

Exposure to a Billionaire (Morgan James Fiction)

By Ann Menke

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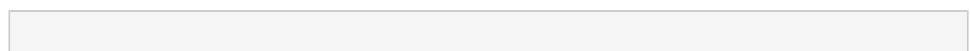
In Exposure to a Billionaire, a tragic event opens the door for Anna St. James to realize her lifelong dream. With one step onto the luxurious private airplane of the world's second richest man, Mr. Stuart Manning, Anna is swept up into a world of power, unlimited wealth, and yes, greed.

Offered a salary beyond her wildest imagination, she becomes Mr. Manning's personal flight attendant and dives headlong into this new life—magnificent yachts, exotic trips from Phuket to Paris, movie premieres with wardrobes and gifts to match. How could Anna ever go back to the life she once knew?

Will Cade, her first love, understand her commitment to dropping everything whenever her billionaire boss calls? Why has Anna been chosen for this position out of hundreds who would have died for her job?

Trust in this world is a rare commodity. When Mr. Manning asks her for a promise, Anna wonders if he wants more than she is willing to give. In the midst of all this, a mysterious Jean Michel Durand steps foot into Anna's new existence. Thus begins a turbulent, adrenaline-charged adventure spanning the world as Anna discovers a convoluted evil plot while experiencing loss and aching sorrow for her one true love. Even in heartache, she fights to keep an important promise in a world where all that glitters isn't gold. Can she stay true to herself against a backdrop of vast power and wealth?

Find out in *Exposure to a Billionaire*.



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Editorial Review

Review

Fasten your seat belt and get ready for the adventure of a lifetime! In *Exposure to a Billionaire*, Ann Menke takes readers on an exclusive journey around the world with an elite set of rich and famous. Both hilarious and heartwarming, Menke's debut is filled with opulent wealth, sweet romance, and stunning scenery. I wish I could have read this while jet setting to Venice or Phuket, but alas, I'm quite happy to live vicariously through Menke's endearing heroine and her international quest for love and laughter. -**Melanie Dobson**, award-winning author of *Chateau of Secrets* and *Shadows of Ladenbrooke Manor*

In *Exposure to a Billionaire*, the reader is quickly swept away into a world that only a privileged few get to experience. Live the lifestyle of vast wealth and power vicariously as Ann Menke accurately brings situations to life in their lush settings. Add to that, amazingly accurate descriptions of some of the finest destinations in the world, AND, be prepared for fast moving adventure. -**Casey Powell**, CEO of Sequent Computer Systems, Inc.

Ann Menke and I traveled the world over the years through our careers with a front row seat to many exotic locations few will ever experience and a list of passengers one could only dream about. In *Exposure to a Billionaire* she has achieved an irresistible and beautiful story...romance, adventure and a rare look into the world of the fabulously wealthy. A must read. -**Kristina Bauer Selten**, Corporate Flight Attendant

Exposure to a Billionaire expertly weaves a witty tale woven together beyond a glance, but with a true inside view into the world of vast power and wealth. This is a world most can only dream about, yet we together have seen it. Dazzling, fun and what an adventure! -**Chris Weidman**, Director of Aviation

In the news business, reporters are often asked what celebrities are *really* like. They want a behind the scenes look. In *Exposure to a Billionaire*-fictional account based on Ann Menke's fascinating career as a corporate flight attendant-you'll jettison to the rarified air where A-list movie stars, corporate titans, musicians, athletes and political leaders are pampered beyond even their wildest dreams. Heroine Anna St. James, invites you onboard the latest Gulfstream, to a world of Cristal Champagne, Louis Vuitton, Stella McCartney and Chanel wardrobes, and travel to exotic destinations around the globe. The story unfolds with Anna flying to adventures in Venice, the South of France, overnight to Cairo-to see the Pyramids at just the right light, of course-onto a 5 star safari lodge in South Africa, and a wedding in Mauritius. You'll read wide-eyed at her required tasks: Creating gift bags worth \$3,500 dollars, plotting scavenger hunts where the prize is a four karat diamond (to each member of the winning team), and the general care and feeding of the world's most colorful characters. All this while Anna finds love, and she and her billionaire help save children around the world. Enjoy the ride! -**Shirley Hancock**, award-winning journalist and former CBS affiliate news anchor

A story of captivating secrets, torn relationships, and love strong enough to circle the globe. I could not put it down...it's that good! -**Pam Vredevelt**, LPC, best-selling author of *Angel Behind the Rocking Chair* and *Empty Arms*

There are many ways to see the world. In *Exposure to a Billionaire*, author Ann Menke 'jets off' delivering an entertaining tale in this delightful read. The locations come alive while unexpected twists and turns keep you guessing what's next. It's been fun to share in the adventure. -**Rod and Carol Wendt**

Traveling the world as a Photographer, I learned about another Ann Menke who is a Corporate Flight Attendant and Author. We have become friends over the years sharing our latest travels and celebrating our achievements. She is the author of *Exposure to a Billionaire*, a novel I couldn't put down. All I can say is, "Big dreams, deep longings, lost loves...A great getaway novel!" -**Anne Menke**, *See the World Beautiful*, World Famous Fashion Photographer (Yes...the other Anne Menke)

Ann Menke has brought some amazing adventures and the lifestyle of what it's actually like in the world of corporate aviation and the ultra rich. *Exposure to a Billionaire* introduces you to the talented and very adaptable Anna St. James, who has fallen into the incredible life...that of a corporate flight attendant. Ann's intimate knowledge of the corporate aviation lifestyle has allowed her to weave a fiction novel with unbelievable stories based on her career. Each chapter brought back so many amazing memories from my own flying experiences over the last 20 years. I couldn't put the book down, compelled to see what next crazy adventure Ms. Anna would run into next. -**Sara Culver-Truby**, Corporate Flight Attendant

About the Author

Ann Menke's twenty-five-year-plus career as a corporate flight attendant took her all over the world. She trained flight attendants, pilots, and spoke to professional organizations on safety and on-board services while managing an aviation department of flight attendants. Menke's passengers were some of the wealthiest and most famous celebrities in the world. In her fictional account, *Exposure to a Billionaire*, she takes you on a fabulous adventure into her world.

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Chapter One -The Glamour of It All, or so I Thought!

Once you have traveled, the voyage never ends, but is played out over and over again in the quietest chambers. The mind can never break off from the journey. -Pat Conroy

VENICE! I was really going to Venice. Pinch me. I, Anna St. James, was about to arrive in Venice for the first time in my life. My heart had been racing in anticipation from the moment I had first heard our next trip would take us there. I had been propelled into a new lifestyle of flying for Mr. Stuart Manning over the last few months, seeing the world in nothing but the luxury afforded a billionaire. Yes, I was certainly getting used to this way of life in a hurry.

Descending upon this floating city of romance, I could see what looked like highways in the water below; boats were speckled throughout, racing to where, I could only imagine. Soon, I thought to myself, I will see the city I have heard so much about! We would only be here for a little over a day, but I didn't care. We would be landing in a few minutes, with the sun shining brightly overhead and Brian, my trusty pilot, ready to be my tour guide once we got settled at the famed Hotel Danieli.

Getting here, however, had not been so wonderful. Mr. Manning had a business associate on board. Yes, two of the richest men in the world together on this one airplane. The contrast between the two was evident from

the beginning. Mr. Manning was kind, compassionate, and thoughtful, while Mr. Allister Cummings was aloof to the point of rudeness. He also did us the favor of bringing his administrative assistant/mistress along for the trip. Precious, if that was her real name, was a petite firecracker from the moment she boarded the airplane. That's a polite way of saying she was high maintenance. Both men had meetings scheduled in the afternoon, followed by an elegant dinner party on the island of Murano in the evening, and Precious wanted to shop until she dropped. It looked like she already had all that money could buy, but there were deep pockets in the company of Mr. Allister Cummings.

Precious boarded in Paris as if she owned the airplane?bags and suitcases along with luggage carts full of her shopping purchases in tow. Yes, she and Mr. Allister Cummings deserved each other. The first words out of her mouth were, "Stewardess, can you get me a blanket?"

Stewardess? You've got to be kidding me! I reluctantly gave her one of our beautiful cashmere throws, dyed to match the leather seats and soft as silk. "Stewardess, this blanket is not warm enough. I want something warm and soft, not this thing. I forgot my skincare kit in my suitcase. I assume you have La Mer products on board?"

Oh, I would give her a warm blanket and La Mer all right. Thankfully, I had stocked the airplane with the luxury toiletries of her liking. I approached her seat again with a soft Restoration Hardware blanket I used for our beds and an overnight La Mer kit for women. She took the items quickly, without a thank you but with some sort of affirming grunt. "This will do."

Mr. Manning looked over, imploring me to hang in there. Almost on cue, Precious said, "I use the lifting and firming mask but don't see it in here. Where is the lip balm? At least you have the mist."

Ignoring Mr. Manning's silent look and knowing I would probably never have darling Precious on board again, I leaned over, opening my mouth with the biggest phony smile I could work up and summoned a voice to match. "I'm so glad we have the mist for you. If you need other items, please, next time, send your shopping list to Mr. Manning's administrative assistant, Linda, who will forward it to me. That way I can have exactly what you would like on board."

Not missing a beat, she demanded, "I need a hair brush and comb, too."

Did this look like a Neiman Marcus department store? I was on to her little game as I went to fetch her comb and brush. She took them from me with a shrug, "Well, at least you have Mason Pearson brushes on board. You know, they are the only kind I use."

Good to know. I was just out of her sight, and feeling relieved, when I heard the service button activate just before takeoff. Her head was leaning into the aisle as she called me: “Stewardess? Stewardess?”

I have been known to get a little agitated when called stewardess. Up until this point, I had shown great self-control. In the phoniest smile I could possibly muster I asked how I could help her. Her response, “What kind of champagne do you have on board?”

“You can ask Mr. Manning more about the champagne from his Sonoma SMS winery. I think you will find it an excellent champagne.”

“Well” she said, “I guess that will have to do. I personally like Cristal.”

“Good.”

I tossed Mr. Manning an eye roll on my way back again to the galley, wanting to slip arsenic in her champagne. My Jimmy Choos were already hurting with the repeated trips back and forth to fulfill every request of Miss Precious. We hadn’t taken off yet, and I was exhausted!

Mr. Cummings finally spoke, but it was as if I wasn’t standing there in front of him. In retrospect, I wished he hadn’t said anything. All I heard was, “I want eggs Benedict for breakfast.”

That was it! No “please” or “may I have?” All he gave me was a command: “I want eggs Benedict.” Did he not see the menu in front of him? Eggs Benedict most certainly was not on the menu. I gave him that awful, fake, flight attendant smile, walking back to the galley to make a quick call during takeoff to Nancy, our chef back home, asking how to make eggs Benedict. She laughed, putting me immediately at ease with instructions on how to pull off this miraculous feat while taking off from Paris. I thankfully had the exact ingredients on board.

Serving Mr. Allister Cummings his requested eggs Benedict, my frozen, flight attendant smile was plastered on my face. I know my expression was not lost on Mr. Manning!

It took all my restraint during the flight to remain civil. The minutes until we landed in Venice couldn’t go by quickly enough. If Precious wiggled her champagne flute in the air one more time for a refill, stop me; I wouldn’t be responsible for what I might do.

Descending for our final approach, I checked with Brian and Chris in the cockpit. They told me in just a few minutes we would be on the ground and ready for our day in Venice. Okay, Anna, I thought to myself, you can do this. I had just seated myself for landing when she did the wiggle, not even bothering to look up as she committed the act. My only visual was picturing her neck between my hands. I caught another plea from Mr. Manning's eyes, so I went over with my best flight attendant's voice and asked Precious, "When you wiggle your glass in the air, does that mean you would like more champagne? You do know that we will be on the ground in less than three minutes, right? Can you wait?"

She ignored me, so I sat down. I felt nothing short of relief when we landed and pulled up to our FBO (Fixed Base Operation), Venice General Aviation, for VIP services. I knew my time with Precious was almost done and Mr. Manning would be my only passenger the following day. That's when I heard her ask Allister for eye drops out of her purse. I wondered why she couldn't get them herself, but then, I watched as Precious wiggled out of her seat and onto Allister's lap. "Allister, sugar, can you put my eye drops in for me?"

I wanted to gag! With a flare for drama, he dropped the liquid into her eyes, sealing the act with a kiss. Within seconds, the screaming began. Now what was the problem? In full-fledged panic, with arms flailing wildly about, she screamed, "I CAN'T OPEN MY EYES!"

Yes, Mr. Allister Cummings had just put superglue into his precious girlfriend's eyes?instead of her eye drops. It really was an emergency but, oh, never mind. I raced back to the galley for wet compact cloths to put over her eyes?anything to stop the screaming. "Precious," I implored, "You need to hold still. If not, it could cause further complications. Let's get you to the hospital immediately."

I looked up at Mr. Manning and Mr. Cummings, expecting they would escort her to the hospital. That was wishful thinking on my part. Already late for their meeting, the two seemed rather inconvenienced by the entire ordeal. The pilots proved no further help in assisting the eyes-closed-shut Precious. Of course, it was up to me.

Precious's intermittent moans narrated my first journey through Venice as the water ambulance whisked us off to the nearest Italian hospital. The city's vivid colors welcomed our approach, even in the oddest of circumstances. The wind drew color to my cheeks and a few splashes of cool water awakened my senses dulled from the flight. The city was breathtaking.

The Hotel Danieli glowed with pink-orange hues of paradise in the distance as we made our way to the Ospedale Civile di Venezia at Scuola Grande di San Marco in Campo Giovanni e Paolo. The building was enormous, and my romantic vision of Venice soon evaporated in a sea of white scrubs. Ever since the ambulance boat pilot had indicated the whereabouts of the Hotel Danieli, I had wanted to make a run for it. Precious must have sensed my eagerness to run as she grabbed my hand and begged me not to leave her. She knew my name after all. "Anna, please don't leave me here alone. I can't do this without you!"

I, Anna St. James, was stuck in Venice, in an ospetale with a woman named Precious, mistress to one of the richest men in the world!

Users Review

From reader reviews:

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