

Excerpt

“Fantasies of my Best Friend’s Dad: An Enemies to Lovers Romance”

I mean, at least the place is amazing. I know Lyla comes from a rich family, but sometimes, something like this comes along to remind me of it. The cabin, though it’s not huge, looks as though it could have come right out of some interior design magazine, the polished dark wood and gold elements giving it this deliciously cozy feel. A large fireplace is surrounded by some giant armchairs, all of them equipped with their own giant, hand-knitted blanket. Even though I wish I could get out into the snow a little without freezing my butt off, this is a pretty good place to keep warm.

I’ve been tossing and turning all night, my mind racing as I try to work out the best way to deal with all of this. I get the feeling Nathan sees through everything I told him about what Lyla is up to, and I can’t help but feel a little guilty lying to him. He’s letting me stay in this beautiful place, after all, and I’m spinning stories to him about what his daughter is up to. Not exactly the best etiquette.