

What She Wants

Forbidden Love

Introduction

I want to thank you and congratulate you for downloading the book, *“What She Wants, Forbidden Love”*.

This book is the first in Vibka Merriweather’s Billionaire Romance Series, *“What She Wants”*, *“Forbidden Love, Part 1”*.

Is Angelina finally ready to get on with her life, after being betrayed by her long time boyfriend almost one year ago? Her girlfriends tell her continually to get on with her life! When quiet homebody Angelina goes out with her friends for her 25th birthday, she has no idea what fate has in store for her. A sticky situation at the club turns into the opportunity of a lifetime after a handsome, dashing man comes to her rescue. She takes a chance and invites him to her apartment...where things don’t go exactly as she hopes. When she wakes up the next morning, he’s gone – with no phone number left behind. But little does Angie know that her handsome hero is about to show up in her life in the most unexpected way possible.

Thanks again for downloading, *“What She Wants”*, *“Forbidden Love, Part 1”*.

I hope you enjoy it!

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Chapter 1

“Come on, Angie! Do a shot with us!”

I sighed and turned away from the bedroom mirror, where I was getting ready to go out for my birthday celebration. I could see my friends grouped around my kitchen counter, all with shot glasses in their hands. They were determined that I was going to let loose and enjoy my 25th birthday even if it killed them...or my liver, either way. Marissa was holding a shot glass out in my direction.

“You guys...” I said, walking out of the bedroom and toward them with a semi-serious scowl on my face. “I told you, I can’t get too messed up tonight! I’m meeting my new boss tomorrow. Gosh, I never drink. You know that. I don’t wanna risk being a total mess tomorrow. I’d like to make a good first impression.”

“Right, that new boss of yours. Isn’t he the one who just bought your company? The rich playboy guy? I’ve heard he’s super hot and super loaded. I bet that’ll make going to work every day a lot more fun,” my friend Sara joked with a wink. I just nodded my head.

“Yeah, I’ll have to get in line if I want a chance at him. Half the women in the company went for mani/pedi’s on their lunch break and a bunch were planning on going to have their hair cut or blown out tonight, so they can be sure to look their best tomorrow,” I said with a smirk. “And here I am, just trying to get to work in the morning without a hangover.” I was trying to stall in the hopes that the girls would somehow forget that they were trying to get me drunk. Maybe I could toss it into the pot of one of my houseplants when they weren’t looking. Only I didn’t have any houseplants.

“It’s not *our* fault your birthday fell on a weeknight,” Marissa said with a pout.

“It’s not *my* fault, either,” I reminded her. But we all laughed. I realized that all the stalling in the world wasn’t going to change their minds; they were bound and determined to get me to let my freak flag fly.

“Oh, what the hell?” I said, and tossed back the contents of the shot glass. The alcohol burned my throat.

“What was that?” I sputtered. I knew the look on my face must have been classic.

“Tequila,” Sara informed me. I felt warm all over suddenly. I had never had tequila before, but I had heard songs like “Tequila Makes Her Clothes Come Off”. And I had a friend at work who claimed that all three of her children could be attributed to nights when her husband got her drunk on tequila. I wasn’t sure I should drink any more of that.

I walked back into the bedroom in the hopes of finding something else to wear. “Come on, girl,” Marissa implored, following me. “Loosen up! It’s your birthday, for god’s sake. It won’t kill you to have a little fun for once.”

I looked up from where I’d laid a few outfits across my bed. “I have fun,” I said, frowning.

“She means fun for somebody who isn’t, like, a grandmother,” said our friend Vanessa. “And she’s right. You live like a nun. It’s time you enjoyed life a little. Maybe tonight could be the start of something new for you!”

I frowned, again, this time in the mirror at myself. I hated the way they saw me, as some nun-ish girl who was less experienced than they were. I loved them, they were my friends since our freshman year of college. But I had never quite fit in when it came to social stuff. I was more interested in studying, reading for fun, and learning how to knit. Okay. Maybe I was sort of a grandmotherly type.

“Plus,” Marissa added, flopping down on the bed, “you and Dave broke up, like, a year ago. What are you saving yourself for? You’re young and beautiful. Don’t let the best years of your life go to waste because you were busy pining over some loser you should have dumped the minute you found that first text message from what’s-her-name.”

I bristled at the mention of Dave and what’s-her-name; that breakup had devastated me. He was my first real, true, serious boyfriend after college. We were living together and I thought I saw a future with him. Then I found that text message, which came through on his phone while he was getting ready for us to go out to dinner. All I saw was cleavage and an invitation to come to another woman’s apartment. Still, I’d hung in with him for another three months after he promised that nothing was happening between them. I was so naïve.

So, yes. It had taken a long time to get over that. I was still smarting, still sore. I didn’t know if I could trust anyone again, or at least not for a long time. But to my friends, who pretty much lived their lives in dog years, twelve months was an eternity.

I took the hot rollers out of my long red hair and ran my fingers through once the curls cooled. “What do you think I should wear tonight?” I asked, trying to change the subject. I put on some music, too, as a further distraction technique. I wished Marissa hadn’t brought up Dave tonight, of all nights.

It was decided that a black, sleeveless dress with a neckline that draped over my chest would be the best bet tonight. I had to agree; it set off my curves really well. I wasn’t skinny. I would never be skinny. I liked to eat, and I came from a long line of Eastern European women who spent centuries scrubbing stone floors and pulling plows. We were a sturdy bunch. But the one thing I’d always been confident about was my curvy figure.

“Another shot!” Sara declared, and took off for the kitchen. The other girls followed, laughing and chatting.

“No more tequila, please!” Of course I was so inexperienced with drinking that I had no idea it was bad news to mix alcohols. I should have stuck to tequila all night long. Live and learn.

“How about this honey flavored whiskey I brought over?” Vanessa asked. Hmm. Honey sounded good. So I went out and did a shot of that as well. It was considerably more enjoyable than the tequila.

I was glad to have already done my makeup, since my hands were now a little less steady than they normally would have been. I hadn’t eaten a lot for dinner, instead choosing to have a piece of the birthday cake Marissa had made for me and brought over after work. So the alcohol went straight to my head.

We started dancing, right there in my kitchen, when one of our favorite old songs from college came on. “Oh my god, remember how the people downstairs got so mad at us when this first came out?” Sara asked, and we all laughed. We’d played it non-stop, literally, for days on end. They’d pounded on the ceiling with a broom handle before finally coming upstairs to complain to our faces.

Somewhere in the midst of all that dancing, we did another shot. This was a sweet-tasting shot, too. I was starting to like this drinking thing.

“Okay, ladies! Cab’s here! Let’s go!” Marissa and the other girls started getting their things together.

“Where are we going?” I giggled.

“That’s for us to know and you to find out,” Sara said mysteriously. It really wasn’t much of a mystery at all; we ended up at the same club the girls usually went to whenever they found time to get together. They liked it because the music was good and the guys were hot and the drinks were priced well.

“We’re going to get you hooked up with a guy tonight if it kills us,” Vanessa told me after we’d piled into the cab. Even in my slightly inebriated state, I wasn’t a huge fan of the idea.

“Can’t I just have a good time without the goal of the night being a hookup?” I asked nobody in particular. None of them answered me. *Awesome*, I thought. I could hardly wait to see what they had in mind for the rest of the night.

Chapter 2

After about an hour at the club, I decided that I was having a really good time and should trust my friends a little more. They only had my best interests at heart.

Of course, the fact that I was crazy drunk and dancing my butt off at that point didn't hurt matters. I was having a total blast. They were right; the music was fantastic. So were the drinks the girls kept throwing at me, which I kept happily accepting. I'd tasted all sort of sweet concoctions that night.

The four of us, I had to admit, were a pretty hot group of girls. I'd always felt like the least pretty of all of them; they were tall, and tanned, and lean. Still, I held my own. They had always been jealous of my curviness. Everything's relative. So it wasn't surprising that we started attracting quite a lot of attention from various guys in the club.

That was another thing the girls had been right about: These guys were seriously hot. They made Dave look like chopped liver. One of them danced up on me a little bit, and when he leaned in I could smell his cologne.

"Hi," he said, getting very close to me and smiling in my face.

"Hi yourself," I giggled. Was this what I had been missing all this time? This was fun!

"You here with your friends?" he asked. I nodded.

"It's my birthday!" I yelled over the music.

"Has anybody given you your birthday spanks yet?" he asked with a laugh. I blushed and laughed, but it was more out of discomfort than anything else.

"No spanks yet," I told him, and forced another laugh.

"Uh-oh. You can't go without them," he teased, and moved closer to me.

"Especially if you've been a bad girl."

I wasn't super into what he was saying, but he was cute and I was still having fun. I knew that he was just having fun, too. He didn't really want to spank me...did he?

We danced for a few minutes before I felt his hands starting to wander to places I wasn't comfortable with. Even though I was more drunk than I'd ever been in my life, I saw all sort of red flags going off in my head.

“Um, no. I don’t think so,” I yelled, trying to make sure he could hear me. Then, just in case he didn’t, I took his hand off my butt. He just smiled at me and put it right back where it had been.

“I said no,” I told him, more firmly this time. He was sort of swimming in front of my face, and I tried my best to focus on him. I realized another one of his hands was resting on my right breast and squeezing. He started grinding himself against me. I was horrified; this was getting out of hand, fast.

“Stop! No!” I shouted, and tried to push him away. But no matter how many times I pulled his hands off me they seemed to find their way back. It was like fighting an octopus. I looked around and couldn’t see any of my friends anymore. They’d all disappeared and left me alone with this creep. I was ready to start screaming –

And then another pair of hands yanked my dance partner away from me. “Dude, she said no,” I heard a deep male voice say. Mr. Creep stared at him, and I got a feeling that he was trying to decide if they should get into a fist fight. But my hero was taller and stronger looking than the creep, so instead of getting into a losing fight he just flipped me off and walked away.

My hero turned to me and smiled. “You okay?”

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My sincere thanks and all the best!