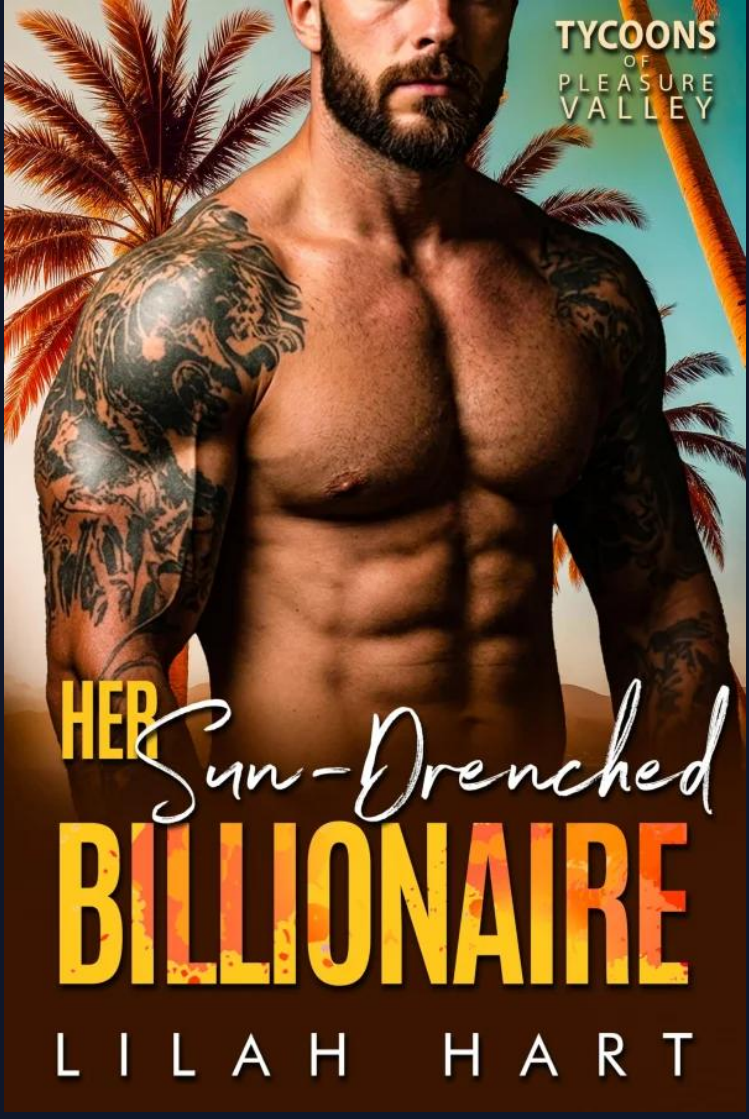
TYCOONS
OF
PLEASURE
VALLEY
HER
Sun-Drenched
BILLIONAIRE
LILAH HART

Her Sun-Drenched Billionaire

by **Lilah Hart**

BOOK DESCRIPTION

Steamy billionaire age-gap romance with a tattooed EdTech CEO who built a glass house full of light and lived alone in it—A nonprofit fundraiser meets the man she's been leaving voicemails for on a rooftop at golden hour, wrapped in instalove certainty, gala-night vulnerability, sun-drenched chemistry, and the kind of borrowed mission that cracks open when someone finally asks what you want for yourself.

She spent her whole life fighting for other people. He was the one fight she almost didn't take.

ELIZA

I'd called his office four times. Four voicemails. Professional, specific, increasingly creative. August Quinn—EdTech billionaire, the one the press called "the private one"—was not returning my calls.

I needed a keynote speaker for the gala I'd spent six months building. He needed to care about sixty-two kids the way he used to before his company made seven hundred million dollars and the original mission got buried three

clicks deep in a dashboard he hadn't opened in two years.

So when everyone left the rooftop happy hour and I stayed to leave voicemail number five, I didn't expect the man himself to be standing by the fireplace with a drink, listening to me pitch his own assistant.

Dark beard. Broad chest. Tattoos past his sleeves—layered, organic, nothing like the clean-shave corporate headshot I'd been staring at for weeks.

He said yes before I finished talking. I asked why. He didn't answer.

He answered later. At Bitstream over planning sessions where I gave him the donor version and he said, "That's the deck version. What's the real one." At his glass treehouse on the north edge of the valley—cantilevered into the trees, light from every direction, beautiful and completely empty. A guest room nobody had ever slept in. A fridge with nothing perishable.

He told me about the scholarship program that saved him. The mentor who never missed a session. How the funding ran out when he was seventeen, and nobody followed up. Nobody called. Nobody came looking.

I put my hand on his chest and told him I would have come

looking.

That's when the glass wall behind me stopped being architecture and became the place where everything changed. He pressed me against it with the valley below us and the light fading from gold to dark, and I understood that this man had built a house designed for connection and spent four years alone in it.

The problem was that I'd spent my whole life carrying my mother's mission—the relay baton nobody handed me—and wanting something for myself felt like becoming her at the kitchen table the night she quit. The selflessness wasn't dedication. It was fear. And August Quinn standing at a podium telling two hundred people that nobody came looking while my mother cried in the third row was the moment I stopped pretending I wasn't allowed to want this.

I didn't let go of the mission. I made room.

Featuring these tropes:

Tattooed billionaire CEO who lost his own mission

Nonprofit fundraiser carrying her mother's dream

Rooftop meet-cute at golden hour

Gala-night vulnerability that strips away every wall

Virgin heroine, experienced hero

GENRE: Contemporary Billionaire Romance

TROPES: instalove, age gap, he fell first, tattooed billionaire, virgin heroine, grumpy-sunshine, forced proximity

TONE: sun-drenched warmth, emotional authenticity, borrowed-dream tension, summer heat

HEAT LEVEL: steamy open-door, first-time chemistry, possessive alpha heat

COMPS: Pleasure Valley billionaire romance, tech CEO instalove, nonprofit heroine forced proximity, tattooed alpha billionaire HEA

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