



Strictly Temporary (Billionaires And Babies Book 29)

By Robyn Grady

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Trinity Matthews wants to resist Zack's advances, but his care and concern for her and the baby soon have her melting. As the snow falls and the heat sizzles, it's not long before Trinity's sleeping in his bed. And she finds herself wondering if their temporary arrangement could have permanent effects.

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Editorial Review

About the Author

One Christmas long ago, Robyn Grady received a book from her big sister and immediately fell in love with Cinderella. Cinderella later gave way to romance novels and when she was older, she wanted to write one. Following a fifteen-year career behind the scenes in television, Robyn knew the time was right to pursue her dream of becoming a published author. Robyn lives with her own modern-day hero in Australia with their three children. Visit her website at: www.robyngrady.com

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Cool. Unruffled.

Nothing rattled Zack Harrison's cage.

He viewed Denver's unseasonal snowfall this afternoon as a picturesque bonus more than an inconvenience. Today's setback with regard to his latest acquisition strike was another challenge, not a reason to rant. Achieving a goal *should* involve effort, Zack decided as he shrugged into his overcoat, thanked the concierge and collected his briefcase. He'd simply need to get more... *inventive* was the word.

However, his patience was sorely tested when it came to the press. Last month's beat-up was nothing short of laughable. Apparently he was a fiend who left underprivileged families homeless in order to expand his evil empire. And what about that recent piece questioning his treatment of an ambitious actress he'd been seeing? Without exception he treated women with respect but, from the get-go, he and Ally had agreed upon "fun and casual," not "if I don't see a diamond ring, I'll expose your darkest secret." As if blackmail would work. Unlike his father and siblings, *this* Harrison didn't give a rat's behind what people thought.

But on this late-spring afternoon, as he strode from the hotel's entrance, yanked open the waiting cab's back passenger door and zipped inside the toasty cabin, Zack's calm fled and he jumped back in his seat. He took a moment to adjust and study his unexpected company before leaning forward to tap the driver's shoulder.

"Your last fare forgot something."

The cabbie angled around. "A wallet?"

"No," Zack said. "A baby."

The other back door swung open. A cool rush whooshed inside along with a woman wearing a hooded cherry-red coat. She set a matching overnighter on her lap and promptly slapped the door shut against the howling drifts. Blowing warmth into her cupped hands, her attention shifted. Beneath the red hood, curious eyes the color of new violets slid from the infant car seat carrier up to Zack and back again.

He considered her face, those eyes, and his chest grew unusually warm. He hadn't met this woman before and yet something in her glittering gaze had him wondering if he knew her. Perhaps he'd simply like to.

"I was in such a hurry, I didn't see you get in," she said, wrapping her manicured hands around the lip of her case. "Actually I couldn't see much at all. Crazy, isn't it? All this snow, I mean."

A slow smile hooked one side of his mouth as Zack's gaze drank her in. "Yeah," he said. "Crazy."

"It seems like the concierge called a cab ages ago. I walked to the curb to see if I could hail one down. I thought it might never come."

Zack's smile faded. He'd stolen her ride? When he'd checked out a few minutes ago, the front desk had organized a cab. Exiting the hotel's foyer, he'd merely assumed.

He leaned forward again, spoke to the driver. He'd pick off this easier problem then take care of that other more complicated baby matter next.

"Are you answering a call?"

"Just back from dropping a fare at the airport." The man behind the wheel pushed a maroon beret back on his brow before flicking on the meter. "Thought I'd swing in here and try my luck. No one's going out in this weather 'less they have to."

"The airport." Red Riding Hood tipped forward, too. "That's where I'm headed. I need to get back to New York for an interview first thing tomorrow. I'm a features writer for *Story Magazine*." Her bright look said, *You've heard of it, right?*

Acting suitably informed and impressed despite his aversion, Zack nodded and said, "Of course," a moment before she dragged back the hood. The shadow framing her face lifted and Zack forgot to breathe.

Other than her cheeks, which were flushed a healthy pink, her complexion was as flawless as porcelain. Her hair, a luxurious mane, rested like a sable mantle over two slim straight shoulders. Her violet eyes were so vibrant their light penetrated and illuminated places he hadn't known existed.

He'd dated some beauties in his time, women who drew attention when they floated into a room and were comfortable exerting their power over the opposite sex. But Zack couldn't recall having met a female whose company literally left him short on air, and not only because of something as superficial as looks. In the clear depths of her eyes...the poised yet innocent manner with which she listened and spoke.

Quite simply, this woman glowed.

After today's unproductive meeting with the owner of this building he was ready to kick back and get home—home being the two-story private cabin he chilled at whenever he stopped in town. But the delectable Red was obviously in a hurry, eager to leave Denver and its freak weather behind. He'd be happy to play the gentleman and wait for another cab.

Which also meant she and the driver could work out between them what to do about this baby, who, thankfully, was still sound asleep. Peaceful.

Zack looked harder.

Almost *too* peaceful. He had the damnedest urge to check each tiny finger curled over that wrap to make certain they were warm.

Red was peering at the baby, too. "I see you have a little one to worry about. She's gorgeous." She sighed then drew away. "I'll ask the concierge to call and see where my cab is."

As she turned to find her door's handle, Zack's muscles clenched and he caught her sleeve. Red couldn't

leave. She had it all wrong.

When her gaze hooked back—unsure, concerned—he released her arm and coughed out a hoarse laugh at the same time he glanced at the baby.

"This isn't *mine*.""

The cabbie grunted. "Sure as heck ain't *mine*."

The woman blinked two sets of generous lashes and her lips twitched as if she wanted to smile but didn't dare. "She looks a little young to travel alone."

She. Zack had to ask.

"How do you know it's a girl?" The carrier, blanket and bonnet were as white as the snow piling up on the sidewalk and road.

"Well, her face is so sweet." Expression melting, Red curved the back of her hand over the baby's bonneted crown and a tiny pair of lips pursed in and out as if she were dreaming about dinner. "Rosebud mouth," Red went on. "Cute and tiny. She's too pretty to be a boy."

The driver drummed his thumbs on the wheel. "Meter's running, folks."

"Of course." Gathering herself, Red pulled away. "I'll let you go."

For a second time that day, Zack's calm evaporated. But now his mouth went completely dry, and sweat broke on the back of his neck. This afternoon was supposed to finish with a quiet brandy in front of a toasty fire, not tossing a hot potato like this around. He didn't even like babies.... Or, more correctly, *they* didn't like *him*.

"What are we supposed to do with her?" he asked.

"Not *we*, pal." The cabbie slotted the shift into gear.

His voice deep, Zack spoke to the man who clearly wasn't his "pal."

"I told you, she isn't *mine*."

Red slanted her head and a stream of sable spilled over one shoulder. "What's she doing here then?"

"Beats me. Who'd you drop off last?" he asked the driver.

"An eighty-year-old man with a cane." The cabbie slid his beret back again. "He was flying out to see family in Jersey, and he wasn't carrying no bassinet."

The cabbie's expression said, *Don't know your game, son, but don't try to dump your problems on me.*

Zack growled. How many times did he have to say it? The baby wasn't his! At least it seemed that Red believed him.

Her face had lost all color as if every drop of blood had rushed to her feet. Her question came out a struggled whisper as though she shouldn't speak the words too loud for fear they might be true.

"Do you think someone abandoned her?"

"Guess the authorities will have to figure that out."

Zack didn't like the situation—not a bit. He knew less than zip about babies and had every intention of keeping it that way. Marriage and its inevitable complications were the furthest things from his mind. But, in this matter.

Ah, hell, what choice did he have? Red was in a legitimate hurry and—no getting around it—he had been the one to make the find. Either the guy behind the wheel could outact Tom Hanks or he sincerely had no clue. God only knew how a baby could end up alone in the backseat of a cab.

Zack's gaze roamed the small sleeping form, those rosebud lips, that button nose, and his heart swelled and dropped. Some things you simply couldn't shrug off.

After flexing his fingers, he slid a firm grip around the unharnessed car seat's handle.

"I'll bring her to the police station." His voice was hushed now. He didn't want to wake her and maybe have her cry. "They can call Child Services."

"But they could take *ages* to collect her."

"I only know a baby doesn't sleep forever and I don't carry spare diapers around in my breast pocket."

Red quietly searched around the foot of the blanket. "There's a bottle here," she said, "some formula and a few diapers, too."

"The officers at the local precinct will be most appreciative."

She lifted an eyebrow. "I'm sure they'll be eternally grateful."

Zack narrowed his eyes at her. What was she after? He was a businessman, for Pete's sake, not a babysitter—no matter how cute the kid.

The driver adjusted his rearview mirror. "Should I drop you two lovebirds off at a cafe so you can nut this out?"

"We're not lovebirds." Zack gripped the carrier's handle more tightly while Red held his gaze for an interminably long moment before surprising him yet again. He...

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