

Title: Duplicity

Series: Jilted Series

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The world famous lead singer of the hard rock group, Jilted, has moved into the Presidential Suite of my hotel. His reputation precedes him and none of it is positive. Considering his past exploits, drunken fights, and fondness for destroying hotel rooms, I don’t expect the next four months to be easy. For the sake of Foxhaven Resort, I’m going to make it work. Hosting an A-list celebrity will draw affluent guests and solidify the future success of the resort recently left to me by my late father.

I have enormous shoes to fill and no rude, womanizing rock god is going to distract me. With his powerful voice, gorgeous face, and lean body, he may be accustomed to getting his way, especially with women, but I know better.

So, he can flash that charming smile in another direction.

I’m not falling for it.



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I know the perfect way to stay out of trouble. You should just spend time with me.”

With one foot on the top step, she turns back to look at me. “I’m not going to babysit you.”

A rumble of thunder gets me to my feet as well. I don’t want to get my guitar soaked. “No babysitting.” I run my hand through my hair. “Just hang out with me. I’m bored out of my fucking mind. I can’t leave without getting mobbed, my friends don’t live anywhere near here, and I haven’t even explored this place because I’d rather not drag security along with me everywhere.” I gesture to my surroundings. “Which is why I’m out here in the middle of the night.”

“Can’t you grab one of your adoring fans to play with?”

“No, I’d rather hang out with someone who is as thoroughly unimpressed with me as you are.”

“That can’t be too hard to find. Not everyone worships you.”

“Clearly.”

“I can’t just—”

“This could be considered one of those customer service deals,” I tease. “Making your guest happy and all that.”

She crosses her arms. “Seriously, you want to play that card?”

“We can play anything you want. As long as you don’t use that customer service voice with me. It’s awful.”

A reluctant smile cracks her lips. “I’m not sleeping with you.”

“No sleepovers,” I agree, adjusting my guitar on my back and descending the steps with her. “Sex is optional, but you’ll have to make the first move. I’m shy.”

“No sex. I’ll hang out with you in the evenings after work and show you what the resort has to offer. I’ll be your…host.”

I’m surprised she’s being so agreeable to this. We turn back onto the lighted path and head up to the

back doors.

“Host? I can live with that. We can work our way up to more.”

I open the door and hold it for her to enter first, and she looks back, rolling her eyes. “I’ll see you tomorrow, Mr. Singleton.”

“Holt,” I remind her. My gaze goes to her ass, and I admire the way it bounces as she walks away from me.

My stay here is looking a lot more promising.

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