

FALLING FOR HER CONVENIENT GROOM by Jennifer Faye Excerpt

Her insides were knotted up with nervous energy.

Carla couldn't believe she'd been pushed into this unbelievably awkward position. She'd never imagined she'd be marrying for business, not love. But if she didn't do something drastic, she feared her father would work himself to death, quite literally. Just the thought made her heart clench.

And though she was marrying someone that her father would be totally opposed to, she knew if her father gave Franco a chance, he would see what she'd seen—that Franco was a good guy. If he wasn't someone she could reasonably trust and respect, she wouldn't have made this totally outrageous proposition.

Buzz. Buzz.

Her gaze moved to her phone that was quietly resting on the table. Even though it was the same ringtone, it was Franco's phone going off. She glanced across the table as Franco sat there like a statue, staring unblinkingly out the window. His phone buzzed again.

When he didn't move this time, she said, "Franco, it's your phone."

That startled him out of his deep thoughts. As he reached for his phone, she studied him. From his short dark curls on the top of his head to his clean-shaven face to those intense, dark eyes that felt as though they could totally see through her, to his aristocratic nose and finally to those very kissable lips—not that she'd had the luxury of feeling his mouth pressed to hers.

While he rapidly sent some text messages, she continued her leisurely view of the man that she'd just proposed to. He had broad, strong shoulders and a muscular chest. And then there were his hands, with his long, lean fingers. Her mother would have said that he had the hands of a concert pianist—as her mother had been a concert pianist until she'd married. But if Carla were a betting person, she'd say that Franco didn't know the C key from the A.

Franco slipped his phone in his pocket. His gaze met hers. "Sorry. It was business."

She nodded in understanding. "No problem. I know your family business is as important to you as mine is to me."

His eyes lit up. “We do have that in common. But you’ve obviously misinterpreted our time together—”