



# **Forty, Flirty & F\*cked**

## ABOUT

I was supposed to be a CEO's wife, not one's PR crisis manager!

But that's exactly what I became after my ex's "dodged a bullet" story went viral... and things got even crazier when I found out my new boss is the same guy I married in Vegas last weekend!

At forty-two, I thought I was past making impulsive decisions. Turns out I'm just getting started with being forty, flirty... and COMPLETELY f\*cked.

- ✓ “That’s my WIFE.” 🤖
- ✓ “Oops, we got married in Vegas!”
- ✓ Billionaire Boss Romance
- ✓ Banter for daysss
- ✓ BIG family shenanigans
- ✓ Character in their forties (40+)

*A full-length stand-alone. For fans of sweet and sizzling rom-coms with meddling family shenanigans, gorgeous bosses-slash-husbands who like to say "my wife," and HEAs guaranteed.*

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## Chapter 1: The Last Single Girl Standing

ARIANA

The first time Will proposed, I said no.

It was the right no. A no we should never have documented. But Instagram never forgets.

The memory pops up on my cell screen like a sucker punch to the gut.

Look. There we are.

Twenty years ago. Fresh-faced. Naive. Twenty-two.

Him down on one knee, holding a ring he bought with his first internship paycheck. The grainy flip-phone photo screams early 2000s, back when we were young, stupid, and in love. And I was stupid enough to believe that was enough. So, the second time he proposed, last year, I said yes.

My thumb hovers over the delete button on the photo. Again.

I should remove it, just like I removed every other picture of us after discovering my ex-college roommate's infinitely more risqué ones.

The ones of her and my fiancé.

Couples' yoga in Bali. Sipping wine in Tuscany. Making heart hands in front of the Eiffel Tower.

All on days he was supposedly at PR conferences.

All on days I was handling our life together—alone.

"That's it." My older sister Kat's voice cuts through my spiral.  
"No more."

In a Vegas hotel room, sounds tend to echo, and hers does, reaching me under the bulky white duvets. Burrowing deeper into the thousand-thread-count sheets I've been marinating in for two days, I roll over. "Leave me alone, Kat."

"I have," she says, her voice getting closer. "For two days. Two days I've let you sleep."

"It's my bachelorette weekend. I can do what I want."

"Which," I hear her cleaning up the room service carnage, "is why Lily and I let you rot in bed. But technically, this isn't your bachelorette weekend. We canceled that a month ago. This is 'Fuck Will Drake' weekend, and you're ruining it."

My phone buzzes with another notification.

Probably one of my clients. Some Washington Hill politician trying to dodge a sex scandal. Or another A-list celebrity trying to scrub paparazzi shots of her leaving a vaginal steaming session.

I start to reach for the phone, but Kat snags it first.

"Hey!" I kick the covers.

"Don't 'hey' me." She tucks the phone out of reach. "The world won't implode if you take one night off from being Wonder Woman."

"Bold of you to assume I'm wearing the costume under this ratty shirt."

"At least she still has her sense of humor," my younger sister, Lily, calls from across the room. Her long caramel-brown curtains around her face as she sprawls by the window, painting her nails some shade of nuclear pink. "Though I vote we find Jenny Whatever-Her-Name-Is and see how funny she thinks my right hook is."

"Lily," Kat warns.

"What? There are worse things than assault charges when family's involved."

"No one's assaulting anyone," I manage, though the offer warms something in my chest. "I'm a professional. An adult. Therefore, I plan to handle this like one."

"By stalking her Instagram and triple-ordering room service?"

"I prefer to think of it as conducting opposition research while supporting the local hospitality industry."

"You're also organizing Dad's medical bills," Kat notes, scrolling through my phone. "And checking Lily's credit score."

"Hey!" Lily protests. "I told you I paid that parking ticket."

"The six parking tickets," I correct, pulling the covers over my head. "And the late fee on your student loans."

"See?" Lily whines. "Even heartbroken, she can't stop managing everyone's life. It's like her superpower."

"Along with my ability to spot bullshit from a mile away. Which clearly needs recalibrating since I missed nineteen years of Will's."

"You didn't miss it." Kat's voice—not to mention those signature disapproving hazel eyes of hers—hardens. "You chose to believe the best in someone you loved. There's a difference."

"Yeah," Lily adds, "the difference is he's an asshole who didn't deserve you. Now, can we please go destroy his life? I know people."

I finally lower the covers. "What people?"

"You know... people. Who do things. Legally adjacent things."

"Did you just offer to have my ex whacked?"

"More like professionally inconvenienced." She examines her nails. "Though if he happened to get food poisoning at an important meeting..."

"No one's poisoning anyone," Kat interjects, though her lips twitch. "But I might know someone at the IRS who owes me a favor."

I shift in my nest of sheets, grimacing as something crinkles beneath me. Probably the wrapper from last night's chocolate lava cake. Or this morning's. Or the one I definitely didn't order at 3 AM.

"I should change these sheets," I mutter, picking at what appears to be fossilized ganache.

"You think?" Lily's amber eyes bear a hole into my bed. "Pretty sure there's enough chocolate in there to qualify as a geological formation."

Kat lifts the corner of my duvet, then immediately drops it. "Oh God. Did you eat an entire cake in bed?"

"Don't be ridiculous." I brush crumbs off my shirt. "I ate three entire cakes. And something called a 'Death by Chocolate Symphony' that I'm pretty sure violated several FDA regulations."

"And the candy bars?" Lily points to a pile of wrappers.

"Emotional support."

"And the ice cream?"

"Medicinal purposes." I shift again, wincing as crumbs migrate to uncomfortable places. "Though in retrospect, maybe eating a pint of Rocky Road while lying down wasn't my best life choice."

"At least it wasn't the hot fudge sundae," Lily offers.

Kat and I both look at her.

"The one you ordered last night?" Lily continues. "That's currently..." She gestures to a suspicious dark stain by my pillow.

"Oh God." I finally sit up, dislodging what feels like half a bakery's worth of crumbs. "I'm disgusting."



"No," Kat says firmly, blonde bob swaying as she turns on me. "You're grieving. Though maybe next time we grieve with less structural damage to the bedding. And maybe fit in a shower."

"I showered yesterday."

"No, you didn't." Lily wrinkles her nose. "Trust me, we'd know."

My phone buzzes again in Kat's hand. Probably the pharmacy. Dad's prescriptions need refilling, and—

"Stop." Kat's fingers wrap around mine. "Whatever you're thinking about fixing right now? It can wait."

Something in her tone makes my throat tight.

Kat sighs. "One night. No responsibilities. No overthinking. Just good, 'fuck you' fun."

I hesitate, and Lily bounces up, heading for the closet. "You need something sparkly, several inadvisable cocktails, and to remember that you're Ariana fucking Bristol."

Kat nudges me. "Let us help. One night. If you hate it, you can come back here and stop your latest client's ass-injection photos from going viral."

I look at them—one holding revenge dresses, the other holding my hand like she's afraid I'll break.

Maybe I already have.

I take a deep breath. "I guess..."

Kat quirks an eyebrow. "You guess what?"

"I guess...I'm in."

Lily claps. "Yes! This is gonna be so good."

I swing my legs out of bed. "But just so you know, I've been sober for six months. So under no circumstances should you let me drink."

They exchange knowing looks.

"Of course not," Kat says.

"Absolutely," Lily agrees. "What do you think we are, heathens?"

Yes. Yes, I do.

But first, I need to wash my ass.

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