

Tropes:

Enemies to lovers

Friends to lovers

Fake Fiance

Destination Wedding

Unrequited Love

Balcony Sex

Pranks

Ex Pro Baseball

Workplace

Ad Copy:

1. Brock 'Romeo' Romero is my fake fiance, but my heart isn't getting the memo.
2. Ex pro baseball player, incredible biceps, and definitely makes my heart beat double time. Maybe roping Brock into being my fake fiance wasn't my best idea.
3. Note to self: asking the guy who hates you to be your fake fiance might just turn into some not so fake passionate display in front of the girl who ruined your life in high school.
4. Brock Romero knows Stella Garcia is the girl for him -- too bad she has no idea.
5. Brock 'Romeo' Romero has a reputation, but Stella Garcia has a situation. She needs a fake fiance - fast.
6. He wants her - and only her. But she's his best friend.
7. Stella is in a pinch. Her hot ex baseball player, best friend might hate her. Her high school nemesis is engaged to her dad. She really needs a fake fiance - STAT.
8. She loves tater tots. He loves her. She doesn't know. What could go wrong?
9. Eight best friends. Two weeks. One plan to break up her dad and high school nemesis.
10. Eight best friends. Two weeks in paradise. One fake relationship. No strings attached.
11. He's loved her for years and SOMETHING
12. He's the perfect guy. Hot PE teacher. Looks unbelievable in a swimsuit. Maybe, hates me.
13. She's the one. He's the one she can't let slip away.
14. I'll have a love affair over the next two weeks. A love affair with Mai Tais, the sun, and maybe - my best friend.

15. She's made it clear. I'm not the guy for her, and I need to accept that and move on. Except, I have to pretend she's mine for the next 12 days.
16. Do I tell her? Do I just be upfront about everything? Like being in love with her for years.
17. One dinner. Then I'm done. There's no way I can be her fake fiance and make it out alive.
18. Brock 'Romeo' Romero is not the guy everyone thinks he is.

Teasers:

1. I'm a desperate man who would do anything to be able to hold her.
2. Yeah, I was mad because the kiss ended. Because I wanted so much more.
3. "How are you going to handle being around her?" "Like I have for the past few months." "By being angry and unbearable?" Gunner asks. "Ever think that telling her the truth might be better?" I shake my head at the suggestion. "No."
4. "You were the guy in college who got any girl he wanted, and don't deny it, because I've heard the stories from Gunner." "I don't get every girl I want," I say before I can stop myself, my eyes cutting through hers.
5. how would I guard my heart around him for the next twelve days?
6. I have to keep my distance so I don't do anything embarrassing. Like run my tongue up and down his chest.
7. "Look at you, being nice to me." Her voice softens. "I like it." And I like you.
8. Whatever's happening between me and Stella can wait, even if I'm desperate for more. Desperate for her touch. For her mouth. For her hand in mine.
9. I don't want to find her attractive. I don't want to have these overwhelming feelings that claw at me every day. I don't want to want her, need her. I don't want her to be everything I want, everything I ever said I wanted in a partner. And yet, she is. She's all I want.
10. "In your dreams, Romeo," I say, even though I know it's really in my dreams.
11. Romeo has a pair of balls I wouldn't mind putting in my mouth.

Teasers:

Highlight(yellow) - Location 126

“He has something against me and I don’t know what it is.”

Highlight(yellow) - Location 191

I’ll have a love affair over the next two weeks. A love affair with Mai Tais, the sun, and the sand.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 671

One dinner. Then I’m done.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 843

He’s dangerously good at this. He’s making me believe what he’s saying, especially by how he’s treating me. It reminds me of how things used to be. Easy, simple, fun.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 921

how would I guard my heart around him for the next twelve days?

Highlight(yellow) - Location 933

I was just in time to play the role of doting fiancé. And fuck did I play it well. Disturbingly well.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 937

it was real. That was the moment that I knew I wanted something more with her. I spoke from the heart the entire night. I held her like I always wanted to hold her. I looked at her as if she were mine. And for a short moment in time, she was.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 993

“How are you going to handle being around her?” “Like I have for the past few months.” “By being angry and unbearable?” Gunner asks. “Ever think that telling her the truth might be better?” I shake my head at the suggestion. “No.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 996

She’s made her stance clear on where I stand romantically. I’m not the guy for her, and I need to accept that and move on.”

Highlight(yellow) - Location 1007

I can be cordial. I can be drama free. I can avoid her as much as I can.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 1133

"You were the guy in college who got any girl he wanted, and don't deny it, because I've heard the stories from Gunner." "I don't get every girl I want," I say before I can stop myself, my eyes cutting through hers.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 1227

Weirdly, I miss his tight hold on me. Maybe because it feels like a protective shield from the evil blonde witch.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 1232

all I can think about is the territorial way Romeo is holding my hand.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 1655

By the end of this trip, they will see each other naked."

Highlight(yellow) - Location 1745

I'd tell her I want more than joy in our friendship. I'd want passion. I'd want pleasure. I'd want the chance at love. But I know that's not what she wants, at least, not with me.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 1786

I don't think I can say no to this girl. She has me wrapped around her finger even though I'm trying my hardest to keep my distance.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 1887

I'm a desperate man who would do anything to be able to hold her.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 1889

"May I join you?" "Not my pool. You can do what you want," I answer as she moves closer. Smoothly, she puts her hand on my shoulder and then walks to my front as she says, "But it's your lap I plan to sit on."

Highlight(yellow) - Location 1942

This isn't a friendly kiss. This isn't a kiss you share in front of friends. This is a passionate, can't-get-enough, I-fucking-want-you-now kiss, and holy shit it's rocking my world.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 1955

Her lips are so goddamn soft, yet urgent, and the grip she has on me makes me believe that I'm hers. That this isn't fake, that I actually belong to her.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 2073

Yeah, I was mad because the kiss ended. Because I wanted so much more.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 2075

Do I tell her? Do I just be upfront about everything?

Highlight(yellow) - Location 2138

“Look at you, being nice to me.” Her voice softens. “I like it.” And I like you.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 2516

his hot pink swim trunks, white tank top, and hair a sexy mess, and all I could think about was going back to that chair where I was on his lap, resting against his chest. I want more of that. I want him.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 2519

“In your dreams, Romeo,” I say, even though I know it’s really in my dreams.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 2590

I have to keep my distance so I don’t do anything embarrassing. Like run my tongue up and down his chest.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 3018

all I could think about was last night with Romeo. It was unexpected. Different. Almost as if we crossed a line, one I never thought I’d ever cross with him. But as we kept talking, I knew I didn’t want the night to end. I didn’t want him to leave.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 3398

I don’t want to find her attractive. I don’t want to have these overwhelming feelings that claw at me every day. I don’t want to want her, need her. I don’t want her to be everything I want, everything I ever said I wanted in a partner. And yet, she is. She’s all I fucking want.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 4044

Whatever’s happening between me and Stella can wait, even if I’m desperate for more. Desperate for her touch. For her mouth. For her hand in mine.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 4089

I could see her as my best friend that I share my whole world with. If she wants that.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 4601

Touching me. Changing me. Making me think that maybe this isn’t just for fun. That there’s more to us.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 5131

it feels good to have her at my side. I'm not thinking about the future, I'm not thinking about where this is going. I'm living in the moment and soaking up as much of her as I can.

Highlight(yellow) - Location 6322

you're worth the wait." "I hope you're not wasting your time." "Trust me, I know when I'm wasting my time, and time spent with you is anything but wasted."

Highlight(yellow) - Location 6353

"My heart is ready," she admits. "But my mind isn't." I pinch her chin and bring her mouth close to mine before whispering, "Your brain will catch up. That heart is what matters the most."

Highlight(yellow) - Location 6532

This is what I wanted months ago when I asked her out. Moments like these, where I know there's nothing more gratifying than holding her hand in peace.

Excerpts:

Title of Annotations

Highlight(orange) - Location 28

"What baseball game?" Arlo asks. "Do you mean the game you took her and Cora to last year?" "Yup." Gunner pops a chip in his mouth from the bowl on the coffee table. "Except Cora wasn't supposed to go. It was supposed to be a daaaate," Gunner drags out. "You asked Stella out?" Arlo asks, shocked. "Way to sell me out for a game, you dick." Not showing an ounce of remorse, Gunner stands from the couch and takes my glass from me. "I'll top you off. You'll need it." Seething, I pass my hand over my head and say, "Yeah, I asked her out. She invited Cora. End of story." "That's not the end of the story,"

Highlight(orange) - Location 87

Why go out with a washed-up baseball player turned phys ed teacher with a slight limp in his walk, when you can go out with an unmarred professional baseball player? Yeah. There's resentment for a reason. She chose the star. That's who she wants. That's who I'll never be.

Highlight(orange) - Location 737

Yup, stare all you want. Brock is a sight to behold. Standing at six foot three, he's a phenom of muscles and tan skin. A former athlete, he's kept in amazing shape and vibes with the whole "dark and smoldering look" with his deep brown hair and matching eyes. And then there's his smile. It's unlike any smile I've ever seen on a man. Charming. Handsome. Captivating. That smile can make anyone want to be near him, get to know him, attach themselves to him. I haven't seen that smile in a long time . . . until now.

Highlight(orange) - Location 846

It was natural, as if this was how we were supposed to spend the rest of our lives—sitting in a booth together, talking sports, and taking fries off each other's plates. That's when I knew, she was it for me." Romeo's eyes stay on mine. His hand's linked with mine. And, oh my God, I can't breathe. How is he doing this? He gave me shit later, claiming I distracted him with questions as he was talking passionately about baseball so I could get away with stealing his fries. He was wrong, I was actually curious. It just so happened that I got to eat his fries while I listened. But I remember that night so vividly. I felt at ease with Romeo. As if in that moment, we were going from friends to best friends. At least, that's what it felt like.

Highlight(orange) - Location 911

Cold. Heartless. Detached. How could the sweet man who spoke such beautiful words of how we met, of when he knew I was the one, vanish so quickly? My heart aches for him. My battered ego wishes for some mercy from the storm brewing over him. Anything. Any sort of acknowledgement that the friendship we once had is still there.

Highlight(orange) - Location 939

I knew I had to get away. I had to shut down on her, or else I was going to do something I regretted, such as confess my feelings, the ones I've been trying to suppress whenever she's around. The ones I'm trying to forget, trying to move on from. After last night, I realized I'm not even close to moving the fuck on.

Highlight(orange) - Location 982

I drank away all of my feelings. I drank away the look of relief when she saw me coming to the rescue. The way her hand felt in mine when we weaved through the restaurant. The feel of her knuckles beneath my lips. The look of surprise in her eyes when I charmed her father with anecdotes of our friendship. The scent of her when I held her as close as I wished. The softness of her cheeks when I kissed her. It had all felt too fucking real.

Highlight(orange) - Location 989

"It was fucking torture last night." I lean against the wall and allow myself this moment to get everything off my chest. "Holding her hand, being close to her, acting as though she was actually mine. It left me bitter last night and, yeah, I had a beer or two . . . or six." I take a deep breath. "But it's over. One night, that's it."

Highlight(orange) - Location 1253

Last time I was in the car with you, I wound up smashing my head against the windshield." "You didn't smash your head, you barely flew forward. And that wasn't my fault. A butterfly dove in front of my car. What did you want me to do? Hit it?" "It was a butterfly." "Yeah, and guess what, Romeo? I brake for butterflies."

Highlight(orange) - Location 1328

before I can stop him, he's reaching over his head and pulling his sweat-soaked shirt off, revealing his perfectly bronze and ripped chest. That's exactly what I didn't want to happen, because I've seen Romeo with his shirt off, many times, and I know what he hides under his shirts. Lots of muscle. Thick, sturdy pecs. Corded muscles in his ribs. Taut, well-defined abs. And hip divots that leave nothing to the imagination. And right now, they're all on display, as well as the black waistband of his Calvin Klein boxer briefs. Casually, he folds his shirt into threes, lengthwise, and then tucks it into the back of his shorts so it hangs down his leg but is secure. "Better."

Highlight(orange) - Location 1807

I wish I could tell you I was stronger. I wish I could show you just how much of an asshole I can be and walk away. But she has a hold on me.

Highlight(orange) - Location 2663

"Are you nervous, Stella?" God, the way he says my name, all dark and dreamy . . . it makes me want to do wicked things to him. "No," I scoff. "Why would I be nervous?" "You tell me." Umm . . . Maybe because, all of a sudden, I can't stop thinking about you. Because I think you're so

freaking hot that I find my hands growing sweaty just being near you. Because I want to taste your lips again, but not just a swipe. I want to spend hours tasting them. “Well?” he asks, a lift to his brow. Oh crap.

Highlight(orange) - Location 2893

What’s the point of kissing someone if you don’t mean it?” “You kissed me in the pool,” she counters with a laugh. “Yeah . . .” I say awkwardly, letting the silence sink in. I kissed you because I meant it. Because I’ve been wanting to kiss you for years. Because I’m fucking infatuated with you. It meant something. That kiss meant so much. “Anyway, I’m not the guy everyone thinks I am.”

Highlight(orange) - Location 3291

it’s uncomfortable for everyone with how much you long for her.” “I do not fucking long for her. Jesus Christ.” I glance out toward the golf course, avoiding eye contact with my buddies, because a little piece of me believes them. That I do long for her. Okay . . . yeah, I long for her, but I thought I was less conspicuous. Apparently not. “Just tell her.” Gunner tosses one of his fries at me. “Just fucking tell her. You spent the night with her—”

Highlight(orange) - Location 3305

“What if you tell her you have feelings for her and she says she feels the same way? You have everything to gain and nothing to lose.” “Nothing to lose?” I ask incredulously. “I have everything to lose.”

Highlight(orange) - Location 3403

“Why are you so angry?” Because I desperately want you. Because no matter what I do, I can’t get you off my mind. Because I’d love nothing more than to strip that top off you and feast on your tits. Her tits. The ones that I’ve dreamt of.

Highlight(orange) - Location 4147

“So, I have a bet going on with Kelvin.” “You have a bet with Kelvin?” That mischievous grin, her lightheartedness—it eases my chest and reminds me how easy it is to talk to Stella. How much fun I’ve always had hanging out with her. One of the main reasons why I started to fall for her. She makes me laugh. She makes me happy.

Highlight(orange) - Location 4459

I know what I want, when I want it. It’s quality, not quantity, babe.” She sits a little taller. “Are you calling me quality?” “Fuck. Yes.” She smiles to herself. “Like that compliment?” I ask her. “Yeah . . . yeah I do.”

Highlight(orange) - Location 4470

I’m swooning. I don’t swoon. I’m not that girl. But dear God, seeing Romeo in his wet, rumpled shirt with his corded chest on display, the fire lighting up one side of his handsomely chiseled

face, mixed with his words . . . I was struck with lust. Not just a wave of lust, but a tsunami. My breathing became heavier. My head became foggier. And my body started thrumming for what's to come. For what's about to happen right now as I walk hand in hand with him to his room, wearing his suit jacket and feeling the electric energy bounce between us. I asked for fun and I think he's about to give it to me.

Highlight(orange) - Location 4604

How could I possibly even think about more with Romeo when my head isn't on straight? No, this is supposed to be about fun. This is supposed to be a vacation fling. At least, that's what I think we agreed upon. He might have just rocked my entire world and shifted it on its axis, but this isn't permanent. This isn't forever. This is now. So, enjoy the now.

Highlight(orange) - Location 4729

"One of the reasons why I tolerate being around you, because instead of flashing your black card, you'd rather eat a pub burger in a booth with me while discussing the game." "Yeah, the perfect night," he answers. "You really consider that the perfect night?" I ask, bewildered. "Give or take a few things." "Like the company?" I ask with a roll of my eyes. "No, the company is the best part of that night." He winks and then takes his apple juice from the waitress. "The burger could be changed to wings. The booth could be swapped with my couch. But the company, yeah, that stays." Dear God, what is happening? Why is he saying things like that? Why is he trying to make me want him even more? No strings attached, that's what I said, and yet, when he says things like that, he makes me want to attach myself forever. Why is that? Why am I swooning over something so simple? Why am I fixated on these little things? On Arlo and Greer? On the possessiveness, the need to be wanted and touched? Why, out of the blue, am I having these mixed, confused feelings when I've never considered Romeo to be anything but one of my best guy friends? I glance up at him and catch a small glint in his eyes, one that speaks of promises for what's to come. But I don't know what's to come. Other than I'm confused. He makes me feel good, so good, but there also seems to be a piece of me that's missing, and I can't figure out exactly what that piece is. And that's frustrating.

Highlight(orange) - Location 6523

I place my hand on the back of her seat and back out of the parking spot. "That's hot," she says as I put the car in drive. "What's hot?" "When you back up like that, putting your hand on the back of my seat. I like it a lot." "Well, we're just full of compliments today, aren't we? If you're not careful, Stella, I very well might develop an indestructible crush." "I thought you already had," she teases. "Shhh," I say, "you're not supposed to know that."

Sexy:

Highlight(pink) - Location 2471

Romeo has a pair of balls I wouldn't mind putting in my mouth.

Highlight(pink) - Location 4038

"I took matters into my own hands." My eyes narrow. Fuck, what I wouldn't have given to make her come, or to even watch her come for that matter. In a stern voice, I say, "Next time, don't." "Don't what?" I lift her hand and bring her index and middle finger to my mouth, where I place a soft kiss. "Don't take matters into your own hands. Let me."