

*Lies From My  
Best Friend's  
Brother Excerpt*

SANTA BARBARA BILLIONAIRE BOYS:  
BOOK 1

SIENNA WEAVER

SIENNA WEAVER CONTEMPORARY ROMANCE

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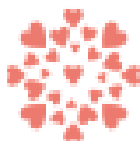
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## *Authors Note:*



THIS BOOK HAS LIES in it. It's built on lies, so if that may bother you, then this book might not be for you.

It does have a HEA, but you have to wade through some things to get to it.

I do hope you'll consider this little misadventure because Nicholas Saint-Michael has only good intentions.

xxoo,  
Sienna

## Chapter 1: Millie



“AHEM!”

Someone clears their throat from above me. I look up from securing the stern line. There’s a group of people standing on the dock. Three guys, two girls. They look like they’re coming from a party with the clothes they have on.

I straighten and move some strands of my hair behind my ear.

“Can I help you?”

One of the guys step forward. A jean jacket with a biker’s insignia drawn on the sleeve hangs over his shoulder by a finger. His dark hair is mussed up at an elevated angle. He gives me a cocky grin.

“We want a boat ride,” he says.

“Sorry, this boat is closed. It’s late.”

He scoffs.

“Every other boat is closed but you’re still here. You can give one more ride, can’t you?”

“No, I can’t. That’s why I’m closed.” I point to the lines I’ve secured and fold my hands on my chest. He looks like the kind of person that will give me problems tonight.

He chuckles softly and gets on the cabin cruiser. My eyes narrow when he takes a step close to me.

“Look, I know you’re just acting tough so you can inflate the price. I don’t mind, I’ll pay double what you normally charge.” His eyes sweep down my body, and I shudder. It feels like spiders just crawled down my arms. He licks his lips. “What do you say, Blondie? Want to give us a ride?”

*Blondie?*

Arrogant bastard. I know the likes of him. The Santa Barbara Coast is full of them. They think they can get anything they want just because they’ve got a pretty face and some cash.

“No,” I tell him. “And get off my boat. Your cologne is choking me.”

He frowns. His group howls with laughter. I turn around to head into the cabin and get some sleep.

“Hey!” he grabs my arm.

My shoulders stiffen. I hate it when one of these guys think they can touch me. As I quickly turn around, my leg goes up to knee him in the crotch when another one of the guys jumps onto my boat and pulls him away from me.

“Let’s all calm down here,” his buddy says as I jerk away from his grip. “He didn’t mean to touch you. He’s very sorry. Aren’t you, Carter?”

Carter grunts in reply and glares at me. I glare right back.

“There’s a party in Red Rock we can’t miss,” the new guy goes on. “I know it’s late, but we’ll really appreciate it if you can drive us out there. There’ll be a lot of people you can bring back since you’re the only boat still available.”

I want to correct him that technically, I’m *not* available but he’s more polite than his other friend. Besides, the money from them and the possibility of more tonight will boost my savings a little, and I need every penny I can get right now.

“I don’t normally drive out to Red Rock.” I cut Carter a look. “But since you asked politely, I’ll take you.” Carter scoffs and rolls his eyes, then turns away. “That’ll be \$60 per person.”

“What!” Carter’s eyes bulge.

“What are you shouting at? You offered to pay double the price.”

“B-But...” he splutters.

“We’ll take it,” says the other guy.

“Way to go, Carter,” his friends grumble as they get on the boat.

His other friend bites his bottom lip to hide his smile. With that half smile on his face, he looks cute. He’s a little more than cute with that sharp jaw of his and his man bun but I’ve sworn off guys, especially the good-looking kind. They’re more trouble than they’re worth.

I get off the boat and untie the lines, then I move to the bridge to start the engine. Gently, I steer her out of the dock. The wind whips my hair around my face. I sigh and breathe in the night air. I'm tired and my shoulders ache from the stress of the week. I barely sleep these days. After taking cruises all day, I'm too tired to sleep at night and then I just lay in my bed staring at the night sky.

But I wouldn't give this up for anything, I love giving boat cruises. There are always customers on this coast so it's not only a profitable business but gliding across the water and having the wind around me is relaxing, just like it is now. My mood is getting better. Ironically, I feel better when I'm sailing but once the ride stops, I'm back to thinking about all the 99 problems I have in my life.

*But not right now.*

Right now, I'm going to let the wind take all my worries away and face them tomorrow morning.

Red Rock, as the name implies, is a rocky terrain. It's a hiking trail and a tourist attraction with several swimming holes. The water leads into the Santa Ynez River. Wherever they are going must be close by for them to take this route.

"Here's your stop." I move out of the cockpit.

The guy from earlier takes out his wallet and hands me their fare.

"Nice doing business with you," I tell him.

"Tyler."

"What?" I frown.

"My name is Tyler."



“Oh, okay.”

I glance at the rest of his friends who are getting off the boat. Carter frowns at both of us as he disembarks. I’m pretty sure he’s wondering the same thing I am too.

*Why is his friend still standing in front of me?*

Tyler smiles. “That was supposed to be the part where you tell me your name.”

*Is he flirting with me?*

“I don’t have to tell you my name, Tyler.”

He chuckles softly and shakes his head. “He told me you were like this.”

I lift a brow. “Who told you what?”

He grins. “Have a good night, Millie.”

With that, he turns around and leaves me staring after him in confusion.

*He knows my name?*

And who was he talking about?

Wondering about it is not going to get me any answers. I go back into the cockpit and try to start the boat, but my hand pauses on the key. Tyler had said I could bring people back with me. Maybe I should stay a little longer for the party to be over. Not like I have anywhere I’m rushing to.

I climb up to the hardtop to stare at the stars while I wait. My dad and I used to take this boat sailing at night. Then we’d climb up the hardtop and stare at the stars. He taught me how to

navigate with the stars at night. He named her the *Stargazer* for that very reason.

He always said he'd give me the boat as a wedding present. Too bad I'm never getting married. After he died and I couldn't get a profitable job, I decided to take her out for a cruise instead of leaving her at the docks. Now, here I am, 3 years later, still taking her for a cruise but earning from it this time. I close my eyes and listen to the wind. It's so peaceful out here. Different from the docks. Although it was quiet out there, I could still hear traffic but that's not the case here. It's a bit weird that I can't hear loud music from the party they came out here for.

I think back to what Tyler said earlier. He knows who I am even though I've never met him before. Or have I?

Now that I think about it, he does look a bit familiar. I've seen him somewhere.

The image comes to me and my eyes open. I saw him with Nick. He's probably one of Nick's multitude of friends. Another arrogant prick. Nicholas Saint-Michael is the last person I should be thinking about right now. Just the thought of him causes me pain and he makes me so mad. I had already decided a long time ago that I wasn't going to waste my thoughts and emotions on someone like that.

I close my eyes and continue listening to the wind. I must've fallen asleep eventually because when I open my eyes, the boat is moving and there's shouting in the cockpit.

"Stop the freaking boat, Carter. It's going to crash," someone shouts.

"I don't know how to stop it. I've never driven a boat before."

*Oh, no!* I know that voice.

*I'm going to kill him.*

I slide down to the deck and use the iron rails to get back to the cockpit where I find Carter with some other guys.

“Get out of there!” I yell at them.

They all turn around. When Carter sees my face, he swallows.

“I’m done with this.” He pushes past me and jumps off the boat. Following his lead, the rest of his friends jump too.

My stomach sinks. I should’ve trusted my gut and never given them a ride in the first place. I rush to the controls and try to shut off the engine but as I reach out for the kill switch, the boat crashes against a rock. I fly backward, hitting my head on the side of the hull. My ears ring as pain explodes in my skull.



“Dr. Sandra, you’re needed in room two.”

The announcement came from outside. I stare up at the white ceiling and blink. My eyes are a bit blurry and my head hurts. I look around the room and all I see are white walls. Where am I? I raise my hand to my head to rub my temple and realize there’s an IV attached to it. There’s also a bandage wrapped around my head.

What in the world?

“Don’t move around so much. You might hurt yourself.”

The voice comes from the corner of the room. There’s a large man standing by the blue curtains staring at me with a mixture of caution and concern on his face. His dark eyes roam my face

searching for something. There's a certain familiarity in the way he's watching me like he knows me.

I must've hit my head real hard for me to not only be on this hospital bed but to have the gorgeous hunk in front of me in this same room. His thick brows furrow the longer I stare at him, and I almost forget that I have a headache.

Almost.

A figure shifts in the chair close to the bed, dragging my attention away from the mystery man.

Audrey smiles sleepily as she sits up. She sniffs and reaches out for my hand. Seeing her face makes me feel a little better. She can help me understand how I ended up here.

"Hey, wildcat. You're up."

"I'm up." I sigh and touch my forehead. I try to remember why I'm in a hospital bed, but it only makes my headache worsen. "What am I doing here, Audrey?"

*And who's the man in the room?*

I glance at him again. He's still staring at me. He scratches the stubble on his jaw, and I'm drawn to his plump lips. Those lips are sinful.

"You had an accident. Don't you remember?" Audrey asks.

I frown. I don't remember that. "No, I don't."

"Your boat crashed around Red Rock. What were you doing out there so late at night?" Mystery Man asks.

Trying to remember Red Rock and my boat has me wincing in pain. I grab my head and Audrey rushes up in alarm. She sits halfway on my small bed and tries to check my bandage.

“I’m fine, Audrey. Stop fussing.”

“No, you’re not.” She turns to the guy. “Nick, go get the doctor. Tell him she’s awake.”

*So that’s his name.*

Nick nods and exits the room. Somehow, I find that funny. Petite Audrey commanding such a big guy.

“You didn’t tell me you had such a gorgeous boyfriend,” I tease.

I expect her to blush, but she frowns instead, and her lips purse. I sense something is wrong.

“You really don’t remember why you were at Red Rock last night?” she asks.

I shrug. “I’m pretty sure it can’t be more than a boat ride.”

“It’s a pool, Millie, and it’s rocky. Who would be crazy enough to want to drive a boat out there so late?”

Me, apparently.

Thinking about it just makes my headache worsen. I rest on my pillow and close my eyes. I try to keep my mind blank but there are so many questions. The most prominent is *why* was I at Red Rock last night.

An image of a group of guys flashes and I wince. It was really a boat ride.

“How did you find me?” I ask once the pain subsides.

“Someone called the cops. Your boat is ruined though.” She sighs.

I mirror her sigh. My mom is so going to be pissed when she finds out I destroyed dad’s boat. She loved that boat. It was our only memory of him left. Tears come unbidden to my eyes, and I sniffle.

“Does my mom know?” I ask. “She’s going to be so mad.”

Audrey stiffens next to me and my eyes open. She’s staring at me in horror.

*Shit!*

Mom must be pissed.

Just then, the door opens and a doctor in a white coat enters with Nick right behind him. Our gazes meet and I get a fluttering in my belly. I realize his eyes aren’t dark but green.

I recognize him now. He’s Audrey’s cousin, not her boyfriend. There’s a vague memory of her introducing us at a party. No wonder she found the question weird.

“How are you feeling, Millie?” the doctor asks.

“My head is killing me. Other than that, I’m fine.”

“Hmm. Do you remember anything from last night?” he moves closer, takes out a small torch from his coat pocket, and flashes it in my eyes.

“Not really, although Audrey is filling the blanks.”

“What about before last night? Do you remember anything?”

“No...each time I try to my headache feels worse.”

"I see." He nods like he understands what's wrong with me but 'I see' is something people say when they don't understand you at all.

"There's no easy way to put this," he goes on. "Your x-ray shows you took a pretty big hit to your head so it's not surprising that you don't remember much. I'll get a nurse to come give you something for the headaches and then later, we'll try to determine just how far your memory loss goes."

Memory loss.

The doctor exits the room. My mind is blank. I should feel something after getting that sort of news but I'm just numb.

I face Audrey who's staring at me, and force a smile.

"I see why I thought your cousin was your boyfriend now," I mutter, embarrassed.

Nick's brows furrow. "Cousin?"

"Yeah, you're Audrey's cousin, aren't you? Don't tell me I got that wrong."

"You didn't." Audrey chimes in. "He's my cousin. Right, Nick?" She looks at him and after a beat, he nods.

"Yep, I'm her cousin."

I relax. *Thank God. I'm not going crazy.*

The last thing I need right now is for me to start mistaking peoples' identities. I don't know how far my amnesia goes. It's scary to think that I might've forgotten my whole life.

"Is my mom coming, Audrey?" I ask.

I don't care if she's mad that I crashed the boat. I just want to see her. Her presence has always helped me calm down. I close my eyes and massage the bridge of my nose. I hope the nurse gets here with those pills soon. My head is killing me.

"I think you should get some sleep, Millie," Audrey says. "You really need it. Nick and I will be outside if you need anything."

"When will my mom get here?" I ask and wince when my headache increases.

"Rest, Millie." Audrey pushes me gently back against the pillow. "We'll talk about your mom later."

"Okay."

I take her advice because thinking about my mom's reaction makes my headache worse. I can only face her when my head doesn't feel like it's been hit with a battering ram.

The door closes behind them and I turn to my side, letting the beeping of the heart monitor lull me to sleep.



## Chapter 2: Nick



THE MINUTE AUDREY CLOSES the door, I pull her down the hallway far from where anyone could hear our conversation. My mind is still reeling from the events of last night. I was at the club when Audrey called about Millie's accident.

I haven't slept a wink since I arrived at the hospital and now this...

"What the hell was that? I'm your cousin?"

"I don't know, Nick. You heard what the doctor said. She has amnesia." Audrey runs her hand through her hair. She turns away from me and faces the door we just came out from.

She's worried and I'm agitated. I don't like being in hospitals. The last time I was here didn't turn out so good for me. It's like I'm cursed to always have problems every time I step into this place.

I look around the sterile setting and a shiver runs through me. I slip my hands in my pockets.

“What do you plan on doing?” I press. “She keeps asking about her mother. What are you going to tell her?”

“I don’t know, Nick,” she snaps. “Everything is so confusing right now. Imagine how she must be feeling when she doesn’t even remember anything.”

I sigh. I guess she’s right. I don’t know how Millie feels and I can’t put myself in her shoes because I’ve never had amnesia before.

“I want to stay and help, Audrey, but you know how I feel about hospitals. I don’t want to be here any second longer.”

Her eyes widen and she grabs onto my arms desperately. “You can’t leave me here. We have to figure this out together.”

Great! And I wasn’t the one who lied in the first place. Millie is not the kind of person you lie to. When she finds out- and she will find out- she’s unforgiving. I would know. She’s been giving me the cold shoulder for the past three years.

“Why can’t we just tell her the truth? Her mother is dead, Audrey. You can’t produce a dead mom.”

“Don’t you think I know that? If I could bring back Mrs. Howard for Millie, I would. You remember how devastated she was when her mother passed. She’s still not over it, and then she lost the house on top of that, and now she’s lost the boat too? That’s too much bad news to pile on one person all at once. We can’t tell her the truth now. She’s going to find it hard processing things with everything that just happened.”

Audrey's shoulders droop and her eyes turn sad. "I don't want to see her hurt like that again. She's my best friend, Nick. She's like my sister. If I have to lie to her to save her from pain, then that's what I'll do."

I hate to admit it but she's right. The past three years have been full of bad news for Millie. Despite it all, she didn't lose herself. She's strong but not that strong. I'd offered to help her several times at the risk of her chopping my head off. She hates me for lying to her.

"So, what do we do now?" I ask.

"For starters, she'll need a place to stay. She's been sleeping in that boat since she lost the house and now the boat is gone too." Audrey tucks her index finger in between her teeth and starts to chew on the nail. She does that when she's worried. It's a bad habit and she's chewed up all her nails because of it.

I slap her hand away from her mouth and she glares at me. "You know what, how about you take Millie in? You have a mansion. I'm pretty sure there's enough space in there for her as well."

The idea is so ludicrous, I laugh. She's got to be kidding me. Millie and I are like oil and water. We never get along. If we stay together in my house, we'll bring the whole building down within two days.

She has to be kidding.

Audrey frowns at me and chews her bottom lip.

"Wait, you're serious?" I scoff.

"Of course, I'm serious. I wouldn't ask you if I wasn't." She slumps on the bench next to us and sighs heavily. "I have to be on my flight to New York in the next few hours. I called up my

course advisor hoping to move my program forward a couple of months so I could stay and take care of Millie, but I couldn't. I have to be in school by tomorrow otherwise I forfeit my slot to someone else. Someone 'more appreciative of the opportunity she's been given,' according to her words." She makes air quotes with her fingers.

She and Millie have worked too hard to get her into that art program for her to drop out now. Not a lot of people get the opportunity to study at Dreesen Academy. Only the best of the best get in.

"I already have my bags packed and everything. Maybe if you can help me speak to Mrs. Jensen—"

"You think she'll listen to me? Your flighty and irresponsible brother?" I laugh.

Audrey's eyes run over me. "You're right, she wouldn't."

I have a reputation around here and it's not pretty. Not that I care.

I sit next to her. "I don't know about this, Audrey. Millie hates me in case you've forgotten."

And then she perks up. "But that's the thing, she doesn't remember that she hates you. She thinks you're my cousin. You just have to pretend to be my cousin for the next three months I'm away and hopefully, by the time I come back, she'll be in much better shape for us to tell her the truth."

"You want me to lie. To Millie, the lie detector?"

She cracks a smile. "She's not so much of a lie detector now."

"I don't know, Audrey. It kind of feels like I'm taking advantage of her situation." I rub the back of my neck. Millie and I had a

thing between us before her mother died and she decided I was a lying bastard not worth forgiving. Staying away from her has helped to suppress those feelings but living in the same house with her for the next three months might be a recipe for disaster.

“You’re not. You’re just helping me and her for the next three months.” Audrey insists. “Please, Nick, I don’t know who else to ask.”

She gives me those anime eyes and I melt. I’ve never been able to resist her when she looks at me like that.

“Fine. I’ll take her.”

Three months. What could happen in three months?



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