



# GOLDEN ANGEL

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BOOK 3 1/2

# SPY SEASON

# *Spy Season*

A PREQUEL TO A SEASON FOR SPIES

DECEPTION & DISCIPLINE SERIES

# GOLDEN ANGEL

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# *Part One*

## Anthony

A brothel in the middle of Paris.

Anthony shook his head as he made his way through the streets, keeping his chin lifted and his pace steady. He wanted to appear lost in thought. The kind of gentleman one might glance at, then not remember because he was so insignificant—or if a lady glanced, she might only remember seeing a handsome man passing by.

Though there were not too many ‘ladies,’ as such, on the streets he was entering. Personally, Anthony preferred women who were not ‘ladies.’ While his parentage was high enough as the second son of an English viscount, he eschewed the social obligations of that world. He had very little patience for the many vagaries of Society, much less their rules.

Which was why the army had been such a good fit for him. Then he’d been recruited by England’s Spymaster, the Marquess of Camden. His grandmother had been French, and Anthony had ‘the look,’ as well as being fluent in the language. It had made him an ideal spy, which took him to such interesting places.

Madame Dupont’s was hardly the oddest or most interesting location he’d been to, but he had to admit he had not expected to be sent to a brothel as part of his service to his country, even if it was also a gaming hell. Who would he be

meeting there? He did not know, but that was hardly unusual. The note with his instructions had been necessarily vague since he was in enemy territory and had been for quite some time. He adjusted the red cravat he was wearing and the blue flower in his lapel, which he'd been instructed to wear so that he could be recognized.

The streets were becoming darker, less well-lit, and the people he passed more mixed in appearance. There were others dressed like himself, regular gentlemen who had made their money from trade and the like, as well as rough laborers and workers. Scattered among them were a few groups of the aristocracy who had come to visit the more dangerous parts of the city.

Anthony appeared to ignore them all, while in actuality, he was noting each and every one, assessing them as a threat.

The entrance to Madame Dupont's appeared at the end of the street, and his pulse picked up, anticipation quickening his step. Anyone watching would think his faster gait was for a different reason entirely, which suited him well enough.

The main room was filled with rowdy patrons, drinking and playing. Lightskirts were scattered around the room, some walking, some sitting on a patron's lap, and one was heading up the back stairs with a rather inebriated man. Likely, the rooms for 'entertaining' were located at the top of those stairs.

*"Monsieur, bienvenu."* One of the lightskirts came swaying up to him, eyes bright with the welcome that was echoed on her rouged lips. The lowcut gown she was wearing was made of such thin cloth, it was nearly transparent, and he could see her rouged nipples through the pale fabric. Despite the delightful distraction, Anthony's brain effortlessly translated her French to English. "What kind of entertainment are you looking for this evening?" From the thrust of her hip and the way she leaned toward him, she was obviously offering a particular kind.

"I thought to start with a drink," he replied easily in French, smiling at her to take the sting out of his refusal of her services.

She did not seem at all perturbed by his rejection, fluttering her eyelashes at him.

“Very good, sir. This way.” Hooking her arm through his, she led him toward the side of the room, where there were tables and chairs with quite a few patrons sitting and drinking. Some of them had feminine company, some were with their friends, and there was one man drinking alone.

Anthony’s gaze caught on the man sitting alone—possibly his contact? Tall and thin with an angular face, the quality of his clothes and boots were a cut above most of the other patrons. As Anthony had never met another agent who did not possess the ability to blend in, he was uncertain.

*Wait for your contact to approach you.*

So, when the other man lifted his head and met Anthony’s gaze, Anthony did no more than nod politely and look away, returning his attention to the lightskirt, who had decided to keep him company.

\* \* \*

### Evie

Watching Captain Anthony Browne—English agent in service of the Crown and second son of Viscount Browne—being led through the French whorehouse, Evie felt a very odd stirring in her body.

*Arousal? Why? And why him?*

There was nothing immediately attractive about him. He was dressed not to be noticed, and while he was handsome, she’d met far more beautiful men. He hardly stood out, yet... the attraction was there. Something indefinable and unexpected.

Evie was used to the unexpected in her life. She was *not* used to it from her own body. Especially when she was working. No matter what else happened to her, her reactions had always been hers to command, and she resented discovering there was an exception to the rule.

As Birgitte led the captain through the main floor of the brothel, she glanced over at Evie, who nodded at her.

Red cravat. Blue flower in his lapel.

The spy from England who General Moreau had boasted he would capture tonight. That one had appeared was the biggest surprise. Evie had not actually expected to see any of her uncle's agents enter Madame Dupont's this evening, much less one attired as the general had claimed he would be. She'd thought the general to be boasting in an attempt to make himself seem more important than he actually was, but she had not wanted to leave one of her uncle's agents in a trap if there had been even a kernel of truth to the general's claims.

Which was very lucky for Captain Anthony Browne. If she had not been here, he would likely be dead by dawn. Even luckier, she knew who he was. Though Evie made it her business to know as many of her uncle's agents by face as she could, not all of them had visited him while she was at-home. And her uncle certainly did his best to keep her out of his line of work.

Unfortunately for him, Evie was not comfortable being the proper lady her uncle was trying to mold her into. She'd spent too much time on the streets of London after the death of her parents left her orphaned and alone. By the time her uncle had come to claim her, she'd already fled the cruel woman her parents' solicitor had put in charge of her care and disappeared. Uncle Oliver had found her four years later, mudlarking with a street gang and doing her best to hide her identity as a female.

It had been a miracle he'd run into her. Only her bright green eyes had allowed him to recognize her. She'd recognized him immediately but would have fled if he hadn't seen her eyes and grabbed hold of her.

Once she'd started living with him, he'd done his best to turn her into a proper lady, but Evie wanted to do what *he* did. What her cousins did. She made a very good spy, even if neither her uncle nor cousins wanted to admit it.



Perhaps saving the captain's life would help her prove otherwise. Though her uncle was likely to lose his temper when she admitted what she'd done with her time in Paris.

Moving through the crowd with practiced ease, dodging groping hands on the way, Evie replaced Birgitte at the captain's side as she left to get him a drink—at least, Evie assumed that was what he'd tasked the other woman with by the end of their conversation.

His eyes drifted over the tops of her breasts before rising to meet Evie's eyes, and she smiled at him. She could tell from the expression on his face, he was about to dismiss her, thinking her one of the usual lightskirts.

Evie leaned down, so her ample cleavage was directly in front of his gaze and spoke low in his ear. The din of the crowd around them would keep them from being overheard, but Evie had learned that caution was never a wasted effort.

“Have you put your wager on the north wind yet?” she asked in French.

“Excuse me...” It seemed to take a moment for him to understand her words, then he froze.

Blinked.

Looked up at her far more carefully.

Evie met his gaze and smiled.

To anyone else in the room, it would appear as though they were flirting. To the captain, she had just revealed herself to be a fellow agent of the Crown, with a dire message for him. Her uncle's agents used individual code phrases for each mission, but there were some that could be used at any time, and the emergency phrase was one of those.

“I had ten francs on the west wind,” he replied, his gaze now cautious and wary, though he tipped his head back and appeared as though he was studying her lips and face, perhaps deciding if she appealed. He was good at this.

Good enough, Evie felt her pulse quicken in interest under his intent gaze. The way his eyes roved over her made her skin

tingle. She cursed inwardly, but there was nothing she could do about her body's inconvenient response to him except try to ignore it.

“The south wind is going to take the win.” Straightening, Evie crooked her finger at him and turned to go, her hips moving and skirts swaying to show off her ankles where they were hiked up on either side. Across the room, she saw Birgitte and nodded her thanks.

Birgitte was one of the many young women Evie had cultivated for information. Men overlooked women in general, their ladybirds and tarts in particular. Sex loosened a man's tongue even more efficiently than alcohol, especially among men who were trained to watch what they said. For some reason, they held their tongue among other men, but what they held back came out during pillow talk.

That was how she'd learned of the trap for the captain. The general had boasted to Melody, who had told Birgitte, who had informed Madame Dupont, who had sent a note to Evie.

A year ago, Evie had saved Birgitte from an importuning lord who had decided she was going to be his personal courtesan—whether she willed it or not. He'd been attempting to kidnap her from the street when Evie had intervened. That had led to their friendship and Evie's introduction to Madame Dupont's. None of them knew who Evie really was, of course, but they accepted her as one of their own.

As she swept up the stairs, she could feel the captain's presence behind her without looking to check if he was there. What was it about him? No man had ever affected her the same way he did.

Evie was no chaste virgin. Between her time on the streets and in Madame Dupont's, there was very little she did not know about sexual relations, even in the areas where she did not have experience, but she had never felt *this* before.

She did not like it one bit.

\* \* \*

Anthony.

Glancing over his shoulder at the room, the woman who had originally met him had already moved on to flirting with another man. She didn't seem at all upset at her apparent loss of income. He had caught the look exchanged between her and the woman he was now following—the woman who, somehow, had known the emergency phrases for English spies.

What the bloody hell was going on?

As far as he knew, there were no female agents. Not really. Not any that Camden would send into hostile territory like this. At most, he garnered information from diplomats' wives or daughters, learning what they overheard in ballrooms and salons.

Which meant this was either a trap, or Camden had been keeping secrets. Either seemed possible, but Anthony remained wary.

They passed through the hallway, and the sounds coming from behind the closed doors made it clear what the activities were within. What was a female agent doing in a brothel? While she was exceptionally attractive and could likely attract high-end clientele, Anthony would have expected someone with her looks and bearing to be an exclusive courtesan—not reside in a common brothel in one of the worst parts of Paris.

The woman opened a door and walked through it. Anthony followed warily, but the room was sparsely furnished. The biggest danger would be someone hiding in the wardrobe.

Hurrying over to the window, the woman glanced outside, then turned around to face him.

Again, he was struck by her beauty in a way none of the other women downstairs had stirred him. It was something more than her physical beauty. There was an attraction between them that fairly sizzled in the air. In another place, at another time, his only interest would have been exploring that attraction.

Instead, he closed the door behind him and crossed his arms over his chest.

“What is going on?” he demanded to know, still speaking in French, even though they were alone, remaining wary and cautious.

“You need to leave,” she responded in the same language. “This is a trap.”

Alarm flared within him, but he glared at her rather than doing as she commanded.

“Then why did you bring me into it?”

She rolled her eyes at him, glancing back out the window.

“I am not the trap, you fool. This *brothel* is the trap. The soldiers will be coming any minute now, looking for a man with a red cravat and a blue flower. You should take those off.” She gestured at his chest. “I will burn them, and you can go back down and out through the main door. Try to look at inconspicuous as possible.”

Despite the concern that rose inside of him, Anthony still did not move to do as she said. There was no proof that she was on his side. Perhaps she was there to interfere with his meeting, keeping him busy and away from the main room where his contact was.

How she might know about it, he had no idea, but he didn't know how she had come by the knowledge of this supposed trap either. Living for so long in enemy territory made one rather untrusting. Anthony liked to think he could trust his instincts, and normally, he could read people very well, but... not her.

His instincts about her were jumbled by the desire he couldn't completely ignore. He could not tell if her nerves were due to the supposed incoming soldiers or general nervousness from whatever role she was playing in interfering.

Looking back at him, she frowned.

“What are you doing? Hurry up.” She waved her hands at him.

“I have no proof that you are helping me. In fact, you could be hindering my agenda for the evening. I am to here

meet someone, which you are preventing.”

Green eyes flashed with anger. Whoever she was, she was not used to being denied. It gave him some small amount of pleasure to know he was not dancing to her tune, the way she was clearly used to having men do.

“I am preventing you from being swept up by General Moreau, who is coming here tonight to capture an English spy with a blue flower in his lapel and wearing a red cravat,” she snapped at him. “He boasted of it to one of the women here.”

Anthony crossed his arms over his chest. It stretched the boundaries of his belief that a man, a general no less, would be so loose-lipped and careless as to announce such things to a whore.

Yet... it was such a ludicrous story that he could not dismiss it out of hand. Why come up with such a bizarre lie? Why not claim something more believable?

The woman looked back out the window.

“How—”

“Blast,” she hissed and came toward him. “They’re here. We need to burn these!”

Anthony would have protested, except he could hear a scream coming from below, and the sound of heavy boots on wooden floors, men shouting orders...

Bloody hell.

Either this was a coincidence of incredible timing, or she was right.

The woman rushed forward, and he almost grabbed her, but she was doing no more than reaching for his flower and cravat. She nearly choked him getting it off, then hurried over and tossed them in the fireplace, picking up a log and setting it atop them to hide them. The flower disappeared immediately, but the cravat would take longer.

“Hurry up and get undressed,” she ordered, her hands going behind her back to undo the laces on her dress.

“What?” Anthony stared blankly at her. She looked back at him with a slightly contemptuous expression on her face.

“Get undressed! We have to make them think you’re a normal patron.”

“I can just go back downstairs,” he said stubbornly, though his resolve was weakening as her dress dropped to the floor in a puddle of fabric, leaving her in nothing but her stays and stockings. She was wearing nothing else beneath them and his gaze caught on the curvy lines of her hips, the thatch of curls covering her womanhood, and the smoothness of her thighs.

“With no cravat?” She rolled her eyes, coming at him again. Despite her lack of attire, her attitude was all business. “Someone might remember what you were wearing. Don’t be a prat. I’m sure you’re no virgin, and we need to make this look real, or else this might well be your last day on earth.”

That grim statement uttered, she reached for him and shoved his jacket from his shoulders, her breasts brushing against his front. Anthony’s reservations were rapidly deteriorating under both her nearness and her logic.

What he did not expect was for her to push him around. Surprisingly strong, she pushed him onto his back on the bed. The mattress was hardly comfortable, but Anthony had slept on worse. His eyebrows rose as she swiftly undid the placket at the front of his pants, freeing his half-hard cock.

Only half-hard because—despite her nakedness—the situation and shouting from downstairs did not lend itself to arousal.

Nor did the heavy tread of boots in the hall.

The woman glanced over her shoulder, her hand still around his cock, which was causing the member to rapidly thicken and grow.

“Blast.” She uttered the word before quickly climbing onto the bed, knees on either side of his body.

Anthony’s eyes widened as he realized what she meant to do. He’d thought they would pretend, but the woman sank down onto his cock, the wet heat of her body engulfing him,

and Anthony groaned. His hands, which had moved up as if to stop her, closed over her breasts. They were partially confined by her corset, but that hardly mattered. Feeling the softness of her flesh, he dipped his fingers into the top to find her hardened nipples. She shuddered as she impaled herself, then rose again, bouncing on his cock and riding him with a swiftness that took his breath away.

Which was how the soldiers found them when they burst through the door.

## *Part Two*

### *Evie*

The sound of wood splintering behind her, Evie shrieked, even though she'd been expecting it.

The sight that met the soldier's eyes was exactly what she'd intended—a gentleman and a whore, too involved in their physical pleasure to have noticed what happening on the lower floor. They were hardly the only ones, going by the shrieks and shouts she heard coming from the other rooms.

For one brief moment, as she'd felt the captain's cock sliding into her, she'd actually forgotten the incoming threat, which added verisimilitude to her performance.

She'd carefully staged the tableau so the soldiers got a good glimpse of her bottom and the captain's cock stuffed into her quim as soon as they came through the door. She was counting on them being far more interested in looking at *that* than at his face or the contents of the fireplace.

The cravat was burning merrily, but the evidence remained if one looked closely.

Evie wanted to be sure no one looked until the evidence was gone.

Turning her head and her upper torso, she kept bouncing on the captain's cock as she widened her eyes at the sight of soldiers in the door. Two of them had actually come into the



room, and one of them was standing in the hall. All three of them were watching her rise and fall, their gazes intent on her buttocks.

She allowed her pace to slow, sinking down on the captain until he was fully embedded inside her, trying not to think about how good he felt.

“What is it? What is happening?”

“Apologies... I... we...” the young soldier in the front stammered.

“Get out. Can’t you see we’re busy in here?” the captain snarled, his hands moving from her breasts down to her hips. Evie moaned and wriggled atop him, rising and falling slightly, though not to the degree she had before.

The third soldier, the one in the doorway, coughed and muttered something.

“Apologies. Please, do go on.” The soldiers retreated, pulling the door shut behind them. Only then did Evie sigh with relief, going up on her knees.

Her eyes widened when the captain’s fingers tightened on her hips.

“Where do you think you’re going?” The words came out in a low growl, far too low for anyone beyond the door to hear it, if they were even listening.

Despite her attraction to the man, Evie narrowed her eyes. Not even her uncle, the Spymaster to the Crown, succeeded in ordering her about. She was not about to let a near-stranger do so—regardless of their current... intimate circumstances.

“This was to save your life.” She waved her hand between the two of them. “Not for... pleasure.”

If she had thought of another way to divert suspicion from him, she would have. It had seemed like a good idea at the time. Even if someone remembered him from earlier, they would hardly suspect a man who was balls deep in a ladybird when he was a spy who had an important meeting.

The captain's dark eyes were intent on hers, one eyebrow raising as if to question her intelligence.

“And if they return to find we have already ended our activities?” Before Evie could react or respond, the captain lifted his hips up, lifting her up as well, and he rolled.

With his greater weight and strength, not to mention his cock still filling her, there was little Evie could do to counter him. She ended up on her back, breathlessly staring up at him, with his hands pinning her wrists on either side of her head. A thrill unlike any she'd ever felt rushing through her, she clenched around his cock as her body responded to being overset.

Never in her life...

Because she would have never allowed it.

So, why was it so exciting when *he* overpowered her?

“If we disengage now, and someone looks back in when they do not find me in another room, all of this is already for naught,” he murmured as he brushed his lips over the tops of her breasts, up her neck to her mouth.

When he kissed her, Evie resisted for a moment, struggling against the desire swamping her, struggling against her inner turmoil. His hands slid from her wrists up to her palms, and their fingers entwined. His hips moved away, then he thrust in again, filling her so deliciously.

Without the soldiers bearing down on the door, there was nothing to distract her from how he felt atop her... within her...

Evie had made the calculated decision to lose her virginity when she was sixteen and everything had been under her complete control. Since then, she'd found occasional lovers—some for pleasure, some because they had something she wanted—but not one had made her feel like *this*. The heady, dizzying arousal surged through her when the captain kissed her. The way her body came to life under his touch.

Her legs were up and wrapped around his waist before she realized it, her mouth opening beneath his to moan... This was

not her. This was not who she was.

Evie was always in control of herself.

Until now.

\* \* \*

Anthony

Feeling the beauty's resistance fade as she submitted to him, a carnal desire, unlike any Anthony had ever known, filled him. She was like an unbroken horse, a purebred, and well worth the time it took to tame her. While he had often indulged in games of control and domination and submission, he'd never been particularly drawn to the women who were a challenge.

But this woman? She was challenge incarnate, and mastering her felt far more satisfying than he would have believed.

With their tongues tangled, he thrust his hips with long, slow movements. Her heels dug into the small of his back, encouraging him, spurring him forward, as did her passionate response to his kiss. When he felt her hesitate, he pressed forward, impaling her with his cock and rubbing his groin against hers to stimulate the little button of pleasure located at the apex of her pussy.

She shuddered, her hips thrusting up to meet him, rubbing even more firmly against him.

Anthony released her lips and moved his mouth back down over her neck. Her gasp as he nipped at her tender flesh, biting down only a little, and the way she clenched around him, drove him onward.

“Oh!” She writhed beneath him, her hands pressing against his as if she was trying to move them to touch him, but he kept them pressed down, enjoying the feel of her struggling against him.

Pushing her hands above her head, he moved them together, so he could hold down both wrists with one hand. Her eyes popped open, and she glared up at him, but the confliction in her gaze was clear. While she very much liked what he was doing to her, she didn't want to like it—he didn't know which excited him even more.

Normally, Anthony preferred women who wanted to submit, who let him take control easily and without objection. This wildcat was nothing like that, yet he found the difference to be wildly arousing rather than putting him off.

He thrust in deep again, leaning in to use his weight to pin her to the bed.

“Tell me you want me.”

“You would like that, wouldn't you?”

Anthony laughed. She really was challenge incarnate.

“Of course I would, which is why I said it. Now, if you want me to fuck you, tell me.”

He rotated his hips, grinding his pubis against hers, and she shuddered, hips lifting. He stopped, and she mewled in protest, her eyelashes fluttering before she glared up at him again. Grinning, Anthony dipped his head and nipped her collarbone. She gasped, and her pussy clenched around him.

“Tell me, minx, and I'll make you scream with pleasure.” Lifting his head, he stared down at her, and she glared up at him as her jaw worked. The fury in her gaze at being denied was as hot as her passion.

“Fine. I want you.” Each word sounded as if it was dragged out of her, filled with resentment that he was making her admit it.

The triumph that filled him was nearly as satisfying as a climax.

“Good girl,” he purred, holding eye contact and saw the flash of pleasure, the surprise in her expression at her reaction, then the fury that overtook her when she rebelled against that response.

Bloody hell, she was amazing.

Thinking of her as an unbroken horse was more accurate than he'd realized. She was wild. Untamed. If he could master her... fuck. He didn't even know her name, yet he was thinking about claiming her.

What spell had she woven over him?

It didn't matter. His body was making certain demands on him, and he was moving atop her. Riding her as she writhed beneath him. Feeling her clenching around him, shuddering as she gasped and moaned with her rising passion.

The door slammed open behind them again.

"I said, get out!" Anthony roared over his shoulder, managing to maintain just enough sense to use French rather than English. Beneath him, the lady shrieked several curses at the soldiers, who were stupid enough to interrupt them *again*.

"It can't be him," one of them muttered. "Look at him. He doesn't care about anything but getting his money's worth."

The words made his jaw clench as they shut the door again, though not because it was proof they were looking for him. Their words reminded him that while the lady might be his for the moment, she was not actually *his*. Bloody hell, he did not like that at all. The feeling of possessiveness that followed was as unexpected as it was potent.

"Don't stop," she ordered, lifting her hips, heels pressing against the backs of his thighs.

That she thought she could boss him around made him want to stop and spank her, to show her who was truly in charge, but under the circumstances, he pushed away the impulse. She did not know his rules. And the soldiers might return again, in which case it was best to continue on as they already were. Finishing out his 'session' would be the most convincing demonstration he was not the spy they were looking for.

So, he lost himself in her body, thrusting between her thighs as their mutual passion rose higher and higher.

\* \* \*

Evie

Sensation swirled, and Evie writhed as the captain moved harder and faster with every thrust. It was pure, erotic bliss. Pleasure swamped her, making it hard for her to think. Not that she had to. He'd taken her control away completely, and there was nothing she could do but enjoy, which made it possible for her to relax and actually do so.

She did not have to think about what he wanted. He was doing what he wanted. And he was doing a very good job.

“Oh, please...” The hot tingling that preceded her climaxes made the words come easily. Hot need loosened her tongue as nothing else could. “Please!”

Evie arched her back, shuddering as the rising pleasure made her clench and squeeze his cock. Every thrust rubbed against her most sensitive spot, sending another burst of ecstasy shooting through her as she went higher and higher, the tension winding inside her tighter and tighter until it finally snapped.

She screamed her passion, just as he'd promised she would, the explosion of sensual rapture beginning in her core and flaming outward. Through it all, he kept thrusting and pumping, his groans becoming more impassioned until he suddenly pulled himself free.

Hot, sticky fluid splattered against her stomach while Evie panted for breath, her body simmering and slowly coming down from the heights of pleasure while the captain spilled his pleasure over her.

She hadn't thought to ask him to do so and had forgotten to sheathe him with lambskin before impaling herself on him, which showed how overwrought she'd been. How he'd jumbled her sensibility.

She could not regret it. Perhaps it was the danger, the spontaneity, or her unexplained immediate physical attraction

to him, but it had been the most wildly passionate and satisfying sexual encounter of her life. She did not have much experience, but if she'd known such glory was possible, she would have certainly been more open to it.

“Bloody hell.” He bent his head over her, panting for breath, his arms braced and their fingers still entwined. The mess on her stomach was already beginning to cool. “Stay right there.” He pushed himself upright.

Bemused, Evie decided to do as she was told, mostly because she was curious about his intentions. When he moved to the washbasin and picked up a cloth, wetting it and returning to clean off her stomach, she laid back on the bed and allowed it. Her body was still humming, and it was rather nice to relax and let him take care of things. Especially since he was being so considerate.

“What is your name?” he asked as he moved the cloth over her skin.

“Yvette.” It was the name she'd given Madame Dupont and Birgitte. The one she'd been using in the streets of France, so that no one could connect her with Miss Evangaline Stuart. Close enough to her own, she didn't forget it and always looked up when someone said it.

“Yvette. Very pretty.” He put the cloth down and rolled her over. Evie went willingly enough, still curious what he was doing. Why he was remaining here instead of fleeing.

The sounds of the soldiers had disappeared, though she supposed there might still be some lingering, waiting for the man with the red cravat and blue flower, both now completely turned to ash. He should be safe enough if he left now.

Strangely, she was in no rush to boot him out the door.

When he began to undo the laces on her corset, she looked over her shoulder, raising her eyebrows. Her questioning look was met with a serious expression, his eyes still blazing hot, even though his lust should be quenched.

“We did things in a bit of a rush. I think it's best I do not give the soldiers any reason to question me too closely or for

anyone downstairs to remember what I was wearing earlier if I descend now.”

He tugged the corset from her body, leaving her completely naked. Her nipples were pebbled against the mattress, then he turned her over again, sliding his hands from her waist up to her breasts. Despite the fact she should be completely satiated, arousal stirred as his callused palms moved over her skin.

“That is very presumptuous of you,” she replied, though she couldn’t be bothered to move from her current position on her back with her hands on either side of her head. It was very reminiscent of the position he’d held her down in. When his hands closed over her breasts, she gasped and arched.

Her climax had rendered her entire body more sensitive than usual, and his touch exacerbated that sensitivity to the point where the pleasure of his touch was almost too stimulating. It knocked her thoughts right from her head—which should have been alarming. She was enjoying herself too much to be alarmed, though later, she would remember her weakness.

Fingers pinched her nipples, tightening around the tender, aching buds to just the right degree of painful pleasure. Evie stretched like a cat, pushing her hands up above her head and letting him play with her body as he pleased. He’d made some good points, and she craved his touch.

Wanted more of the pleasure he’d heaped upon her.

Was it only because it had been so long since she’d had a lover? Or was it him?

From the way his touch made her feel, she was beginning to think it was him. Which was very dangerous indeed.

So, she might as well enjoy all she could before they parted ways and never saw each other again. At least, she would ensure he never saw *her* again, though she would be sure to watch out for him whenever he came to report to her uncle.

“Good girl. Keep your hands above your head.”



She would have knifed anyone else who dared to speak to her so patronizingly. Well, not her cousins, but she would have gotten some kind of retribution. When the captain did it, it aroused her as much as it infuriated her, which made her even angrier, yet more aroused.

But she didn't move her hands.

No.

She left them in place as he tormented her nipples, pinching and pulling, rolling them between his fingertips while she grew wet, wanton, and needy. When he finally lowered his mouth between her thighs, his hands still playing with her breasts, she was practically dripping onto the sheets from her arousal.

Despite that, she remembered to have him sheathe himself. When they reached their glorious mutual climax, he was able to hold himself inside her, filling the sheathe with his seed until he collapsed on top of her.

By then, the hour was very late, and Evie curled up against him. She had never actually slept with a man. Had never been good at sleeping with anyone in the same room until she knew them very well and knew they could be trusted. A leftover from her time on the streets.

With the captain, she found herself drifting toward sleep. The safety she felt by his side was inexplicable, but her subconscious felt it, or else she would not be so relaxed, no matter how many climaxes he brought her to.

"You have not asked me my name," he said, stroking his fingers through her hair as she rested against his shoulder. With her ear pressed against him, she felt the steady beat of his heart, and the hair on his chest tickled her nose.

"Does it matter?" If she had not already known his name, she would not have asked. Names were dangerous things.

"I am Anthony Browne." He did not give his rank or his lineage, despite giving her his real name. "Thank you for saving me, Yvette."

Ah, so he did know his manners. Evie had a fleeting flash of regret that she had not given him her real name. She would have liked to hear it on his lips as he thanked her, but it was for the best. Especially considering the next words out of his mouth.

“Tomorrow, you’ll come with me. I will settle things with Madame Dupont, then put you up in a house with whatever you need.” Lips passed over the top of her head as Evie blinked, very glad he could not see her expression. She would have surely given herself away.

“You want me to be your mistress?”

“Yes. You have no need to worry. I will take care of you, and if it comes to a point where we must part ways, you will get to keep everything.”

It was an incredibly generous offer for a woman in the position he thought she was, and what was more amazing was Evie knew he meant it. The captain had a streak of honor a mile wide, and she did not doubt he would follow through on every word. What surprised her the most was how tempted she was to continue with the deception and allow him to do so... at least for a bit until she had to leave.

Unfortunately, that would never do.

“I owe Madame Dupont more than I can say,” she replied, which was both true and misleading. What she owed the madame had nothing to do with money.

“I will take care of it.” He sighed, the hand stroking her hair slowing. Evie didn’t respond as she felt him fall asleep.

While part of her wished to follow him into slumber, she knew that was not possible, not after the desire he had voiced aloud. If she stayed, explanations would be required tomorrow morning, and she had no satisfactory one to give him. Madame Dupont might play along with the idea Evie was one of her girls, but she might not.

Telling him the truth was right out. She did have to hold back a snicker when she imagined the look on his face when he discovered she was the Marquess of Camden’s beloved

niece. That would be fun for all of two minutes, then she would have to deal with the ramifications that came with the revelation.

Not worth it.

Evie had work to do.

So, she waited until the captain was fast asleep, then slipped from the bed and out into the dark Paris streets.

\* \* \*

### Anthony

Inner alarms were sounding in Anthony's head as he came awake, which meant he came to with a rush, though he kept his eyes closed. Feigning sleep rarely hurt anything, and sometimes, one could learn something. It took him a moment to realize what had alerted him was the stillness of the room, not the sounds of someone else.

He was alone.

And he should not be alone.

With a growl, he sat up, opening his eyes.

The room was empty, with no sign of Yvette anywhere.

Which put him in a foul mood. Where had she gone? Why had she fled? He had offered her everything she could have wanted, should have needed. Had she not enjoyed herself the way he thought she had? He immediately dismissed the notion. There had been nothing fake about her pleasure. He would have been able to tell.

Yanking on his clothing, he stomped downstairs to find the room occupied by a single woman. Older than any of the other women he'd seen last night, she was still handsome with a commanding bearing. She was dressed modestly in a dress of green and dark yellow, with her greying hair pulled up into a bun.

“Good morning, Sir. I hope you had a pleasant evening,” she said in lilting French.

Anthony scowled at her. He was in no mood for pleasantries.

“Where is Yvette?” If she was going to spurn his offer, the least she could do was tell him why. She had seemed interested.

The woman raised her eyebrows.

“Gone, I presume, once she completed the task she came here for.”

He opened his mouth to retort, then closed it. Something was wrong. Something was *off*. No Madame would be so casual about one of her ladies going off on her own without knowing where they were going and why.

“You are Madame Dupont?” he asked, wanting to confirm his supposition.

“I am.”

“Yvette works here?”

“No.” Madame Dupont smiled, apparently enjoying his discomfiture. “I owed Yvette a favor. That favor has now been repaid.” Her gaze sharpened. “I suggest you go on your way before I have to think too hard about that favor. I love my country dearly.”

With that warning ringing in his ears, Anthony nodded curtly and quickly departed.

Yvette had said she owed Madame Dupont much. Madame Dupont seemed to feel she owed Yvette.

Going back and questioning the madame was impossible. Hopefully, she would forget his face. His position now compromised, he should return to London and report in. Somehow, General Moreau had known he would be at that particular brothel and exactly what he would be wearing.

Without knowing who to trust, Anthony needed to make his way back to London.

He took the day to put his affairs in order and search for Yvette, but she had disappeared as if she'd never existed.

# *Part Three*

## **3 Years Later**

### *Anthony.*

The Society of Sin. A fitting name for the debauchery on display at Lady Greywood's townhome. Anthony felt right at home amidst the moans, whimpers, and the sound of leather slapping against flesh. These were his people. There was a mix of aristocracy and middle classes, all of them led by the Marquess of Hartford, known to most as Rex.

Among the Society, he was king.

Unfortunately, the Marquess of Camden had suspicions that a traitor to the Crown, recently tied to the attempted assassination of the Duke of York, was part of the Society. It burned Anthony to think such a snake in the grass could be hiding among the members. As if those who shared these perverse inclinations did not have enough to worry about.

They were risking Society's reprobation by their mere presence. If anyone outside of the Society was to discover their activities, the malicious gossip would rise to unthinkable levels. Sadly, that gossip came with tangible repercussions. Certain rumors carried ruin with them for individuals, families, businesses, even dynasties.

Instead of being able to enjoy everything the Society had to offer, Anthony was there to keep an eye out for the traitor.

He was not the only one. The Marquess of Camden's eldest son, Elijah, was about, as well as Captain Nathan Jones, both who Anthony considered friends. All three of them were there both because of their own preferences with sex and the indications someone from the Society had been involved in the assassination plot.

"Hello, there." A lady stepped in front of Anthony as he made his way through the rooms of Lady Greywood's main floor. Her eyes raked him up and down. The dress she was wearing left little to the imagination. While it covered her completely, the material was so sheer, even in the dimly light rooms, he could clearly see the outline of her nipples and the dark triangle of her mound. Blonde with bright blue eyes and pink pouting lips, she looked to be about his age, and the invitation in her eyes was clear.

"Are you looking for someone to play with this evening?" She purred the words, her pose provocative as she put one hand on her hip, pushing out her breasts toward him.

For a moment, he was tempted. There was something about her brazenness that tugged at his memory... a memory he refused to recall. Anthony's tastes, when it came to a woman's demeanor, had changed over the months, and he knew why. Once upon a time, he'd preferred quiet and demure submissive women. Lately, it was the brassy, challenging spitfires who drew him in.

He did not like to think too much about it.

However, he did not wish to be rude.

"Not at the moment. I do hear there's going to be an exhilarating demonstration in the library. Did you have an interest in watching?" He offered his arm.

The blonde considered it for a moment before shaking her head.

"No, I would rather do than watch. If you see me alone later and decide you'd prefer to get your hands dirty, please do let me know." Tipping him a wink, she moved past him, on the hunt for more accommodating quarry.

Anthony had to chuckle. One of the things he liked best about the Society was everyone was there for enjoyment's sake, and there were rarely hurt feelings over a rejection.

Of course, human nature was still human nature, but overall, things were much easier here than among the tightly drawn strictures of the *ton*. No wonder he felt more comfortable here than in the *ton's* ballrooms. Turning down a lady's request in a ballroom would be the height of rudeness and would involve much approbation from those around him, not to mention his mother's likely appearance on his doorstep the next morning if she heard about it.

He did not have to worry about any of that here.

Turning to go back on his path, Anthony frowned. He'd seen something as he turned, and his hair prickled along the nape of his neck in warning.

He could not have seen what he'd thought he'd seen.

More than once since that fateful night in Paris, he'd thought he'd seen Yvette. It seemed there were plenty of dark-haired women about her height in the world. By now, the compulsion to double-check if the woman was Yvette should have worn off. He should be able to turn and walk away, knowing it was nothing more than his imagination playing tricks on him again.

He'd barely had more than a glance of the woman's profile as she'd whisked away around the corner. The impression he'd gotten had been that of a maid, not one of the ladybirds brought by a member of the Society.

*Turn and walk away.*

Yes. That was what he was going to do. Turn and walk away and banish the specter of Yvette from his life once and for all.

\* \* \*

*Evie*



Heart pounding in her chest, Evie pressed her back against the wall of the corner she'd just run around. She had not at all been prepared for the sight of Captain Anthony Browne here at Lady Greywood's house. He had not been at any of the other of the lady's previous parties!

Along with her pounding heart, she needed to slow her breathing. Closing her eyes, she took in a deep breath. Held it for a count of five. Slowly released it.

She had applied for a position in Lady Greywood's household specifically because the lady hosted so many of the Society of Sin's gatherings. While she had known her cousin Elijah and several of her uncle's other agents had gained entrance to the Society, she had not expected them to appear quite so often. She also had not known Captain Brown would be one of them.

Even if she had known, she would not have expected the rush of jealousy she'd felt when she'd encountered Captain Browne being propositioned by Lady Dalton.

She should have run the moment she'd seen him, but she'd stopped, halted by the urge to know whether or not he was going to disappear into one of the side rooms with the lady. The relief Evie felt when the lady had turned away was as unacceptable as staying to see the outcome of their encounter.

The captain was not her concern, and she should not care about seeing him, much less about who he was dallying with. She had kept up with his activities over the years, sneaking glimpses at her uncle's reports, but only to ensure he was kept well away from anywhere she intended to go.

Out of all the agents her uncle had, he was the only one who had seen her face when she was somewhere she was not supposed to be.

*He saw far more than your face, muttonhead.*

Hardly the point.

Taking another deep breath, Evie let herself relax. The captain likely would not even recognize her if he saw her again. He had probably not given her a second thought after

she'd disappeared in the night. She needed to gather herself and get back to work. As far as she knew, Elijah would not be attending tonight's event, which meant she should be able to move about freely without being recognized.

Except possibly by Captain Anthony Browne.

*Silly chit, he's not going to recognize you, and that is not a reason for disappointment. Now, get moving.*

She opened her eyes.

And shrieked.

A glowering Captain Anthony Browne was less than a foot away from her, arms crossed over his chest, staring down at her with accusing, dark eyes.

*Bloody hell!*

"Pardon me, my lord, is there something I can assist you with?" Her voice sounded as though it was coming from very far away. She inwardly panicked while outwardly doing her best to pretend as though nothing was wrong.

"Why, yes." The captain moved forward, and Evie tried to step back, forgetting she was already against the wall. There was nowhere for her to go. Before she could dart to the side, the captain's hands came out, slamming against the wall on either side of her, trapping her.

The close confines made her erratic heart trip as he leaned in, his nose mere inches away, his gaze burning into her. The heat was more than lust, unlike last time. There was anger there as well.

"Yes, Yvette, you can help me." His voice was full of silky threat. "You can start by explaining what you are doing here, in London, in Lady Greywood's house." Something flashed in his eyes. "Are you one of Camden's agents?"

"No," Evie said immediately. The very last thing she wanted was for Captain Browne to go demanding answers from her uncle. Since her uncle had seen fit to leave her out of his investigations, despite all the work she had done for him in

the past, he had no idea where she was, and she meant to keep it that way.

Besides, it was the truth. She did not work for her uncle. He would much prefer she had nothing to do with the family business.

“You are English.” It was not a question.

Evie stared back at him, not sure how to answer. Yes, she was English, but she did not see why that mattered.

“Is Yvette even your real name?”

She pressed her lips together. Normally she would have a lie at the ready, but her mind had blanked. It was his presence. At this point, she also did not know what he would believe.

She truly had not thought that he would remember her. That he did and was still so affected by her gave her a deep sense of satisfaction, she simultaneously resented.

She did not want to be so affected by this man! By *any* man.

“No answers? Let’s see if I cannot convince you to loosen your lips.” His gaze dropped to her lips, and for a moment, she thought he was going to kiss her, then he grabbed her by her upper arm and pulled her around.

Evie reacted immediately, her foot lashing out to stomp on his, her free hand fisting and heading straight for his gut.

The captain cursed, but the stomp had warned him. He twisted to the side, so she only landed a glancing blow to his stomach. Before he could react, Evie turned, pulling her arm and ripping it free from his grasp. She had nowhere to go, though, since he had her so close to the wall. Easily grabbing hold of her again, he yanked her off her feet and up over his shoulder. She gasped as her stomach bounced against it.

\* \* \*

Anthony

Grimly, Anthony pulled open the nearest door. The room was small and contained nothing more than a daybed, a few chairs, and a desk. It would work well enough for his purposes.

He was not going to harm Yvette, if that was her name, which he doubted, but he was determined to get some answers. Clearly, she was deep in the game, but who did she work for? It could not be the French, or she would not have saved him in Paris. It was far too much of a coincidence that she saved him in Paris and now appeared here at Lady Greywood's, dressed as a maid, right as he was on the hunt for a traitor. Though he did not think she was a traitor, he felt there had to be a connection.

“Put. Me. Down. Bloody toff.” The rage in her voice and the street cant she devolved to as she cursed him, doing her best to kick him and pummel his back with far more strength than he would have anticipated, made him raise his eyebrows.

More and more, he was beginning to wonder if she *was* English. Her speech certainly sounded like it. The more genteel accent she'd first employed had given way to the tones, words, and curses he'd expect to hear at the docks. The mysteries surrounding ‘Yvette’ kept growing.

Since she'd asked so nicely, Anthony plopped her onto the daybed. This time, prepared for her to come up fighting, he turned her as he put her down, so she was facedown on the bed. Grabbing her wrists, he whipped off his cravat and tied her hands behind her while she cursed at him with increasingly creative fervor.

His eyebrows felt as if they were going to rise into his hairline by the time he was done. The mix of street cant and Shakespearian insults was truly something to behold. She was at least somewhat educated.

“Are you finished?” he asked mildly as she took a breath after insulting his parentage.

“Not until you untie and let me go.” She yanked at the fabric around her wrist to emphasize her point.

“I will let you go as soon as you answer my questions. What is your name? Your real name. What are you doing here? And who do you work for?”

There were quite a few other questions he wanted to ask her as well, but those would do for a start. He needed to get his wayward desires under control. Manhandling her into the room and dodging her blows had aroused him in a manner he had not expected—though perhaps he should have since his body seemed consistently confused when around her.

Anthony was certainly not going to take advantage of her current position, but the back of his mind was going wild with fantasies now that he had her bound and at his mercy, even as he forced himself to focus on the task at hand.

“Go to hell!”

Apparently, she was not going to be reasonable.

Pressing his hand down on the small of her back, Anthony dodged her kicking legs as he moved to the side. Flipping up her plain brown skirt, he shook his head at the drawers she was wearing, which were hardly going to save her. The fabric was gossamer thin, but he was not going to allow her even that much protection.

“You have seen what goes on at these events, I presume?” His voice was far milder than he felt, though the sight of her creamy bottom had soothed some of the savagery he’d felt roiling inside. “If you do not answer my questions, I will spank you. I thoroughly enjoy reddenning a woman’s bottom, so it will be no hardship.”

He could not stop himself from reaching out to touch her, his hand caressing over the soft skin of her upturned mounds. Fuck, it felt far too good to have his hands on her again.

She’d gone silent and still.

“What is your real name?” He rubbed his hand against her bottom, right where he intended to slap if she did not answer him. “Last chance, vixen.” He was not going to call her Yvette again.

“Bugger off.” There was clear challenge in her voice.

Anthony had to chuckle. Did she want him to spank her? It certainly seemed like it. Lifting his hand, he brought it down hard on her upturned bottom, enjoying her gasp. Rather than giving her the chance to speak again, he brought his hand down thrice more, landing two hard, stinging swats to each cheek before asking her again.

“What is your name?”

“Go to hell!”

\* \* \*

### Evie

*Tell him another false name.*

Yes, that would have been the smart, sensible thing to do.

Instead, every time she opened her mouth, another curse fell out. Then his hand came down, slapping against her flesh while she cried out, wriggling as the stinging burn sank into her skin and heated her bottom. It hurt. It *did* hurt.

It also set her aflame.

Heat and arousal licked through her as much as the pain did, making her press her thighs together, trying to rub against that sensitive spot between her legs as her desire grew. It was utterly shameful and entirely exciting. While she had seen plenty of such things at the Society’s events, she had not truly felt interested in participating...

Until now.

Until it was Captain Browne who had her bound, her bottom bared, and it was his hard hand coming down on her tingling, stinging flesh.

Between her legs, she was hot, wet, and ready, far more so than she had been in all the months since she’d seen him last. No other man had managed to make her feel quite the same way, frustrating though it was to admit. With the evidence gathering in her body, there was no way she could honestly deny it.

All she had to do to make him stop was give him a name. Any name. He could hardly know if it was her real one.

But she did not want him to stop.

*I am just as depraved as everyone else here.*

When his hand came down this time, smacking hard against her flesh, it did not move away, and Evie whimpered at the new sensation, wriggling against his palm.

“I think you are enjoying this too much.” He sounded more approving than bothered.

“I think you are delusional,” she retorted, then bit back a moan as his hand moved down, stroking from her hot bottom down to her swollen, wet pussy. His fingers dipped. Swirled. Evie shuddered, unable to hold back her reaction.

“I must be imagining how wet you are.” His fingers dipped into her body.

Evie flushed hot, not only from her arousal but from embarrassment at having been so thoroughly caught out. She should have kept her mouth shut instead of stating something she knew to be untrue.

“What a lovely fantasy I am having.”

“Oh, do shut up,” she snapped, then gasped as he twisted his fingers inside her, thrusting them in with erotic precision. It felt so good, she could scarcely keep back her moan. The mix of the lingering sting from the spanking collided with the pleasure of his fingers moving inside her to create an unholy mix of something entirely new.

“Tell me your real name, vixen, and I’ll make you scream mine.” His voice was a purr, full of promise and heat. The temptation was strong, especially as his fingers kept moving inside her, stroking and delving.

She knew her name would not be enough and would only be the first question answered. She also could not risk him putting together Evie, the spy with Evie, the niece of the Marquess of Camden.

Which left her giving him another false name, and hearing him call her something else did not have nearly the attraction. They were at a détente, and she honestly did not know what might have happened next if they had not heard someone call his name from the hall.

Both of them froze.

Thankfully, Evie did not recognize the voice, so it was not her cousin, but she hardly wanted anyone else to see her in this position. Something she had learned about the Society was many of the members did not care if they were watched. Evie cared.

As if he sensed her objection, the captain slid his fingers from her pussy and gave her chastened bottom a gentle pat.

“Think about your options, vixen,” he said patronizingly. “I will be right back, then we will see if you will need another spanking or if you are a good girl who will get her pleasure.”

Evie bit back her retort as she heard him move away. When the door closed behind him, she got to her feet, her skirts falling back into place and covering her reddened bottom. Men. Always underestimating women.

Which was to her advantage, but she still had to shake her head.

He had tied her about the wrists with his cravat. Hardly the most difficult position to release herself from, even though her hands were behind her back. Cravats were not the best material for making good knots. Though if he'd tied her above her elbows as well as her wrists, it would have made things much harder on her.

It took less than thirty seconds for her to work the cravat off of her wrist. Leaving it in the middle of the daybed, she quickly moved to the window to let herself out. Sadly, she would be leaving Lady Graywood's employ sooner than anticipated. One last look at the daybed and the limp cravat sitting upon it, with her bottom tingling, Evie lowered herself from the window and dropped the last two feet onto the streets of London.



Back to her old haunts... for now. There was still work to do, and now she knew to be even warier of Captain Browne.

\* \* \*

Anthony

The interruption by Nathan was both frustrating and convenient. Anthony knew he was letting his attraction to his vixen get the best of him. She was still untamed, and the chemistry between them was still as strong as ever.

“I do not know how effective our attendance at these events is at sniffing out a traitor,” Nathan told him, frowning. “I am enjoying myself, but no one is here to talk. I am starting to think we have been set upon the wrong path.”

“Perhaps. Did the Marquess mention why he thought the Society might be involved?”

“I believe Mitchell told him he’d heard whispers from one of the attendees, who he did not know, before he was removed from the Society.” Mitchell was another agent, though not one of Anthony’s friends.

The man excelled at finding contacts among the worst of humanity. He was adept at blending into many walks of life and was more welcome in the dens of the crime lords than *tonnish* ballrooms. Which was part of what made him such a valuable resource.

He had been part of the Society for a while but had been removed. Anthony had not heard why. There were not many rules to the Society, other than all parties must consent to whatever activities they chose to engage in. Anthony did not like to think too hard about what Mitchell must have done to be kicked out.

“Well, until we hear otherwise, this is the only lead we have.” Anthony shifted his weight, trying not to show his impatience to return to the room behind him. He’d shut the door firmly and had one ear out in case it opened and she tried to make another run for it.

Even with her hands tied behind her back, she would be able to get the door open. If she kicked up enough fuss, he might join Mitchell in being removed from the Society, and that was not something he could risk. Besides, he did not want Nathan to see her.

He did not know how to explain her, even to one of his closest friends.

Not once had he ever mentioned her to anyone.

Seeing Anthony's discomfiture, Nathan smiled.

"Get back to whatever you were doing. As long as we are here, we might as well enjoy ourselves." Nathan waved his hand and moved onward.

Anthony smiled with relief. Raking his hand through his hair, he took a deep breath and went back to the door, his mind already spinning with plans of how he was going to make her talk. This time, he was not going to let her go afterward—even if he had to carry her over his shoulder back to his house and tie her to his bed there.

When he opened the door, it took him a moment to understand what his eyes were seeing.

Empty room.

Cravat on the bed.

Window open.

"Fuck!"

He ran to the window and bent out, looking up and down the alley. Empty.

She was gone.

Again.

*"Fuck!"*

He banged his fist against the windowsill, fury and frustration rioting through him. Clenching his jaw, he pulled back and stared at the ceiling, hands fisted at his side as he roped a tight leash around his anger.

Taking several deep breaths, he held them in until his chest hurt, then slowly let the air out.

This was the second time she had done this to him.

*There will not be a third.*

Slowly, Anthony turned and looked at the open window again. A thin smile crossed his lips as his fists unclenched. Fate had thrown them together a second time. He would trust the fickle goddess to do it again. Next time, he would not underestimate his vixen.

There would be a reckoning.

\* \* \*

*I hope you enjoyed my novella! This was originally part of a charity anthology and I loved writing Anthony and Evie's back story so much. If you'd like to find out how their story ends, make sure to [CLICK HERE and get your copy of A Season for Spies!](#)*

*If you'd like to join my newsletter for up-to-date news and some fun freebies [CLICK HERE](#) to join my Angel Legion.*

## About the Author

Golden Angel is a USA Today best-selling author and self-described bibliophile with a “kinky” bent who loves to write stories for the characters in her head. If she didn’t get them out, she’s pretty sure she’d go just a little crazy.

She is happily married, old enough to know better but still too young to care, and a big fan of happily-ever-afters, strong heroes and heroines, and sizzling chemistry.

When she’s not writing, she can often be found on the couch reading, in front of her sewing machine making a new cosplay, hanging out with her friends, or wandering the Maryland Renaissance Fair.

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*Daddy Dom Deliciousness? CLICK HERE to for Foosball Daddies!*



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## SHIFTER ROMANCE

### **Big Bad Bunnies Series**

[Chasing His Bunny](#)

[Chasing His Squirrel](#)

[Chasing His Puma](#)

[Chasing His Polar Bear](#)

[Chasing His Honey Badger](#)

[Chasing Her Lion](#)

[Night of the Wild Stags](#)

[Chasing Tail Box Set](#)

[Chasing Tail... Again Box Set](#)