

To discover what happens next to the characters in
Changing Grooms, read on and enjoy this
exclusive postscript by Sasha Wagstaff.

November, ten months later.
New York.

‘So you don’t have any regrets?’ the interviewer asked.

India shook her head and flicked the silky folds of the cream Balenciaga dress across her knees, a picture of demure innocence. ‘Absolutely not. At the time, it was really difficult, of course, but I’ve grown up an awful lot in the past year and now, I wouldn’t change a thing.’

‘That’s great. And do you feel that having a child has changed you in any way?’

India considered her answer, smoothing a lock of hair out of her eyes. Since she’d been in the States, she’d undergone a complete makeover and her ginger hair had been lightened several shades to a rich, honey-gold. She had also lost all of her baby weight and could now almost fit into the much-coveted size zero – which meant that she was a designer’s dream, something India couldn’t be happier about.

‘Do you know, I really think it has. Tallulah Blue has brought such joy and peace into my life and . . . well, it’s incredible that something so beautiful came out of something so . . . devastating.’ She allowed her hands to tremble slightly in her lap and smiled bravely, hoping she was managing to convey the right balance of humility and courage.

The chat show host squeezed her hand and India stared down at the famous fingers in awe. She was so transfixed by them, the next question caught her off guard.

‘I have it on good authority that you’ve been offered a marvellous opportunity and I was wondering if you might

be able to confirm or deny it? I've heard,' there was a dramatic pause, 'that you've been offered a small part in the latest Spielberg film. Is that correct?'

India put her hand to her mouth in mock embarrassment, pleased her new agent had managed to leak that little titbit just before the interview. She wished she'd mastered the art of blushing on the spot but, for now, she just did her best to look overawed by her lucky circumstances.

'I . . . it's all a bit unexpected but yes, it is true,' she conceded. Remembering something her agent had mentioned, India hurriedly added, 'Obviously my daughter is very young so I would insist upon her being on set with me at all times. But if I can make it work, I'd be honoured to be part of something so amazing.'

'Audience, don't you think India is a fine example of a young woman of today?' the host asked, turning her face to the camera and throwing it her trademark flashbulb smile. 'To come through such adversity . . . to emerge victorious after being treated so badly by a selfish man hell-bent on having his cake and eating it. I think we could all learn a lesson from India, don't you, audience?'

The audience cheered and India got to her feet and allowed the waves of admiration to wash over her. This was even better than she'd dreamed it would be! India inclined her head graciously, feeling proud of the way she had turned her life around. Being in demand was such an exhilarating buzz, and India could totally understand why celebrities thrived on such adrenalin rushes – she was already addicted. Not that she was a celebrity . . . not just yet, anyway. But she was well on her way and that was all she cared about. After her exposé in a tabloid magazine had attracted so much attention, she had spent the past year capitalising on being dumped by Rufus. Totally without shame and mostly without malice, she had painted him in a far worse light

than he deserved and had reaped the benefits – financial and otherwise – of being seen as the innocent victim.

India kissed the TV presenter, wondering if she could appeal even further to her motherly nature and ask for her mobile number. She was the most famous chat show host in America, after all!

‘One final question,’ the woman murmured softly in her ear. India pulled back startled. Had she been drawn into a false sense of security? She hoped not. The interview had gone spectacularly well and she had another seven lined up for the week, including one on E! Entertainment. She couldn’t wait to meet Ryan Seacrest . . . Pulling herself back to the present, India widened her blue eyes shyly. It was no wonder she had passed her screen test; she was born to act!

‘Have you heard from Rufus at all since you had Tallulah Blue?’

India relaxed and hid a smile. ‘No, not once,’ she lied smoothly, putting her chin in the air. Not since she’d changed her mobile number and banned her agent from passing on any more of his heartfelt messages at any rate. ‘I’m afraid Rufus Pemberton has proved himself to be a complete loser on the fatherhood front. It’s a shame, but what can I do?’ She shrugged sadly. ‘If anyone is interested, I heard he’s in panto in the Cotswolds this Christmas, but I’d steer clear of him at all costs if you’re thinking he’d make good father material. Take it from someone who knows.’

Leaving to girl power-esque applause, India ducked into the wings and eased her feet out of the sky-high silver Manolos her stylist had given her. ‘Christ, how do people walk in these things?’ she moaned to her mother.

‘Do you want to take Tallulah?’ Her mother held the small child up, hoping the cute-as-a-button pink fairy outfit might melt India’s heart. Tallulah, her hair soft and

strawberry blond, her eyes chocolate-brown courtesy of her father, held out her chubby hands eagerly.

India recoiled from the sticky fists and frowned. 'Don't be ridiculous, Mother! She might smear marks on my dress. And why is she still awake? You should have taken her back to the hotel.' She snatched her jacket from a speechless assistant. 'Where's the bloody limo? I need to get some sleep before that radio interview in the morning and I'm meeting Spielberg in the afternoon, so I have to look my best. And Rufus better not have phoned again otherwise I'm going to sack my agent and see if Jennifer Aniston's is free. Did you pick up that Carolina Herrera dress?'

Mrs Taylor-Knight rolled her eyes resignedly and threw the assistant an apologetic look before following her daughter out to their limo.

'So how many people are coming to this fireworks party?'

Jack screwed his nose up. 'I'm not sure. All the villagers and hotel guests, plus a few others.' He pointed at the pile of apples with his knife. 'So get a move on, slow coach. No slouching just because you used to be some famous movie star. We've only got about thirty minutes before everyone arrives.'

'Yes, sir!' Clemmie grinned and pulled her dark hair into a messy ponytail before attacking more apples with her peeler. Wearing a scruffy navy jumper of Jack's streaked with flour and smeared with apple pulp, Clemmie had never looked happier.

Henny watched them, feeling a flush of warmth. Far from not pulling her weight, Clemmie had mucked in without complaint since joining them at the manor. She had rolled up her sleeves, snapped on her pink rubber gloves and thrown herself into her work wholeheartedly, not even batting an eyelid when the downstairs toilet had exploded

in her face earlier. And the change in Jack was incredible. He looked so contented and the permanent frown he had worn during Caro's reign had all but disappeared.

'Did you see India on *Oprah*?' Clemmie asked. 'She was saying the most terrible things about Rufus. We all know he's tried to contact her about the baby, so that was grossly unfair.'

Jack nodded. 'Obviously Rufus behaved like an absolute bastard to both of you but India really is trying to destroy him.' He shrugged, averting his eyes. 'Perhaps you could put in a good word for him or something? You know, see if your agent might want to help get his career back on track?'

Clemmie stared at Jack, overwhelmed by the size of his heart. Not so long ago, he would have recoiled from the mere mention of Rufus's name but since she had taken him aside and told him that she saw him as much more than a friend, Jack seemed to have let go of all his anger. Now Clemmie simply felt sorry for Rufus, especially considering the way India was crucifying him. And enough was enough.

'I might just do that, Jack,' she said softly. 'Thank you.'

Not wanting to intrude, Henny glanced outside. Tristan, his golden hair crammed under a beanie hat, was building a gigantic bonfire on the other side of the lake. Providing a splash of bright orange in the most adorable pumpkin outfit, even though Halloween was weeks ago, Ruby was attempting to help by handing over bundles of tiny sticks, her dirt-smearred face lit up by the tiny electric lanterns strung through the trees. Hundreds of sodden leaves in shades of amber and russet had been swept into piles but the wind was whipping them into the air gleefully. Sophie, looking relaxed and bronzed from their travels and wearing a bright red coat, was helping Barnaby set up the food tables.

'So.' Henny tore her eyes away and took stock. 'Aside from all the kiddie food, we've got mini jacket potatoes with various toppings, cups of parsnip soup and little fig tarts.'

Then there's the huge joint of pork for the hog roast, and hopefully spiced apple punch once you've finished doing all those apples.' She frowned as she slid Clemmie's chopped apples into a vat of cinnamon-scented liquid. 'Do you think that will be enough food?'

'Hen, calm down,' Jack ruffled his sister's hair. 'There's enough to feed an army here. Remember to steer me towards the non-alcoholic punch. My system would collapse under all that cider and apple brandy.'

Clemmie squeezed his arm, leaving a chunk of apple peel on his shirt. 'You've done so well, honey,' she said proudly.

A goofy grin spread across Jack's face. 'You've helped.'

Henny hid a smile as she clapped her hands briskly. 'Come on, you two! We've got to get everything outside.' She opened the door, breathing in gulps of fresh air. It smelt damp and earthy, with curls of silvery-grey bonfire smoke from nearby houses lending their aroma to the mix as they drifted across the darkening sky.

Clemmie checked her watch. 'I still need to get changed . . . never mind, I'll do that later. No one will arrive early, will they?' She heaved up a tray of jacket potatoes and headed outside.

'She's *such* a trouper,' Jack said, admiring the view.

'And *you're* such a perv,' Henny joked, thrusting a stack of paper plates and cutlery at him. She nudged him. 'But it's good to see you so happy, darling. I can't tell you how pleased I am that you two are finally together.' She took out the new mobile phone Freddie had bought her. 'Ooh, a text message! I do love getting these. Let me see . . . Milly says they're going to be a bit late because *The Taming of the Shrew* is still in full flow but she says to 'chillax' because they'll get here as soon as they can.' She looked at Jack, perplexed. 'Chillax?'

'It's a cross between chill out and relax,' Clemmie

explained as she stuck her head back inside the kitchen. 'Er, the plumber's just arrived. You know, to fix the leaking toilet. He's new to Appleton – the only plumber available today, you see.'

A man in his late fifties with spiky black hair and ears studded with several silver, skull-shaped earrings joined them. 'Evening, everyone,' he said, practically salivating at the sight of Henny's fig tarts piled high on a tray. About to ask where the offending toilet was, he turned to face Clemmie and Jack, his eyes narrowing slightly. 'Your face looks very familiar. Don't I know you?'

Embarrassed, Clemmie tucked a lock of stray hair behind her ear. She knew she must look a mess without any make up on and her clothes streaked with food but she beamed and extended a hand graciously.

'That's so kind of you but it's been a while since I . . .'

'Not you,' the plumber interrupted with a frown. 'I was talking about you.' He pointed at Jack. 'Didn't we go to school together? I seem to remember you as Julius Caesar in some play.'

Clemmie's mouth fell open.

Jack blinked. 'School? You and me?' He gave the plumber a once over. 'Haven't the foggiest, I'm afraid, but I did cut rather a dash as Julius once. Hang on . . . weren't you in that odd band?'

The plumber looked affronted and ran a self-conscious hand through his spiky black fringe. 'We were quite innovative for our time, actually. And you never know. We might still make it . . . one day.'

Henny struggled to keep a straight face. 'I'll . . . er . . . show you where the toilet is, shall I?' she said, leading the way.

Jack couldn't help himself and before the plumber was even out of earshot, he let out a roar of laughter. Clemmie, too, was shaking with mirth. Wiping her eyes, she

pretended to look vexed, her hands on her hips. ‘God, talk about bringing me back down to earth with a thump.’

‘Poor Clemmie,’ Jack said, giving her a juicy kiss. ‘Perhaps you’d better go and get changed otherwise you might find that the plumber isn’t the only one who doesn’t have a clue who you are tonight.’

She glanced down at herself before tucking her arm through his. ‘That was always the general idea though, wasn’t it?’ She flung her shoulders back and pushed her hair out of her eyes. ‘Our guests will just have to put up with my new look. Only, do try not to upstage me again, won’t you, honey? Or should I say, *Julius*?’

‘I’ll do my best, darling, but I really can’t promise anything,’ Jack declared as they stepped out into the lush grounds of Appleton Manor hand in hand.

Will signed the document with a flourish. ‘I can’t believe Château Fleurie will be open to the public in six months!’

‘I know, who’d have thought it?’ Perry chinked his glass against Will’s heartily and took another appreciative sip of the excellent Pinot Noir. ‘And I can’t believe how incredible the wine tastes around here. This sexy little number makes one think of making love to an earthy, voluptuous woman, don’t you think, Will? Absolutely mind-blowing.’

Will smiled affectionately at his uncle, amused to see him wearing his usual uniform of a pale, creased suit, formal shirt and spotted bow tie in spite of the November chill. ‘It has a lovely aroma of black cherries, I’ll give you that, but I’m not sure about all that other stuff.’

Perry smacked his lips. ‘Just make sure I get on the panel of judges at the next Macon wine festival. It will like attending . . . an *orgy*.’ He sat back happily, his chair creaking in protest under his wide girth.

Will stared out at the grounds of Château Fleurie in utter

contentment. Surrounded by five-hundred acres of soft rolling countryside and set against the stunning backdrop of the Forêt de Glenne, the property Will and Tristan had inherited had turned out to be a spectacular seventeenth-century château, badly in need of repair but bursting with potential. Will had almost lost his nerve when he'd realised the scale of the project but, once he'd discovered the small vineyard attached to the property and also figured out he could sell off hundreds of acres of land at the edge of the grounds, he had thrown himself into the task with enthusiasm. It was a larger job than renovating Appleton Manor had been but there was something infinitely satisfying about seeing the building lovingly restored to its former glory. The château's typically French features were being carefully retained in each room and Will knew the end result would be elegant and inviting – even to the locals, who had proved themselves to be obliging if a little difficult to win over at first.

Feeling more relaxed than he had even been in his life, Will inhaled the plum-like aroma of the black Chanterelle mushrooms that grew in abundance outside and wondered if they would taste good in a homemade pâté.

'Where's Tessa?' Perry asked, helping himself to a slice of Époisses, a rich-smelling local cheese, which he ate with gusto.

'Upstairs, finishing a chapter.' Will frowned. 'Actually, I've been meaning to ask you if you think Tessa's been a bit odd lately.'

'Odd?'

Will fingered the stem of his wine glass. 'You know, strange, distant. Different.'

Perry licked his fingers lasciviously. 'Not so I've noticed.' Seeing Will's clenched jaw, he added, 'She's a darling girl. You've done well for yourself there, Will. I have a weakness

for beautiful women and Tessa . . . well, she's an absolute stunner.' He washed down his snack with another swig of wine.

Will stared past him, lost in thought. The past ten months had been idyllic. He had been busy with the refurbishment and Tessa with her book but, despite all the chaos, their relationship had been passionate, exciting and unpredictable. But just recently, something had changed and Will was beginning to think Tessa might be having second thoughts about being with him. He couldn't quite put his finger on it but she just wasn't herself and even though Will had tried to confront her on a number of occasions, Tessa had just clammed up.

'You're not seriously worried, are you, dear boy?' Perry cut into Will's reverie, his plump hand resting on Will's arm for a moment. 'Because if you are, I honestly think you're jumping to the wrong conclusions.' His expression became pensive. 'That girl is utterly besotted with you, I can promise you.'

Will bit his lip. 'She's just so infuriating, Uncle. I've tried to speak to her but she pushes me away.' He looked down. 'I think we have a future together, you know? I see this as something serious but I wonder if Tessa is bored of . . .' he flung his arm out, 'all this. Well, not just this. I'm worried she's bored of me.'

'Nonsense!' Perry was dismissive. 'That girl is positively thriving in this environment. She's happy, she's stable and she looks a million dollars. Especially now she's got a bit more meat on her bones.' His dazzling blue eyes twinkled at Will.

Will didn't look convinced. Making a decision, he leapt to his feet. 'I'm going to see what's keeping her.'

'Don't rush in like a bull in a china shop . . .' Perry called out. Realising his advice was falling on deaf ears he rolled

his eyes indulgently and poured himself another glass of the splendid Pinot.

Upstairs in the bedroom she and Will were using in the east wing, Tessa was staring out at the stunning view. From her makeshift desk, she could see the vineyard and beyond, the gorgeous Burgundy countryside. There was so much to be distracted by around here, she thought, it was a wonder she'd managed to make a good start on her book, let alone finish it. The sweltering heat over the summer, the noisy renovations, the countryside with so much to see and enjoy. Even the nearby cassis harvest in early July had sent such a mouth-watering aroma into the château that Tessa had barely been able to concentrate. And then, of course, there was Will – sexy, funny, romantic Will.

Hearing Will's long strides on the stairs, Tessa started nervously. She knew she had shut him out lately, but what else could she do? She didn't know how he was going to react and she couldn't help wondering if this could signal the end of everything. Since they'd been living in France, it was as if they had been constantly surrounded by magic. Tessa didn't want to break the spell but either way, nothing was ever going to be the same again, not now.

Will burst into the room, momentarily silenced by the sight of Tessa's slender, tanned neck and bare shoulders in her yellow strapless dress. She looked so vulnerable, he wanted to throw her on to the bed and make mad, passionate . . . He shook himself. His attraction to Tessa had never been in question. Something was going on and he had to know what it was.

'We need to talk,' he began.

She turned round, her moss-green eyes full of trepidation.

Will's heart was thumping in his chest. Was she going to say it was over? Suddenly, white-hot anger took hold of him. He wasn't going to let her just walk away from him.

They had something special and he was going to bloody well fight for her.

He tugged her to her feet and took hold of her shoulders fiercely. He opened his mouth to speak, gazing down at her full mouth.

Abruptly, Tessa kissed him, winding her arms around his neck. Her touch sent Will's senses spiralling all over the place and he gathered her up, curving her body into his. Feeling his fingers trailing down her spine, she shivered with desire. Pulling away from her, Will wiped his thumb under her damp eyes.

'What the hell is going on, Tess?' he said in a hoarse voice. 'Whatever it is, you can tell me. Please, just say it.'

She turned away and Will clenched his fists. God, she infuriated him! He'd given her every opportunity to open up, he'd been patient, given her space. What more did she want from him? He was the end of his *fucking* tether and unless she had a good reason for being such a head case . . .

'I'm pregnant.'

The words came out jerkily and Tessa slowly turned to face Will. 'That's what's going on, alright? I'm pregnant and I realised it a few weeks ago and I didn't know how you were going to react. And this is massive for me. I didn't even know if I wanted kids or not and I don't even know now, except I do because it's yours and that's just . . . that's just so . . .' She broke down, her shoulders shuddering.

Will gaped. Whatever he had been expecting, it wasn't this. 'Pregnant?' he echoed, running a hand through his dark-gold hair. 'You're pregnant. With *our* baby?'

'Well, it's certainly not your Uncle Perry's,' she sniffed, casting her eyes to the floor.

Will couldn't even speak. This was what was behind her weird behaviour? This incredible, wonderful news was what had made Tessa hold him at arm's length for the past few

weeks? Relief engulfed him, swiftly followed by a burst of happiness. He wasn't going to lose her and better than that, they were going to be a family. A proper family.

Tugging her into his arms again, he gently stroked her chestnut hair out of her eyes. 'You thought I wouldn't be pleased?' he managed in a choked voice. 'This is the best thing that's ever happened to me. Being here . . . with you . . . and now a baby. This is everything I've ever wanted.'

Tessa broke into a smile. 'You're really not angry? It's just, it's so soon. I thought it might ruin everything between us.'

Will swung her round in his arms. 'What? How could it? This is just amazing! Fucking amazing, Tess! I can't believe it.' He stuck his head out of the window. 'I'm going to be a father, Uncle Perry!' he shouted. 'A fucking father!'

'Hurrah!' Perry's slightly drunken voice drifted up to them. 'Good for you. Word of advice, dear boy, you might want to think about keeping that swearing under control from now on . . .'

They laughed as Will yanked the window shut.

'I'm going to be the size of a . . . of a bloody *château*,' Tessa warned him, as he rained kisses on her mouth and pulled her down on top of him on the bed.

'I don't care how bloody big you get!' Will rolled her over and stroked her belly tenderly. It was hard to believe there was life inside there. He felt himself brimming over with joy. Then he pulled a face, remembering what a state he'd been in five minutes ago. 'God, you're a bloody nightmare! I've been imagining all sorts of terrible things.' He gave her a playful shove. 'I thought you were about to bugger off and leave me.'

Tessa slid her thigh between his. 'As if.' She started to unbutton his shirt. 'I was just scared you'd run a mile or something. And I had to get my own head round the idea of it, which I have now, and I'm so excited.' She kissed his

bare brown shoulder. 'I'm sorry I've been such a bitch. I'll make it up to you, I promise.' Giggling, they were soon tangled up in the sheets.

Outside, Perry nodded knowingly and raised his wine glass in silent congratulations. Silly children, he thought affectionately. They were so alike. Headstrong, stubborn – not to mention absurdly good looking. Perry grinned. He had a feeling their child was going to be an absolute heartbreaker.

Caro gazed at Christos longingly. He was so beautiful – a young Adonis with sculpted muscles and bulging trousers. She shuddered with expectation, pushing away her barely touched plate of glistening olives.

'Aren't you hungry?' he asked her, his accent heavy and his dark eyes as black and shiny as the olives.

'Not for food,' she said breathily, hoping he'd take the hint and whisk her back to his room. She flicked her titian fringe out of her eyes, believing the flirty new cut took decades off her.

Christos smiled and stared at her with intent. He turned her pale hand over in his, rubbing his thumb sexily across her palm. She quivered under his touch, loving the exquisite shooting sensations he managed to send all over her body. Caro let out a shaky breath as she glanced around the bar. It was heaving with bodies, and candles in cheap tumblers flickered in the fading evening light. Yet, despite the lack of luxury, there was something so raw and sexy about being here in the Greek islands that Caro knew she'd made the right decision. In the space of a year, she had moved from St Tropez to Tuscany and now here she was, on the Greek island of Skiathos. The island, surrounded by azure seas, sun-kissed shores and picturesque walnut groves, was Caro's idea of paradise. Well, the abundance of willing young men

in every bar and café certainly made for a joyful existence. She smiled to herself as she admired the contrast of the slight tan she had allowed herself to acquire with the coffee hues of Christos's swarthy skin.

'Do you miss your old life?' Christos asked Caro, his limpid eyes flirting with hers.

Caro allowed her thoughts to drift to JB but only for a second. Did she regret leaving him? Perhaps. He had the ability to excite her with just a brief look or brush of his fingertips and she had loved him to distraction. So why had she left him? Caro supposed it was for a number of reasons in the end. She hadn't been able to tame her wandering eye, of course, but the truth of the matter was that she feared losing JB. She had lived in absolute terror of waking up one morning and finding him gone, having swapped her bed for a younger woman's, the way Jack always had. In fact, JB reminded her so palpably of a young Jack – passionate, funny, but strangely principled – that Caro had found herself deliberately cutting herself off from him emotionally, always more confident in the role of 'dumper' than 'dumpee'.

No, when it came down to it, Caro decided as she took a swig of Metaxa, she couldn't bear the thought of losing two men she had loved and, somehow, being the one to break free had seemed like the right thing to do. The flash of hurt in JB's eyes had been difficult to swallow but Caro hadn't stayed long enough to let it sink in. She had set about finding another man to amuse her; someone to keep her in the manner to which she had become accustomed. Which was a slight problem. After all, the young men she was attracted to didn't always have the finances to keep her in Chanel, but there were ways and means.

Caro felt a familiar frisson between her legs as Christos pressed his full lips into her palm, his hot tongue flicking at

her skin. Smoothing the folds of the burnt orange silk sheath she was wearing against her quivering thighs, she leapt to her feet.

‘Let’s go,’ she whispered. Leaving Christos to pay the bill, she wove her way through the throng of heaving bodies and waited outside in the alley. Knowing his next move but loving it anyway, Caro allowed Christos to push her up against a wall, his thigh between hers.

‘What about your family?’ he asked, raining hot kisses across her breastbone.

‘What about them?’ A fleeting image of Jack’s rugged, laughing face shot into Caro’s mind but she pushed it away. It hurt, even now, to think about Jack. A few months ago, she had even toyed with the idea of going home to Appleton to win him back but she told herself it would be pointless, refusing to admit that the rumour Jack was now happily shackled up with Clemmie had anything to do with her decision. Caro tugged Christos’s shirt free and slipped her hands into the sides of his trousers, thrilled by the way his body jerked under her practised touch.

‘Do they . . . have money?’ Christos asked, managing to make the indelicate question sound as if he cared only for Caro’s well-being.

‘Money?’ Caro’s hands paused. ‘They’re not cash rich as such but there’s a lovely manor house in England, and a stunning château in France. It’s supposed to be worth around five million pounds. My two sons own it.’

Focused on Christos’s warm hands caressing her back, Caro didn’t notice his eyes lighting up like beacons in the darkness.

‘Five million pounds,’ he murmured, slipping her tiny thong down her honeyed thighs effortlessly. ‘Aren’t you entitled to any of that?’

‘I should be, shouldn’t I?’ Caro undid the belt of his

trousers with deft fingers, her mind on other things. 'Maybe I could get my hands on the millions if I put my mind to it, eh?'

Christos sucked her lip until Caro was almost sliding down the wall. He scooped her up so her thighs were round his waist and thrust his body hard against hers. 'Maybe you should,' he said silkily.

'Should what?'

'Put your mind to it. You know, get your hands on the millions, as you put it.' Christos stroked her hair gently. 'You deserve it . . . you deserve to be looked after. Your sons should want to look after you, shouldn't they? In my country, here, we look after our parents. What we have is theirs.'

'Really?' Caro's body was pulsating with lust but somewhere in the recesses of her brain, Christos and his questions were making sense. *Shouldn't* her boys be looking after her? *Shouldn't* she be entitled to a slice of those millions? After all, they had been inherited, not *earned*. Who was to say that she, Caro, couldn't share in her sons' good fortune?

Seeing Christos struggling to free a rock-hard erection from his trousers, Caro couldn't help smirking. 'Christos, my boy, you're not just a pretty face.'

Smoothly sliding his Greek pillar into her, Christos grinned triumphantly in the darkness. He could have told Caro Forbes-Henry that himself . . .