

Saved By A Bad Boy Billionaire Excerpt

An Enemies To Lovers Grumpy
Billionaire Romance

Sienna Weaver

Sienna Weaver Contemporary Romance

SAVANNAH EXCERPT

THE AMBIENT LIGHTS OF the club make me very uncomfortable, even from where I'm sitting at the edge of the massive corner table, but I can't leave yet, at least not until I've wished Jessica a happy birthday... if I can find her.

She's been gone for almost thirty minutes, and despite what her friends said, I know she's behind one of the VIP curtains doing god knows what.

I hate being here. I hate how it makes me feel. I hate the slow fear that's building in a part of my head, ready to pounce.

I could leave her present with them, but that would be bad manners. Despite how much I tried to live my life differently from how my mother lived hers, I can't be outright rude. And Jessica has been a decent housemate to me.

It's not like you have anything better to do.

And unfortunately, my inner thoughts are correct. A sudden rainstorm kicked in hours ago and, so far, has shown no signs of stopping, so I can't perform outside this evening, ruining any excuse I would have used to avoid coming here or leaving. From what I can recall, it's

too early for this many people to be out on a Tuesday night. But this is the Florida Keys, and the rules here could differ completely from L.A.

“Ladies and gentlemen!” Suddenly, a voice blares from the stage, jarring me out of my thoughts and back to the present. I look up to see the suited MC and notice his coat is cheap and not hanging correctly on his narrow shoulders. His hair is slicked back with too much product, and from here, I can tell he’s wearing studio makeup.

Stop it, Savannah.

He greets everyone again and waits for all attention to be on him. To my relief, the music had stopped blaring through the speakers, making the floor quiet quickly. I see Jessica slink back to our group’s table from the corner of my eye. I immediately notice that she’s reapplied her lipstick, and that her “birthday girl” hat is sitting crookedly on her head.

Our eyes meet, and she gives me a slow wink. Despite myself, I laugh, until the MC’s words catch my attention.

Did he say karaoke?

“A gentleman among us has offered \$70,000 to the karaoke contest winner!”

My mind goes blank as excited buzzing runs through the club.

\$70,000. That’s a lot of money. I could get a new guitar and help my depleted savings with it. But could I do it? Was that amount of cash enough to make me break my rule of never singing on stage again?

I’m not sure, so I sit there nursing my mocktail as the MC continues laying out the ground rules.

“This contest,” he says, grinning as if the money belonged to him, and we should all be grateful, “is open to ladies only!” A loud boo comes from a corner, and complaints sweep through the crowd.

“Fuck! That money would have been enough for me to get a new pair of glasses and fix my teeth,” Tam complains, his usually smooth,

olive skin marred by a scowl that carves a line between his perfectly tweezed eyebrows.

I keep my thoughts to myself, but I'm glad there was another reason I could tell myself not to participate in the contest.

There's no way someone who created a rule like that wasn't sexist, and I'm half convinced that the winner would have to meet that person...my stomach churns at the thought.

But \$70,000 will cover my share of the rent for the rest of the year. And Sloan told me he'd stop sending money next year.

I couldn't fault my brother's logic. It's not like street performing is very sustainable. He'd accepted me more than anyone ever had, and when I broke down two years ago, he'd supported me.

"Also," the MC says, "the first twenty ladies to join will be the only ones eligible to participate!" A squeal runs through the crowd as women start jostling closer to the stage, but the MC threatens to disqualify rowdy hopefuls, so they become perfectly behaved ladies.

"For the first round, each contestant has only one minute for their song. So, wow me, ladies! For the second stage, after ten lovely contestants have been eliminated, each remaining contestant will have two minutes each!" Small applause follows this statement. Finally, he states that after another elimination, the five remaining finalists can sing to their heart's content: "Any song as long as it's under four minutes! I know the money's juicy, ladies, but people need to go home and get their beauty sleep."

People laugh, but I only roll my eyes, automatically sorting through my extensive mental library of songs that'll give me an edge.

"Oh, and one more thing," the MC continues, "the winner will meet the sponsor of this little contest to receive their prize money." My stomach lurches, and I know it's one of the VIP patrons sitting

upstairs behind the curtains. Dread starts pooling in my belly, an even more significant reason for not participating.

BUT \$70,000, Savannah. You can do so much with that amount of money.

I really could. In another life, I would not have batted an eyelash at that amount of money, but that was ages ago. So much has changed since then.....

BROCK EXCERPT

IF ANYONE ASKS ME why I decided, on a whim, to sponsor a random karaoke competition at Mick Owens Club, I wouldn't be able to provide an answer. All I knew was that I'd never been so bored, and I was desperately thinking of anything that would drag me out of my insane doldrum.

Maybe because the just-finished contest from Owens' girls did not satisfy my boredom, so I decided to sponsor a bigger one with better competition criteria to spice things up.

And you've had music on your mind for weeks. That's why you did this. You're looking for a diamond in the rough.

I've been looking for a singer to be the main act for my club. I wanted something new, something different, and I had yet to find it.

I was at Owens' club to discuss a company we both held significant stakes in and wondering how long I could take it when, after witnessing the mediocre performances in front of me, I told Mick what was on my mind. He laughed so hard I thought a gold tooth would fall out, but he quickly sobered.

"You're not serious?" he whispered in disbelief.

“I am,” I replied, starting to get irritated with the woman who had joined me on my couch and had refused to leave. I’d left that life, and she wasn’t enough to make me want to return to it. Kristina was drop-dead gorgeous. Still, I felt nothing since she sat beside me an hour ago.

“I said I want you to set up a singing contest downstairs, on your dance floor. You know, like karaoke.”

“And what makes you think my customers would participate in a singing contest?” he shot back, louder this time, and now everyone’s attention was on us.

As irritated as I was, it was starting to get exciting, and I wanted more.

“\$20,000,” I said, “that would make them participate,” I replied confidently, and Ted, Mick’s friend, laughed with delight. On the other seat, Javier chuckled, and the other women, including Kristina, were on me.

“\$20,000? Brock, the prize here was for that same amount!” Mick explained, ever the tight-fisted businessman. The rest of the room was still silent, sending me a thrill of excitement.

I decided to up the ante.

“You’re right, Mick, let it be \$70,000. It’ll spice things up.”

The response to this is expected but still exciting, and I swallow my laughter with a drink from my martini.

It was Javier who eventually calmed the room, and his gleaming eyes told me he understood what I was doing.

Finally, as the money wasn’t coming from his pocket, Mick got on board. “Let’s get this party started!” He yelled and called for his floor manager.

It was as I expected: A loud cheer went up when the contest was announced, and an even larger one when the prize was mentioned. I

honestly did not expect to be very impressed, but two women blew my expectations out of the water. In the last round, the younger woman brought the house down with a performance different from what she'd been giving in previous rounds. But that wasn't what made every hair on my arms stand on end. What caused me to sit up and pay attention was the familiarity of her voice. I knew I'd heard it before. But where and why did it sound so similar and yet so different?

I felt a shiver run through me as I stared at her on the screen, her mournful notes belting out "Everybody Wants to Rule the World" to rousing applause. I could tell she was attractive, but not in the polished and primed manner I was used to. I couldn't place her face. It was as maddening as it was interesting, and as she lowered the mic, I knew I'd found my singer.

And I knew that she'd win.....