

Chapter One

No one was answering the phone in the hotel room next door.

Lying on her stomach, Lorelei Spencer awoke from a deep sleep with a pillow over her head. She stuffed it tighter against her ears, but she could still hear the ringing, over and over, until she yelled, *“For the love of Mike! Answer the phone!”*

There was a noise. Movement. And then a man’s rumbling voice. “Hello.”

Lorelei’s fingers curled into the pillow. That ‘hello’ didn’t sound as if it came from the next room.

“I was sleeping.” A masculine voice. A deep voice. A voice she recognized.

Lorelei sucked in too much air. Thank heavens she didn’t smell woody aftershave or minty gum. All she smelled was bleach and clean linen, which meant it couldn’t be *him*. She was on a business trip to Las Vegas for a candy convention. *He* didn’t go to candy conventions.

She must be dreaming. Or maybe the hotel walls were thin. Or there was a connecting door. Or she’d developed superhuman hearing, like a ninja.

“Why are you asking me, Tiff?” Maxwell Bonander’s steely voice skated down Lorelei’s spine on cold blades.

She sealed the pillow over the back of her head, hoping for ninja invisibility along with superhuman hearing. He couldn’t be on her side of the wall. He just couldn’t. It was just that he sounded so close.

From a distance, Max was hot—dark hair, chiseled cheekbones, tall enough that a woman could wear heels without threatening his masculinity. On paper, Max was even hotter—one of the heirs to the Bon-Bon Chocolate empire, one of New York’s most eligible bachelors, owner of a brownstone near Central Park and a luxury home in the Florida Keys. But up close, Max was cold—a scowling, brooding, high maintenance pain-in-the-butt.

“Tiff...Tiff...*Tiff!*” Max roared.

The bed shifted.

The bed? Her bed?

Lorelei didn't dare move, didn't dare take the pillow off her head, didn't dare think this was anything but a dream. Maxwell Bonander was not the kind of man she found in her bed in the morning.

Truthfully, she'd never found anyone in her bed in the morning. Nerds tended to have boring social lives.

"I haven't seen Lorelei since Candy-Con." Max's annoyance hacked his words into hard rough bits. "Don't call back." A cell phone clicked. The bed shifted again.

Her bed.

Lorelei's veins flushed hot.

And not the powerful, sexy kind of hot. No. This was the mortifying, stupid-stupid-stupid kind of hot.

There was no mistaking it now. Maxwell Bonander was here—in Vegas, in her hotel room, in her bed. There were women in New York who'd love to wake up with a sexy, powerful heir with a lifetime supply of chocolate. Not Lorelei. She was no match for Max in or out of bed; and she was an innovation food scientist who created new chocolate, so she had her own supply of confection. But...

Max was in her bed.

Lorelei drew a deep breath and held it, searching for calm. She needed a hypothesis as to how he'd gotten into her hotel room and why they shared the same sheets. Being a scientist, Lorelei found peace in facts and predictability. But...

Max was in her bed.

Calm went out the window, along with the air in her lungs.

Lorelei needed to stop being a scientist and focus on being a woman. She needed to ninja her way outta here before Max realized whatever had happened, had happened.