



HER CLASSY
Billionaire

FANCY BILLIONAIRES

EMILY EVANS

Her Classy Billionaire
Fancy Billionaire Series

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Chapter 1: Zayn

I sat in my office checking out the new designs submitted by the creative team. Some of them were nice, but most I thought could be better. I'd have a short meeting with the creative team. I didn't grow my brand by pushing out mediocre designs into the fashion world. I picked up the phone, just as my cell phone rang. My number was super private and a call usually signified an emergency. There was no caller ID making me slightly hesitant.

"Hello?" Unconsciously holding my breath, I waited for the caller to speak first.

"Hello, Mr. Murray?" the voice asked hesitantly.

It was a woman's voice, soft and soothing.

"Yes. Good afternoon," I answered, slightly taken aback by the unfamiliar voice.

I waited for her to introduce herself.

"I'm Fiona Boyle, a dance teacher at Light Feet dancing school. Your niece, Ella, has informed me that she's feeling quite sick. I was hoping you could come and pick her up," she explained.

Her voice was hypnotic, and I got lost in her words until she told me Ella was sick.

"Thank you, Miss Boyle. I will be there as soon as possible."

I grabbed my jacket and hurried out of the office, my heart racing as I thought of Ella being unwell. I wondered what

could be wrong. She'd seemed perfectly healthy when I saw her in the morning.

The dance school was about thirty minutes away from the office and located in the wealthy part of the town. It catered to children of all ages. Even though we lived forty minutes away, I ensured Ella was registered there as it was the best dance school in town. I wanted her to have the best of everything, and I was glad she'd taken an interest in dancing. Her father had loved to dance.

The school had ample parking behind the building, so I parked and hurriedly and walked into the building, my heart racing. When I entered the class, Ella was sitting in a chair in the corner of the room while the other kids continued to work. An adult was sitting next to her and trying to soothe her. Once Ella raised her head and saw me, she came running, wrapping her arms around my legs. I lifted her into my arms, still concerned. She buried her face in the crook of my neck.

"I thought you wouldn't come," she said sadly.

"Why wouldn't I?"

"Because you're always busy at work."

"I can't be too busy for you, Ella. You know that," I soothed.

It was the truth. I could never be too busy for her. I always did my best to ensure she didn't feel the absence of her parents too badly.

"Miss Fiona kept telling me you will come. She was nice to me and helped me calm down when I started to cry."

I looked up and saw that the woman who'd been sitting with her was now standing a few feet away, giving us some privacy. I wondered if she was the one who had spoken to me on the phone. If she was, then her voice matched her stunning appearance. "You should say a special thank you to her, Uncle Zayn. I'm feeling so much better now".

That was the push I needed. I walked up to her, and she greeted me with a small smile.

"Miss Boyle?" I asked.

She nodded. "Thank you for coming as soon as possible. Ella had a stomach ache, but she seems much better now. I still thought it would be best for you to take her home so she can get some rest," she added, smiling at Ella.

Ella smiled back. Ella was picky with the people she liked and didn't bond with too many people.

"Thank you so much for taking care of her, Miss Boyle," I said softly, following Ella's instructions.

"You're very welcome, Mr. Murray," she said, flashing me a beautiful smile.

She was a beautiful woman, and she smelled so good too. Her hair was tied up in a bun, just like Ella's, and her face was make-up free and glowing. She looked every inch the ballerina.

I turned to Ella, "How are you feeling now, cupcake?"

"I feel much better," she answered.

I carefully set her on the floor. "Go wait in by the door while I have a quick talk with your teacher."

She nodded happily and hurried off. I was shocked that she hadn't even put up any form of protest.

When she was gone, I turned to the gorgeous woman.

“So, Miss Boyle, tell me how my niece has been doing so far?”

“Ella has been doing extremely well. She's eager to learn and doesn't fuss when she's corrected. She's already a very good dancer with a lot of potential, Mr. Murray,” she answered matter-of-factly.

I was slightly shocked.

Ella was a perfectionist, just like me but sometimes got upset if she found she had done something wrong.

“She doesn't fuss? Are you sure you have the right student?” I joked

“I'm pretty sure I do,” she replied, chuckling.

“I guess most of the kudos should go to you for being such a good teacher,” I said, smiling.

She merely smiled back but said nothing else. No denial and no acknowledgment. Interesting.

“It was nice meeting you today, Miss Boyle,” I said, closing the conversation.

“Nice meeting you too, Mr. Murray. Enjoy the rest of your day.”

I walked over to Ella from where she was waiting.

“Goodbye, Miss Boyle,” she called out as we left the dance school.

I spent the rest of the day getting Ella to see a doctor and treating her with ice cream. Later, thoughts of the gorgeous teacher were firmly lodged in the back of my mind.

Chapter 2: Fiona

I watched the Uncle-Niece pair walk out the door and smiled to myself. Ella was a sweet girl and one of my favorite students. She was always eager, so when she told me she couldn't dance because of a stomach-ache, I immediately believed her and called her uncle. Mr. Murray was dashing and seemed to have a good sense of humor. I had to stop swooning when he walked in through the doors. He was tall and muscled, the suit he had on doing very little to hide it. The pinstriped suit looked like it had been tailored to fit every inch of his body. His hair was tousled and slightly messy, but it only added to the man's appeal.

The look of concern and anxiety on his face when he arrived showed that he had been very worried about his niece. Yet, he walked with confidence. I had been whispering soothing words to the girl but was at a loss for words when I noticed his eyes on me.

I followed at a distance, wanting to give them some space. My breath caught in my throat when I got closer to him. His stunning green eyes complemented his short dark hair and were framed by long wispy lashes. His nose sat regally over perfectly shaped lips that looked supple, and I had the sudden urge to trace his jawline with my fingers. His muscles flexed slightly through his suit as he picked up his niece. She immediately wrapped her arms around him and buried her face in the crook of his neck.

The muscular, confident man held the tiny girl in his arms and whispered to her and she seemed happy to see him. When he walked up to me and spoke, I thought I would swoon for a second. His deep, electrifying voice seemed to have woken senses that had been asleep for months. I did my best to keep my wits together as I answered his questions.

I'd never thought I'd end up meeting a real-life Greek god in the dance school. Mr. Murray was hands down the most handsome man I'd seen in a long time. He looked familiar too, but I couldn't put my finger on where I knew him from. It was certainly not from the dance school, but I was also sure that Mr. Murray and I didn't move in the same circles.

I let out a small smile when they had gone and tried to return to work. I was turning around when I heard my boss speak from behind me.

"Mr. Murray is quite the man, isn't he?" she said. The statement sounded casual and harmless, but I knew Victoria enough to know she wouldn't just make a casual statement to me.

"Most of the parents of these kids are upper class. If I were you, I'd be very careful how I relate to them," she added.

I immediately understood what she meant, but I was still confused. Had my attraction to Mr. Murray been so noticeable?

"I'll take note of that, Victoria," I answered before walking away, appearing confident even though my heart was racing.

Chapter 3: Zayn

I hadn't been able to take my mind off the beautiful dance teacher from the day before. She was perfect, from her voice to her face to her body, and the fact that Ella loved her because she was so sweet.

I knew I had to see her again when I started to imagine what the new designs from the creative team would look like on her. I glanced at my wrist and noted it was almost time for Ella's dance lessons to be over. Instead of sending Jason, my driver, as usual, I decided to pick her up. It would give me a chance to see Fiona.

I drove down to the school and ended up a little late due to traffic. All the other kids were gone leaving Ella and Fiona, who were patiently waiting for me.

I greeted Fiona, my eyes lingering on her face just a second too long. She had a bit of makeup on and looked even prettier than she had before.

I turned to Ella and picked her up.

"So sorry I'm late, Ella," I apologized, brushing a stray strand of hair away from her face.

"It's okay. Miss Fiona explained that something must have come up and told me to be patient. And I thought Jason was picking me up," she said in her high-pitched voice.

"Well, I decided to pick you up today," I said, pulling at her cheeks playfully.

I saw that Fiona had packed her bag and was ready to go too.

Since I had come to get a chance to see her, I decided it'd be a good idea to be bold and ask her out to dinner.

I set Ella down and walked up to Fiona.

"I guess I have to say thank you once again, Miss Boyle,"

"Oh, it's fine, Mr. Murray. Just doing my job," she answered brightly.

"Well, it's not your job to tell her to be patient and keep her calm. And by all means, please call me Zayn," I said smoothly.

"Then you must call me Fiona," she answered with a smile.

"Great." I smiled back.

"If you're not busy, I was hoping you would allow me to take you to dinner, to show my appreciation," I added.

She considered my proposal for a moment, and I felt like a high school kid asking his crush on his first date.

"I think that would be a great idea," she answered, and I unconsciously let out a sigh of relief.

I waited with Ella while Fiona locked up the school, and we returned to the car. Ella climbed into her seat, and I helped her put her seatbelt on while she looked from Fiona to me with excitement.

"Miss Fiona, are you coming home with us?" she asked excitedly.

Fiona seemed unsure what to say and looked to me for help.

"No, Ella. I'm dropping Miss Boyle off in appreciation, but I'll drop you off at the house first. I'm sure Mrs. Johnson

would be excited to see you.”

I couldn't tell Ella I was taking Fiona to dinner. She was a little girl and would probably talk about it during her classes the next day. I couldn't be sure how that could affect Fiona's job.

Ella looked slightly disappointed, but it didn't last long before she turned her attention to other things, like the life-sized baby doll I'd promised to get her the day before.

Fiona was quiet the whole ride to my house, only laughing occasionally to my chatter with Ella.

When we arrived at the house, Ella gave Fiona a big hug before running into the house where her nanny, Mrs. Johnson, was waiting.

Fiona took in the massive house but didn't say anything. I guess she knew who I was. I tried to create small talk as we drove to the restaurant I'd chosen. Eventually, we began to loosen up, and we were talking freely about Ella and working at the dance school when we arrived at the restaurant.

It was my favorite as it had private booths, soothing music, and great food. On request, we were seated in a private booth at the corner of the room as I didn't want to be recognized and interrupted. We made small talk before the food arrived and were quiet when it came.

After eating, we went back to chatting amicably. None of the awkwardness and tension I'd expected was present and it seemed like we had been friends forever.

“I'd like to know a little more about you, Fiona” I asked, trying to keep the conversation going

“Well, what would you like to know?” she asked lightly.

“Anything, family, friends, pets?” I shrugged.

“Well, I only have one of those to talk about” she sighed dramatically.

“Oh, really?” I probed.

I noticed her mood had dampened slightly but she was trying to hide it.

“Well, I don’t have any siblings, so my childhood wasn’t much fun. But I was happy, and it all ended as soon as I clocked eighteen. My dad was a trucker and he died in a ghastly truck accident. It was so bad that it sent my mother into chronic depression. I’ve had to take care of her ever since” she answered.

She spoke fast and I could tell she was trying to fight back tears. I felt sorry for her and sad that I’d even brought up the topic.

“So, what about you?” she asked, changing the topic.

“I know Ella is your niece. What about her parents?”

“Well, Ella’s dad was my brother and best friend. We lost our parents years ago. My mum died giving birth to my little sister and dad of cancer years later.” I sighed.

“I’m so sorry,” she whispered.

I nodded slowly and continued. I wanted to tell her everything.

“Ella’s parents died in a car crash a few months after she was born. It was devastating, I’ve been taking care of her ever since.”

We were silent for a while, I wondered whether it had been too much to say on the first date.

“Everything is okay now Fiona, it’s been years,” I said, silently begging her to not let the conversation die. She took the hint.

“So, tell me, Mr. Murray, why you chose to pitch your tent, and such a big one, in the fashion industry.”

“My parents were never rich, Fiona. We rarely had good clothes or shoes because everything was always too expensive. When we eventually got clothes, they were outdated and ugly, and we would get bullied, especially in school. When I grew up, I knew I wanted to make an impact. I decided to create a company that would produce fashionable clothes that will be affordable for everyone,” I explained, glad that I kept my voice steady the whole time.

“That’s so noble of you,” she said softly.

“Thank you,” I answered sincerely. “So, what about you? Why did you choose to teach dancing?”

“I never chose to teach dancing, I mean, I’m good at it, and it pays the bills, but it was never really what I wanted,” she shrugged.

“What did you want?” I pressed,

“To be an author, a best-selling author, write my books and have people read them all over the world.” she replied dreamily.

Chapter 4: Fiona

The restaurant began to empty, and I realized how late it was. I turned to Zayn and told him it was late, and I had to go because I had school the next day. He seemed mortified when he realized how late it was and started apologizing.

“I’m sorry to have kept you so late. Your company is delightful. Is it ok if I drop you off?” he offered.

I agreed. He paid for our meal, and we left the restaurant. Once in the car, I gave him directions and remained quiet. I was studying him and thinking about how our evening had gone. I knew Zayn was a billionaire, and he loved his niece very much. He had offered to take me out to dinner as an appreciation, but over the evening, I was starting to feel like there was more to it. We got along well, and both had shared things from our pasts. I couldn’t stop trying to take a peek at him. It was quite obvious that he was looking at me too. I was so lost in my thoughts that I didn’t realize we had arrived at my apartment building.

“I believe this is your stop, Fiona,” he said with forced cheerfulness.

“Oh, that’s right,” I said, shifting uncomfortably in my seat as I unbuckled the seat belt.

He placed his hand on mine, and I felt tingles travel up my arm and to my spine, followed closely by goosebumps. It was the first time he’d touched me the whole evening, and it felt electrifying.

“Wait,” he said, his hand still on mine. “I want to let you know that I enjoyed your company tonight. And if you don’t mind, I’d love to do it again soon.”

My breath came in short bursts as I tried to control my reaction to his slight touch. How could this man have so much effect on me? Why was I acting like a teenage girl with raging hormones?

“I, hmm, I really enjoyed your company too, Zayn, and I would be delighted to do it again soon,” I managed to answer.

“So, is tomorrow evening okay?” he asked eagerly.

“Yes, that’s okay,” I answered, more in control of my emotions. “Good night, Zayn,” I said quietly.

“Good night, Fiona, ” he answered softly, his deep voice sending chills all over my body.

I lifted my hand to open the door, but he leaned in towards me, his hand shooting out to stop me while simultaneously pressing his lips to mine.

I had no idea if he intended it to be a short kiss, but I melted into it, wrapping my arms around his neck. I parted my lips to give him access to my mouth. I could taste the sweet wine he’d had back at the restaurant on his lips. My entire body responded to him magically, and in the small confines of the car, I tried to press my body against him. It seemed like the kiss went on forever, and I enjoyed it, letting him explore my mouth. I hadn’t been kissed like that since, well, since forever. I needed a minute or two to catch my breath when we finally broke apart. When I felt somewhat composed, I said goodnight and got out of the car

“I’ll see you tomorrow. Good night, Fiona,” I heard him say,
just as I shut the car door behind me.

Chapter 5: Fiona

I entered the back room and grabbed my water bottle. I took a big gulp and sat on the bench. I was a bit out of sync, and Victoria had noticed. I told her it was because I was tired, but I knew it was because my entire mind had been occupied by the steamy kiss I'd shared with a deliciously handsome billionaire the night before. I couldn't stop replaying it in my head, and whenever I remembered we'd be meeting again tonight, I found myself smiling and biting my lips in anticipation. I was going crazy. I felt as giddy as I had when my high school crush, Bryant, asked me to prom, except this was worse. I couldn't even get myself together.

I closed the water bottle and placed it back in the locker before returning to class. The kids were also on break and were now chattering and playing in groups of two and three. I found a corner of the hall that was relatively quiet and empty and began to practice some yoga and breathing exercises to steady myself.

I was jerked out of my meditation by Ella's high-pitched voice. "Miss Boyle. What are you doing?"

I opened my eyes and realized that she was sitting right before me, legs folded beneath her like she'd been waiting for a while for me to notice her.

"I'm just meditating, Ella. What's up?" I asked with a smile.

Sitting across from her, I realized how much resemblance she shared with her beloved Uncle.

Ella got straight to the point.

“So, did my Uncle drop you off at your house yesterday,” she asked eagerly.

“Yes, he did, Ella. And I’m very grateful for it,” I answered sweetly.

“Does that mean you two are friends now?” she asked curiously, a calculating look on her cute face.

“Well, I suppose so,” I answered honestly.

“That’s great,” Ella yelled happily, and I had to shush her to keep her from disturbing the other students.

“You know, I’m glad you’re friends with my uncle. I just wish you could be his new girlfriend instead,” she said sadly. I was mid-swallow and almost choked. I knew children often didn’t have a filter, but this was new territory, and I was quite shocked.

“Why did you say that, Ella?”

“Well, his girlfriend isn’t nice at all. She is always rude and mean to me when my uncle isn’t watching, and she never buys me any gifts. She also doesn’t like when Uncle Zayn spends time with me,” she answered honestly.

While I tried to be sensitive to Ella’s plight, she’d lost me when she said, ‘his girlfriend.’ Zayn had a girlfriend? Why didn’t he mention her during dinner or before he shoved his tongue down my throat?

“Your uncle has a girlfriend?” I asked anxiously.

“Yes, but I don’t like her. I like you,” Ella answered innocently.

I felt the small smile I'd been holding the whole day drop. But I couldn't let Ella notice that.

"Thank you so much, Ella. Now run along and play with your friends before the break ends," I said to her.

"Okay, Miss Fiona," she answered before running off.

Alone once again, I was bombarded with a myriad of thoughts. What did this mean? Why had Zayn kissed me when he had a girlfriend? Was it a joke for him, or was it some sort of mistake? I tried to keep my breathing in check, even as tears stung my eyes.

I tried to tell myself it might not be true, and that Ella was just a little girl, but I also knew she was smart.

It was a struggle to get myself through the rest of the day. By the time Zayn arrived, I had locked up the school, and Ella and I were both waiting outside. He picked up Ella and greeted her first before turning to me with a big smile on his face.

"Good evening, Mr. Murray. I hope you enjoy the rest of your day," I said instead and began to walk away.

He set down Ella quickly and hurried after me.

"Fiona, what's wrong?" he asked, obviously confused.

"There's nothing wrong, Mr. Murray. I'm just trying to get home," I answered coldly.

He grabbed hold of my hand and immediately let it go when I shot him a death glare.

"You can't tell me nothing is wrong, Fiona. We agreed to meet today, and you also agreed not to call me Mr. Murray anymore," he said, exasperated.

“Well, I changed my mind,” I said curtly.

“Why?” His forehead wrinkled with confusion.

“Do you have a girlfriend, Zayn?”

I expected him to say no... I wanted him to say no. All the color drained out of his face as he nodded.

“But I can explain,” he said

“There’s no need, Zayn. It’s too late,” I said as I walked away.

Chapter 6: Zayn

I was devastated as I drove away from the school without Fiona. I had spent the entire day dreaming about the time we would spend together, but it seemed that wasn't going to happen. I found her number and tried calling her. She picked up the first time, but when she realized it was me, she hung up and didn't pick up again. I was getting frustrated and angry because she had gotten everything wrong and wouldn't give me a chance to explain. Did she think the kiss we shared meant nothing? How could she just walk off without listening to me?

Days passed, and she gave me no chance to talk to her. I made sure to pick Ella up from dancing classes myself every day, but Fiona only ignored me. The frustration soon became too much for me to handle, so I decided to call my sister for help and advice.

My sister Maya was my best friend and the closest person to me. Maya was the only one I shared the details of my life with and loved to talk to. We'd grown so much closer after the death of our brother and I think it was a way to heal or help with our grief, but I was grateful for it anyway. Maya loved to travel and was currently touring Rome. I hadn't seen her in about four weeks.

She picked up on the first ring.

"Hello, big brother," she answered. She had a high-pitched voice quite similar to Ella's

“Oh Maya, quite nice of you to call,” I said, teasing her because she hadn’t called in about a week.

“Oh, come on, Zayn, you know it’s crazy out here, so much to see and explore. I barely have time to glance at my phone,” she explained.

“Yet you picked up on the first ring,” I said, chuckling.

“If I were hanging upside down over a tub of hot Lava, I’d still answer your call,” she announced dramatically.

I laughed at the inside joke, even though it brought a tinge of sadness to my heart. Before our brother died, he had called me, but I was too busy to answer, so I promised Maya that I would ‘always answer her call even if I was hanging upside down over a tub of hot lava.’

“I really miss him.” I sighed.

“I miss him too,” she said softly.

“But I know you didn’t call me to discuss how much we miss our dear brother,” she joked, making me laugh again. “Let me guess. You’ve called to complain about your girlfriend who won’t leave you alone?” she teased.

“No, well yes, something like that,” I said hesitantly.

“What do you mean? What’s going on, Zayn?” she asked, instantly concerned.

“I met someone, Maya,” I said softly

“Really” she yelled, and I had to pull the phone away from my ear for a second. “Tell me all about her,” she said, and I could hear the excitement in her voice.

“That might not be really necessary,” I said sadly.

“Why? What happened?” she asked, immediately concerned.

“Well, I was trying to take things slow, and I didn’t tell her about Anna soon enough,” I sighed.

“So she found out on her own,” Maya groaned.

“Yes, she did,” I said sadly.

“Well, it’s bad but not too bad. I think she will forgive you if she cares about you,” she assured me.

“That’s the thing. I don’t know what to think anymore. She won’t answer my call or even look at me,” I complained.

“I understand that it can be frustrating, Zayn, but you must understand that she’s heartbroken now. Be patient and give her some time. She’ll probably come around,” she advised.

“I hope she does,” I said softly.

“I’m sure she will. What woman has ever resisted Zayn Murray? Especially one that you care about so much? Just make sure to come clean to her when you get the chance.”

“I hope you’re right, Maya,” I said softly.

“You’ll see,” she answered confidently.

“Now I have to go. I’m already missing out on a lot,” she said as the background got quite noisy, and she hung up.

I chose to follow Maya’s advice, hoping it would work.

Chapter 7: Fiona

Seeing Zayn pick up his niece every day was very hard. I wanted to run into his arms and ask him to explain everything to me. I wanted him to tell me how he felt about me. If the kiss was a mistake. But I couldn't. I was hurt that he had kissed me so passionately when he had a woman in his life. I was hurt that he hadn't even thought to tell me until I found out. Every day, when he came to pick Ella up, he'd try to talk to me, and I wouldn't. But I missed him. I missed how his body felt when I'd pressed myself against him in the car and how his muscles felt under my roaming fingers.

I tried so hard not to stare whenever he walked into the class with his tailored suits that I knew he had designed himself. I missed all of him. The way he smelled and his deep electrifying voice.

My body yearned for him just like my heart did, but was it worth it? I had to protect myself. He was a billionaire while I was just a dance teacher. Did I really think this was some fairytale? He hadn't denied his girlfriend when I asked, so I couldn't understand why my mind kept telling me we were in love with each other. Yet I wanted him to come every day to pick Ella up even though I wouldn't talk to him. I wanted to see him and smell his cologne so I could at least feel close to him in a way. My indecisiveness lasted for about a week until Ella walked up to me again during a break while I was trying to relax.

“Miss Fiona?” she called out as she sat next to me, and I realized she looked really sad. “Are you okay?” she asked softly.

I was taken aback by her question, was my emotional dilemma so obvious that a child would notice it?

I tried to put on a smile.

“Of course, I’m okay, Ella,” I answered, forcing cheerfulness.

“Well, I’m not okay.” She sighed.

“Why?” I asked in concern.

“Well, my uncle hasn’t been happy, and the whole house is too quiet.”

“Oh, that’s sad,” I answered, feeling a pang of guilt.

“Miss Fiona?” she started again.

“Hmm, hmm,” I answered, stretching my legs.

“Why don’t you talk to my uncle anymore? I thought you were friends,” she said.

I wondered if it was safe to confide in her. I didn’t have anyone to talk to, and the pressure to share what had happened was swelling up in me.

“Well, Ella, your uncle did something I didn’t like,” I said. It wasn’t much, but it brought me some relief.

“So, can’t you forgive him?” she asked innocently.

“I guess I could,” I said slowly.

“Well, that would be great.” She flashed me a smile before walking away.

By the end of the day, I was ready to listen to Zayn. When he arrived, he tried to talk to me, and I could see the shock on his face when I responded.

“Zayn, can we go somewhere to talk?” I asked calmly.

“Of...of course,” he stuttered before helping me into the car.

After we dropped Ella off at the mansion, he drove to a small café where we could talk. I still hadn't forgiven him completely, but I allowed him to explain.

“Fiona, I know I was wrong to have kept this from you, but I really wanted to tell you. I was just waiting for the right time,” he started.

I said nothing, waiting for him to continue.

“Anna and I dated but that was a long time ago. I realized she was not a good fit for me and called it off. She just never accepted that we are over. I've stopped myself from making any rash decisions because of my status and reputation. But I promise you Fiona, Anna doesn't mean anything to me anymore,” he explained.

I could see the sincerity in his eyes. I'd really misunderstood him.

“I'm so sorry I misunderstood you, Zayn,” I finally apologized.

“It's okay. I completely understand. I just want you to know that despite having known you for such a short time, I love you. I would never do anything to hurt you,” he confessed, taking my hand in his.

I looked down at our hands.

“I love you too, Zayn.”

Chapter 8: Zayn

After such a traumatic event so early in our relationship, I decided Fiona and I needed a break to relax and spend more time together. I wanted to treat her to a short vacation. It was easy to secure her release from her boss, Victoria. All I had to do was donate some money to the dancing school. The cunning woman didn't seem quite happy for Fiona, but she was content with the money.

Then I arranged to get her everything she could possibly need for the trip. I designed three dresses personally and had my seamstresses make them as fast as possible with utmost attention paid to detail and the best materials available. I wanted everything to be perfect. I didn't want her to worry about anything. I knew how hard she worked, especially since she had to keep sending money for the home her mother was in. Frankly, she deserves a break. I knew she'd never take one on her own because she is too loving and kind hearted. I did my research, visited the home, and arranged for her mother to have the best possible care while we were away and after. All that was left was to break the news to her.

I was nervous. It was almost time to pick Ella up when my assistant called to tell me everything was ready. I quickly drove to the dancing school, where I picked up Ella and Fiona.

When we arrived at the mansion, I got out of the car, and took Ella aside.

"I'll be taking Fiona on a surprise vacation for a few days. She really needs it, okay? Now I know you are going to miss me,

but I'll need you to be a good girl while I'm away okay?"

"That's fine, Uncle Zayn," she answered brightly

I'd expected to get slightly upset but she seemed perfectly fine. She'd always been upset whenever I took vacations with Anna.

"I'll see you when you get back, Uncle Zayn," she said.

Before I could say anything else, she turned around to wave at Fiona before heading into the house.

Fiona was shocked when I drove past our usual restaurant and to the airport. I drove straight to my hangar, where we would board the private jet to our destination. She soon realized what was happening and asked where we were going. I told her it was a surprise and asked her to trust me.

"I can't just drop everything and leave, Zayn," she exclaimed.

I knew she was worried about her obligations.

"I already asked you to trust me, Fiona. I've spoken to your boss, and I've made sure your mother is well taken care of. Everything will be okay" I assured her.

"Thank you," she said, finally relaxing.

Fiona slept for most of the flight, obviously tired from teaching dancing for most of the day,

"Welcome to Paris," I whispered in her ear when we arrived at our destination.

"Wait, what?" she exclaimed, still groggy from her nap.

"I said welcome to Paris," I repeated as I watched her rush over to the window.

She turned around to look at me, shock written all over her face.

“How did you... this is...” she stuttered.

“Come on, there’s a car waiting for us,” I said.

She still looked shocked as I helped her into the waiting car that would take us to the hotel.

Our things were already in the suite, so I urged her to freshen up and change her clothes. I did the same, and we met again in the sitting room. She was wearing one of the dresses I’d designed for her. A short red dress that had popped into my head the moment I saw her. It was made of a satiny stretchy fabric that clung to her like a second skin till just above her knees. She looked absolutely gorgeous.

“You look stunning, Fiona,” I said as she walked up to me.

“So do you, except you look like that every day,” she said

She had minimal makeup, but it was made up for by the fact that she’d decided to let down her black, luscious locks.

“We will be going to see a movie before dinner, but now I’m worried everyone will be watching you instead,” I teased.

She smiled, blushing furiously.

“Shall we go?” I asked, offering her my arm.

She took it, and we walked out of the suite together.

I had no idea what happened in the movie. I was too busy staring at Fiona. She seemed to enjoy the movie, so I was satisfied.

The diner was beautiful, and everything went perfectly, just like I'd planned. The food was splendid, better than most other restaurants I'd visited in Paris.

However, I couldn't take my eyes off Fiona. She looked so beautiful, all I could think of was to take her back to the hotel and ravish her. I wondered if she felt the same way.

I'd caught her peeking at me a couple of times.

"Want to go back to the hotel?" I asked tentatively.

"Yes" she answered immediately.

Then she seemed to feel bad about it.

"I mean, I love it here, but I would like to go back to the hotel," she said softly.

"It's fine Fiona, I'd like to leave too," I assured her as I reached for the bell to summon the waiter.

Chapter 9: Zayn

“Zayn? Could you help me with my zipper? It was hell to get it done earlier this evening,” she said as she kicked off her shoes, revealing her shapely calves.

I agreed, following her into the room. I moved closer to help her with the zipper, and her perfume filled my nostrils. She smelled of roses, lavender, and something else I couldn't quite put the finger on. I wanted to pull her close and inhale her scent uninhibited while exploring every inch of her body.

She cleared her throat, and I slowly shook my head, trying to focus on the task. I pulled down the zipper revealing her soft milky skin and the pink strands of her lacy bra. I couldn't hold myself back any longer.

I planted kisses in the crook of her neck and down to the middle of her exposed back. She let out a small sigh that drove me even more crazy. I slipped the dress off her shoulders and let it fall. The shiny material pooled around her ankles, revealing a matching thong. “You are simply exquisite,” I whispered in her ear as my hand began to roam her body. She let out soft, small moans whenever I reached her sensitive zones and my pants got tighter and tighter in response.

I lifted her into my arms, and she wrapped her legs around me. I kissed her passionately before placing her on the bed. I took off my clothes first and then worked on her lingerie till she was completely naked before me.

Then my lips claimed hers as my hands came up to massage her breasts. She let out a slow moan as she deepened the kiss,

sending shivers down my spine. I'd dreamed of this. I pulled away, ending the kiss and diving lower until I found the sweet spot on the side of her neck. Her moans became more urgent as I teased her skin with my tongue and teeth. She pushed on my shoulders, guiding me gently down to her nipples.

I took one in my mouth and continued to caress the other. Fiona moaned loudly, telling me how much she liked it.

"You're going to get me so wet," she moaned.

I said nothing as I continued to tease her.

"Please," she begged, her voice hoarse with passion. I brought my other hand to her already soaked opening, and she let out a sigh of relief followed by a sharp gasp as I swiftly penetrated her with two of my fingers. I began thrusting into her, and she wrapped her hand around me, holding me tightly to her. Her juices flowed freely, a squelching sound filling the room. Her juices completely coated my fingers, leaving them shiny every time I pulled out of her.

"I've needed this for so long," she whispered.

She pulled me down for a kiss as I continued to thrust into her. I could tell she was trying to keep her moans as silent as possible but was failing miserably. She grasps my head, her fingers tangling in your hair.

I know she wanted more, but I needed her to beg for it.

"Please," she finally begged. "Give me more."

I flashed her a smug smile and spread her legs wide.

She knew what was coming, and her body began to twist and turn in anticipation.

With two fingers still sliding in and out of her, my mouth found her clit. My lips latched onto the tiny knob in one swift motion, and I started to suck on it. Her feet were curling as I sucked and pulled, wanting to give her as much pleasure as possible.

She let out a loud moan, and I chuckled. The whole hotel could probably hear us going at it. The pleasure overwhelmed her, and she let out a stream of warm, clear liquid, splashing my chest and the bed.

I was covered in sweat, staring down at her proudly. She gave me a naughty smile in return. Fiona guided me onto the bed next to her and twisted around till she was sitting across my legs. She took my dick in her hand and wrapped her hand around it, feeling the girth. Looking at me directly in the eye, Fiona slowly took my dick in her mouth until I could feel the back of her throat. She started licking and sucking, and I knew it wouldn't take long for me to lose control.

She ran her tongue around the head, tasting the bead of precum that had formed over my small slit. She twirled her tongue over my engorged dick, drawing out more precum as her hand stroked my length. Each bead that appeared, she eagerly lapped up, the naughty smile curving her lips. I jerked under her, my body responding excitedly to her ministrations. Fiona took my dick deeper in her mouth, allowing the walls of her soft, warm mouth to caress me, teasing more precum out of me. Her hands moved lower to cup my balls and down to the sensitive little spot beneath them. Her other hand also started caressing my balls, with my dick still lodged in her mouth, growing harder with every passing second

“Baby,” I called out and lifted my head to look at her and she knew exactly what I needed.

Without missing a breath, she twisted her body again, so her back was to me. Before I could catch my breath, she was sitting on my dick, taking it all in. She had a slow rhythm at first, and then she went faster till I was ready to explode inside her. I couldn't hold it back and I came, coating her insides with my seed. She yelled a second later, reaching her second orgasm of the night before we both fell asleep.

Epilogue: Fiona

One Year Later

It had been one year since Zayn and I confessed our love for each other, and I was pretty sure things couldn't be better. We were happy, and I was on the way to finally making my dreams come true. I had written my first book based on my love story with Zayn, and it would be released in a couple of days. Snippets of the book that I had released online showed that it would be a great hit.

Zayn and I decided to fly to Paris to celebrate. Since it was also our first anniversary, we were going to have dinner at the same restaurant we'd eaten at a year ago. In the hotel room, I changed into the black dress Zayn had specially designed for the occasion. It had certain similarities to the red one I'd won a year ago but was even more beautiful if that was possible. His eyes brightened when he saw me, and we kissed passionately. I resisted the urge to pull the dress off and drag him into the room, and we eventually left for the diner.

After dinner, I was starting to feel nervous because I had something special to tell Zayn. With shaky hands, I pulled a folded-up sheet of paper out of my purse and handed it to him. He glanced at me in confusion before taking the paper and unfolding it. I watched as his eyes lit up and his grin spread while he read the paper's content. He rushed out of his seat and came over to me, pulling me out of my chair and into a tight hug. I relaxed into his arms and let out a sigh of relief. I knew how much Zayn loved Ella, yet I still felt nervous about

telling him I was pregnant. I was delighted to see him so excited.

Before I could say anything, he got on one knee and pulled out a ring.

“Fiona Boyle, will you marry me?”

“Yes,” I whispered tearfully as he slipped the ring on my finger. I glanced down at the ring which was beautiful and perfectly fit.

He got on his feet and pulled me in for our most passionate kiss yet.

This is the last book of the *Fancy Billionaires*. You can read more about Billionaire instalove romance in [*Powerful Billionaires series*](#).

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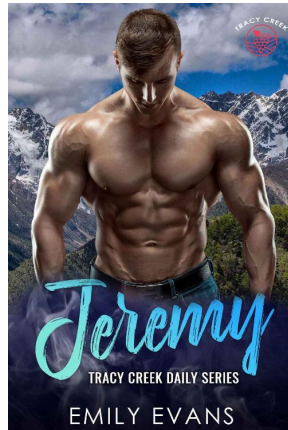
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Emily Evans loves writing sweet and steamy *instalove* stories, with strong and confident women finding love with sexy alpha males. Looking for a quick read on a Saturday afternoon after a nice meal? On a Sunday morning while relaxing on the beach? On a Friday evening after an exhausting week? Look no further ❖❖

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