

# Undercover Billionaire

by Alison Reid



“She said she loved me,” he muttered, tossing back the last of his drink, the scotch warming nothing but his temper. “But what she really loved was the jet and the Amalfi sunsets.”

Theo had only grunted knowingly, swirling his own glass like it held the secrets of the universe. “They fall in love with your lifestyle, not you,” he said, voice lazy and lips curled around the truth like a knife. “Your money. Your name. Your power. Strip all that away and what are you?”

Alex scoffed, jaw tightening. “Still me, I’d imagine.”

Theo leaned forward, eyes gleaming. “I bet if you had no money, no title, no tailored suits or chauffeured cars... you couldn’t make a woman fall for you in a month.”

Alex laughed. Sharp. Disbelieving. “A month? What is this, a Jane Austen novel?”

“I’m serious,” Theo pressed, the kind of serious that usually ended in spectacular chaos. “No wealth. No reputation. Just you. Could you win her heart then?”

Alex had waved it off as drunken nonsense. But later, in the dark silence of his penthouse—after Theo left and the city quieted to a low electric murmur—

the words refused to leave him. They echoed in the corners of his mind, gnawing at something he didn't want to name.

What if Theo was right?

What if, stripped of the polish and privilege, he was nothing special at all?

What if women only loved the Dawson brand, not the man?

By morning, the question had hardened into a dare.

He called Theo before breakfast.

“I'm in.”

“Pardon?”

“The bet. A month. One million pounds to the winner.”

Theo's laughter crackled down the line. “You're actually doing it?”

“Watch me.”

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