

I have to
claim her.



Capturing His
Kitten
MIINK

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CAPTURING HIS KITTEN

MINK

Mariana isn't the kind of woman I ever expected to have a chance with. Not when I'm a rough enforcer, someone who shouldn't be within ten feet of anyone as innocent as Mariana. But I can't shake my need to have her, and when she looks at me with those big eyes, I can feel the heat behind them. She wants me just as badly.

So I take her, all of her, and I claim her body and soul for myself. She's the only one who's ever been able to tame my violent heart.

But we have a past full of shadows, and there's one in particular we'll have to face before we can start our new life together. Even so, I'll never let Mariana slip through my fingers, no matter what.

I stare up at the ceiling, my body numb. Either I'm a psychopath or I'm on emotional overload. I'm not sure how I should be feeling right now, knowing that my father is somewhere close by, likely tied to a chair bleeding to death. I close my eyes to picture the moment again when Fenton pulled out the knife and stabbed my father right in the chest, hoping that maybe this time I'll have some remorse.

But still I feel nothing.

The only time I can seem to get myself to experience any type of emotion right now is when I think of Fenton. It might have to do with the fact he makes me feel things I've never felt before. He also makes me want things I can never have. Especially with a man like him and the world he lives in.

For as long as I can remember, I've wanted out of this life. It's clear Fenton will never leave it since he was more than willing to die for it not even hours ago. Typically, death is the only way anyone can escape this lifelong commitment. But with the way things went down today, I think I'm going to be offered the rare chance of an out. A future that I didn't think was in the cards for me. How could I ever turn that down? The opportunity is rarer than winning the lottery.

A knock sounds at my bedroom door. Okay, not my bedroom but the one I'm currently staying in at the Lombardy estate. I've been here since my father offered me up as a virgin bride to Grant Lombardy, the head of the family.

My father wanted more power and figured merging the families would give him that. But he hadn't planned on Grant already being madly in love with someone else, a woman I know he'll be marrying very soon. That is if he pulls through and doesn't die.

He, too, was injured when everything went down and is somewhere in this house bleeding from a gunshot wound. He's been in and out of consciousness, but they believe he's going to make it.

The Alderone family was taken down tonight. I'd even helped the Lombardy clan against my own father. I was nothing more than a pawn to my family. They had hoped a marriage between Grant and me would call a truce between the families. But I'm sure my father had a plan to try and ruin them from the inside out. He surely wasn't out to make peace. He only cares about himself. He would throw me to the devil if it helped him in some way.

"*Sole,*" Fenton calls.

I smile a little at that. He calls me the sun in Italian, probably because I'm blond. It's nothing more than that, I remind myself. Not like I light up his life or anything stupidly romantic. I'd be a fool to think otherwise.

He opens my door, not waiting for me to respond. My heart flutters as it always does when I first see him. He always puts my mind and my body at war with one another.

I hadn't bothered with locking the door. There was no point. I learned that quickly the first time Fenton let himself into my room when I wouldn't answer the door. I sit up.

His black hair is wet, and all the blood from the battle earlier has been washed from his body. Some of it was his own. The bruises on his face are already starting to turn purple. Yet it doesn't do a thing to take away from how handsome he is. I swear it only makes him look sexier.

In the short time I've known Fenton, I've fallen for him. The day my dad showed up here at the Lombardy estate demanding that I come back home, Fenton had stepped right in

front of him to protect me, letting my father know I wasn't going anywhere. It was the first time in my life someone stood up to my father for me.

The crush I had on Fenton from the very first day I saw him blossomed. To be honest, it shoved me right into love. There was no stopping it. Even if he is everything I said I'd never want in a man. He's crass, bloodthirsty, and this life will always come first to him. It's laughable because all those things are the reasons I've fallen for him. I should be running for the damn hills, but I find myself doing the exact opposite.

His crude, crass comments turn me on, and his need to kill my father and the loyalty he shows to his family are things I find myself wanting from him. The things I was so desperate to get away from are now the things I find myself desiring the most. I want all of it when I imagine it with him. I wish he could give me a future, but I know he can't.

"Are you just going to stand there?" I ask as he looms in the doorway. My words must take him by surprise. I'm unsure why. He should be used to me poking at him by now. I see the heat in his eyes as he steps into my room quickly and slams the door hard behind him, clicking the lock into place.

"You're naked," he growls.

"I washed all the blood off." I shrug, trying to stay strong. I've never been naked in front of a man before. I've been dressed up in barely-there clothes so my father could show me off, but never nude.

"Your door wasn't locked." The deep rumble of his voice has my nipples hardening. I press my thighs together.

"Does that really matter around here? Besides—" I lick my lips. "I thought you made it pretty clear that if anyone was going to get to play with me it was you." If he wants to be crude about me, I'll do it right back.

In a flash, Fenton is across the room and pinning me to the bed beneath him. My legs have to spread wide to fit his size. It's almost painful, but the burn is sweet. I can't help but wonder if it's the same sensation I'll feel when he breaks my virginity.

“Don’t toy with me. I’m already on edge after today.”

“I’m not toying with you. I know what I want.”

I want to feel again, and I know Fenton can give me that. Even if this is only for tonight. It will sting to be one of many in what I’m sure is a long line of women for a man like him. I’ve heard him talk. There is no way he doesn’t have mistresses all over town. Same as all the other men in this lifestyle.

“Careful.” He tries to warm me again. I didn’t think Fenton would be a man who would give more than one warning. “You have no idea what you want, little girl.”

I wrap my legs around him, thrusting up against his cock.

“Then make me a woman.”

She's teasing me. She has to be. But she's pushed me too fucking far this time.

I claim her mouth, her body going tense, then loosening as I kiss and suck her lips. When she parts them, I delve inside, tonguing her as I rock my hips against her.

In here, naked. She was lying in wait. Just the thought of someone else finding her like this makes me thrust harder. I have to claim her, to mark her as mine.

I run one hand down her body and cup one of her tits.

She moans when I pinch her nipple between my thumb and forefinger, then roll the stiff bud. I memorize every sound, every move she makes.

There's no stopping this. Not now. Not after the bloodbath we just survived. I've wanted her from the moment I saw her, and now there's nothing between us except my motherfucking clothes.

Pulling away from her, I yank my shirt off, then unfasten my pants and shuck them down my legs. She watches, her swollen lips parted.

When I look down, I see her wet cunt and catch her erotic scent. So fucking sultry, the way she looks up at me.

"Is this what you wanted? Me on top of you, taking every last bit of you?" I lean down and inhale her, her pink pussy glistening. When I press my mouth to her, she clutches the blanket and looks down at me.

“Watch me, Mariana. I want you to see what I do to you.” I dive in, licking and sucking her pussy. She tastes like heaven, and my cock thickens even more. I need to be inside her.

“Fenton!” She tries to pull away from me. “It’s too much!”

Not a fucking chance. I grip her hips and hold her in place as I devour her. “Should’ve thought of that before you flaunted this sweet cunt.” I flick her clit with the tip of my tongue. “Now it’s mine. All fucking mine.” I speed up on her clit, her cries growing louder and wilder. And right when she’s about to come, I back off.

She cries out in frustration as I get to my knees and grip my shaft.

“Not until I’m inside you. Not until you feel me everywhere. Look.” I stroke myself slowly. “Look what you’ve done to me.”

Her gaze goes to my cock, her tongue darting out to lick her lips. I want to feed every inch into her mouth. Soon. But not now. Now I’m taking her virginity. Now I’m making her mine.

I come down over her and press my head against her wet slit. “You asked for this.” I run my teeth along her throat. “And I’m going to give you every bit of me.”

She swallows hard, her hips moving against me. “Give it to me.”

Ah, fuck. I groan and press my head inside her. She’s so goddamn tight and slick and perfect. I don’t know how I’m going to last, but I will. I have to. I won’t spend inside her until she’s coming.

Slowly, I push all the way in. She stills, her breath catching.

I kiss her mouth, wishing I could take the pain away. But she has to feel this. And I want her to know I’m the one who took her virginity, to feel me in her bones. She’s already part of me in ways I never imagined. I want to be just as much a part of her.

“It’ll pass.” I kiss her throat, her chest, and then back to her mouth. “And then I’ll make it feel so good, Mariana. You’ll

come all over my cock, and I'll give you every drop I've got. Can you imagine that, my good little girl? My cock spilling inside you?"

She makes an *mmmm* noise and starts kissing me back. Then she moves her hips, her nails biting into my shoulders.

"More," she whimpers.

I pull out and push all the way back in. "This is mine, Mariana. All fucking mine. No other man will ever touch you like this. If anyone else does, I'll kill them. No hesitation. Do you hear me?"

"Yes," she breathes.

She knows I'm true to my word. I've killed plenty, and I'll do it again if it means me and mine are on top in this world.

I thrust again, harder this time. She moans and holds on to me. Sliding one hand to her hip, I pin her to the bed and fuck her, feeling every bit of her as I move inside her.

She likes it when I grind. She likes it when I suck her tits. And she fucking loves it when I play with her clit. I study her, learn her, taste her. She's so goddamn sexy—from the sounds she makes to the way she looks up at me.

I thrust harder, deeper, hitting all the right spots. I can't stop. Wet sounds echo around the room, her pussy soaked for me. I love it. I only wish I could lap it up with my tongue. Instead, I kiss her again. Roughly. Possessively. And I go hard. So hard that our skin slaps together and the bed shakes with each impact. I want her to feel me for days.

I'm on edge, my body demanding I come. But I won't. Not until she's good. I've never wanted to please anyone other than myself, but with her it's different. With Mariana, I want to make her happy, to make her come, to make her feel like a woman, just like she said. So I deny myself while still enjoying every stroke, every pant, every fucking second.

Her cries stop, her brows drawing together. She's close. Fuck, so am I.

When her thighs start to shake, I reach between us and stroke her clit. Her hips lock, the breath catching in her lungs, and then she lets out a low, sexy cry. She comes like an angel, her beautiful face filled with pleasure.

I push deep and let myself go, filling her tight body with my seed and claiming every bit of her for myself.

J come to with soft kisses being placed against my neck. “You even smell warm and sweet like the sun,” Fenton whispers against my skin.

I try to pretend to be asleep, wondering if he’ll say more.

He’s being so cute. I’ve seen his boss Grant act this way towards Amelia. Before that, I never in all my life saw a man in our world—let alone a boss—treat a woman well. I didn’t know there were men in this world that could be that way. I thought they were only in movies or romance novels.

“I know you’re awake.”

I gasp when he takes a small nip of me, the sensation shooting straight to my clit. Okay, I might enjoy some of the roughness too. I press my legs together, thinking about how Fenton took me. I’m tender, but it’s not as bad as I thought it might be. His release is still sticky on my thighs. I’d be lying if I said I don’t love the fact that he marked me.

“I’m surprised you’re still here.” I bite the inside of my cheek to shut the hell up. My insecurities are showing. I’m trying to play fun and flirty. That’s what this is. I can be casual. Cool even.

“You passed out on me. I wasn’t done.”

I never want him to be done. I hate how much I love the way he makes me feel.

His tongue sweeps over the spot where he bit me. I can’t stop the moan that comes from me. I should dismiss him. Tell him

I'm done for now. Let him know if I get an itch, I'll call for him. Instead, I turn my head and kiss him.

“*Sole.*” He groans against my mouth. “Are you sore?”

“Who cares?” I try to pull him back to the kiss, but he doesn't let me.

“I care,” he snaps as he pulls back even more from me. Is he telling me no? Does he not want to have sex with me? Ouch. I thought men were always up for sex.

“Fine. Forget it.” I push back to turn the other way so I can slip from the bed.

“Where do you think you're going?” he growls, his arm wrapping around my waist, pulling me back to him. Within seconds, he has me pinned under him.

“To shower if we're done here.” I try to pull my arms free, but he has them firmly pinned to the bed. I should be upset that he's holding me down, but all I am is turned on.

“I said I'm not done.” He presses his mouth to mine in a hard, almost punishing kiss. “You think you can wash me off?”

“What is wrong with you? You don't even make any freakin' sense.”

“That's because you fuck with my head. You're driving me insane.”

I open my mouth but close it, not sure how to respond to that.

“Stay still.” He gives me a hard stare as he releases my wrists from over my head. I don't move as he makes his way down my body.

“Anyone ever tell you that you have perfect tits?” he asks before he sucks one of my nipples into his mouth. All I can do is moan. My back arches off the bed. “Don't answer that. Enough blood has been spilled today already.”

I have to admit that I love it that he seems jealous.

He moves farther down my body, spreading my thighs wide to make room for himself. “You always smell good, but damn I

love the smell of my cum marking your skin,” he says as he spreads the lips of my sex.

I sink my teeth into my bottom lip, trying not to move. All I want to do is lift my hips and shove myself right into his mouth. The ache is unbearable. He blows against my clit, only making it worse.

“Fenton,” I whimper. “What are you doing?” I dig my fingers into the sheet as my whole body starts to throb with need.

“I’m checking to see how sore you are.” His mouth brushes my clit, his warm breath tickling me as he slowly sinks one finger inside me, making me moan. My hips rise off the bed. “Fuck. How are you tighter? You’re going to kill me.”

“Do something,” I start to beg.

“You’re swollen. I can’t take you, but I can make it better.” Before I can ask what he means, his tongue comes out and circles my clit.

“Yes,” I breathe out as he starts to stroke me with his tongue. He pulls his finger out, but I don’t get the chance to protest because he immediately sucks my clit into his mouth. He gives hard pulls as he flicks my clit back and forth. I’m on the edge of an orgasm when he pushes a finger into my ass, shoving me right off that cliff.

“Fenton!” I scream out his name at the unexpected amount of pleasure that consumes me. So many emotions hit me as he milks my orgasm from me, leaving me breathless. How the hell does this man know exactly what I need?

I look down when I feel him press soft kisses on each of my thighs. I expect him to crawl back up my body, but he doesn’t. Instead he rests his head on one thigh as he strokes his fingers gently up and down the other.

“Aren’t you going to...” I trail off. He lifts his head and gives me a serious look.

“You’re sore. I’m not going to hurt you.”

More emotions bubble up inside of me. So many it starts to choke me. I’m really starting to understand what people mean

by being careful what you ask for. I wanted to feel something, and now it's all too much.

"Stop it." I sit up, needing to get away from him. If I don't get myself together, I know my emotions will get the best of me.

This was only supposed to be a moment of fun with this man. That's what I told myself. He was supposed to fuck me. Make me feel good and then leave. Not be all worried about me in this way. It's too much. I have to get out of here.

It's then I see a few small spots of blood on the bed mixed with his cum. I don't know why seeing it makes things dawn on me that should have an hour ago.

"You didn't use a condom," I point out as Fenton sits up too. Every inch of him is on display. How the hell did his cock fit inside me? No wonder I'm sore.

I can't help but wonder if he will talk crass about this with his men later. He's made comments about me before. Jokes about if I was bare down below or not. Now he knows firsthand. Will he report back the information? Another tidal wave of emotions hit me.

"I didn't." He smirks. He makes a grab for me, but I barely dodge him as I make my way out of the bed.

"*Sole.*" The smirk drops from his face, and I can see worry settle in. "Get back in this bed," he orders.

"Fuck you," I shout back before I run for the bathroom. He gives chase. I barely make it in time to get the door shut and locked behind me. I'm shocked it doesn't give with the force he hits it with.

It was a stupid move. That door will never stand a chance against him, and I know it.

I can't read her. One minute she's coming and calling my name, the next she's locking me out.

"*Sole*, open the door."

"No."

I force myself to take a calming breath. If I don't, I'll turn this door into splinters. "Why not?"

"I need to think."

"About me?" I ask.

"Get over yourself."

"Never." Just like I'll never get over her. She's mine now, no matter if she tries to run. I own her, just like she owns me.

"I'm going to clean up."

"Don't wash me off." I run my finger down the wood door. I want my smell branded into her skin. Then maybe I'll start to calm the fuck down.

"You're like an animal!"

I nod even though she can't see me. "I'm going to fuck you like one as soon as you're ready."

"Fenton!" She smacks the door.

It's cute. Almost as cute as her perfect little pussy. Which reminds me... "You're right."

"What?" Some of the irritation fades from her tone.

“You were right about me making a crude joke about you. It wasn’t my best moment. I didn’t realize—well, I only had a feeling...”

“A feeling?” Feelings. This is new to me. It’s something I’ve never had to deal with before when it came to a woman. She knocked me on my ass from the start. I was beyond crude because I didn’t understand what the hell was going on inside of me.

“About you.” I press my palm to the door. “I apologize for what I said. Like I said, I had this *feeling* about you, but I didn’t realize you would be my bride.” I don’t want anyone ever thinking about her pussy. If she is shaved or bare is only for my knowledge. I’ll murder anyone else who might want to know. A possessiveness roars through my veins. The word *mine* chants over and over in my mind with each beat of my heart.

I hear something thunk. “You okay?” I eye the door, thinking about breaking it down again, but I worry she’s too close to it and I might hurt her in the process.

“Did you just say bride?” Her voice is close now; she must’ve plunked her forehead against the door.

“Yes.” I thought I made this clear when I took her virginity. She’s it for me. I’m all hers. When you know, you fucking know.

“Like, as in you want to *marry* me?”

“As in we are going to get married, yes.”

She lets out a huff. “You’re insane.”

“Am I?” I smirk and twist the door handle. “Let me in.” I’m starting to grow anxious. I’m like a junkie, and she’s my fix. The more time I’m with her, the more I know she’s mine.

“I need to think.”

“You’ll think better in the shower while I wash your body.”

“There’s no way I can think when you’re touching me. Naked. With water. And bubbles. Nope.”

“*Sole*, I won’t ask you again.” I tap on the wood. “Open this door. If I have to break it down, I’m going to spank you.”

She gasps. “You wouldn’t dare!”

“I’d dare quite a bit for you, Mariana.” A sizzle of desire pumps through me at the thought of spanking her round ass.

“No. I need to think. You need to go away. Just go do whatever mafia crap you like to do. I’m not the one. I don’t want this life. I want ...”

“What do you want, *Sole*? Tell me, and I’ll make it happen.” I’d do anything for her. I just need to know what that anything is.

“Ugh!” She smacks the door again.

“Well?” I ask.

She’s silent.

“*Sole*?”

More silence, then I hear the shower turn on.

I step back and sigh. We’ve known each other for only a short time, but I’m certain Mariana realizes I’m not the sort of man to let her walk away from me. Does she need a lesson in who she’s marrying?

“Stand clear,” I warn her with a smile, and with a sure kick, bust the door open.

She shrieks and turns to gawk at me, her body on perfect display in the glass shower. “Fenton!”

“I warned you, *Sole*.” I open the door and step in with her, then grip her shoulder and press her against the wall.

She looks up at me. “What are you going to—”

I whip her around so I have a nice view of her taut ass. “I warned you, *Sole*.” Rearing back, I let her have a hard slap, then another, and another.

She cries out, then moans as I rub the red handmark.

“Now, *Sole*, tell me what you want.” I turn her around and tilt her chin up so she looks at me.

“You just ... you just *spanked* me!”

“I’ll do it again if you lock me out.” I cage her in, backing her into the tile. “This is your life, *Sole*. You and me. Together, we can do whatever we want.”

She nibbles her lip.

“Your father’s business? It will be ours.”

Her shoulders slump a little.

“What?”

“Nothing.” She slides out from between me and the wall and reaches for the shampoo.

“What is it?” I take her arm and look into her eyes. “Tell me.”

“That’s why you want me, isn’t it? For my family name? I should’ve known it was some plan for you to take over and make a name for yourself. I’m just a feather in your cap.”

“*Sole*, that’s not—”

“Can I *please* shower in peace?” She turns her back to me.

“No.” I stroke my hand down her back.

She makes a frustrated groan and shoves the shampoo bottle into my hand. “Then make yourself useful.”

“My pleasure.” I smirk and take the bottle as she glares daggers at me. Leaning closer, I say close to her ear, “I think you’ll find I’m a very difficult man to get rid of.”

“And I think you’ll find I’m a very difficult woman to hang on to.” She crosses her arms under her tits, making them even more biteable.

“I guess we’ll just have to wait and see.” I start soaping her soft hair.

She moves closer to me, her ass brushing against my erection.

I groan.

She’s torturing me. I hope she never stops.

Once I’ve rinsed her and smoothed conditioner through her golden locks, I soap up the loofah and begin running it all over

her fair skin. When I get to her tits, I take my time, rubbing and caressing.

She swallows hard, her heartbeat rapid as I tease her.

“You’re terrible at this,” she says, but she can’t hide the breathiness in her voice or the way she glances right at my cock.

“I think you like it.” I keep stroking her tits, using my fingers along the edge of the loofah to rub her nipples.

“I *know* you do.” She gives my cock a pointed look, and I swear to God it feels like a touch. My knees almost go weak.

“I do.”

“Are we done here?” she snaps.

“Almost.” I move the loofah lower and stroke between her thighs. “But I think we should discuss wedding plans, don’t you?”

Her jaw drops right as I let the loofah go and use my fingers to spread her lips and rub her clit. She makes a strangled sound then grips my shoulders as I stroke her.

Dropping to one knee, I keep rubbing her just right. “Mariana, will you marry me?”

She gasps, her hips moving against my fingers, and then she comes, her breath catching in her throat as she moans.

I grin up at her. “I’ll take that as a yes.”

I drop my head forward to stare down at Fenton. My heart is screaming at me to throw myself into his arms and let him catch me, but I know better. He may want me. He could even really love me one day, but the bottom line is he wants my family's territory.

It would work perfectly for Grant and him. The two of them aren't related by blood, but they might as well be. They'd die for each other. I wonder what it would be like to have that kind of loyalty. Is it messed up that I crave that? Not that I want someone to die for me, but it would be nice to know someone would be willing to do it to save me.

"Okay." I'm not sure why the lie rolls off my lips easily—could be because I wish I could really marry Fenton or because I'm my father's daughter.

He leans forward and presses a kiss to my stomach. Butterflies erupt inside of me at the feel of his lips on my skin. My mind drifts to thoughts of me being pregnant with his child. I wonder if he's thinking the same.

He rises from his knees to kiss me next. "You won't regret this," he vows to me. His hand slips down between my thighs to cup my sex. "You're mine. All of you. No one will ever know you this way."

"And you?" I find myself asking. It's pointless. I know I'm not staying. I'm not going to marry him.

"I'm not a virgin, *Sole*. Haven't been for a long time. I—"

I reach up and put my hand over his mouth. “Don’t make a joke.” I shake my head. “Just forget it.” I drop my hand and try to pull away to get out of the shower, but he doesn’t let me.

“The rules are different for men in our world.” Before I know what I’m doing, I bring my hand back to his face. This time it’s to smack him. He catches my hand by the wrist before I can land the blow. If anyone knows the rules are different, it’s me.

“Don’t,” I hiss.

“If you haven’t noticed, Grant and I don’t follow those rules. It’s been a long time since I’ve been with a woman, *Sole*. It’s why you knocked me so hard on my ass. Sure, I’ve seen beautiful women, but I haven’t wanted one. Haven’t really craved *anything* in a long fucking time.” His hand around my wrist tightens. “The rush of *need* I felt when I saw you was unlike anything I’ve ever felt before. You’re different.”

My heart pounds so loud I’m surprised he can’t hear it. I felt that rush of need that day too. I understand what he means. My father is always surrounded by powerful men, and a lot of them are handsome. Yet never had any of them appealed to me. Until Fenton.

“Good.” I reach down and wrap my hand around his cock. He groans when I start to stroke him. “I’m finding I’m rather jealous when it comes to you. If I find out that you have a kept woman—”

“I’ve never kept a woman, *Sole*. Ever.”

“But you want to keep me?”

“I want to do more than keep you. I’m going to own you.” He yanks me to him, claiming my mouth. I’ve never wanted to be owned by anyone, but Fenton makes it so damn tempting.

I kiss him back, knowing this might be our last time together. That thought of becoming pregnant again creeps back into my mind. I’d have to come back to him then. I couldn’t run. I’d never keep him from a child that was his just because I didn’t think he could love me the way I dreamt of being loved.

Fenton lifts me off my feet, pinning me to the shower wall. I wrap my legs around him as he presses his cock against me. He begins sliding it up and down the seam of my sex, jacking himself off.

“Fenton. Please,” I start to beg. I stare into his eyes, watching his control start to falter. A thrill runs through my body as I realize I’m the only one that can do that to him. I need him one more time. “I swear I’m not that sore. Maybe you can push it inside of me a little to see.” I slip my hand down between us.

“You think I don’t know what you’re doing?” he says, but he doesn’t stop me as I wrap my hand around his cock and place it against my entrance. The head of his cock slips inside of me. Fenton’s fingers grip me tighter.

“What?” I drop my hips back down, taking another inch of him into me. There is a small burn but nothing compared to the ache to be filled by him. “I’m only trying to make you feel good.”

“*Sole*,” he warns. I love when he calls me that.

“Please,” I huff. His cock jerks inside of me. He’s getting off on me pouting. “Put your smell back on me.”

He thrusts all the way inside of me. I gasp, my nails digging into him. “I’m going to spank your ass again for that.”

“Yes.” I moan. “I want it all.”

“Then that’s what you’ll have,” he says as he starts to move in and out of me, all that control of his shattering away as he gives me what I asked for.

My moans fill the shower as he puts his mark on me once again. When he finally pulls me out of the shower and back into the bed, he gives me that spanking. Fenton doesn’t stop until I beg him to. And I only beg because I’m not sure my body could handle another orgasm.

Even when I do find sleep, he’s there in my dreams, claiming me again. Fenton wasn’t joking when he said he wanted to own me. I think he already does.

When I come to, no light comes from the windows. The lamp on the nightstand is on with a note from Fenton saying he'll be back shortly. That he had to check on things. I know that doesn't leave me much time.

I have to get out of here. It's now or never.

“A wedding tomorrow?” Grant cocks his head at me.

“As early as possible.” I can’t stop smiling. I look like a dope, but I couldn’t give a shit. I’m in love.

“She’s agreed to marry you?” Amelia sits on Grant’s lap as he strokes her back. “Seriously?”

“Of course.”

“How did this play out?” She sounds suspicious.

“We were in the shower, and we were ... well, you know I was ___”

“Skip that part.” Grant glowers.

“Well, I asked her to marry me, and she said okay.”

Amelia frowns. “Just ‘okay’?”

“That’s the same as yes.” I look to Grant for confirmation.

He shrugs. “I mean, it’s not a ‘no.’”

“Exactly.” I clap my hands hard. “This is it! She’s the one.”

Something tickles my ankle, and I look down to find a kitten climbing my leg.

“That’s Granger. Isn’t he cute?” Amelia motions for me to pick him up.

I do and hold him in front of me, staring into his eyes. “I’m not great with pets.”

“You don’t have to be.” Amelia gets up and comes over to me. “And it doesn’t matter now anyway. You’ve been chosen.”

“Chosen?”

She scratches the little orange cat’s head. “Yep. Cats choose their humans, and Granger just chose you.”

“A wife and a kitten in the space of a few hours.” Grant shakes his head from his spot in bed. “Seems familiar.”

“We took a little longer.” She returns to him and kisses his cheek. “Not by much, though.”

Granger reaches for my shoulder, and I let him climb up. He perches there like a fluffy orange gargoyle.

“We need to focus. Wedding stuff. Amelia, can you talk to her about dresses? Or something like that? I need a priest. And what else?” I turn back to Grant. “You. You’ll be my best man.”

He smiles. “I never thought I’d see the day, but here we are.”

“I’m just as surprised as you are.”

“We also need to deal with Vic. But I suppose that’s more of your call now. You’re taking his territory and marrying his daughter, so unless Amelia objects, I’m letting you decide his fate.”

She shivers. “I don’t like the man at all, but I think Grant’s right. You and Mariana should decide. Together.”

“That’s going to be a sticky conversation.” I scrub a hand down my face. Her father tried to hurt Grant and Amelia, and he sold his own daughter into marriage like a piece of cattle. I want him dead, but I can’t make that call alone. Amelia’s right. I need to discuss it with Mariana.

“You two will figure it out.” Grant shifts in bed.

“Stop fidgeting. You just survived a bullet wound,” Amelia scolds.

“Get your fine ass back in bed with me. I’ll feel all better then.” He pats the mattress, then turns back to me. “Once Vic is handled, then we move forward. Two kings, two queens.”

“Fuck, I like the sound of that.” I know Grant’s not my brother by blood, but in this moment, he’s my brother in all the ways that matter.

Amelia bounces on her feet. “I knew. The second I saw the two of you together, I just *knew*.”

“Is that so?” Grant reaches for her, and she finally relents and gets back into bed. “Did you know the second you saw me?”

She giggles. “You were a bit more difficult to figure out.”

He kisses her neck.

I don’t need to see this, not when I have Mariana waiting for me back in our room. God, the things I’m going to do to that woman.

“Where you headed?” Grant calls.

“Downstairs.”

“Yell if you need me,” he calls. He doesn’t follow me. I don’t blame him. He needs rest, not that I think he’s getting any with Amelia in his bed. But hey, now I know what it feels like to be with the woman you love. Leaving her is the hardest thing to do.

I descend the creaky staircase and take a sharp left. The basement is relatively neat. Rows of various household items are stacked on shelving. A little light filters in through the high, short windows until I move deeper under the house. Back here, it’s dark enough to do dirty work, and deep enough that no one will ever hear the screams.

Flipping on the light, I find Vic Alderone tied to a metal chair just where I left him.

“Still breathing?” I smirk as I lean against the wall across from him.

He sputters awake and stares at me. Ghostly pale, he’s in bad shape. The stab wound I put in his chest is wrapped up, thanks to Grant’s personal doctor, but it will likely prove fatal. One of his lungs is collapsed, the other barely hanging on.

“I should’ve stabbed a little farther to the left.” I shrug.
“Miscalculation on my part.”

“Release me.” He struggles to get the words out.

“Not happening.” I glare at him. “I would kill you right now, but I can’t. Not until I talk to Mariana.”

He lifts his head at that. “That traitorous whore is here?”

I’m on him before he can take another breath, my hands at his throat. “Don’t you *ever* speak about her like that.”

He laughs, the sound rusty and wet. “You take orders from her now?”

“I sure do. Right after I get done making her come, I do whatever she tells me.”

His eyes widen. “You bastard.”

“And good news, I’m going to marry her.” I squeeze until he chokes on his own spit. “So I guess I’ll start calling you Pop, eh?”

I squeeze a little harder before releasing him and backing away.

He sputters, blood dripping from the corner of his mouth. “She’s mine.”

“Not anymore, Pop.” I grin.

“I should’ve killed you.”

“Smartest thing you’ve said.” I nod and stride away. “Have a good time down here. I just wanted to make sure you weren’t already dead before I brought Mariana down here. If I were you, I’d start working on my apology. That is, if you want to live.” I hit the light and take the stairs two at a time. I move even faster when I think about Mariana waiting for me in our bed.

“Miss me?” I ask as I open the door.

I know right away something’s off. The room feels cold, empty. No Mariana.

Fuck. She’s gone.

I shake my head. “Oh, my *sole*. I *told* you I’d chase you if you ran.” I grin as I rush downstairs. The spanking I’m about to give her sweet ass is going to be epic.

MARIANA

I listen for the door to close behind Fenton before I release the breath I was holding. I'd panicked a bit when I heard someone come down the stairs into the basement.

I grabbed the first door handle I could find and slipped into the small utility room, closing the door behind me. I'm well aware that if someone catches me, I won't be able to accomplish what I set out to do. And I can't have that. I refuse to allow my father to have any more control over my life.

I'm not sure what to think of Fenton's words to my father. Most times I can't tell if he's joking or being serious. Was he teasing when he said he'd do anything I asked of him?

Grant and Amelia are that way. It's sweet. He loves her for her. Not because it would work out good for them both. In fact, he almost had to go to war to keep her. They're together because of the strong love they have for one another. I shake those thoughts off. I can't compare what Fenton and I have between us to Amelia and Grant's relationship. None of it matters anyway, because I'll be gone after I take care of my father.

I slowly push the door open and step out. I flip the light back on, revealing my father. His head lifts, his eyes blinking trying to adjust to the light. For once he doesn't seem scary to me. Maybe it's because I know he can't put his hands on me right now. They're chained to the chair.

He's helpless. I have to admit that it's nice that he has to experience it. There's nothing worse than the feeling of being

helpless. I should know, I've had it for most of my life.

"Mariana?" He blinks. "Is that you, baby girl?"

My stomach cramps. I haven't been his baby girl in a long time. Not that it means much. When I was little I would go from being his little girl to a brat within seconds. And apparently now, in his opinion, I'm a whore.

"It's me." I come to stand in front of him. His face is pale. It's not only the blood loss but the drugs are starting to catch up to him. He's old. He's not so scary without any of his men by his side. If anything, he's pathetic looking. Worn down and old.

"Don't stand there. Get these off me." He pulls at the chains.

I watch him struggle. He stops when he realizes I'm not moving to help him. He opens his mouth but quickly closes it to rethink whatever insult he was about to hurl at me.

"We have to get out of here, sweetheart. I understand why you helped them. You had to. You—"

"I didn't have to do anything." It's the truth. They didn't even ask me to do it. I gave Grant and Fenton a way into my father's stronghold so they could save Amelia when my father kidnapped her. Why wouldn't I? Amelia and Grant have been good to me. "In fact, I rushed to help them. How do you think they got in so easily?"

"You're a fucking whore traitor just like your mother!" he yells. "Think you're so much better than all of us." He starts to ramble on as he always does when he brings my mom up. I barely remember her, but my memories are all good. She wouldn't have left me behind. That meant only one thing. He took her from me.

His anger grows more when I give him no reaction. "You let him touch you, didn't you? You let Fenton fuck you."

"I fucked him right back. Then I begged him to fuck me again." Damn, that feels good to say. I chose Fenton. It was my choice. No one else's.

He starts going off. Throwing anything at me to get a reaction. "He's using you. You know that, right?" A triumphant smile

forms on his face when he finds the weak spot he's looking for. "You thought he really wanted you? Fenton has always been bloodthirsty, wanting to take over a territory. You'll be nothing more than his trophy whore he'll need to breed himself a few heirs so he'll feel legitimate. He's a bastard and always will be." I hate how much that stings.

"Like you?" Now it's my turn to taunt.

If I understand right from the things I've heard whispered over the years, he'd been a bastard child. His father had knocked up a maid or some crap. Then he went and got my mom somehow.

"Maybe he'll at least be able to get a son. You never could pull that one off."

If he could pale any more, he would. The fight suddenly leaves him at my comment. I'm surprised he doesn't have more children with all the women that come and go in his life. There has only ever been me. I'm sure that drives him insane. Most of these men won't stop until they get a son.

"Wasn't for lack of trying, I'm guessing." I lift a teasing brow. I've been hanging out with Fenton too much if I'm cracking jokes at terrible times.

"Shut the fuck up."

I'd made a stab in the dark, but my words had hit his weak spot. If I didn't have the exact same eyes as him, I might doubt that I was even his daughter. But our eyes are unique in their brown color with a gold ring around the outside.

"No." I pull the blade out from my back pocket. I snagged it from the kitchen the first day I'd come to stay here.

"You wouldn't," he challenges. He's gotten really far in life for being so damn dumb. Thankfully, I only got his eyes.

"Funny, isn't it? The only child you could have is ultimately going to be your end."

"Mariana. We're blood," he tries to remind me, finally catching on that I might actually take his life. I've seen Grant

and Fenton together. Blood doesn't always mean as much as it should.

"We are." I clear the space between us. The blade sinks in so much easier than I thought it would. I don't miss my mark. I don't actually believe Fenton did either. My father's eyes go wide as he opens his mouth, but no words come. "And I'm freeing myself from you."

I pull the knife back out, tossing it onto the floor before I turn to leave. The Alderone name is dead.

If Fenton wants it, he can have it. No one's left to stand in his way.

She hustles up the stairs and peeks around to see if anyone's watching. When she thinks the coast is clear, she dashes down the hallway to the garage and slips through the door.

I give Vic's body one last glance, then hit the light at the top of the stairs, putting the whole scene into darkness. I'll clean up later. I've got a woman to catch. *My woman.*

Following her into the garage, I duck beside Grant's classic Trans Am as she seems to be trying to decide between the Ferrari or the Lambo.

She's so cute, standing there just considering which expensive-as-fuck performance machine to steal. Cool and collected, even though she just killed her father. Jesus, I'm hard just thinking about it. He'd called me bloodthirsty, but he clearly underestimated his daughter. She's a force, one I'm going to bend over my knee.

Finally deciding, she reaches for the door to the Ferrari.

I stand. "You know how to drive stick?"

She jumps and whirls. "How did you—"

"I've got your scent, *Sole.*"

"You sound like an animal."

"That's exactly what I am when it comes to you." I close the distance between us and grab her by the waist. "I saw what you did."

“Oh.” She looks away, then meets my gaze again with a fierceness that makes my blood pound in my veins. “I don’t regret it.”

“Good.” I lift her, and she wraps her legs around my waist. “Good girl.”

She glances at my lips, then shakes her head. “I’m not falling for this. I’ve let one man control my life for far too long to just jump into the arms of another one. I’m done with being used for my name.”

“I’m not your father.” I grip her ass with one hand and use my other to turn her chin so she’s looking dead in my eyes. “I’m not trying to use you for anything, *Sole*. I don’t want you for your father’s territory. He forfeited that the second he came after Amelia.”

She nibbles her bottom lip but doesn’t respond. I can almost hear her trying to think it through and find some weakness in what I’m saying. But there isn’t one. I’m telling her the truth, just like I always will.

“I don’t know if this helps, but ...” I make a *hmmm* sound. “Let me phrase this in a way that won’t get me stabbed.”

“Too soon.” She leans away from me.

I pull her back. “Even if you ran away like you planned. Far, far away. It wouldn’t matter. Your father’s holdings belong to Grant and me now. With or without you. That’s the way this works. To the victors go the spoils.”

“So I’m a spoil then?” she retorts.

“No.” I turn and press her against the Land Rover. “I feel like I’m saying this all wrong. What I’m trying to say is that I want you just as you are. No strings to connect you to the Alderones. Besides, you won’t have that name for much longer anyway.” I lean in, and this time she doesn’t move away.

“You want me. *Me*. Not an Alderone?”

“That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you.” I kiss the tip of her nose. “I’m part of this life. Grant and I—it’s what we were

born for. But you don't have to be involved in any of it if you don't want to be. You can be an interior designer or an astronaut or whatever the fuck you want to be. All I ask is that you stay with me, marry me, let me love you. And if you tell me you can't stay, no matter what, I'll go with you."

Her eyes water as she stares up at me. "You mean it?"

"Every word." I move closer, my lips so close to hers. "I didn't know love until I met you. Now I'd do anything to make you happy, *Sole*. I live for you."

She throws her arms around my neck and hugs me tight. I stand there holding her, finally able to breathe again.

When she sniffles, I pull back and look into her eyes. "What's wrong?"

"Everything. Nothing." She laughs a little. "I just agreed to marry you, then I killed my father, and now I'm in love. None of it makes any sense."

"*We* make sense." I kiss her hard, showing her how much I mean what I've said. I'll always protect her, always fight for her. I keep kissing her as I carry her back into the house and up the stairs.

When I get to our room, I put her on the bed and run my hands down her body. "I need you, *Sole*."

"I need you, too." She pulls at my shirt.

I tug it off, then strip her down to nothing and run my hands all along her warm skin. "Don't ever take this away from me, *Sole*," I growl and cover her body with mine.

"Please, Fenton. I need you." She spreads for me, and I slide between her thighs, my cock notched at her entrance.

"I don't want to hurt you." I kiss her throat.

With a thrust, she pushes my head inside her hot, wet cunt. I can't stop myself. I surge all the way inside her, feeling every bit of her as I groan.

I give her everything, all of me. Our bodies slap against each other as we work out the terms of our hearts' surrender. She

moans, her legs spreading even wider as I reach between us and thumb her clit. It's messy and rough and absolutely perfect, our bodies working as one until we both hit the peak.

She arches and comes, her tits jutting into the air. I claim a nipple in my mouth as I shoot inside her, her pussy milking me as I thrust so deep it sends tremors of pleasure up my spine. This is the way we're meant to be. Together, unraveled and raw.

"Fuck, I love you." I claim her mouth again.

When I come up for air, she pants and smiles. "I love you, too."

I love the sound of that. When I pull out, she protests, but when I flip her then put her on her knees, she gives me a questioning look.

I rub her round ass. "You were going to run from me, *Sole*."

Her eyes widen. "You're not going to—"

Smack. I redden her ass with a much-needed spanking, then kiss the sting away and pull her onto my chest.

"I can't believe you spanked me," she grumbles.

"You loved it."

She doesn't disagree. Instead, she snuggles closer.

Granger jumps onto the bed and settles on the pillow above my head.

"Did one of the kittens choose you?" She smiles and reaches up to pet him.

"Yep." I kiss her forehead. "Granger."

"Congratulations." She grins and kisses my cheek.

I sigh contentedly. It's the start of my family, and it's messy and new, but that doesn't make it any less real. Or any less perfect.

EPILOGUE

MARIANA

A few years later

“**E**verything okay?” I ask Junior when he opens the car door for me, offering me his hand.

Most times Fenton is with me wherever I go, but on the rare occasions that he’s not, like today, he’s usually waiting for me at the front door. Yet today he’s nowhere in sight. I had asked him not to come with me, which I know he wasn’t happy about.

That man hates when he has to be without me. But honestly there was no point in him coming. There were a few things I’d asked him to handle for me while I was gone. Amelia had gone to the graduation with me.

“He’s in a mood,” Junior informs me.

“I thought the pregnant one was supposed to be the one to have the mood swings?” I reach down and rest my hand on my ever-growing stomach.

It had taken almost two years for us to conceive. I’d started to get worried. We both went to specialists to find out what might be the problem, and they assured us nothing was wrong. God and everyone else knew it wasn’t for lack of trying. Fenton can’t keep his hands off me.

Of course when it finally happened I didn’t only get pregnant with one baby. Nope. It wasn’t even twins. Triplets! I mean really?! I’m only three months along and already showing. Fenton strutted around like a peacock for over a month. He

was so damn proud of himself. I have to say after the initial shock, I was more than ecstatic.

Honestly, once I found out I was pregnant, I was thankful for the few years we had together with only the two of us. It gave Fenton and me time to enjoy each other. It also allowed me to figure out what I wanted to do with my life. Fenton was nothing but encouraging, letting me know that whatever I decided to do he'd be at my side.

The reality was once I'd come back home with Fenton by my side, I'd realized this is my life. It's in my blood. The problem was I hated how my father did business. It was my chance to step in and make a change, and I had.

I'd wanted to level my childhood home. Fenton had no problem with me destroying the ten-million-dollar home, which only made me love the man more. But as I settled in more, and Fenton showed me all my father's dealings that needed to be handled, I'd come up with a better use for the house. I'd turned it into a halfway house of sorts.

It was no surprise my father had a few brothels. I wasn't going to toss any of those women out on the streets. With Amelia by my side, we helped them go back to school and do anything else they might want to do.

Two girls actually graduated today, and Amelia and I were front and center to support them. One of the girls is going on to get her veterinary degree. So many women get trapped in those lifestyles and are not sure how to get out. I've found such pleasure and joy in showing them there are options and people out there that want to help.

"He's in the back office," Junior says with a laugh.

Of course, he is. Fenton wanted us to share an office but he is always getting blood all over them. When we built our new home on the other side of the estate, I'd come up with the idea of two offices, with strict instructions that Fenton is to use the back office when he thinks things might get a bit messy.

That was another plus of me not conceiving right away. We were able to build our dream home. Parts of it are still under

construction, but the major sections are pretty much complete.

There is no mistaking the sounds of a fist connecting with someone's face. I already know what I'm going to see when I pull open one of the double doors to the office.

"Please stop! I swear I thought she was still a whore," the man begs. He earns himself a blow to his kidney for the whore comment this time.

"You're lucky my wife is home, or we'd have a bit more fun."

"Don't stop on my account." I smile at my handsome husband, actually hoping he's done. I have missed him dearly, but I also wanted this asshole handled. He obviously needed to be taught a lesson in respecting women.

My Fenton was more than happy to teach him for me. Fenton has always been bloodthirsty. I might be too, but it's more when Fenton is the one out for blood. Blood I asked him to collect for me. One thing you don't do is mess with one of my girls.

I have to admit seeing Fenton in action always turns me on. And by the little smirk he's currently wearing, he knows it.

"Please" the man begs, his eyes shifting to me. Fenton grabs the man around the throat, turning him so he's not facing my way anymore.

"Are you checking out my wife?"

"No! Never!" he rushes to say as his face starts to redden. Fenton's hold on his neck slowly begins to tighten. He's toying with the man now.

"Are you saying she's not worth checking out?" The man's eyes go so wide I'm shocked they don't pop out of his head.

"I, I—" He stutters and tries to turn his head back my way.

I bite the inside of my cheek to keep from smiling. Fenton has always been crass and a bit of a jokester, so I'm not in the least surprised by this. Some of that has changed since I've become his. He's not so quick to make dirty jokes about me anymore. He's not fond of the idea of anyone thinking about sex and me together. Even if the joke is about him and me being together.

He still thinks they might be picturing me naked or something. That's when his jealousy will come out, and that is never good when you tend to be bloodthirsty. I decide to let Fenton toy with the man a bit more. The jerk-off has it coming to him.

The asshole had run into one of the girls that used to work at one of my father's clubs and thought he could do whatever he wanted to her. Right in the middle of a freaking supermarket that is under our protection.

"Don't." I give Fenton a stern look when he opens his mouth to say something. I already know what's going to come out of his mouth. He's going to offer to finish the man off for me. It's sweet and all, but it will make the man piss himself, and the only thing worse than blood is piss. "I have other, more important things I need you to do with those hands."

"Junior!" Fenton calls out so he can come finish up and eventually take the trash out for him. Fenton gives a hard shove to the man as he lets go of his throat, sending him flying. He lands on the floor a few feet in front of me.

"It's been over two years. Things have changed in this neighborhood. You clearly haven't gotten that message. I want you out." I'm sending a message of my own. One that lets jerks know I won't tolerate anyone treating women like shit. And if they choose to, they'll suffer the consequences.

"I'm gone. I swear it."

"Take him before he pisses himself." Junior grabs the man, pulling him from the office, leaving Fenton and me alone.

"Have fun without me?" Fenton closes the space between us before pulling me into his arms. One of his hands lands on my stomach in a possessive hold.

"I enjoyed myself, but I know I'm about to enjoy myself a whole lot more." Fenton's other hand sinks into my hair, getting a firm grip on me before he tilts my head back and claims my lips. I moan into his mouth.

In front of the rest of the world, Fenton and I always stand side by side. Everyone knows that we are equal when it comes to the amount of power we wield. But when we're alone, in the

privacy of our own home, my man is in charge. My body craves it. Fenton takes care of me, and I love every second of it. More than anything, I love that Fenton can give me all these things. He's a rare breed of man. One that doesn't allow his pride to get in the way of his love.

"What does my wife need? Do you want to suck my cock?" I let out a whimper, squeezing my thighs together to try to soothe the throb between them.

I'd love for him to shove me to the floor and make me suck him off, but he's not going to. He wants inside me, but first he wants my taste in his mouth.

"Fenton." I press myself more into him. My hormones are all over the place. My panties are already soaked through.

"Fuck you're breathtaking, *Sole*. I need a taste." He picks me up, carrying me over to his desk and setting me on top of it. I swear I'm about to burst with need.

"Why do you call me *Sole*?" I ask as he steps between my thighs.

"You're my sun. As sappy as it is, you light up my world. For so long I lived in darkness until you stepped into my life. Everything changed in that moment. For the first time I could see what I wanted in life. My entire world revolves around you. Without you here, there would be no me. Only death."

"Fenton." Tears form in my eyes.

"You're my life." His hand rubs across my stomach. "You give me life."

"I can't believe I ever thought about running from you." I grab his shirt, pulling him down for a kiss. I love this man more than anything.

"You'll never escape me, my wife. Darkness always finds the light," he says against my mouth before he claims me yet again.



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Mine to Claim

When Orchid moved in next door, I could tell she was running from something or someone. I vowed then and there to keep her safe from everyone, even me. I'm not a good man with a knight in shining armor sort of reputation. Anything but, in fact.

For Orchid, though, I want her to see the side of me I hide beneath my big beard and rough exterior.

When her past comes calling, I steal her away to my mountain hideout. And when the cult that raised her tries to take her from me, I'll burn down everyone who ever hurt her. Like I said, I'm not a good man. But for Orchid, I'll be an avenging angel.

Protecting Zoe

Leone

I meet Zoey at the worst possible time and in the worst possible place. Saving her life is like breathing, something I'm hard-wired to do. She's innocence and sweetness, two things that have no place in my dark world, especially when they make her a beacon for bad men who want to hurt her. But they won't, not on my watch. It doesn't take long for me to realize that protecting Zoey is what I was born to do.

Zoey

My sister is missing. I'll do anything it takes to find her. That is, until I meet the dark, mysterious Leone. He saves me and makes me want things I've never even considered. His touch is addictive, and when he promises me he'll help me find my sister for a price, I'm all too eager to pay up, no matter how much it might cost me.

Guardian's Obsession

Vivian is my ward. I'm tasked with taking care of her and handling all her needs. The only thing is, I was expecting her to be a child, one I could easily hand off to a nanny. But she isn't. She's a grown woman with wicked curves who fascinates me.

I'm in charge of her inheritance. I want to be in charge of her. All of her. I'm the sort of man who'll stop at nothing to get what he wants. I've crushed my competition again and again over the years, and now I'll turn my skills on my young ward, breaking down her defenses until she's completely open to me. When I finally get a taste, I'm hooked, and I realize I'll never let her go.

But her foolish brother has other plans, and he's made deals involving my sweet Vivian. He'll find out just how ruthless I can be when it comes to protecting what's mine, and Vivian irrevocably belongs to me, just as I belong to her. Forever.

Rebel Tempts the Beast

He's in big with the syndicate. She's the innocent daughter of the man he respects the most...

Treasured

He's an art thief. She's a mafia man's daughter. She's also kinda clumsy ... With broken ancient vases and a grumpy hero turned mushy for his woman, these two are a perfect match.

Christmas Crush & Christmas Grump

This Christmas in Reindeer Valley is sure to steam up your Kindle. A second chance romance plus a grumpy/sunshine romance all set in the same small town?

Sign me up!

Married to My Stalker

He's so obsessed with her that he wifes her stat. But when she starts to figure out his dark side, she realizes she wants it to come out and play ... dirty.

Plump

He's a mafia boss. She's *plump*.

Obsessed Love

He's fresh out of prison. She pulls him over. So, naturally, he puts her in his trunk and takes her home to make her the queen of his illegal empire. Nice.

Crazy Love

He has a screw loose because of a head injury a while back. But he still knows his true love when he sees her. If only her mouthy cat—whom he can hear—would stop distracting him with all its sassy comebacks!

Claiming His Kitten

He wants her father's fortune and will go to any lengths to steal it out from under her. But, let's be honest, he's kidding himself. What he really wants is *her*.

Vetting His Kitten

A bad man who goes all warm and cuddly for his one true love. Gaaaahhhh, I love this one!

Wrecked

He knows how to fight, but can he learn to protect the one woman who's ever made him feel hope?

Nanny Tempts the Beast

She needs a job. He needs a nanny. And then he needs only *her*.

Unforgettable

Amnesia romance with a sassy kitty and a tantalizing mystery? What's more MINK than that?

Bodyguard's Obsession

He's supposed to protect her, but he ends up needing to stay *very* close to her. For, ya know, *safety*. *wink wink*

His Clever Kitten

She takes him hostage to save her kitty cat shop. It just so happens he's a mafia boss who'll do anything to stay locked up tight just for her.

His to Keep

A bodyguard's work is never done, especially when he can't keep his eyes off his client.

119 Kitty Lane

MINK takes a trip to Cherry Falls in this sweet romance.

Santa Material

A big bear of a Santa and the handy woman he loves. Spoiler Alert: He's going to stuff her full of Christmas cheer.

Taming His Bride

Book 4 of the Blushing Brides Series.

Stealing His Bride

Book 3 of the Blushing Brides Series.

Claiming His Bride

Book 2 of the Blushing Brides Series.

Knocking Up His Bride

Book 1 of the Blushing Brides Series.

Four brides, four rough men with a soft spot for the women they love.

Under His Spell

A haunted house, a ghost story of lost love, and a brand new love blooming under a full moon. This spooky sweet story is sure to get your blood racing for all the right reasons.

Beauty Tempts the Beast

Revenge is his life's work, but when he finds his Beauty in the heart of an enemy, will he be up for a career change?

Loan Shark's Obsession

He knows priceless objects when he sees them. So when he sees her, he *knows*.

His Stolen Bride

Her first husband never touched her. He's dead. Now she belongs to Santino, and there will be much, *much* touching.

His Stolen Princess

They were meant to be ... until they weren't. So, he steals her. Logical. Also, there's a cat.

Stalking Her Sweetly

Who's stalking whom?

Hitman's Heart

He's a badass who kills without remorse. She's a good girl who gets caught in the crosshairs. He saves her, but can he keep her?

His Secret Treasure

He says artifacts belong in a museum. She says he stole an ancient box that belongs to her. Can they come to terms over her box?

My Hero's Secret Baby

He's a hero to her, the boogeyman to everyone else. Can they have a future together?

His Tiger Queen

She's a princess in a heavily guarded tower. He's the prince next door. Did I mention there's also a pet tiger?

His Virgin Heiress

She's a thief. He keeps her safe. But can she give up jewel heists for love?

Cuffed Love

MINK's personal favorite. Seriously. I love this book.

Stuffed

Stuffies, hitmen, true love, and accidental homicide? MINK at her finest.

His Sweetest Sin

He's a priest, not a sinner ... Until he sees her.

Locking Her Down

She broke into an animal shelter. He's the only one who can help her, but this attorney knows what he wants in return (hint: it's not justice.)

Marco's Girl

Marco is the bad boy prince of a mafia empire, but his heart is set on a darling good girl.

Pop-up Love

Mobsters, mayhem, a Hallmark movie, and a pop-up shop full of love? Yes.

Beauty and the Boss

She wants to bring her cat to work. He wants to bend her over his desk. Win-win.

His Virgin Queen

He killed her husband and took her for himself.

His Deadly Darling

She's spicy. He's determined. Together, they're unstoppable.

Hitman's Prey

He always seemed so nice ... (and hot).

Snow Angel

She wants to beat him in the lights competition; he just wants her. This Christmas is lit.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



MINK writes sweet and salty romances that always satisfy with a happily ever after.

www.MINKromance.com

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