

LAKEFRONT BILLIONAIRES

MR. AND MRS. VITTORI  
REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR COMPANY



*Liliana & Enzo*

I A



LOVE

ARRANGED

0817

INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING AUTHOR

LAUREN ASHER

Dear Reader,

Ever since Lorenzo Vittori was first introduced as an antagonist, I wanted to dive deeper into his backstory, and finally, I was able to with “Love Arranged”. As Julian Lopez’s enemy, I knew Lorenzo had a lot to prove, and “Love Arranged” gives him an opportunity to tell his story. His “relationship” with Lily allows us to see who Lorenzo is—but more importantly who he isn’t—and I truly loved exploring his character arc.

I hope you love seeing Lily and Lorenzo’s romance transform throughout the book I’ve been waiting to tell their story ever since “Love Redesigned”, and I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I did writing it.

Welcome back to Lake Wisteria, Lauren Asher

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of a large, loopy 'L' and 'A' intertwined.



LAKEFRONT BILLIONAIRES



INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING AUTHOR

LAUREN ASHER

  
PIATKUS

Expand / collapse Extended Description

Love Arranged on pieces of paper, like from a scrap book. Behind it is a textured paper with small, faint flowers on.

PIATKUS

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## **ALSO BY LAUREN ASHER...**

### **LAKEFRONT BILLIONAIRES SERIES**

A series of interconnected standalones

*Love Redesigned*

*Love Unwritten*

*Love Arranged*

### **DREAMLAND BILLIONAIRES SERIES**

A series of interconnected standalones

*The Fine Print*

*Terms and Conditions*

*Final Offer*

### **DIRTY AIR SERIES**

A series of interconnected standalones

*Throttled*

*Collided*

*Wrecked*

*Redeemed*

*Scan the code to read the books*



*To those who dream of falling in love.*

*And to anyone who fears it.*

*Love is one of life's greatest rewards,  
so long as you're prepared to work for it.*



# CONTENTS

[Also by Lauren Asher...](#)

[Author Note and Content Warning](#)

[Playlists](#)

[Prologue: Lorenzo](#)

[Chapter One: Lily](#)

[Chapter Two: Lorenzo](#)

[Chapter Three: Lily](#)

[Chapter Four: Lily](#)

[Chapter Five: Lily](#)

[Chapter Six: Lorenzo](#)

[Chapter Seven: Lily](#)

[Chapter Eight: Lorenzo](#)

[Chapter Nine: Lily](#)

[Chapter Ten: Lorenzo](#)

[Chapter Eleven: Lorenzo](#)

[Chapter Twelve: Lily](#)

[Chapter Thirteen: Lorenzo](#)

[Chapter Fourteen: Lily](#)

[Chapter Fifteen: Lily](#)

[Chapter Sixteen: Lorenzo](#)

[Chapter Seventeen: Lily](#)

[Chapter Eighteen: Lorenzo](#)

[Chapter Nineteen: Lily](#)

[Chapter Twenty: Lorenzo](#)

[Chapter Twenty-One: Lorenzo](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Two: Lily](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Three: Lily](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Four: Lorenzo](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Five: Lily](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Six: Lily](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Seven: Lorenzo](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Eight: Lorenzo](#)  
[Chapter Twenty-Nine: Lily](#)  
[Chapter Thirty: Lily](#)  
[Chapter Thirty-One: Lorenzo](#)  
[Chapter Thirty-Two: Lily](#)  
[Chapter Thirty-Three: Lorenzo](#)  
[Chapter Thirty-Four: Lily](#)  
[Chapter Thirty-Five: Lorenzo](#)  
[Chapter Thirty-Six: Lorenzo](#)  
[Chapter Thirty-Seven: Lorenzo](#)  
[Chapter Thirty-Eight: Lorenzo](#)  
[Chapter Thirty-Nine: Lily](#)  
[Chapter Forty: Lily](#)  
[Chapter Forty-One: Lorenzo](#)  
[Chapter Forty-Two: Lily](#)  
[Chapter Forty-Three: Lorenzo](#)  
[Chapter Forty-Four: Lorenzo](#)  
[Chapter Forty-Five: Lily](#)  
[Chapter Forty-Six: Lorenzo](#)  
[Chapter Forty-Seven: Lily](#)  
[Chapter Forty-Eight: Lorenzo](#)  
[Chapter Forty-Nine: Lily](#)  
[Chapter Fifty: Lorenzo](#)  
[Chapter Fifty-One: Lily](#)  
[Chapter Fifty-Two: Lily](#)  
[Chapter Fifty-Three: Lorenzo](#)  
[Chapter Fifty-Four: Lily](#)  
[Chapter Fifty-Five: Lily](#)  
[Chapter Fifty-Six: Lorenzo](#)

[Epilogue: Lily](#)  
[Extended Epilogue: Lorenzo](#)  
[Bonus Scene: Lorenzo](#)  
[Acknowledgments](#)

## **AUTHOR NOTE AND** **CONTENT WARNING**

*Love Arranged* is considered a standalone novel, but events in this book coincide with those in *Love Redesigned* and *Love Unwritten*, the first and second books in the Lakefront Billionaires series.

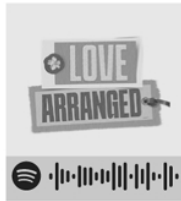
This love story contains explicit content and topics that may be sensitive to some readers. For a more detailed content warning list, please scan the QR code or visit <https://laurenasher.com/lalbcontentwarnings/>



# **PLAYLISTS**



Love Arranged by Lauren Asher



Scan to listen



**Love Arranged**

Playlist



**Flower Shop Pop**

Playlist



**Road Trip Requirements**

Playlist



**I Hate Running**

Playlist



**Dancing Around In The Kitchen**

Playlist





Expand / collapse Extended Description

Text reads: Scan to read: linking to Spotify. List of Love Arranged playlist, Flower Shop Pop playlist, Road Trip Requirements playlist, I Hate Running Playlist, Dancing Around In the Kitchen Playlist

09:15



# Welcome to Eros

An anonymous dating app inspired by Cupid's lesser-known Greek counterpart.

**Not familiar with the best love story in Greek mythology?** No worries! We'll give you a quick summary of what happened to the god of love.

Long story short: a mortal woman named Psyche fell in love with Eros without ever seeing his face, proving that beauty isn't skin-deep (and inspiring our "love is blind" twist).

**Get Started** —

**Login**

Expand / collapse Extended Description

Text reads: "Welcome to Eros. An anonymous dating app inspired by Cupid's lesser-known Greek counterpart. Not familiar with the best love story in Greek mythology? No worries! We'll give you a quick summary of what happened to the god of love. Long story short: a mortal woman named Psyche fell in love with Eros without ever seeing his face, proving that beauty isn't skin-deep (and inspiring our "love is blind" twist). Get started. Login.

09:18



**Before you aim arrows at possible matches, upload a photo of yourself.**



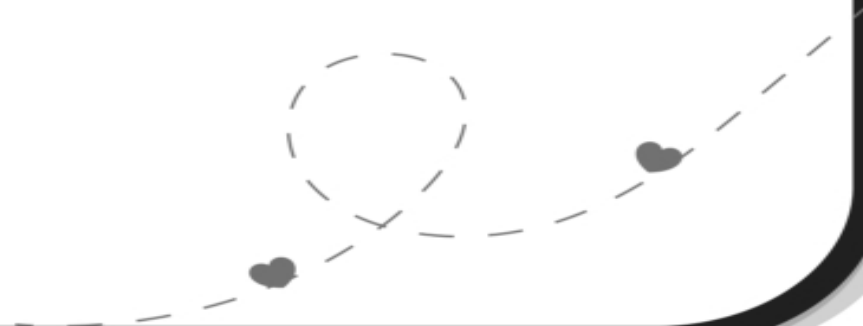
This photo will **not** be revealed until **you** choose to do so.



A match can request to see your photo, but there is a mythology-inspired catch that would make Aphrodite proud, so proceed with caution (seriously, brush up on your Greek myths and see what happened to Psyche before considering this option).

**Upload Your Photo**

**Continue**



Expand / collapse Extended Description

Text reads: "This photo will not be revealed until you choose to do so. A match can request to see your photo, but there is a mythology-inspired catch that would make Aphrodite proud, so proceed with caution (seriously, brush up on your Greek myths and see what happened to Psycho before considering this option)." Upload your photo. Continue.



09:21



**Now that your photo is  
uploaded, share a few facts  
about yourself.**

When's your birthday?

What's your gender?

Who are you looking to match with?

Who's your favorite Greek god or goddess?

Choose at least three interests

Reading

Movies

Music

Fashion

Cooking

Nature

Traveling

Cars

Animals/Pets

**Submit your answers**

09:23 ↵



# **You're all set!**

Now all you have to do is read our  
community guidelines below and click  
*I Agree* to start your love story.

**I Agree**

08:17



Eros



## It's a Match

Love is in the air because you  
have a **new match**



**Laurence**



**Ana**



Home



Likes



Chats



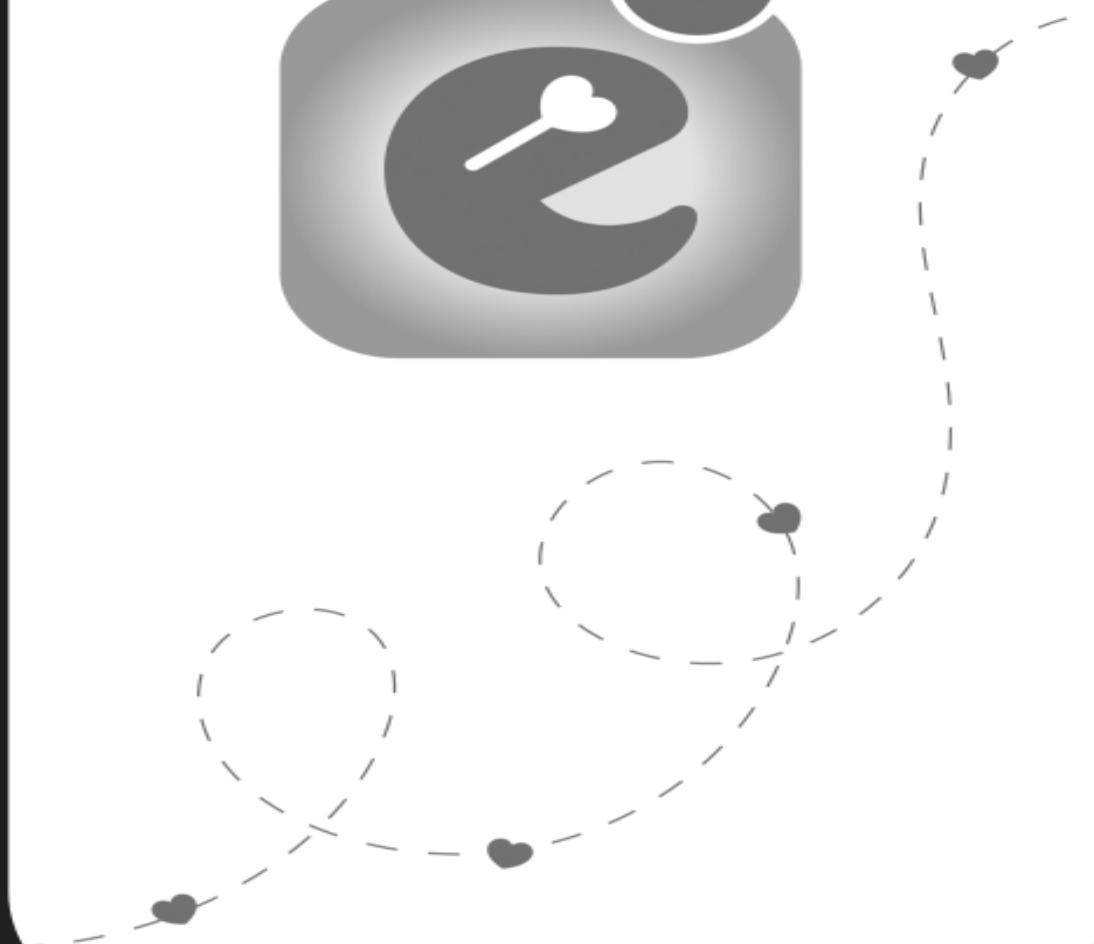
Profile

09:23 ↵



# August

Nearly One Year Ago...



**LAURENCE**

**Have you ever done something bad?**

**ANA**

**I can't tell if you're trying to flirt with me or scare me into never using Eros again.**

**LAURENCE**

**And if it's the first?**

**ANA**

**Well, if I have done something bad, then I'm not about to disclose it in a chat that some random IT guy could read when he's bored.**

**LAURENCE**

**And if it's the second option?**

**ANA**

**Then I have a feeling we're not talking about traffic violations or borrowing my sister's favorite sweater and shrinking it by accident.**

**LAURENCE**

**Most definitely not.**

**ANA**

**Good to know.**

**ANA**

**Then as your unofficial legal counsel, I need to advise you against continuing this conversation.**

**LAURENCE**

**Are you a lawyer?**

**ANA**

**After all the dramatized detective shows I've seen, I could run a law firm.**

**LAURENCE**

**Straight into the ground?**

**ANA**



**I'm wounded that you think so little of me. Have a little faith.**

**LAURENCE**

**I have some.**

**ANA**

**Just not the good kind?**

**LAURENCE**

**Exactly.**

**ANA**

**You are aware this is a dating app and not a crisis hotline, right?**

**LAURENCE**

**It's easy to forget given the state of your love life.**

**ANA**

**Mine? What about yours?**

**LAURENCE**

**It was DOA years ago.**

**ANA**

**Aw. Did someone break your heart?**

**LAURENCE**

**Who said I have one?**

**ANA**

**Well then now's my chance to drop a clichéd "everyone has a heart, even if yours is a bit broken" line.**

**LAURENCE**

**You've got a real talent for words.**

**ANA**

**Really?**

**LAURENCE**

**No.**

**ANA**

**Maybe it's time for me to delete this anonymous chat and find someone who appreciates my charm AND has no problem meeting up in person after spending the last few weeks messaging nonstop.**

**LAURENCE**

**Giving up already?**

**ANA**

**Your sunny disposition is starting to wear on me a bit.**

**LAURENCE**

**Your jokes are improving. I nearly laughed.**

**ANA**

**Is there hope for me yet?**

**LAURENCE**

**I hate to break it to you, but I have about as much hope as I do faith.**

**ANA**

**You know what I learned from fostering animals?**

**ANA**

**Hurt dogs don't holler. They bite.**



**ANA**

**Sometimes I think about packing my bags and going somewhere else.**

**LAURENCE**

**I don't believe you.**

**ANA**

**You're right. I love Lake Wisteria and plan on spending the rest of my life here. It's part of my whole thirty-year plan to buy a cottage, have a few kids, and start a bee sanctuary in my backyard.**

**LAURENCE**

**That's...oddly specific.**

**ANA**

**I've had a lot of time to think it over.**

**LAURENCE**

**I wouldn't have guessed.**

**ANA**

**Don't you have a thirty-year plan?**

**LAURENCE**

**No, and even if I did, I don't think it would include this town.**

**ANA**

**This place will warm up to you eventually. Mark my words.**

**LAURENCE**

**Nearly impossible with the brutal winters.**

**ANA**

**I take it you're not from somewhere cold.**

**LAURENCE**

**Hell is known to have the same temp year-round.**

**ANA**

**You're funny.**

**LAURENCE**

**Your bar is far too low.**

**ANA**

**At least it's easier for you to hit.**

**LAURENCE**

**You should expect more from people.**

**ANA**

**Why?**

**LAURENCE**

**Because if not, then you'll end up with someone like me.**

**ANA**

**Is that supposed to be a bad thing?**

**LAURENCE**

**You have no idea.**



**ANA**

**Do you ever feel lonely?**

**LAURENCE**

**No.**

**ANA**

**Let me guess: You enjoy your own company way too much.**

**LAURENCE**

**You'd understand if you heard the voice in my head.**

**ANA**

**You struggle with that too? I thought I was the only one.**

**ANA**

**Does yours always tell you to treat yourself to a sweet treat or new outfit when you've been mildly inconvenienced?**

**LAURENCE**

**No.**

**ANA**

**Oh.**

**ANA**

**That's disappointing.**

**ANA**

**Perhaps you should seek professional help then.**

**LAURENCE**

**Why do you feel lonely?**

**ANA**

**Forget about me. We're focusing on you for once.**

**LAURENCE**

**If I answer your question honestly, will you tell me?**

**ANA**

**Aw. You care about my feelings that much? I'm touched.**

**LAURENCE**

**More like I'm curious how someone like you could ever feel  
lonely a single day in her life.**

**ANA**

**I can't tell if you're insulting me or not.**

**LAURENCE**

**You'd know if I was.**

**ANA**

**Would it kill you to compliment someone from time to time?**

**ANA**

**And by someone, I mean me.**

**LAURENCE**

**And risk you expecting more of them?**

**ANA**

**The horror!!!**

**LAURENCE**

**Answer my question.**

**ANA**

**It might seem silly to someone who doesn't care for other  
people's company.**

**LAURENCE**

**I like yours.**

**Ana is offline.**

**Ana is online.**

**ANA**

**Sorry for the delay. I had to check if I accidentally fell asleep at work and started dreaming.**

**LAURENCE**

**And how did you do that?**

**ANA**

**It's best you don't ask.**

**LAURENCE**

**You're...**

**ANA**

**The most special woman you've ever met?**

**LAURENCE**

**No.**

**LAURENCE**

**You're the most special \*person\* I've ever met.**

**ANA**

**That better not be an insult.**

**LAURENCE**

**And if it wasn't?**

**ANA**

**Then you might end up proving this anonymous app isn't such a silly idea after all.**



**ANA**

**So, you're shipwrecked on an island and you can only bring three things. What are they?**

**LAURENCE**

**Things or people?**

**ANA**

**We both know you'd never willingly choose to be trapped with another human being.**

**LAURENCE**

**True.**

**LAURENCE**

**Or at least it was until I met you.**



**ANA**

**There's a Halloween party tomorrow at Last Call. I think it would be fun.**

**LAURENCE**

**Nice. Enjoy.**

**ANA**

**You should go.**

**LAURENCE**

**I'm busy.**

**ANA**

**Your blood sacrifices can wait.**

**LAURENCE**

**Tell that to the full moon.**

**ANA**

**I hope you're joking.**

**ANA**

**Please tell me you're kidding.**

**ANA**

**It's been five minutes and I'm still waiting for an answer.**

**LAURENCE**

**Let's leave it up to your imagination.**

**ANA**

**How about we don't since it tends to run a bit wild.**

**LAURENCE**

**This is your daily reminder that I'm not some vampire or werewolf.**

**ANA**

**Except that's exactly what someone would say to get me off their trail.**

**LAURENCE**

**Right.**

**ANA**

**Please come to the party.**

**ANA**

**Don't make me beg.**

**LAURENCE**

**I'd rather you didn't. I find submissiveness rather unattractive.**

**ANA**

**Funny because I feel the same way about someone running scared.**

**LAURENCE**

**I'm not scared.**

**ANA**

**Right. Sure you aren't.**

**LAURENCE**

**Why are you pushing for us to meet up?**

**ANA**

**I'm done giving you time to get to know me first.**

**ANA**

**Tomorrow is your only chance. I'll be dressed like a cowgirl. Pink hat. Lots of sparkles. Most likely to be found out on the dance floor with a passion fruit vodka seltzer in hand.**



**LAURENCE**

**I won't be attending.**

**ANA**

**What a shame. If you don't show up, then I plan on going home with someone else.**

**LAURENCE**

**Are you threatening me?**

**ANA**

**If you took it as one, that means you care more about me than you want to admit.**

**LAURENCE**

**I don't.**

**ANA**

**Then prove it.**

**Ana is offline**



**LAURENCE**

**When you see this tonight, run.**

**Laurence attached a photo**

**ANA**

**Run where? Straight into your arms?**

**LAURENCE**

**Why am I not surprised?**

**ANA**

**How did you get a mask like that on short notice?**

**LAURENCE**

**Don't worry about it.**

**ANA**

**Please. The only thing I'm worried about is the way I'll react in public once we finally meet.**

**Ana is offline**

# PROLOGUE

*Lorenzo*

Up until yesterday, I loved a good challenge. I *thrived* off them, but then Ana came along, calling my bluff when she threatened to go home tonight with another man should I not show up.

I knew it then that I lost the game, and after tonight, I'll lose her for good.

*She was never yours to keep.*

Ignoring the knot of unease growing in my chest, I slip my mask over my face and enter the crowded bar. I've never seen Last Call this packed before, the entire space full of people wearing a variety of costumes, all of which required far more effort than my plain black shirt, jeans, and light-up mask with neon blue stitching for the eyes and mouth.

I search the room full of people for the woman who has plagued my mind since she first messaged me. I've spent two months wondering if every woman I talk to is *her*.

Two months of overthinking. Of *denial*. Of me trying to distance myself from Ana, who was someone I had no business pursuing once I determined I would never choose her to be my fake fiancée.

*I couldn't.*

I tried to let her go, but I failed. Then I tried again, only to end up right where Ana wants me, searching the dance floor for a woman dressed in a pink, sparkly dress and matching cowboy hat.

I tell myself to stick to the perimeter. That if I don't find her in five minutes, I'll take it as a sign.

Fate must enjoy making a mockery of my life, because the moment I start the countdown, the crowd begins to part. It's as if someone drove an invisible wedge down the center of the dance floor, separating people to reveal Ana at the center, a glow from a random spotlight shining down on her.

Or should I call her *Liliana*.

My heart, which has been acting up ever since I walked into the bar, picks up speed, the bass from the loud music adding to the intense pulsing sensation in my ears.

I take a step back, and then another, only to stumble on my third when Lily locks eyes with me.

Everyone else fades away, as if they were banished into darkness as her bright, carefree smile grows, stretching her perfectly plump lips. I'm stunned, my useless body on standby as she heads over to me.

Her steps are confident as she walks in my direction, all while I stare, trying to make sense of the fact that my Ana is none other than Liliana Muñoz.

It must be a trick. It doesn't make sense that someone who attracts positive attention and exudes kindness with every interaction likes *me*. If it weren't for Lily clearly recognizing my mask, I would've thought her costume is only a coincidence.

In all the scenarios I've imagined, Ana wasn't the same ethereal woman whose smile dazzled me nearly a year ago when she slid into the empty seat beside me at church, her brown eyes warm and welcoming as they swept over me.

*"So you're the one everyone is talking about this week," she says.*

*"I feel like I'm at a disadvantage because I have no idea who you are."*

*Her smile remains, somehow even brighter than before. "Lily Muñoz." She holds her hand out, and I hesitate to reach for it. I don't like to touch others unless necessary, but the longer her hand hangs in the air, the more inclined I am to grab it.*

*When I do, an excited current of unfamiliar energy shoots up my arm, zapping away all worried thoughts about physical contact.*

*"Lorenzo Vittori." My voice drops an octave.*

*"Nice to meet you, Lorenzo," she replies, my name sounding like pure sin from her luscious lips.*

*"So," I whisper. "I feel compelled to ask: What exactly are people saying about me?"*

*She laughs—a sound that makes me feel closer to heaven than any religious service or gospel. "I don't like to gossip."*

*"You just enjoy listening to it, then?"*

*"Guilty as charged." She winks, and all hell breaks loose in my stomach as—I can't believe I'm saying this—butterflies take flight.*

The memory shimmers away, but that same wild feeling in my stomach remains as my past and present blend together.

“Well, well. Look who decided to show up after all.” Lily traces a line up the center of my chest with her index finger, leaving a path of heated skin in her wake.

I stay quiet because I’m unsure if she’d be able to recognize my voice from all the mayoral ads showing on local TV.

“Are we playing the silent game?” She teases the bottom of my mask with her thumb while her pinky tickles my throat.

I shiver, the reaction far from subtle.

Her smile grows impossibly large. “Fine. It’s a good thing you don’t need to talk while dancing.”

She laces her fingers with mine and drags me onto the dance floor, making me forget all about my boundaries as I get lost in the music.

As I get lost in *her*.

I hand over my control for ten minutes. Ten all-too-short minutes that fly by before I’m promising myself another five. But then fifteen turns into thirty, and next thing I know, Lily is fully in charge of our ruin as she tows me through the crowd and down a back hallway.

All she needs to do is throw me a secretive smile from over her shoulder, and every previous reservation I had about taking this further disappears.

People don’t pay us much attention, either because they’re too busy hooking up or too distracted by their friends while they wait to use the restroom.

I have no idea where she is taking me, but we somehow end up outside. The emergency exit door slams shut behind us before she cages me against it.

*Since when are you the type to relinquish control?* The anxious voice bleeds into the moment, threatening to destroy it.

*This isn’t you,* my instincts scream.

*Run now before it’s too late,* the voice reminds me as Lily closes the gap between us until our chests touch.

There is a playful glint in her eyes as she slips her hand under my mask and teases my bottom lip with her thumb. A tingle erupts from a single pass, and before I think better of it, I nip at the pad of her thumb.