't about to tell the other woman she was carrying her great-grandchild. Not until she figured out what she was going to do. She was nearly four months along, and her pregnancy would be showing itself very soon. She couldn't hide her growing stomach behind baggy clothes forever.

*He has a right to know...*

The notion niggled at her over and over.

She could have the baby alone. Women did it all the time. And it was not as if she and Daniel had any kind of relationship. If she wanted, she could leave the resort and go home and never see him again. He lived mostly in San Francisco. She lived in Crystal Point, a small seaside town that sat at the southernmost point of the Great Barrier Reef. They had different lives. Different worlds.

And she didn't even like him.

She'd met him three times before the night of Solana's birthday. The first time she'd been in the store window, bent over and struggling to remove a garment from the mannequin. When she was done she'd straightened, turned to avoid knocking the mannequin over and came face-to-face with him on the other side of the glass. He'd been watching her, arms crossed.

Of course she'd known immediately who he was. There were several pictures of him and his brothers in Solana's villa, and she'd visited the older woman many times. Plus, he looked enough like his younger brother Caleb for her to recognize the family resemblance. Caleb ran the resorts in Port Douglas and

Phuket while his twin Blake looked after Amalfi, Maldives and San Francisco. And according to staff gossip Daniel lorded over the resorts, his brothers and the staff from his private jet.

Still, it was hard not to be impressed by his ridiculous good looks, and despite the fact he was not her type, Mary-Jayne was as susceptible as the next woman. The impeccably cut suit, creaseless white shirt and dark tie were a riveting combination on his broad, tall frame, and for a second she'd been rooted to the spot, unable to move, unable to do anything other than stare back, held captive by the look in his gray eyes. For a moment, at least. Until he'd raised one brow and a tiny smile whispered along the edges of his mouth. He'd then looked her over with a kind of leisurely conceit that had quickly sent alarm bells clanging in her head.

There'd been interest in his expression and if he'd been anyone else she might have made some kind of encouraging gesture. Like a smile. Or nod. But Daniel Anderson was out of her league. A rich and successful corporate shark with a reputation for having no tolerance for fools in business, and no proclivity for commitment in his private life. He was the kind of man she'd always planned to avoid like the plague. The kind of man that had never interested her before.

But something had passed between them in that first moment. A look... Recognition.

*Awareness...*

*Heat...*

*Attraction...*

When her good sense had returned she'd darted from the window and got back to the customer waiting in the changing room. By the time she'd moved back to the front of the store and began ringing up the sale he was gone.

Mary-Jayne saw him a day later, striding across the resort foyer with his brother at his side. She'd been coming from the day spa, arms loaded with jewelry trays, when Caleb had said her name. She'd met the younger Anderson many times over the previous weeks. He was rich, charming and handsome and didn't do a solitary thing to her libido. Not so his older brother. She'd fumbled with the trays and stayed rooted to the spot as they approached and then managed to nod her way through an introduction. He was unsmiling, but his eyes regarded her with blistering intensity. Caleb's attention had quickly been diverted by the day-shift concierge and she'd been left alone with him, silent and nervous beneath his unfaltering gaze.

Then he'd spoken, and his deep voice, a smooth mix of his American upbringing and Australian roots, wound up her spine like liquid silk. "My grandmother tells me you're here for six months rather than the few weeks you'd originally planned on?"

He'd talked about her with Solana? "Ah, that's right," she'd croaked.

"And are you enjoying your time here?"

She'd nodded, feeling stupid and awkward and not in the least bit like her usual self. Normally she was confident and

opinionated and more than comfortable in her own skin. But two seconds around Daniel Anderson and she was a speechless fool. Übergood looks had never interested her before. But he stirred her senses big time.

“Yes, very much.”

“And I trust your friend’s parent’s health is improving?”

He knew about Audrey’s mother? Solana *had* been busy sharing information.

“A little...yes.”

A small smile had crinkled the corner of his mouth and Mary-Jayne’s gaze had instantly been drawn to his lips. He had seen her reaction and his smile had increased fractionally. There was something extraordinarily hypnotic about him, something she couldn’t quite fathom. Something she’d known she had to extricate herself from...and fast.

She’d hastily excused herself and taken off as fast as she could. And hadn’t seen him again for two days.

She’d left the resort for a run along the beach and had come upon him jogging in the other direction. He’d slowed when he was about twenty feet from her and come to a halt right next to her. And the look between them had been electric. Out of this world and all-consuming. She’d never experienced such blatant and blistering physical attraction for anyone before. And it shocked her to the core. He wasn’t her usual type. In fact, Daniel Anderson was the epitome of everything she *didn’t* want in a man. Money, power, arrogance... They were attributes her

small-town, middle-class self had decided long ago were not for her. She dated musicians and out-of-work artists. Not corporate sharks.

His expression had been unwavering and contained hot sexual appreciation. He wanted her. No doubt about it. And the look in his eyes had made it clear he thought he'd get her.

"You know," he'd said with a kind of arrogant confidence that made her tremble. "My villa is only minutes away."

She knew that. The family's quarters were secluded and luxurious and away from the main part of the resort and had a spectacular view of the beach.

"And?" she'd managed to say, despite the way her heart had thundered behind her ribs and her knees wobbled.

He'd half smiled. "And we both know that's where we're going to end up at some point."

Mortified, she'd quickly taken off like a bullet. But her body was thrumming with a kind of intoxicating awareness that stayed with her for hours. For days. Until she'd seen him again two days later at Solana's birthday party. The older woman had insisted she attend the celebration and Mary-Jayne respected Solana too much to refuse the invitation. She'd ditched her usual multicolored skirts and long tops and rummaged through Audrey's wardrobe for a party dress. And she'd found one—a slip of silky black jersey that clung to her like a second skin. The huge ballroom was easy to get lost in...or so she'd thought. But it had only taken ten minutes until she'd felt him watching

her from across the room. He'd approached and asked if she wanted a drink. Within half an hour they had been out on the balcony, talking intimately. Seconds later they'd been kissing madly. Minutes later they'd been in his villa tearing each other's clothes off.

But Mary-Jayne wasn't under any illusions.

She knew enough about Daniel Anderson to realize she was simply another notch on his bedpost. He was handsome, successful and wealthy and played the field mercilessly. Something he had done without compunction since the death of his wife and unborn child four years earlier. He certainly wouldn't be interested in her for anything other than a one-night stand. She wasn't his type. Oh, he'd knocked on the door of her villa the day after Solana's party and asked her out. But she'd shut him down. She'd piqued his interest for a moment and that was all. Thankfully, he'd left the resort the following day and returned to San Francisco, exactly as she'd hoped. But she hadn't expected that he'd call the store two weeks later and announce that he wanted to see her again when he returned from California.

*See her?*

Yeah...right. The only thing he wanted to see was her naked body between the sheets. And she knew that for a man like Daniel Anderson, the chase was all that mattered. She'd refused him, and that was like pouring oil onto a fire.

When he'd called her again two weeks later she'd been in South Dakota for a friend's wedding. Annoyed that he wouldn't

take the hint and all out of patience, she'd lost her temper and told him to go to hell. Then she'd returned to the Sandwhisper Resort and waited. Waited for another call. Waited for him to arrive at the resort and confuse and seduce her with his steely-eyed gaze and uncompromising intensity. But he hadn't called. And hadn't returned. As one week slipped into another, Mary-Jayne had slowly relaxed and convinced herself he'd lost interest.

Which was exactly what she wanted.

Only now, the tables had turned. She was having his baby. Which meant one thing—she'd have to see him and tell him she was having his baby. And soon.

\* \* \*

Daniel had struggled with the remnants of a headache for two days. The three other suits in the conference room were grating on his nerves. Some days he wanted nothing more than to throw off the shackles of his name, his legacy and everything else and live a simple, quiet life.

Like today.

Because it was his birthday. He was turning thirty-four years old. He had money and power and a successful business at his command. He had apartments in San Francisco, another in London and then there was the family-owned hilltop chateau in France that he hadn't been near for over four years. He also had any number of women willing to warm his bed with minimal notice and who understood he didn't want commitment or anything resembling a serious relationship. He traveled the

world but rarely saw anything other than the walls of boardrooms and offices at the resorts he'd helped build into some of the most successful around the globe. Nothing and no one touched him.

Well...except for Mary-Jayne Preston.

She was a thorn in his side. A stone in his shoe. A pain in his neck.

Months after that one crazy night in Port Douglas and he was still thinking about her. She was incredibly beautiful. Her green eyes were luminous; her lips were full and endlessly kissable. But it was her hair that had first captured his attention that day in the store window. She had masses of dark curls that hung down past her shoulders. And of course there were her lovely curves, which she possessed in all the right places.

He'd checked out her history and discovered she came from a middle-class family in Crystal Point, had studied at a local technical college and had an online business selling her handcrafted jewelry. She rented her home, owned a dog, volunteered at a number of animal shelters, had strong opinions about the environment and politics and liked to dress in colorful skirts or jeans with holes in the knees. She had piercings in her ears and navel and a butterfly tattoo on one shoulder.

She wasn't his type. Not by a long shot.

Which didn't make one ounce of difference to the relentless effect she had on him whenever she was within a twenty-foot radius. And the night of his grandmother's birthday party he'd almost tripped over his own feet when he'd caught a glimpse

of her across the room. She'd looked incredible in a dress that highlighted every dip and curve of her body. And with her dark hair cascading down her back in a wave he just about had to cleave his tongue from the roof of his mouth. She looked hot. Gorgeous. Desirable.

And he knew then he wanted to get her in his bed.

It took half an hour to get her alone. Then he'd kissed her. And she'd kissed him back.

And before either of them had a chance to come up for air they were in his villa suite, tearing off clothes with little finesse and more eagerness than he'd felt in years. It had been a hot, wild night, compounded by months of abstinence and the fact he'd had Mary-Jayne Preston very much on his mind since the first time he'd seen her.

“Are you listening?”

Daniel shook off his thoughts and glanced to his left. Blake was staring at him, one brow cocked. “Always.”

Blake didn't look convinced and quickly turned his attention to the other suits in the room. After a few more minutes, he dismissed the two other men, and once they were alone his brother moved to the bar and grabbed two imported beers from the fridge.

Daniel frowned. “A little early, don't you think?”

Blake flicked the tops off the bottles and shrugged. “It's after three. And you look as if you need it.”

He didn't disagree, and stretched back in his leather chair.

“Maybe I do.”

Blake passed him a beer and grabbed a seat. “Happy birthday,” his brother said, and clinked the bottle necks.

“Thanks,” he said but didn’t take a drink. The last thing he wanted to do was add alcohol to the remainders of a blinding headache.

His brother, who was probably the most intuitive person he’d ever known, looked at him as if he knew exactly what he was thinking. “You know, you should go home.”

“I live *here*, remember?”

Blake shook his head. “I meant *home*...not here. Port Douglas.”

Except Port Douglas didn’t feel any more like home than San Francisco, Phuket or Amalfi.

Nowhere did. Not since Simone had died. The bayside condo they’d bought still sat empty, and he lived in a villa at the San Francisco resort when he wasn’t at any of the other four locations. He’d been born in Australia and moved to California when he was two years old. The San Francisco resort was the first, which made it home, even though he’d spent most of his adult life shifting between the two countries.

He scowled. “I can’t do that right now.”

“Why not?” Blake shot back. “Caleb’s got the Phuket renovation under control. Things are sweet here in San Francisco.” His brother grinned. “You’re not really needed. CEOs are kind of superfluous to the running of a company

anyhow. We all knew that when Gramps was at the helm.”

“Superfluous?”

Blake’s grin widened. “Yeah...like the foam on the top of an espresso to go... You know, there but not really necessary.”

“You’re an ass.”

His brother’s grin turned into a chuckle. “All I’m saying is that you haven’t taken a real break from this gig for years. Not even when...”

*Not even when Simone died.*

Four years, four months and three weeks ago. Give or take a day. She’d been driving back from a doctor’s appointment and had stopped at the mall for some shopping. The brakes on a car traveling in the opposite direction had failed. Simone had suffered terrible injuries and died an hour later in hospital. So had the baby she carried. He’d lost his wife and unborn daughter because of a broken brake line. “I’m fine,” he said, and tasted the lie on his tongue.

“I’m pretty sure you’re not,” Blake said, more serious. “And something’s been bugging you the past few months.”

Something. Someone. *Green eyes... Black curling hair... Red lips...*

Daniel drank some beer. “You’re imagining things. And stop fretting. You’re turning into your mother.”

His brother laughed loudly. They both knew that Blake was more like their father, Miles, than any of them. Daniel’s mother had died of a massive brain hemorrhage barely hours after his

birth, and their father had married Bernadette two years later. Within six months the twins, Blake and Caleb, were born. Bernie was a nice woman and had always treated him like her own, and wasn't as vague and hopeless as their father. Business acumen and ambition had skipped a generation, and now Miles spent his time painting and sculpting and living on their small hobby farm an hour west of Port Douglas.

Daniel finished the beer and placed the bottle on the table. "I don't need a vacation."

"Sure you do," Blake replied. "If you don't want to go to Australia, take a break somewhere else. Maybe Fiji? Or what about using that damned mausoleum that sits on that hill just outside Paris? Take some time off, relax, get laid," his brother said, and grinned again. "Recharge like us regular folk have to do every now and then."

"You're as tied to this business as I am."

"Yeah," his brother agreed. "But I know when to quit. I've got my cabin in the woods, remember?"

Blake's *cabin* was a sprawling Western red cedar house nestled on forty hectares he'd bought in small town Colorado a few years back. Daniel had visited once, hated the cold and being snowbound for days on end and decided that a warm climate was more his thing.

"I don't need a—"

"Then, how about you think about what the rest of us need?" Blake said firmly. "Or what Caleb and I need, which isn't you

breathing down our necks looking for things we're doing wrong because you're so damned bored and frustrated that you can't get out your own way. Basically, *I* need a break. So go home and get whatever's bugging you out of your system and spend some time with Solana. You know you've always been her favorite."

Daniel looked at his brother. Had he done that? Had he become an overzealous, critical jerk looking for fault in everything and everyone? And bored? Was that what he was? He did miss Solana. He hadn't seen his grandmother since her birthday weekend. And it was excuse enough to see Mary-Jayne again—and get her out of his system once and for all.

He half smiled. "Okay."

## Chapter Two

"Everything all right?"

Mary-Jayne nodded and looked up from the plate of food she'd been pretending to give way too much attention. "Fine."

"Are you still feeling unwell?" Solana asked. "You never did tell me what the doctor said."

"Just a twenty-four-hour bug," she replied vaguely. "And I feel fine now."

Solana didn't look convinced. "You're still pale. Is that ex-boyfriend of yours giving you grief?"

The *ex-boyfriend*. The one she'd made up to avoid any nosy questions about what was becoming her rapidly expanding middle. The ex-boyfriend she'd say was the father of her baby until she summoned the nerve to tell Solana she was carrying her

grandson's child. Raised to have a solid moral compass, she was torn between believing the father of her baby had a right to know, and the fear that telling him would change everything. She was carrying Solana's great-grandchild. An Anderson heir. Nothing would be the same.

Of course, she had no illusions. Daniel Anderson was not a man looking for commitment or a family. Solana had told her enough about him, from his closed-off heart to his rumored no-strings relationships. He'd lost the love of his life and unborn child and had no interest in replacing, either.

Not that she was interested in him in *that* way. She didn't like him at all. He was arrogant and opinionated and as cold as a Popsicle. Oh, she'd certainly been swept away that one night. But one night of hot and heavy sex didn't make them *anything*.

Still...they'd made a baby together, and as prepared as she was to raise her child alone, common courtesy made it very clear to her that she had to tell him. And soon. Before Solana or anyone else worked out that she was pregnant.

She had another two weeks at the store before Audrey returned, and once that was done, Mary-Jayne intended returning to Crystal Point to regroup and figure out how to tell Daniel he was about to become a father.

"I'm going to miss you when you leave," Solana said and smiled. "I've grown very fond of our talks."

So had Mary-Jayne. She'd become increasingly attached to the other woman over the past few months, and they lunched

together at least twice a week. And Solana had been incredibly supportive of her jewelry designing and had even offered to finance her work and help expand the range into several well-known stores around the country. Of course Mary-Jayne had declined the offer. Solana was a generous woman, but she'd never take advantage of their friendship in such a way...good business or not.

"We'll keep in touch," Mary-Jayne assured her and ignored the nausea scratching at her throat. Her appetite had been out of whack for weeks and the sick feeling still hadn't abated even though she was into her second trimester. Her doctor told her not to worry about it and assured her that her appetite would return, and had put her on a series of vitamins. But most days the idea of food before three in the afternoon was unimaginable.

"Yes, we must," Solana said warmly. "Knowing you has made me not miss Renee quite so much," she said of her granddaughter, who resided in London. "Of course, I get to see Caleb while I'm here and Blake when I'm in San Francisco. And Daniel when he's done looking after things and flying in between resorts. But sometimes I wish for those days when they were kids and not spread all over the world." The older woman put down her cutlery and sighed. "Listen to me, babbling on, when you must miss your own family very much."

"I do," she admitted. "I'm really close to my sisters and brother and I miss my parents a lot."

"Naturally." Solana's eyed sparkled. "Family is everything."

Mary-Jayne swallowed the lump of emotion in her throat, like she'd done countless times over the past few months. Her hormones were running riot, and with her body behaving erratically, it was getting harder to keep her feelings under wraps. One thing she did know—she wanted her baby. As unplanned as it was, as challenging as it might be being a single mother, she had developed a strong and soul-reaching love for the child in her womb.

*Family is everything...*

It was. She knew that. She'd been raised by wonderful parents and loved her siblings dearly. Her baby would be enveloped in that love. She *could* go home, and Daniel need never know about her pregnancy. She'd considered it. Dreamed of it.

Except...

It would be wrong. Dishonest. And wholly unfair.

"I should very much like to visit your little town one day," Solana said cheerfully.

Crystal Point. It was a tiny seaside community of eight hundred people. From the pristine beaches to the rich soil of the surrounding farmlands, it would always be home, no matter where life took her.

"I'd like that, too," she said, and pushed her plate aside.

"Not hungry?" Solana asked, her keen light gray eyes watching everything she did.

Mary-Jayne shrugged. "Not really. But it is delicious," she said of the warm mango salad on her plate. "I'm not much use in the

kitchen, so our lunches are always a nice change from the grilled-cheese sandwich I'd usually have."

Solana grinned. "Didn't your mother teach you to cook?"

"She tried, but I was something of a tomboy when I was young and more interested in helping my dad in his workshop," she explained.

"Well, those skills can come in handy, too."

Mary-Jayne nodded. "For sure. I can fix a leaking tap and build a bookcase...but a cheese toastie is about my limit in the kitchen."

"Well, you'll just have to find yourself a husband who can cook," Solana suggested, smiling broadly.

"I'm not really in the market for a husband." *Not since I got knocked up by your grandson...*

Solana smiled. "Nonsense. Everyone is looking for a soul mate...even a girl as independent and free-spirited as you."

Mary-Jayne nodded vaguely. Independent and free-spirited? It was exactly how she appeared to the world. And exactly how she liked it. But for the most part, it was a charade. A facade to fool everyone into thinking she had it all together—that she was strong and self-sufficient and happy-go-lucky. She'd left home at seventeen determined to prove she could make it on her own, and had spent ten years treading water in the hope no one noticed she was just getting by—both financially and emotionally. Her family loved her, no doubt about it. As the youngest child she was indulged and allowed to do whatever she liked, mostly without

consequence. Her role as the lovable but unreliable flake in the Preston family had been set from a young age. While her older brother, Noah, took over the family business, perennial earth-mother Evie married young and pursued her art, and übersmart Grace headed for a career in New York before she returned to Australia to marry the man she loved.

But for Mary-Jayne there were no such expectations, and no traditional career. She'd gotten her first piercing at fourteen and had a tattoo by the time she was fifteen. When school was over she'd found a job as a cashier in a supermarket and a month later moved out of her parents' home and into a partly furnished cottage three streets away. She'd packed whatever she could fit into her battered Volkswagen and began her adult life away from the low expectations of her family. She never doubted their love...but sometimes she wished they expected more of her. Then perhaps she would have had more ambition, more focus.

Mary-Jayne pushed back her chair and stood up. "I'll take the dishes to the kitchen."

"Thank you. You're a sweet girl, Mary-Jayne," Solana said, and collected up the cutlery. "You know, I was just telling Caleb that very thing yesterday."

It was another not-so-subtle attempt to play matchmaker.

Solana had somehow got it in her head that her younger grandson would be a good match for her. And the irony wasn't lost on Mary-Jayne. She liked Caleb. He was friendly and charming and came into the store every couple of days and asked

how things were going, and always politely inquired after Audrey. The resort staff all respected him, and he clearly ran a tight ship.

But he didn't so much as cause a blip on her radar.

Unlike Daniel. He was the blip of the century.

Mary-Jayne ignored Solana's words, collected the dishes and headed for the kitchen. Once there she took a deep breath and settled her hips against the countertop. Her stomach was still queasy, and she took a few deep breaths before she turned toward the sink and decided to make a start on the dishes. She filled the sink and was about to plunge her hands into the water when she heard a decisive knock on the front door, and then seconds later the low sound of voices. Solana had a visitor. Mary-Jayne finished the washing up, dried her hands and headed for the door.

And then stopped in her tracks.

Even though his back was to her she recognized Daniel Anderson immediately. The dark chinos and white shirt fitted him as though they'd been specifically tailored for his broad, well-cut frame. She knew those shoulders and every other part of him because the memory of the night they'd spent together was etched into her brain, and the result was the child growing inside her.

Perhaps he'd tracked her down to confront her? Maybe he knew?

Impossible.

No one knew she was pregnant. It was a coincidence. He'd forgotten all about her. He hadn't called since she'd told him to go

to hell. He'd returned to see his grandmother. Mary-Jayne's hand moved to her belly, and she puffed out the smock-style shirt she wore. If she kept her arms to her sides and kept her clothing as loose as possible it was unlikely he'd notice her little baby bump. She lingered by the doorway, her mind racing at a trillion miles an hour.

Solana was clearly delighted to see him and hugged him twice in succession. "What a wonderful surprise," his grandmother said. "Why didn't you tell me you were coming?"

"Then it's not a surprise," he replied. "Is it?"

As they chatted Mary-Jayne moved back behind the architrave and considered her options. Come clean? Act nonchalant? Make a run for it? Running for it appealed most. This wasn't the time or place to make any kind of announcement about being pregnant, not with Solana in the room. She needed time to think. Prepare.

*I have to get out of here.*

The back door was through the kitchen and off the dining room. But if she sneaked out through the back Solana would want to know why. There would be questions. From Solana. And then from Daniel.

"Show some backbone," she muttered to herself.

She'd always had gumption. Now wasn't the time to ditch her usual resolve and act like a frightened little girl. Mary-Jayne was about to push back her shoulders and face the music when an unwelcome and unexpected wave of nausea rose up and made

her suddenly forget everything else. She put a hand to her chest, heaved and swallowed hard, fighting the awful feeling with every ounce of willpower she possessed.

And failed.

She rushed forward to the closest exit, racing past Solana and *him* and headed across the room and out to the patio, just making it to the garden in time.

Where she threw up in spectacular and humiliating fashion.

\* \* \*

Daniel remained where he was and watched as his grandmother hurried through the doorway and quickly attended to the still-vomiting woman who was bent over in the garden. If he thought he was needed Daniel would have helped, but he was pretty sure she would much prefer his grandmother coming to her aid.

After several minutes both women came back through the door. Mary-Jayne didn't look at him. Didn't even acknowledge he was there as she walked to the front door and let herself out, head bowed, arms rigid at her sides. But he was rattled seeing her. And silently cursed himself for having so little control over the effect she had on him.

"The poor thing," his grandmother said, hovering in the doorway before she finally closed the door. "She's been unwell for weeks. Ex-boyfriend trouble, too, I think. Not that she's said much to me about it...but I think there's been someone in the picture."

*Boyfriend?*

His gut twinged. “Does she need a doctor?” he asked, matter-of-fact.

“I don’t think so,” his grandmother replied. “Probably just a twenty-four-hour bug.”

Daniel ignored the twitch of concern. Mary-Jayne had a way of making him feel a whole lot of things he didn’t want or need. Attraction aside, she invaded his thoughts when he least expected it. She needled his subconscious. Like she had when he’d been on a date a couple of weeks back. He’d gone out with the tall leggy blonde he’d met at a business dinner, thinking she’d be a distraction. And spent the evening wishing he’d been with someone who would at least occasionally disagree and not be totally compliant to his whims. Someone like Mary-Jayne Preston. He’d ended up saying good-night to his date by nine o’clock, barely kissing her hand when he dropped her home. Sure, he didn’t want a serious relationship, but he didn’t want boring conversation and shallow sex, either.

And since there had been nothing boring or shallow about the night he’d spent with the bewitching brunette, Daniel still wanted her in his bed. Despite his good sense telling him otherwise.

“So,” Solana said, and raised her hands. “Why have you come home?”

“To see you. Why else?”

She tutted. “Always a question with a question. Even as a toddler you were inquisitive. Always questioning everything,

always asking *why* to your grandfather. Your brothers were never as curious about things as you were. Do you remember when you were eight and persuaded your grandfather to let you ride that mad, one-eyed pony your dad saved from the animal rescue center?" She shook her head and grinned. "Everyone wanted to know why you'd want to get on such a crazy animal. And all you said was, *why not?*"

Daniel shrugged. "As I recall I dislocated my collarbone."

"And scared Bernie and me half to death," Solana said and chuckled. "You were a handful, you know. Always getting into scraps. Always pushing the envelope. Amazing you turned out so sensible."

"Who say's I'm sensible?" he inquired lightly.

Solana's smile widened. "Me. Your brothers. Your grandfather if he was still alive."

"And Miles?"

His grandmother raised a silvery brow. "I think your dad would like you to be a little *less* sensible."

"I think my father would like me to eat tofu and drive a car that runs on doughnut grease."

"My son is who he is," Solana said affectionately. "Your grandfather never understood Miles and his alternative ways. But your dad knows who he is and what he wants from life. *And* he knows how to relax and enjoy the simple things."

Daniel didn't miss the dig. It wasn't the first time he'd been accused of being an uptight killjoy by his family. "I can relax."

His grandmother looked skeptical. “Well, perhaps you can learn to while you’re here.”

Daniel crossed his arms. Something about her tone made him suspicious. “You knew I was coming?”

Solana nodded, clearly unapologetic. “Blake called me. And of course it was my idea.” She sat down at the table. “Did you know your grandfather had his first heart attack at thirty-nine?”

Daniel sighed. He’d heard it before. Mike Anderson died at sixty-nine from a massive coronary. His fourth. After two previous bypass surgeries the final heart attack had been swift and fatal, killing him before he’d had a chance to get up from his desk. “Gran, I—”

“Don’t fob me off with some vague assurance that it won’t happen to you,” she said, cutting him off. “You work too hard. You don’t take time off. You’ve become as defined by Anderson Holdings as your grandfather was...and all it got him was an early grave. There’s more to life than business.”

He would have dismissed the criticism from anyone else...but not Solana. He loved and respected his grandmother, and her opinion was one of the few that mattered to him.

“I know that. But I’m not ready to—”

“It’s been over four years,” Solana reminded him gently. “And time you got back to the land of the living. Simone wouldn’t want you to—”

“Gran,” Daniel said, hanging on to his patience. “I know you’re trying to help. And I promise I’ll relax and unwind while

I'm here. I'm back for a week so I'll—”

“You’ll need more than a week to unwind,” she said, cutting him off again. “But if that’s all you can manage then so be it. And your parents are expecting you to visit, in case you were thinking you’d fly under the radar while you’re here.”

Guilt spiked between his shoulder blades. Solana had a way of doing that. And he hadn’t considered *not* seeing his father and stepmother. Not really. True, he had little in common with Miles and Bernadette...but they *were* his parents, and he knew they’d be genuinely pleased that he’d come home for a visit.

From a young age he’d known where his path lay. He was who his grandfather looked to as his protégé. At eighteen he’d been drafted into Anderson’s, studying economics at night school so he could learn the business firsthand from his grandfather. At twenty-three, following Mike Anderson’s death, he’d taken over the reins and since then he’d lived and breathed Anderson’s. Blake and Caleb had followed him a few years later, while Daniel remained at the helm.

He worked and had little time for anything resembling a personal life. Simone had understood that. She was a corporate lawyer and worked seventy-hour weeks. Marrying her had made sense. They were a good match...alike in many ways, and they’d been happy together. And would still be together if fate and a faulty brake line hadn’t intervened. She’d still be a lawyer and he would still spend his waking hours living and breathing Anderson Holdings. And they would be parents to their daughter. Just as

they'd planned.

Daniel stretched his shoulders and stifled a yawn. He was tired. Jet-lagged. But if he crashed in the afternoon he'd feel worse. The trick to staying on top of the jet lag was keeping normal sleep patterns. Besides, there were two things he wanted to do—take a shower, and see Mary-Jayne Preston.

\* \* \*

Mary-Jayne knew that the knock on her door would be Daniel. She'd been waiting for the sound for the past hour. But the sharp rap still startled her and she jumped up from the sofa, where she'd been sitting, hands twisted and stomach churning.

She walked across the living room and down the short hallway, grappling with the emotions running riot throughout her. She ruffled out her baggy shirt and hoped it disguised her belly enough to give her some time to work out how she was going to tell the man at her door he was going to become a father. She took a deep breath, steadied her knees, grabbed the handle and opened the door.

His gray eyes immediately looked her over with unconcealed interest. "How are you feeling?"

His lovely accent wound up her spine. "Fine."

"My grandmother is worried about you."

"I'm fine, like I said."

He tilted his head slightly. "You sure about that?"

Her chin came up. "Positive. Not that I have to explain myself to you."

“No,” he mused. “I guess you don’t.”

“Is there something else you wanted?”

A tiny smile creased one corner of his mouth. “Can I come in?”

“I’d rather you didn’t,” she said, and stepped back, shielding herself behind the door. “But since you own this resort I guess you can do whatever the hell you want.”

There was laughter in his eyes, and she realized the more hostile she got, the more amused he appeared. Mary-Jayne took a deep breath and turned on her heels, quickly finding solace behind the single recliner chair just a few feet away. She watched as he closed the door and took a few easy strides into the room.

“I hear you’ve been taking my grandmother to see fortune-tellers?”

Solana had told him about that? The older woman had sworn her to secrecy, saying her grandsons would think her crazy for visiting a clairvoyant. “It was *one* fortune-teller,” she informed him. “And a reputable one, I might add.”

His brows came up. “Really? You believe in all that nonsense?”

She glared at him. “Well, she did say I’d meet a man who was a real jerk...so I’d say she was pretty accurate, wouldn’t you agree?”

“Is that a question?” he shot back. “Because I’m probably not the best judge of my own character. Other people’s characters, on the other hand, I can usually peg.”

“Don’t start with—”

“Why did you hang up on me when I called you?”

She was genuinely surprised by his question. And didn’t respond.

“You were in South Dakota at your friend’s wedding,” he reminded her. “I was in San Francisco. I would have flown you to the city.”

Into the city. And into his bed. Mary-Jayne knew the score. She might have been a fool the night of Solana’s birthday party, but she certainly wasn’t about to repeat that monumental mistake.

“I wasn’t in the market for another meaningless one-night stand.”

His mouth twitched. “Really? More to the point, I guess your boyfriend wouldn’t have approved?”

She frowned. “My what?”

“My grandmother can be indiscreet,” he said and looked her over. “Unintentionally of course, since she has no idea we had that *meaningless one-night stand*.”

Color rose and spotted her cheeks. And for several long seconds she felt a kind of riveting connection to him. It was illogical. It was relentless. It made it impossible to ignore him. Or forget the night they’d spent together. Or the way they’d made love. The silence stretched between them, and Mary-Jayne was drawn deep into his smoky gray eyes.

“I don’t have a boyfriend or lover,” she said quietly. “I made that up to stop Solana from asking questions about...” Her words

trailed off and she moved back, putting distance between them.

“About what?”

She shook her head. “Nothing. I really can’t... I can’t do this.”

“Do what?” he asked.

“I can’t do this with you.”

“We’re not doing anything,” he said. “Just talking.”

“That’s just it,” she said, her voice coming out a little strangled. “I’m not ready for this. Not here. Not today. I feel unwell and I—”

“I thought you said you were feeling better?” he asked, cutting her off.

“Well, I’m not, okay? I’m not better. And seeing you here only makes me feel worse.”

“Such brutal honesty. I don’t know whether to be flattered or offended.”

She let out an agonized moan. “That’s just it. I am honest. *Always*. And seeing you now makes it impossible for me to be anything else. And I’m not ready for it... I can’t do this today. I simply can’t—”

“What are you talking about?” he asked impatiently and cut her off again.

“I’m talking about... I mean... I can’t...”

“Mary-Jayne,” he said, saying her name like he had that night, when he’d said it over and over, against her skin, against her breath. “I’m not sure what’s going on with you, but you’re not making much sense.”

The truth screamed to be told. There was no other way. She couldn't stop being who she was. She was an honest, forthright person who wore her heart on her sleeve. Mary-Jayne stepped out from behind the chair and spread her hands across her stomach, tightening the baggy shirt over her middle. Highlighting the small bump that hadn't been there four months ago.

"I'm talking about *this*."

Daniel quickly refocused his gaze onto her middle and frowned. "You're pregnant?"

She nodded and swallowed hard. "Yes."

"And?"

She shrugged and her hair flipped around her shoulders. Now or never.

"And isn't it obvious? You're the father."

### Chapter Three

He hadn't moved. Mary-Jayne looked at him and took a long breath. "This isn't how I wanted you to find out. I was going to call and tell you and—"

"You're not serious?" he asked, cutting through her words with icy precision.

She nodded. "I'm perfectly serious. I'm pregnant."

He raised a dark brow. "We used protection," he said quietly and held up a few fingers. "Three times, three lots of birth control. So your math doesn't quite work out."

"My math?" She stared at him. "What exactly are you accusing me of?"

“Nothing,” he replied evenly. “Simply stating an irrefutable fact.”

*A fact?*

Right. There was no possible way of misunderstanding his meaning. “I’m not lying to you. This baby is—”

“Yours,” he corrected coldly. “And probably the ex-boyfriend who my grandmother said is giving you grief at the moment.”

She fought the urge to rush across the room and slug him. “I don’t have a *boyfriend*. Ex or otherwise.”

“You do according to my grandmother,” he stated. “Who I trust more than anyone else.”

No punches pulled. He didn’t believe her. *Okay*. She could handle it. She didn’t care what he thought. “I only told Solana that to stop her from asking questions about why I’ve been unwell.”

He crossed his arms, accentuating his broad shoulders, and stood as still as a statue. He really was absurdly good-looking, she thought, disliking him with every fiber in her body. His gray eyes had darkened to a deep slate color and his almost black hair was short and shiny, and she remembered how soft it had been between her fingertips. His face was perfectly proportioned and he had a small cleft in his chin that was ridiculously sexy. Yes, Daniel Anderson was as handsome as sin. He was also an arrogant, overbearing, condescending so-and-so, and if it weren’t for the fact he was the biological father of her child, she’d happily *never* see him again.

“Do I really appear so gullible, Miss Preston?”

*Miss Preston?*

“Gullible? I don’t know what you—”

“If you think naming me in a paternity claim will fatten your bank balance, think again. My lawyers will be all over you in a microsecond.”

His pompous arrogance was unbelievable. “I’m not after your money.”

“Then, what?” he asked. “A wedding ring?”

Fury surged through her. “I wouldn’t marry you if you were the last man left on the planet.”

Her words seemed to amuse him and he looked at her in such a haughty, condescending way that her palms actually itched with the urge to slap his face. In every way she’d played the scene out in her head, and not once had she imagined he wouldn’t believe that her baby was his. Naive perhaps, but Mary-Jayne had been raised to take someone at their word.

“That’s quite a relief, since I won’t be proposing anytime soon.”

“Go to hell,” she said quietly as emotion tightened her chest, and she drew in a shuddering breath. He pushed her buttons effortlessly. He really was a hateful jerk.

“Not until we’ve sorted out this little mix-up.”

“Mix-up?” She glared at him. “I’m pregnant and you’re the father. This is not a mix-up. This is just how it is.”

“Then, I demand a paternity test.”

\* \* \*

Daniel hadn't meant to sound like such a cold, unfeeling bastard. But he wasn't about to be taken for a ride. He knew the score. A few months back his brother Caleb had been put through the ringer in a paternity suit that had eventually proved the kid he'd believed was his wasn't. And Daniel wasn't about to get pulled into that same kind of circus.

Mary-Jayne Preston's baby couldn't possibly be his...could it? He'd never played roulette with birth control. Besides, now that he could well and truly see her baby bump she looked further along than four months. Simone hadn't started showing so obviously until she was five months' pregnant.

"I'd like you to leave."

Daniel didn't move. "Won't that defeat the purpose of your revelation?"

She scowled, and he couldn't help thinking how she still looked beautiful even with an infuriated expression. "You know about the baby, so whatever you decide to do with the information is up to you."

"Until I get served with child-support demands, you mean?"

She placed her hands on her hips and Daniel's gaze was immediately drawn to her belly. She was rounder than he remembered, kind of voluptuous, and a swift niggle of attraction wound its way through his blood and across his skin. Her curves had appealed to him from the moment they'd first met, and watching her now only amplified that desire.

Which was damned inconvenient, since she was obviously

trying to scam him.

“I don’t want your money,” she said stiffly. “And I certainly don’t want a wedding ring. When I get married it will be to someone I actually like. I intend to raise this baby alone. Believe me, or don’t believe me. Frankly, I don’t care either way.”

There was such blatant contempt in her voice that he was tempted to smile. One thing about the woman in front of him—she wasn’t afraid to speak her mind. And even though he knew it was crazy thinking, it was an interesting change from the usual lengths some women went to in order to get his attention. How sincere she was, he couldn’t tell.

“We spent the night together a little over four months ago,” he reminded her. “You look more than four months pregnant.”

Her glare intensified. “So it’s clearly a big baby. All I know is that the only possible way I got pregnant was from that night I spent with you. I hadn’t been with anyone for a long time before that night. Despite what you think of me, I’m not easy. And I don’t lie. I have no reason to want this child to be yours. I don’t like you. I’m not interested in you or your money or anything else. But I am telling you the truth.”

He still wasn’t convinced. “So the ex-boyfriend?”

“A figment of my imagination,” she replied. “Like I said, Solana was asking questions and I needed a little camouflage for a while.”

He kept his head. “Even if there is no boyfriend and you are indeed carrying a supersize baby...we used contraception. So it

doesn't add up.”

“And since condoms are only ninety-eight percent effective, we obviously managed to slip into the two percent bracket.”

*Ninety-eight percent effective?*

Since when?

Daniel struggled with the unease clawing up his spine. “You cannot expect me to simply accept this news at face value.”

She shrugged, as if she couldn't care either way. “Do, or don't. If you want a paternity test to confirm it, then fine, that's what we'll do.”

He relaxed a little. Finally, some good sense. “Thank you.”

“But it won't be done until the baby is born,” she said evenly and took a long breath. “There are risks associated with tests after the fifteen-week mark, and I won't put my baby in jeopardy. Not for you. Not for anyone.”

There was such unequivocal resolve in her voice, and it surprised him. She was a flake. Unreliable. Unpredictable. Nothing like Simone. “Of course,” he said, and did his best to ignore the stabbing pain in his temple. His shoulders ached, and he could feel the effects of no sleep and hours flying across the globe begin to creep into his limbs. “I wouldn't expect you to put your child at risk.”

*Her child.*

*Her baby.*

This wasn't what he'd expected to face when he'd decided to come home. But if she was telling the truth? What then? To share

a child with a woman he barely knew. It was a train wreck waiting to happen.

And he hated waiting. In business. In his personal life.

He'd waited at the hospital when Simone was brought in with critical injuries. He waited while the doctors had tried to save her and their unborn daughter. He'd waited, and then received the worst possible news. And afterward he'd experienced a heartbreaking despair. After that night he became hollow inside. He'd loved his wife and daughter. Losing them had been unbearable. And he'd never wanted to feel that kind of soul-destroying anguish again.

But if Mary-Jayne *was* carrying his child, how could he turn his back?

He couldn't. He'd be trapped.

Held ransom by the very feelings he'd sworn he never wanted to feel again.

"So what do you want from me until then?"

"Want? Nothing," she replied quietly. "I'll call you when the baby is born and the paternity test is done. Goodbye."

He sighed. "Is this how you usually handle problems? By ignoring them?"

Her cheeks quickly heated. "I don't consider this baby a problem," she shot back. "And the only thing I plan to ignore is you."

\* \* \*

He stared at her for a moment, and then when he laughed

Mary-Jayne realized she liked the sound way too much. She didn't want to like *anything* about him. Not ever. He had become enemy number one. For the next five months all she wanted to do was concentrate on growing a healthy baby. Wasting time thinking about Daniel and his sexy laugh and gray eyes was off her agenda.

“You don't really think that's going to happen, do you?” he asked, watching her with such hot intensity she couldn't look away. “You've dropped this bombshell, and you know enough about me to realize I won't simply fade away for the next five months.”

“I can live in hope.”

“I think you live in a fantasyland, Mary-Jayne.”

The way he said her name caused her skin to prickle. No one called her that except her parents and her older brother, Noah. Even her sisters and closest friends mostly called her M.J. To the rest of the world she was M. J. Preston—the youngest and much loved sibling in a close-knit middle-class family. But Daniel had always used her full name.

Mary-Jayne took a deep breath. “A fantasyland?” She repeated his words as a question.

“What else would you call it?” he shot back as he looked her over. “You're what, twenty-seven? Never married or engaged. No real career to speak of. And a barely solvent online business. You've rented the same house for nearly ten years. You drive a car that's good for little else but scrap metal. You have less than

a thousand dollars in the bank at any given time and a not-so-stellar credit rating thanks to a certain dubious ex-boyfriend who ran up a debt on your behalf over five years ago. It looks very much like you do—”

“How do you know that?” she demanded hotly, hands on hips. “How do you know all that about me? I’ve not told Solana any of...” She trailed off as realization hit. And then she seethed. “You had me investigated?”

“Of course,” he replied, unmoving and clearly unapologetic. “You had no right to do that,” she spat. “No right at all. You invaded my privacy.”

He shrugged his magnificent shoulders. “You are working at this resort and have befriended my grandmother—it was prudent to make sure you weren’t a fortune hunter.”

“*Fortune hunter?*” Mary-Jayne’s eyes bulged wide and she said a rude word.

He tilted his head a fraction. “Well, the jury’s still out on that one.”

“Jury?” She echoed the word in disbelief. “And what does that make you? The judge? Can you actually hear yourself? Of all the pompous, arrogant and self-important things I’ve ever heard in my life, you take the cake. And you really do take yourself and the significance of your opinions way too seriously.”

He didn’t like that. Not one bit. She watched, fascinated as his eyes darkened and a tiny pulse in his cheek beat rapidly. His hands were clenched and suddenly his body looked as if it had

been carved from granite. And as much as she tried to fight it, attraction reared up, and heat swirled around the small room as their gazes clashed.

Memories of that night four months ago banged around in her head. Kissing, touching, stroking. Possession and desire unlike any she had known before. There had been a quiet intensity in him that night, and she'd been swept away into another world, another universe where only pleasure and a deeply intimate connection existed. That night, he hadn't been the rigid, unyielding and disagreeable man who was now in her living room. He'd been tender and passionate. He'd whispered her name against her skin. He'd kissed her and made love to her with such profound eagerness Mary-Jayne's entire mind and body had awakened and responded in kind. She'd never been driven to please and be pleased like that before.

But right now she had to get back to hating him. "I'm going to get changed and go for a walk to clear my head. You know the way out."

He didn't move. And he looked a little pale, she thought. Perhaps the shock that he was going to be a father was finally hitting home. But then she remembered that he didn't believe he actually was her baby's father, so that probably wasn't it.

"We still have things to discuss."

"Not for another..." Her words trailed off and she tapped off five of her fingers in her palm. "Five months. Until then, how about you treat me with the disdain that you've clearly mastered,

and I'll simply pretend that you don't exist. That will work out nicely for us both, don't you think?"

Of course, she knew saying something so provocative was like waving a red cape at a bull. But she couldn't help herself. He deserved it in spades. And it was only the truth. She didn't want to see him or spend any more time in his company.

"I don't treat you with disdain."

And there it was again—his resolute belief in the sound of his own voice.

"No?" She bit down on her lip for a moment. "You've admitted you had me investigated and just accused me of being a fortune hunter. Oh, and what about what you said to me on the phone when I was in South Dakota?" She took a strengthening breath. "That I was a flake who dressed like a hippie."

His eyes flashed. "And before you told me to go to hell you called me an uptight, overachieving, supercilious snob, if I remember correctly." He uncrossed his arms and took a step toward her.

"Well, it's the truth. You are an uptight snob."

"And you dress like a hippie."

"I like to be comfortable," she said, and touched her head self-consciously. "And I can't help the way my hair gets all curly in the humidity."

His gaze flicked to her hair and she saw his mouth twitch fractionally. "I didn't say a word about your hair. In fact it's quite...it's...it's..."

“It’s what?” she asked.

“Nothing,” he said, and shrugged. “I would like to know your plans.”

Mary-Jayne stared at him. “I don’t have any plans other than to have a healthy baby in five months’ time.”

He looked around the room. “When are you leaving here?”

“Audrey’s back in two weeks. I’ll go home then.”

“Have you told your family?”

She shook her head. “Not yet.”

“Have you told anyone?”

She met his gaze. “You.”

His expression narrowed. “And since she didn’t mention it while you were throwing up in her garden, I’m guessing you haven’t told my grandmother, either?”

“Just you,” she replied, fighting the resentment fueling her blood. “Like I said. Incidentally, Daniel, if you’re going to disbelieve everything that comes out of my mouth, it’s going to be a long five months.”

He grinned unexpectedly. “So you do know my name? I don’t think you’ve ever used it before. Well, except for that night we spent together.”

Her skin heated. She remembered exactly how she’d said his name that night. Over and over, whispered and moaned, as though it was the only word she’d known.

“Like I said, you know the way out.”

He didn’t budge. “We still need to talk.”

“We’ve talked enough,” she said tensely. “You don’t believe me and you need a paternity test. *And* you think I’m after your money. Believe me, I’ve got your message loud and clear.”

“You’re angry because I want proof of paternity?”

He actually sounded surprised. Mary-Jayne almost laughed at his absurd sense of entitlement. “I’m angry because you think I’m lying to you. I don’t know what kind of world you live in where you have this compulsion to question someone’s integrity without cause, but I don’t live in that world, Daniel. And I would never want to.”

She spun on her heel and left the room, barely taking a breath until she reached the sanctuary of the main bedroom. She leaned against the closed door and shuddered.

*It’s done now. He knows. I can get on with things.*

She pulled herself together, changed into sweats and sneakers and loitered in the room for more than ten minutes to ensure he’d be gone.

She strode into the living room and then stopped in her tracks. The room was empty. He’d left. As if he’d never been there.

A strange hollowness fluttered behind her ribs. She was glad he was gone—arrogant and disbelieving jerk that he was. She was well rid of him. With any luck she’d never have to see him again. Or speak to him. Or have to stare into those smoky gray eyes of his.

She could go home and have her baby.

Simple.

But in her heart she knew she was dreaming to believe he'd just disappear from her life. She was having his baby—and that made it about as complicated as it got.

\* \* \*

When Daniel woke up he had a crick in his neck and his left leg was numb. It was dark out. He checked his watch: six-forty. He sat up and stretched. When he'd left her condo, he'd walked around the grounds for a few minutes before heading back to his own villa. Once he'd sat down, the jet lag had hit him with a thud. Now he needed coffee and a clear head.

He got to his feet and rounded out his shoulders. The condo was quiet, and he walked from the living room and headed for the kitchen. He had to refocus and figure what the hell he was supposed to do for the next five months until the baby came into the world.

The baby.

*His baby...*

*I'm going to be a father.*

Maybe?

Daniel still wasn't entirely convinced. Mary-Jayne potentially had a lot to gain by saying he'd fathered her child. He wasn't naive and knew some people were mercenary enough to try to take advantage of others. He remembered how devastated Caleb had been when he'd discovered the boy he'd thought was his son turned out to belong to his *then* girlfriend's ex-husband. And Daniel didn't want to form a bond with a child only to

have it snatched away. Not again. Losing Simone and their unborn daughter had been soul destroying. He wasn't going to put himself in a position to get another serving of that kind of loss.

He made coffee and drank it. Damn...he felt as if his head was going to explode. He'd had it all planned out...come back to Port Douglas, reconnect with Mary-Jayne for a week and get her out of his system once and for all.

*Not going to happen.*

Daniel rounded out his shoulders and sucked in a long breath. He needed a plan. And fast. He swilled the cup in the sink, grabbed his keys and left the villa.

By the time he reached her condo his hands were sweating. No one had ever had such an intense physical effect on him. And he wasn't sure how to feel about it. The crazy thing was, he couldn't ignore it. And now that had amplified a hundredfold.

They needed to talk. There was no way around it. Daniel took another breath and knocked on the door.

When she answered the door she looked almost as though she'd been expecting him to return. He didn't like the idea that he was so transparent to her.

"I'm working," she said, and left him standing in the doorway. "So you'll need to amuse yourself for ten minutes before we get into round two."

The way she dismissed him so effortlessly *should* have made him madder than hell. But it didn't. He liked her spirit, and it was one of the things he found so attractive about her.

He followed her down the hall, and when he reached the dining room she was already standing by a small workbench tucked against the wall in one corner. She was bent over the narrow table, one elbow resting, using a small soldering iron. There was enough light from the lamp positioned to one side for him to see her profile, and despite the protective glasses perched on her nose he couldn't miss the intense concentration she gave her craft. There were several boards fashioned on easels that displayed her jewelry pieces, and although he was no expert, there was certainly style and creativity in her work.

She must have sensed him watching her because she turned and switched off the soldering iron. "So you're back?"

He nodded. "I'm back."

"Did you call your lawyer?"

"What?"

She shrugged a little. "Seems like something you'd do."

Daniel ignored the irritation clawing at his spine. "No, Mary-Jayne, I didn't call my lawyer. Actually, I fell asleep."

She looked surprised and then frowned a little. "Jet lag?"

He nodded again. "Once I sat down it hit me."

"I had the same reaction when I returned from Thailand last year. It took me three days to recover. The trick is to stay awake until bedtime."

There was something husky and incredibly sexy about Mary-Jayne's voice that reached him deep down. After they'd slept together, he'd pursued her and she'd turned him down flat. Even

from across an ocean she'd managed to throw a bucket of cold water on his attempts to ask her out. And get her back in his bed. Because he still wanted her. As foolish as it was, as different and unsuitable for one another as they were—he couldn't stop thinking about her.

She knew that. She knew they were from different worlds. She'd accused him of thinking she was an easy mark and that was why he wanted her. But it wasn't that. He wanted her because she stirred him like no other woman ever had. From her crazy beautiful hair to her curvy body and her sassy mouth, Daniel had never known a woman like her. He might not like her...but he wanted her. And it was as inconvenient as hell.

“So what do you want, then?”

Daniel's back straightened. She didn't hold back. She clearly didn't think she had anything to gain by being friendly or even civil. It wasn't a tactic he was used to. She'd called him a spoiled, pampered and arrogant snob, and although he didn't agree with that assumption, it was exactly how she treated him.

“To talk,” he replied. “Seems we've got plenty to talk about.”

“Do you think?” she shot back. “Since you don't believe that this baby is yours, I can't see what's so important that you felt compelled to come back so soon.”

Daniel took a breath. “I guess I deserve that.”

“Yeah,” she said and plucked the glasses off her nose. “I guess you do.”

He managed a tight smile. “I would like to talk with you.

Would coffee be too much trouble?"

She placed the soldering iron on the bench. "I guess not."

As she walked past him and through the door to the kitchen it occurred to Daniel that she swayed when she moved. The kitchen seemed small with both of them in it, and he stayed on the outside of the counter.

"That's quite a collection your friend has up there," he remarked and pointed to the cooking pots hanging from an old window shutter frame that was suspended from the ceiling.

"Audrey likes pans," she said without looking at him. "I don't know why."

"She doesn't need a reason," he said and pulled out a chair. "I collect old books."

She glanced up. "Old books?"

"First editions," he explained. "Poetry and classic literature."

One of her eyebrows rose subtly. "I didn't peg you as a reader. Except perhaps the *Financial Times*."

Daniel grinned a little. "I didn't say I read them."

"Then why collect them?"

He half shrugged. "They're often unique. You know, rare."

"Valuable?" she asked, saying the word almost as an insult. "Does everything in your life have a dollar sign attached to it?"

As digs went between them, it was pretty mild, but it still irked him. "Everything? No."

"Good," she said, and held up a small sugar pot. When he shook his head, she continued speaking. "Because I have no

intention of allowing my baby to become caught up in your old family money or your sense of self-entitlement.”

Daniel stilled. “What does that mean?”

“It means that people like you have a kind of overconfident belief that money fixes everything.”

“People like me?” Daniel walked across the small room and moved around the countertop. “Like me?” he asked again, trying to hold on to the annoyance sneaking across his skin. “Like me, how...exactly?”

She stepped back. “You’re rich and successful. You can snap your fingers and have any number of minions willing to do whatever you need done.”

He laughed humorlessly. “Really? I must try that next time I want someone to bring me my slippers.”

Her green eyes glittered brilliantly. “Did you just make a joke? I didn’t realize you had it in you.”

Daniel’s shoulders twitched. “Perhaps I’m not quite the *uptight, overachieving, supercilious snob* you think I am.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t go that far,” she said and pushed the mug along the countertop. “There’s milk in the fridge.”

“This is fine.” Daniel took the mug and leaned a hip against the counter. “Thank you.”

“No problem. And you *are* uptight, Daniel. Everything about you screams order and control.”

“Because I don’t live in chaos?” he asked, deliberately waving a hand around the untidy room. “That doesn’t necessarily equate

to being a control freak.”

She crossed her arms. “Chaos? So now you think I’m a slob?”

He drank some coffee and placed the mug on the counter. “What I think is that it’s interesting that you express every opinion you have without considering the consequences.”

“Oh, have I offended your sensibilities?”

“Have I offended yours?”

She shrugged. “I’d have to care what you thought, wouldn’t I?”

In all his life he’d never met anyone who tried so hard to antagonize him. Or anyone with whom he’d been compelled to do the same. Mary-Jayne got under his skin in ways he could barely rationalize. They were all wrong for one another and they both knew it.

And now there was a baby coming...

*His baby.*

Daniel glanced at her belly and then met her gaze.

“Mary-Jayne.” He said her name quietly, and the mood between them changed almost immediately. “Are you...are you sure?”

She nodded slowly. “Am I sure the baby is yours? Yes, I’m certain.”

Resistance lingered in his blood. “But we—”

“I may be a lot of things, Daniel...but I’m not a liar.” She drew in a long breath. “The contraception we used obviously failed. Despite what you think of me, I’ve been single for over twelve months and I haven’t slept with anyone since...except you.”

A stupid, egotistical part of him was glad to hear it. One part wanted to believe her. And the other...the other could only think about what it meant for them both if what she said was true.

“I need to be sure,” he said.

“I understand,” she replied. “You can have your proof when he or she is born.”

Guilt niggled its way through his blood. “I appreciate you agreeing to a paternity test.”

She shrugged lightly. “There’s little point in being at odds over this. Be assured that I don’t want anything from you, and once you have your proof of paternity you can decide how much or how little time you invest in this.”

As she spoke she certainly didn’t come across as flighty as she appeared. She sounded like a woman who knew exactly what she wanted. Which was her child...and no interference from him.

Which of course wasn’t going to happen.

If the baby *was* his, then he would be very involved. He’d have no choice. The child would be an Anderson and have the right to claim the legacy that went with the name. Only, he wasn’t sure how he’d get Mary-Jayne to see it that way.

“If this child is mine, then I won’t dodge my responsibility.”

She looked less than impressed by the idea. “If you’re talking about money, I think I’ve made it pretty clear I’m not interested.”

“You can’t raise a child on good intentions, Mary-Jayne. Be sensible.”

Her mouth thinned and she looked ready for an argument, but

she seemed to change her mind. Some battles, he figured, were about defense, not attack...and she knew that as well as he did.

“We’ll see what happens,” she said casually as she crossed the small kitchen and stood in front of the refrigerator. She waited for him to stand aside and then opened the door. “I’m heating up lasagna. Are you staying for dinner?”

Daniel raised a brow. “Am I invited?”

She shrugged, as if she couldn’t care either way. But he knew she probably wanted to tell him to take a hike in some of her more colorful language.

“Sure,” he said, and grabbed the coffee mug as he stepped out of her way. “That would be good.”

He caught a tiny smile on her mouth and watched as she removed several items from the refrigerator and began preparing food on the countertop. She placed a casserole dish in the microwave and began making a salad. And Daniel couldn’t take his eyes off her. She was fascinating to watch. Her glorious hair shone like ebony beneath the kitchen light, and she chewed her bottom lip as she completed the task. And of course thinking about her lips made him remember their night together. And kissing her. And making love to her. She had a remarkable effect on his libido, and he wondered if it was because they *were* so different that he was so achingly attracted to her. She was all challenge. All resistance. And since very little challenged him these days, Daniel knew her very determination to avoid him had a magnetic pull all of its own.

And he had no idea what he was going to do about it.  
Or if he could do actually do anything at all.

#### Chapter Four

Mary-Jayne finished preparing dinner, uncomfortably conscious of the gorgeous man standing by the kitchen table. There was such blistering intensity in his gaze she could barely concentrate on what she was doing. She hated that he could do that to her. If she had her way she'd never see him again.

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