



AN ASSASSIN
CAUGHT
IS AN ASSASSIN
CLAIMED

Captive
DESIRE

EVIE ROSE

CAPTIVE DESIRES

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CONTENT NOTES

These content notes are made available so readers can inform themselves if they want to. They're based on movie classification notes. Some readers might consider these as 'spoilers'.

- Bad language: frequent
- Sex: fully described sex scenes with dirty talk
- Violence: on and off page
- Other: dubious consent, kidnap, bondage, age gap, primal play, rough sex

ABOUT

He's filthy rich. Dangerous. Hot.

I'm untouched and pure. And I've been sent to kill him.

I creep into his bedroom late at night, knife in hand. The moonlight reveals the beauty of the mafia kingpin's face, and I hesitate.

Mistake.

Now he's caught me, and I'm at his mercy. He says he'll let me go if I beg him to take me...

I can't.

Partly from pride, but also... I don't want to leave. I want to be *his*.

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CLEO

There's less trouble getting into my enemy's castle than I expected. Ian Abernathy really should bother to set his alarms. The kingpin has plenty, but as I go to disarm them, I find they're left casually off. It's like he thinks the fourteen hours it took me to drive from London to his retreat in the Scottish Highlands will keep him safe.

It won't. The most brutal and wealthy of the Scottish mafias is causing chaos for my father's "business". I've been sent up here to fix the problem. Permanently. The best assassin in London to take out the notorious mafia boss.

According to the profile my father gave me, Ian is five foot ten, green eyes, big black beard and obscenely wealthy as well as ruthless. Sinfully rich and rich in sin. It makes little sense that he's bothering with the Whitlock mafia, small as it is.

Ian Abernathy is also basically already dead, so, I guess, never mind about the slack security and dubious motivation.

After I deal with the surveillance panel by the front door, said door is still bolted. I can pick the locks, but the deadbolt is more tricky. I sneak around the castle, silent and invisible in my black leggings and long black top, my hair back in a ponytail that's constantly falling out, looking for other ways in.

Black is my look. So is breaking and entering. Where most girls at nineteen years old are interested in hair straighteners, music, boys, and social media, I've always been a bit different.

Alright. A downright loner. It was the books.

And probably the knives too. They tend to put people off being friends with me.

Which was why it was odd that when I looked earlier at the photo of my target—I try not to think about their names too much, it puts me in the wrong frame of mind—I felt a warm shiver of recognition, like I knew him well. Obviously that's not the case. I've only had one friend in the last four years, for one night, and although he was also Scottish, he was clean-shaven and six foot three.

Finding an open window only one floor up is childishly easy. I always was good at climbing. So easy in fact, that my idle brain begins to think about *the man*. The man from the masquerade ball for the London mafias. Anonymous. No names allowed. A glittering, deadly, glamorous, champagne and caviar event. Not really my scene, with my penchant for black jeans, no makeup, and a simple ponytail. Nervous as I was, I spent all evening yakking the ear off a man with ivy-green eyes.

I was supposed to be inconspicuous and not talk to anyone while I waited for my father to send a message that the target was in place. Strict orders to not speak, because I run my mouth. Whenever I'm worried, I chatter. Or happy. The only time I'm quiet is when I'm focussed on my job. When the danger is taking up every part of my attention. The rest of the time, I talk. Sometimes even to myself. It's a problem when you've killed as many people as I have.

It's rare that anyone wants to listen to me, but the man from the masquerade ball did. He appeared at my side and asked me to dance. Just offered his hand. As though tall, dark, handsome men were interested in me.

Like an orphaned baby bird imprinting onto a bear, I looked at his massive burly shoulders and hands the size of dinner plates and I didn't want anyone else. And I thought he liked me too. He stayed by my side. He barely took his eyes off me, except to flicker to any ruckus and guide me away from it.

The inexperienced, awkward assassin who couldn't stop babbling, pretending to be a mafia princess, and the big Scottish mafia man. I felt protected and cherished with him which—let me tell you—is unusual when you're an assassin.

He had the most lyrical accent when he spoke. I wanted to get him alone and make him reveal all the things in that swoon-worthy gruff voice. And climb him like a tree.

It took most of the night until my father's call came through and in that time, first he persuaded me to dance, then talk, then dance again. He listened when I spoke too much. It was like he enjoyed my company and wanted to be with me.

I guess he was too old for me. Closer to forty than my age. But those few silver hairs I saw as we danced—invisible from a distance—and the quiet confidence he held himself with just made me want him more.

I creep out into the blackness of the corridor, up the stairs and down the hallway to where I know from the schematic his bedroom is. I expect it to be locked, but the door handle turns noiselessly under my palm.

There's a gap in the clouds. Moonlight spills from the massive windows, illuminating the room in silver and dark shadows, and I'm reminded of how that masquerade ended. With my phone buzzing the black level-ten alert indicating imminent danger of death to our whole team. I apologised as I ran. He tried to catch me and demanded my name as I melted into the crowd, my slight frame making it easy to slip between people while he was stuck in the crush... He followed, but, well. Some things just aren't meant to be.

Like Ian Abernathy's continued heartbeat.

The kingpin sleeps with absolute confidence. On his back, the covers at his waist, face obscured by the clouds as one floats past. His chest is toned, with strong, defined pectorals, and a six-pack that disappears under the duvet. It's also crisscrossed and peppered with scars and partially hidden by dark hair.

An unexpected bolt of lust goes through me. I've never felt attracted to any of my marks. But then, they aren't usually gorgeous. It was six months ago that the man at the masquerade lit up my dormant libido. Maybe that's it? Like an anniversary that my body is celebrating with inappropriate responses.

I'm desperate to run my fingers through the hair on Ian's chest. Would it feel soft, or coarse? If he awoke as I did so, would he give a rumbling purr like a petted lion, or bite my arm off?

I'll never know.

Wait, I shouldn't be thinking of him as Ian, as a person with a name rather than a target. Oh fuck.

I should shoot him from here. That's the obvious solution, but it's too dispassionate and clinical. I can tell when assassinations will haunt me, and this will be one of them. It was doomed from the moment I felt that warm shiver. A bullet is too easy, and I won't be a coward. So I leave my gun in its holster around my chest and slip out my knife. If I'm going to murder Ian Abernathy, it has to be the old-fashioned way my father taught me: slitting his throat as he sleeps, his eyes flying open to stare accusingly into mine in his last seconds.

I move soundlessly across the room and stand at his bedside, over him. The bed is huge, but I can't risk putting weight on the mattress, for fear of waking him. Because if there's one thing that would be worse than how I'll feel after this job is done, it's being caught.

He wouldn't have any more compassion for me than I have for him.

So I lean over, using my core strength to hold me as I reach out. The clouds part and reveal his face, and my chest collapses. Because in the moonlight, in beautiful repose, is the most handsome man I've ever seen. He has ditched the beard in the photographs in favour of stubble, and his lashes fan shadows onto his cheekbones.

It's... It can't be. I never saw his face. This is just my overactive imagination taunting me with what I most want in the world.

He's the man from the masquerade.

No.

Not possible. He was taller. I would have recognised him in the photo, wouldn't I? But the beard...

I catch a scent that evokes the memory of being in that man's arms, dancing. I lean closer, my knife hovering by his throat and breathe him in. Delicious. I'm not a fancy perfumer, so I don't know what the component parts are, but he smells exactly as a man should. Warm, a hint of sweat, something earthy and intrinsically male.

He smells exactly like the man from the masquerade ball.

I close my eyes.

I inhale the scent of him again. It surrounds me and I imagine I can hear his heartbeat above the thud of mine.

I'm hesitating. I never hesitate.

But I can't do this. I can't kill the man who was everything to me that night. I'll have to leave—

Pain shoots through my wrist and neck.

My eyes fly open to find Ian's green gaze boring into me. His hands are clamps on my flesh.

"You're here," he hisses as his grip tightens further and I flail. I fall onto him, unable to hold myself up through the agony, and simultaneously reach for my gun.

I've screwed up. He's going to choke me to death in the next few seconds unless I take his life first.

Before I do more than close my fingers over the cold metal of the pistol, I'm under him.

He releases my neck and I suck in air as best I can, given the intense weight of his body pressing me into the mattress. I realise, as he brings my hands together with ruthless

efficiency, pinning them with one of his, that I'm going to die. When he reaches for his bedside cabinet, I thrash, and kick, and yank so hard at my arms I'm surprised I don't dislocate something.

But it's no use. Within seconds there is rope around my wrists and they're forced above my head. My thighs are held down with his, and it's the work of a moment before first one ankle then the other is captured and bound, each tugged out to the side, my legs spread.

Fuck.

When his weight lifts off, a sob escapes me.

I stare up at him.

His arm darts out and I try to shield myself from the blow, tugging at my bindings helplessly and turning my face away as I'm blinded.

I squeeze my eyes shut.

I don't want to see what's coming.

"Open your eyes." His voice is deceptively calm, but he's breathing hard.

I blink and blink against the light from the bedside lamp. Ian Abernathy is a dark shadow over me.

Gradually my pupils adjust and I see him, my eyes going right to his face, the line of his jaw that I examined that night. Then, my gaze slips lower.

He's gloriously naked. The hair on his chest and arms that I saw a thousand years—a few minutes—ago, is echoed by a smattering of hair over his thighs and a thicket between his legs. And yeah, I look, because honestly I'm not going to survive this and if Ian Abernathy's cock is the last thing I see, well, there're worse views. It's big, and chubby. Not erect, but not... Not erect either.

My mouth goes dry.

The most likely scenario here is that he shoots me point-blank. Maybe drags me outside by the hair first, to avoid

making a mess of his bed. But there are obviously other things he could do with a girl tied up on his bed, and fear tingles down my limbs.

“You’re supposed to leave a shoe, Cinderella.” He picks up my knife from where I dropped it on the bed, examines it dispassionately.

He knows who I am. He recognises me. My stupid heart thrills even as he focuses on the leather strap around my chest, just beneath my top. It’s the holster for my weapons. There are two more knives, my gun, and ammunition.

There’s no hesitation as he grasps the strap between my breasts and slips my knife underneath it. His strength and the knife’s sharpness mean it cuts like butter, but all I feel is the brush of his knuckles on the side of my breast. Then the shoulder straps go the same way, and my top is sliced right down the middle, and he slides the broken pieces from my body.

The few steps he takes to the window ought to horrify me. Those knives were gifts from my father, if you can call work tools a present. But instead I admire the smooth planes of muscle on Ian’s back.

He shoves open the window, tosses it all out, and recloses it with a click.

Why has he disposed of my weapons if he’s going to kill me, as his reputation suggests he would?

Then his attention returns to me. He drags his gaze down my body, and I feel it like a caress. A shudder of shameful desire racks through me. And damn him, but he sees it, his eyes flaring.

“What am I going to do with *you*.” It’s not a question; it’s vocal annoyance.

I’m suddenly very aware of my position. On my back, small breasts bared. My legs are spread and my leggings are stretchy and insubstantial to aid in the getting in and out efficiently that is part of my effectiveness as an assassin. I’m not exposed, technically, but I feel it.

And my treacherous body likes the sensation.

Strong-and-silent type Ian Abernathy continues to take in every detail. Watching him heats me everywhere. Notably the vicinity of said spread thighs.

“Let me go? That’s a good idea. I like that idea.” I don’t know if I do, actually. But I maybe like it more than being dead?

He scrapes his hands through his hair in a frustrated gesture that serves to bring my gaze back to his strong arms.

We seem both trapped in stasis. He doesn’t want to harm me any more than I did him.

I squirm a little. My arousal is growing with every long second this big man is regarding me fixed to his bed. It must be the adrenaline, but I’m more turned on than I can ever remember.

Fucked up? Well. Yes. I suppose I am.

I’m completely under his control. The fear is receding and I don’t think I’m imagining the heat in his eyes. I venture my gaze lower, and my mouth opens in a gasp. He’s hard.

Watching me like this has stiffened his cock to an aching rod.

“Stop it.” He snaps his eyes up to mine.

I shake my head in confusion. My heart is still hammering, but it’s no longer with panic. It’s rate is elevated like from a rollercoaster, swimming in the north Atlantic waves, a horror film. Or the anticipation of a huntress. The good kind of fear that’s safe as well as exciting.

Because that’s when I realise. I might be tied up here, but I’m a long way from helpless. I’m as strong as he is.

Ian Abernathy wants me.

And I—I’ve wanted him since I first saw him. The charming stranger who danced with me.

I don’t know how this ends, but right now, I’ll use every trick at my disposal, however much it makes my cheeks heat.

His brows slam together and he seems to make a decision as he prowls towards me. “You don’t know what sort of trouble you’re in, Cleo.”

Then he’s over me and through the flurry of awareness in my chest I wonder how he knows my name. But I can’t focus on that because—frustratingly—he’s not touching me anywhere. He holds himself aloof.

I watch his eyes as he peruses my neck, shoulders, face. My skin heats everywhere he looks. He snags on my mouth and a growl escapes him when I lick my lips.

“Do you remember that night?” he murmurs.

“Yes. I have a good memory. But I’m also capable of forgetting things too. Like we could rewind to that night, and forget any of this ever happened. The, me trying to kill you, thing,” I clarify when he doesn’t answer. I gulp under his scrutiny. *Well done, Cleo. I don’t think he’s forgotten you tried to kill him even if he’s talking about the time you ran out on him.*

“I think about it all the time.” His voice is rough, dark, tortured, and it’s like he didn’t hear my babbling. This is why I don’t get caught. Because I’m shit at keeping silent. “I regret not forcing you to tell me your name. I regret not ripping off your mask. I regret not stealing you away the moment I saw you, before you could *run*.”

“I...” For once I’m speechless. He lowers his mouth and for a second I’m sure he’s going to kiss me. But he halts just short and his breath is hot on my lips.

This is deranged. Mad. A minute ago I was... And now...

“You are so fucking beautiful. I want to take you like this. Tied to my bed. I could have what I’ve wanted. After you tried to kill me, surely that’s only fair? I could sink into you.”

A little whimper escapes me.

I’d like to say it’s anger, fear, or some other sensible emotion. But it’s not.

It’s pure need.

He's so still for a second I think he's brittle. That he'll snap and do exactly what he just said in glorious detail. But he doesn't. He eases back.

"You want me to release you."

"Yes," I lie.

"Beg for my cock."

My mouth drops open.

What?

“Beg me to indulge this depraved whim. Your chest is flushed. I wonder...” He touches one fingertip to my thin leggings and smiles. “Soaked through. You’re wet and needy and I can satisfy you if you beg. Afterwards, I’ll let you go.”

I should agree. That would be rational. We both desire what he’s suggesting. It’s a win-win.

But I can’t go home without fulfilling my mission. I’ve seen what happens to my father’s other minions when they fail. If I take his deal, once I leave I’ll be more alone than ever, having once had Ian Abernathy inside me.

I shake my head. “I’ll never beg you.”

The words come out with the perfect blend of pride, brattiness, and resilience. I almost believe that I don’t want to plead with him to fill me, over and over again, then *keep* me. That I wouldn’t be even more turned on if this was our kinky private game, rather than a deadly mission.

He’s silent for a moment. “Tell me then. What should I do with you? You tried to murder me.”

“Assassinate,” I say. “It’s entirely different and not personal. I wasn’t trying to kill you exactly, just get rid of you in a permanent way, because it’s my job. More like being accidentally run over by a car in town. Less like homicide because I found you’d been sleeping around with women other

than me.” Where the hell did my brain come up with that comparison?

He tilts his chin. “You talk a lot.”

I flush. Damn. I’m nervous.

“Still deserves punishment,” he adds dryly.

“Failure is its own reward.” I try not to think about what my father will do when he discovers that I blundered this because I couldn’t resist *smelling* Ian Abernathy.

“Mmm.” Ian kneels between my open thighs and his expression goes speculative. “For now, you’re my prisoner. Whatever the other consequences are, those will be later. I meant, what should be your punishment immediately?”

“You’re not going to kill me? I thought you’d kill me. That’s the usual etiquette, isn’t it?”

“Dull.” He shrugs one shoulder. “I’ve no need to add to that tally.”

“Well, that’s good news. Continuing existence is my preferred option. Out of the two obvious choices. I mean, I don’t want to die tonight.”

The corner of his mouth tugs into a half-smile of amusement.

I press my lips together. I’m talking too much. Again.

“You can choose your punishment,” he murmurs.

Oh?

Oh. I get to choose. The combination of helplessly tied down and control over what happens next is heady.

I think of obvious stuff. Spanking. Pain. Denial. I can almost feel the sting of his hand on my buttocks. But that’s so usual, it wouldn’t be right for him.

I take a deep breath. “You said I talk too much.”

He raises one eyebrow.

“You could shut me up.”

“And how do you suggest I do that?” he asks with brutal calm.

“I...” My pussy clenches and throbs at the thought. “You could...” My gaze slips to where his cock is hard, and saliva pools under my tongue. I swallow and look back at his face. “Fuck my mouth.”

He tilts his head to the side as though considering. “That’s the punishment you choose, is it?”

“If I have to be punished, I guess I think it’s appropriate.” Sort of. Is it? I’ve lost my mind. Nothing about this is going the way I thought it would. Nothing has been normal since the night I met the man at the masquerade. *Ian*. I have a name to obsess over now. “I dunno, what do you think?”

He doesn’t answer, but moves with swift efficiency. He yanks my hair elastic out, tugging on my scalp as he does so and I wince. That small pain reverberates through me as pillows are piled behind my back, lifting me up to almost sitting and he undoes and reties my wrists. Then I’m so distracted by his beautiful chest inches from my eyes that I miss what he’s doing.

“Keep your hand here, or this all stops.” He places my left palm onto his arse.

I mean to ask what happens if it stops, but the silken smooth head of his cock touches my lips and instinctively I open.

I’ve never done this before. I’ve imagined, and read smutty books, but I’ve never... And oh god the feeling of his cock is amazing. It fills my mouth and pushes at the back of my throat.

Silky and hot. So much hotter literally and figuratively than I thought it would be. When he shifts away and then back into my mouth, I realise he paused, giving me a moment to accustom myself. Or maybe to change my mind?

My nipples have gone hard and sensitised, and when his thigh brushes against my breast it sends pleasure zipping down to between my legs where I’m so full and wet I’m aching. I

had no idea beyond a whim what this would be like. But as he begins to thrust, gently at first then with more confidence that I can take it, I love it. Yes, he's clearly too big, the physics of this is impossible, but being crammed over-full with him is part of the appeal. As are his hands cupped at the back of my head and his strong legs on either side of my torso. He's got me on all sides. I can't escape and I don't want to.

I press my fingers deeper into Ian's buttock, or I try. It's all hard muscle, tensed. The one thing I'm not doing is letting go. I'm never letting go of this man.

His pace is firm and constant, and utterly out of my control. As I suggested, he's fucking my mouth. I'm his toy. His breathing has gone a little ragged, he shaking, and it's the best sound in the world, stoic Ian Abernathy beginning to come apart because of what he's doing to me.

“Open your eyes, Cleo.”

I don't know when they closed, but I look up at his face. What I see shakes me. Yes, there's lust in his expression. Yes, a satisfaction in the pleasure of the warm wet around his cock. But he's not using me randomly, or impersonally. Savagely happy, that's the only description I can think of.

“Good lass. You're making me crazy with the feel of you.”

His praise lights me up. I love the idea of pleasing him, however insane this is. He must recognise, somehow, because he keeps telling me in that rough voice, his Scottish accent like hot buttered toast, that I'm beautiful, perfect, and he's wanted my mouth on him. He tells me that this is everything he's imagined and more. He tells me I'm his wee bonnie lass, and it's like drinking warm honey. Sweet, so sweet.

He says that he's never been this hard, and I believe him.

Shifting one hand to wrap my hair around his fist, the other cradles my skull firmly. He pushes harder, the rhythm he's established slipping a little into jerks as he swells further under my lips.

I hold his gaze as he shudders and gasps, his grip tightening and tugging at my scalp. Just a hint of pain and it's

so good.

There's no warning as he pulls out and spills over my breasts. Reams and reams of hot ejaculate hits my skin. I was already molten between the legs, but his come feels like a brand that links every part of my body, lighting me on fire.

His green eyes don't leave mine. We're locked. I think he wanted me to open my eyes so I'd see it was him marking me, and I couldn't deny it.

As if I could. I can't deny him.

Ian Abernathy. I'm going to remember him in my mouth and on my skin for the rest of my life, even if said life is really fucking short because I failed in my task here.

I stifle an involuntary cry of dissent as he moves. Without his body on mine I feel the bite of the night air and hot shame of having enjoyed every part of that.

Ian disappears into what I assume in the en suite. A tap runs. I hope he isn't going to... my mind refuses to fill in the gap for what he could do now. His expression is set neutral when he returns. No sign of the emotion I saw earlier. He sits at my side and it takes me a second to recognise when a soft wet flannel wipes over my chest that he is washing me. And I let him.

"My dirty lass," he murmurs as his seed smears over my nipple.

I think I should object, but I nod helplessly.

When I'm clean and dry and you'd never know he spurted his come all over me, he speaks.

"Cleo."

"Yes."

"I didna say you talked too much. I said you talked a lot."

Oh. What does that mean? I'd assumed it was a criticism, because it always is when my father says I'm talkative.

"You've had *your* punishment. Now you get *mine*."

And that's when fear skitters over my skin again. I don't know what to expect, but it's not him stretching out his long frame over me. Our noses brush.

“You have one free hand.”

Wait *what?*

I'd forgotten. My non-dominant left hand has been lying on the bed since Ian pulled from my grasp, as though it was as tied up as my other limbs.

So I do the logical thing with my means of escape. I gouge my nails into his eye—nope.

Nope.

I don't. That would be far too sensible and I left sensible back in London along with modest, restrained, and long-term survival prospects.

I cup the back of his neck and drag his mouth to kiss me. He groans as our lips smash together.

Then he's devouring my mouth, and I his.

This feels somehow more forbidden than what he just did to me. Riskier too. This kiss is desperate, his tongue thrusting, claiming me, and I try to do the same. I have no idea how long we kiss like this. Dirty and wet and yet also surprisingly innocent given I tried to kill him then told him to force his cock into my throat. It might be aeons of our lips sliding over each other's before I get impatient. He is holding himself so his weight isn't crushing me and this seems grossly unfair.

I want to feel every part of him. That brutal strength, yes, and the sheer size of this gorgeous man. Despite being tied down, I'm writhing and trying to grind myself on him.

“My needy lass...” he purrs as he draws away and holds my hip in his big hand, pressing me to the bed. “I am going to do the other thing I've dreamed of since we met: lick your pussy until you scream and come on my mouth. I'm not going to stop then. I'm going to continue until you've pulsed under my tongue at least twice. I'm going to slip my fingers into that

sweet tight passage of yours and stroke you into mindless pleasure.”

A whimper of desire is fighting to leave my chest. My hips move of their own accord, trying to swivel despite his grip, in a vain attempt to get friction on my clit. Because if I thought Ian’s words as he thrust his cock into my throat were arousing, that has nothing on what he’s promising now.

“And you, Cleo, have a choice. You can try to fight me off, though you won’t succeed with only one hand. You can take the pleasure I’m giving like a good lass.”

That whimper I held back breaks out.

“Or you can undo your bindings and escape. I won’t stop you. But the question is, can you escape before I make you come? Because once you come for me, you’re my captive.”

I’m blinking and shocked and confused, but he doesn’t hesitate. Half a second after that pronouncement, his hand smooths over my knickers and leggings. He murmurs an apology, the cotton tightens, and there’s a rip.

That sound galvanises me into action.

I cannot be a captive. I grasp for the knot holding my right wrist.

Kisses over the place where I had fabric covering me fogs my mind. When his fingers touch my core, mine lose all dexterity, like he stole it to use against me. The pleasure ignites.

I try to focus on breaking the back of the knot, looking up at it. But as I push at the rope, Ian pushes a finger into my passage and my chin jerks down to see what he’s doing. All I can see is his salt and pepper hair, massive shoulders and as though he senses my watching him, his eyes snap open and regard me with something I can only parse as smug and knowing, before he withdraws his finger and thrusts it back in. Hard.

I jerk.

Oh god this feels so good. He's like nothing I've ever experienced. Not with my own fingers or a toy. I think it's the heat of him, but perhaps also him urging me on in a low growl that I feel as much as hear.

Focus, Cleo.

The knot. I have to concentrate on escape, even if it might leave me on the cusp of exploding. My fingers have no resilience. They push against the rope fruitlessly while Ian is all potency, so effective I struggle to remember what I'm doing beyond taking what he gives.

I'm chasing him now. Without my volition, I'm moving in time with his licks and finger strokes, my pussy throbbing. I'm so close. I can feel orgasm climbing.

Then it slips. The tension of rope-on-rope collapses and the coils fall away. I yank my wrist out. I'm free. Nearly. My two ankles will be the work of seconds with both hands.

I shift as I grasp down towards my leg and Ian's rhythm is disrupted. He misses a beat and my clit screams at me as my heart stutters.

I reach out.

And slide my hands into his hair.

I break. The instant my fingertips touch his scalp, Ian unleashes himself. I have no idea what he does with his mouth or his hands, only that I'm coming so hard I think I almost pass out. The pleasure is overwhelming. I hang onto him, his hair in my clenched fists as wave after wave racks through me, all the way to the pads of my feet. I'm vaguely aware of Ian's arm braced over my hips, because I've probably nuted him with the jerking of my pelvis.

I'm screaming, or sobbing, or something, but I don't let go.

And the fucker. Doesn't. Stop.

As the intensity eases and my body recognises it's no longer under attack from pleasure, he begins the siege again. A

gentle touch of his tongue to my labia. The smallest glide of his finger into me.

My knuckles almost fracture as I relinquish my grip, and he grunts an approval at the cessation of me pulling his hair out, which I concede was probably quite uncomfortable.

I let my eyes close, and relax, my fingers playing with the silken strands of his hair as he does exactly what he promised. He builds me to orgasm again. This one is more like ocean swell than a wave crashing onto the shore. It's deeper and stronger, less splintering. It creeps up on me and spreads through my body like a drug. And when I'm done shaking, Ian lets out a sigh that sounds like utter contentment.

As he unties me, he leaves kisses where the rope has chafed, whispering that such beauty shouldn't be marred. I'm too sated to think about what that means. Every cell in me is wrung out in the best way.

He pulls the duvet over us and gathers me into his arms. His chest is pressed to my back and his arm is casually over my side. I wriggle a little to get comfortable, ignoring that the movement brings us closer together. My eyelids droop closed.

His hand finds mine and covers it. Warm. Intent.

"I'll wake and catch you if you try to escape, so don't bother." His voice is a rumble on my spine.

I'm his captive.

It worked.

My Cinderella girl is snuggling in my arms.

I've been awake for a while, well rested after sleeping for some of the best hours I have in a long time. With her nestled into me, I found peace even though the scent of her hair in my nostrils is simultaneously calming and arousing by turns.

One of my biceps is her pillow. The other is over her, shielding her. And she, the wicked creature, is moving into me whenever I shift. It took me a while to think of the right word. But my lass is a snuggler.

Both parts of that are true.

Cleo is mine, as surely as I'm hers. Six months without her. Four without even knowing her name. Then I found her, my pretty little assassin, working for another mafia. When I discovered her job, I laughed aloud. No soft princess, my wife-to-be. She is as deadly a woman as a man with a soul as black as mine could hope to seduce. The lass who tried to murder me.

That might be the most appealing part of her. She's from my world. If I told her I couldn't bear to count how many people I've killed, though I could draw every one of their faces, that wouldn't scare her. Would she understand if I said I want to take the business straight? Ish. I think she would. Maybe one of those companies that tests your security. I can see her by my side as we build something better.

I'm not going to let her go. She's mine, but doesn't know that yet. I lie next to her and stroke her skin idly, as though I'm not obsessed with her. And that's when I hear it.

"Cleo."

"How did you know I'm awake?" Her voice is sweet and still throaty with sleep.

"Your breathing. I heard it change."

She heaves a sigh. "I'll have to work on not exhaling so loudly. Nearly got me killed last night."

I shake my head. "Last night it was your scent that gave you away. Like lemon meringue."

"I thought you were asleep," she murmurs.

"I don't sleep much. Too many things to do." I smooth my hands over her side and she arches into my touch.

Yes. This.

Then her body tenses. "How do you know my name?"

My hand stills. Then slips over her abdomen and tightens. I knew this moment would come. The depth of my obsession for Cleo was never going to stay hidden forever. I just thought it would be secret for a little longer. "Because I searched for you, Cleo. One evening wasn't enough. I searched. I neglected my work, I let people off. I've barely slept for six months without you, Cinderella."

"But..." She shifts and before I can stop myself I grip her close to me, then I realise she's trying to turn over, towards me. I allow her. "Ian, I nearly killed you."

"My bonnie, bonnie lass. I know." I take in her black hair, spread across my pillow. Plush pink lips. A little swollen maybe, from taking my cock. Blue eyes. I've never seen anything as lovely as her. And she's peeved. My dangerous love. She's like a furious kitten. Yes, she has claws that will slice me open, but she is impossible to take seriously because my heart swells with affection that she's so cute. And mine.

“In the photos.” She pushes my shoulder and I obediently roll onto my back, taking her with me. She sits up, straddling me. “You had a beard. And it said you were shorter. Ian, I didn’t recognise you. I nearly shot you from across the room.”

“Risk worth taking.” I shrug although someone is going to get disposed of for planting the old photos with the Whitlocks and not being able to judge height. “You didn’t shoot, and now I have you.”

“Ian!” She slaps my bare chest and I swear she’s enjoying repeating my name, like I’ve said her name over and over as I’ve jerked off in the last couple of months. “Be serious!”

I just laugh and catch her hand, lacing our fingers. We fit perfectly. Her little hand notches into my bigger one. Being with her is like a strategy happening exactly as I designed.

She takes me in and seems a little unsure. “What do we do now? Since I’m your captive.”

“We have breakfast. Plan our life together. Then I take your virginity.” And it’s just a guess from how she responded last night, like everything was fresh and new, but it’s accurate because her eyes open wide and she bites her lip, and nods.

I smirk. Speechless at last. I will be her first and only.

I grab her up into my arms, squeezing her bottom as I stand and carry her to the wardrobe. I slide her down my chest and wrap her in one of my white shirts. She rolls up the sleeves and buttons the front as I dress. I tuck her into my side and she fits perfectly under my arm as we walk down the grand staircase.

In the kitchen I push Cleo onto a sofa and make coffee, lacing hers with milk and sugar. Then I cook breakfast. Toasted oats cooked with lashings of cream. Honey, chopped dates, and crunchy seeds on top.

She chatters, examining everything, passing her fingers over ornaments, and pointing out flaws in my security. I admit I left half my alarms off deliberately to be sure she got in and she tells me off like we’ve already been married for a decade.

I love it. I adore her.

“This is so good.” She gives me a running dialogue of what parts of the breakfast she likes. I listen and fuck I adore her vibrancy. I probably should be ashamed of being crazy about a girl half my age, but I don’t care. I’m gone for my lass. My cock is solid just looking at her.

“About the plan,” I say once we’re on our second cup of coffee, comfortable as if we’ve been doing this for years.

She opens her mouth and I put my finger over her pink lips, silencing her.

“I want your utter capitulation. Every part of your surrender. I will own every part of you, body and soul, and the only compensation you’ll have is to own me too.” Hardly a fair exchange. Her sparkling beauty and innocence for my scarred, embattled self. That and an obscene amount of money. She’ll never want for anything.

“I will provide endless pleasure. I’ll make you come so hard and thoroughly, you’ll be ruined for any other man.” I’m not above playing dirty. I’ll make her body my own. “I need you to be irrefutably mine. So much so, it cannot be denied by anyone that you belong to me.”

“Well I can get on board with that. And I have an idea of how to do it.” She gets this naughty smile on her face, and takes a deep breath. “Fuck a baby into me.”

God but is there anything she could have said that makes me harder? How did she know that’s what I was planning? The thought that she wants that too is overwhelming. My cock is filling with blood, engorging further. Getting long and hard and absolutely ready to fill her with my seed. Breed her.

“Cinderella,” I growl. “Don’t play.” Because if she says that again, I will take her up on it.

“I mean it. My father won’t give me up without a fight. I’m his daughter, but it’s not sentimental. He hates you for that little game of war over the last two months.”

I drag my hand through my hair. “He’ll have to get used to it. I’ll never let you go.”

That possessive declaration makes her smile and step closer.

“I can live with that,” she murmurs, eyes shining. “I *want* that.”

“You would be mine to protect and love. I’ve known that from when I first laid eyes on you, Cleo. But if I haven’t been bare inside your virgin pussy, I might still convince myself you’re not mine to keep.” My voice is rough, almost harsh. “But the idea that after you’d come on my cock—because you absolutely would come on my cock at least once—that you wouldn’t belong to me is laughable. You’d be *mine*.”

She nods eagerly all the way through my speech. “What if I beg?”

“Are you going to?” I demand.

“Please.” She shifts, standing on tiptoes and takes hold of my collar, pulling me to her and whispers against my lips. “Please Ian Abernathy, I want you to be my first and only. I’ve been dreaming of you. I’ve never felt anything like what you gave me last night. Please fuck me with that big cock of yours. I want to feel you inside me. I want it to be *you*.”

“That’s the begging I was thinking of, yes,” I grind out. Yes, I love her begging, but I’ll enjoy this even more. “So you’re free.”

Her face drops in horror and she’s shaking her head. Sweet lass. She has no idea.

I smile at her distress. My feral and dark side has been unleashed by the way this has all played out. I lured her here. She tried to kill me. I want to have her running scared, just for a moment. “This is your last chance to escape. If I catch you again, Cinderella, I’ll *own* you.”

Her breath snags and eyes light as she understands.

“You’ll chase me,” she whispers slowly.

I can’t wait to overpower and take her. All her lithe strength and lean muscles. She’s a prize worth pursuing and

fighting for. Worth searching for six months and plotting to make mine.

“Understood.” She nods, a smile of challenge and anticipation spreading across her face. She draws away. “If you catch me, I’ll be yours, body and soul.”

“Aye.” I’m going to catch her, breed her, keep her. “That’s what’s at stake, Cleo. You get a ten-second head start.”

I peel off my suit jacket and toss it onto the floor. My socks follow, for better grip. My canny girl notices, and sees why. Next I tug my shirt over my head. It falls onto the tiles as my gaze meets with her blue eyes, so blown out they’re almost black.

“Run.”

She sprints away, dodging the table and through the arch into the main house. I watch her, every muscle in my body primed and screaming at me to go after my lass. I force myself to count as I strip off my remaining clothes and free my already aching hard cock.

One.

Two.

She's going to be mine in truth after this.

Reaching the hallway, she pauses, unsure which way to run.

Three.

She looks at the front door—it's not locked right now because the security system on my phone shrieks if anyone comes within twenty miles of this castle, but she doesn't know that—and the long corridor to the downstairs rooms.

Four.

Then she chooses the stairs, scrambling upwards and out of sight.

Five, six.

The instinct to chase her is almost unbearable. Seven. Eight. Her footsteps echo on the floor above.

Fuck it.

I don't wait for ten. Whoever said I would play fair when it came to getting my woman? I'm a ruthless billionaire mafia boss, and I'm Scottish. I make my own rules.

The stairs are eaten up two at a time by my strides, my cock bobbing as I throw myself after her and reach the landing in time to see her at the end of the hallway. On this floor there are a suite of rooms I use as my office, with interconnecting doors that lead back to the corridor. My clever lass hasn't trapped herself. Yet.

I pound down the corridor and barge through the door to see Cleo's heel disappear into the next room. I see her hair streaming behind her as she takes the last steps and slams the door behind her. I grin as I run after her and yank the door to the corridor open. She's fleeing back down the hallway back to the stairs. I gain on her easily as my longer strides eat up the distance and when she checks behind her that I'm following, I must be closer than she expects because she squeaks with alarm.

I'm right behind you, my love. I'm coming for you.

Running naked after her is a primal thrill. I'm hunting my bonnie deadly prey. My shirt flies around her like a floaty white nightgown and I'll fuck her on the floor of the corridor when I pull her to the ground and hold her down. But right now, I let her lead. Cleo leads me upstairs to the bedroom level and my heart expands as I breathe hard.

The power of the prey. She controls where we go until I catch her, and I know she's taking us to my bedroom to be surrounded by my scent and masculine possessions as I fuck her.

My feet slap hard on the floor and my knees twinge as I put on a burst of speed so I'm right behind her as she lunges through my bedroom door.

I grab her with both arms, clasp her around the waist and lifting her off her feet, while still running towards the bed. She shrieks and kicks, and the movement rubs her peachy arse onto my rock-solid cock. I cannot wait to take her from

behind, bending her over a table or bracing her between my chest and a wall.

Blood rushes in my ears as I hold her to me and tumble us onto my bed.

I caught her. She's *mine*.

When she tries to escape I flip her onto her back use my weight and bigger, more muscled body to keep her down. She struggles, hard enough to challenge me. And she's wicked canny, my lass. She lands a couple of blows to my biceps before I get her under my control again. She licks her parted lips as I shift to trap her thighs with mine.

All I can see is her.

"I'm going to fill you up and breed you." My voice is gravelly from running. "You'll be overflowing with my seed, and then swollen with my baby." Releasing her partially, I tear my shirt she's wearing open, buttons pinging. She pretends to wriggle and attempt to get away, but lifts her arms and pushes on my chest, while holding herself up, allowing me to release her arms from the shirt. Her hair cascades down and fuck, her tits are more perfect now than earlier. I'm wild for this lass. "No going back. You belong to me."

"Please, Ian. I'm begging you," she whispers as I resettle my bulk onto her slight young frame. "Take me. I want your cock inside me. Be my first, my only. I'm aching and empty without you."

My cock throbs, hard as stone. "I'm your man now. No changing your mind. I'll never let you go."

I have half a second to delight in the contented anticipation on her upturned face—snub nose, big blue eyes, pink mouth—before our lips touch and I'm lost. I clasp the back of her head and hold her down as I slip my tongue against hers. We both moan at the intrusion. She's soft and returning my kiss, tangling us up. I've never had a kiss like the ones with her, so smooth it feels like coming home after a long absence, but also desperate, combative and hard. She clutches at my shoulder, trying to drag me closer.

There's no hesitation from either of us as I settle between her legs.

This is right.

My cock finds her entrance. She's soaking wet, and soft. She's so turned on from our chase foreplay that she's covering my cock with her cream. I'm one push away from sinking into all that slick heat.

I can't wait. I should reassure her with tender words that this won't hurt or that I'm sorry if it does and I'll make up for it all the thousands of times we'll do this again. But my mind is a storm of Cleo. If she wanted me to be soft and gentle with her, she should have chosen that earlier, and not run. I'd have wooed her with patient touches and a slow slide of my hardness into her soaked folds, waiting for her to be ready and easing her into pleasure. I would have been a gentleman and looked after her.

Instead, she's awakened a covetous animal.

All this beauty, for me. I have to have her, right now. I look into her fathomless ocean eyes.

And thrust. Hard.

She gasps. I moan with the tightness of her ruined virginity and withdraw a couple of inches before pushing back in, deeper. Another cry and she writhes. Her slick passage drives me beyond reason. I flex my hips, beginning to take my pleasure in her heated body. There's resistance as well as the slide of her wetness.

I want to consume her. I suck one pretty pink nipple into my mouth and she whines as I lick and nip and tease until first one nipple then the other is pert. Cleo shudders under me as I thrust again. I can't stop touching her. I won't ever get enough of sweeping my hands over her impossibly soft skin, discovering every curve and line of muscle on her body. I cram my hand between our bodies and slide through her wetness until my fingers meet her clit and she jerks.

Yes. That.

She has one hand on my shoulder, her thumb at the rapid pulse in my neck, and damn but it's too much when she trails the fingers down my face as we kiss, open-mouthed. I grab her hands and pin her wrists above her head. She's impossibly tight around my cock and I've never felt anything so good. I tell her so.

"I'm glad my first time is with you," she whimpers against my lips.

My perfect bonnie lass is only mine. The knowledge sends a dart of savage glee into my heart.

I pause, lift my head an inch and hold her gaze with mine. "Cleo, once won't be enough. I have to do this again." I withdraw almost all the way, and thrust back in. "And again." Deeper, harder this time. "And again."

“I’ll have you as many times a day as you can take,” Ian growls.

He feels so thick and good inside me, the tension delicious after the stretch of unfamiliar muscles. My body accommodates his invasion after a spike of pain and when he thrusts and circles over my clit, it sends pleasure spiralling through me.

“Whenever you want,” I promise. “I’ll be wet and ready and begging for more.”

It’s impossible to imagine a time I won’t be crazy for this man.

He moves slowly at first, but as I plead with him he plunges into me faster, harder. I’ve never felt anything like this. Elemental. Like there’s nothing in the world but him and me.

I’m bracketed by his arms and the weight of his body on me and I feel sheltered and coddled and turned on to the point that I might expire.

“So tight,” he whispers as he releases my hands to grasp my butt and adjust the angle of my hips.

It was good before, but this is better. Hotter. It hits a spot inside me that makes me moan.

“You feel perfect.” He kisses across my jaw. His beard scratches my cheek sending skitters of desire down my spine.

“Ian. I need....”

I don't exactly know what I need, but something from him. More of him.

“Want me to come inside you? Get you round and pregnant?”

“Yes.” I nod and pant and shudder, a sheen of sweat on my skin.

“Come first,” he demands.

The feel of his skin, this kiss that never stops, and the pistoning of his body into mine are pushing me beyond limits I didn't know I had. He has clever fingers that are circling over my clit harder than I'd do myself and it drives me higher, quicker. He knows my body better than I do. Desperate is how it feels, intense in a way I haven't seen or felt before.

“When you've screamed and come on my cock, I'll spill deep inside you. I'll fill you to overflowing. You'll be ripe with my seed.”

Ian ups his pace again, driving in and out, at the edge of control and tipping over into wild. That, and his rumbling voice saying filthy words about how tight my pussy is, how much he's enjoying fucking me, and how he's going to put a baby in me, is too much.

Orgasm crashes through, a tidal wave of pleasure that shakes my every fibre. It's not quiet or easy. It's too much and not long enough. I feel him break too, swelling inside me and forcing my pleasure higher. He gushes into my passage, filling me up as he promised. There's so much, I swear I can feel it leaking from the impossibly tight fit of him in me. Our lips brush together as we both mouth words that maybe aren't even words, but I understand him, and I think he understands too.

I love you.

His body shakes as mine does.

When my brain can process something again, it's Ian toying with my hair.

We stay like that, joined, for long minutes, staring into each other's eyes, his fingers drifting over my neck, jaw, and

cheek.

He has amazing green eyes. I indulge in looking at them, and the rest of his face, trailing my fingers over each hard line. I press into the firm muscles of his neck.

This is what I wanted when I held a knife to his throat last night.

“You might have been a virgin before,” he whispers. “But now you’re mine.”

His.

I brush my knuckles on his cheek. “You’re mine, Ian Abernathy. You and me and soon, our child.”

“Here’s the plan,” he says, after long minutes of kisses that had begun to trail down my neck. “In a fortnight we’re going to get married, and you’ll be around two weeks pregnant.” His tone is as absolute as lightning. It cannot be argued with, or rationalised. It is deadly to any who don’t respect it. “Your father will accept a swap of the de-escalation of hostilities on my side, for the price of his best assassin and daughter’s hand in marriage. Or we’ll bankrupt him. Easy choice, I’d say.”

I breathe him in. How did I get so lucky? “Not long to arrange a wedding.”

“Nope.”

“You haven’t proposed yet,” I point out.

“Cleo Whitlock,” he says against my lips. “Be mine. I will love and cherish and protect you every day of my life, whatever you say. So your choices are captive, or wife.”

“Hmmm.” I pretend a conflicted expression and tap my forefinger on my chin thoughtfully. “I don’t know. Tricky choice. If I remain your captive and you catch me trying to assassinate you again, will I be punished the same way?”

His eyes darken to a forest green. “I will put you over my knee and spank you.”

“Tempting. And if I’m your wife?”

“Ahh.” He rolls us over, pulling me on top of him, grinning. “You’ll just have to find out.”

He drags me down to him, one palm on my back and the other over my lower belly.

“Mine. I never thought you’d be mine, Cleo.” He strokes my stomach with the side of his thumb. “I didn’t dare believe.”

“I love you,” I say, and he groans with satisfaction as he brings me close. His kiss makes my every thought fly.

EPILOGUE

IAN

Four years later

I feel her eyes on me, but I pretend not to. I continue to stir the porridge.

It's a game we play, my girl and I.

She sneaks up on me. If she kisses me first, she wins. If I kiss her first, I win.

I let her win, most of the time.

Sneaking a look as I reach for a banana, I see she is wearing all black. Again. She loves pink too, as befits a mafia princess, but she'll always love black I think.

I hear her next steps and in my mind I race with her, me chopping the fruit versus her stalking me.

My heart races as I tip the slices into the pan and spin on my heel, leaning down and brushing the top of her head with my lips just as she grasps my thigh and places a kiss on my knee.

“Ah! I won, Daddy!”

“I think you will find I won!” I protest as I scoop her up and onto my shoulders. She hooks her feet and holds on even as she squeaks at being six feet in the air. Fearless. Just like her mother, our wee bairn Naomi. She's my pride and joy, and Cleo is all my happiness.

Naomi chunters contentedly as I finish making her breakfast, directing me to put more sugar in her bowl. And I, indulgent parent that I am, pour on another half teaspoonful and whisper, “Don’t tell Mummy.”

“What are you not telling Mummy?” Cleo asks as she walks in. Still stealthy.

I smile. I can’t help it. When it comes to Cleo, I’ll do anything for her.

“I’m helping her grow up strong like her mother.” I walk over to kiss her, and then, in a move that always delights them both, I kneel down until Naomi can kiss Cleo too. “And with a sweet tooth.”

I straighten and lift Naomi to sit in her chair with an extra deep cushion. Just one of the changes to the castle. It used to be the place I found quiet and respite.

This is still the place I want to be most in the world, but it has been turned upside down by my girls. The most significant alteration is that it’s safe and peaceful. We took the business straight-ish, and Cleo hasn’t needed to use her skills in nefarious ways. Much. My wife is deadly, and can look after herself. I prefer to be the one fixing problems, but we compromised by always working on threats together, and though I wish she’d let me just protect her, that’s not my Cleo. She’s still the best assassin in Scotland and England. It’s a skill she’ll never stop practising, even if it gives me a heart attack every time I have to wait at a discreet distance.

“We need a work meeting for that new *investment*,” I say to Cleo. “Later?” It’s not really a question, and Cleo’s eyes flare.

“Naomi, what about some cartoons after breakfast?”

Our daughter nods happily.

Breakfast continues as usual, but I see Cleo’s expression when our daughter isn’t looking. It’s full of promise.

My wife. Our daughter. This life we made. There’s always time for another investment, and I hope Cleo is willing to

negotiate on that. Because there's a small thing I want from her, that will grow, and grow.

Want more Ian and Cleo? [Get the Exclusive Extended Epilogue](#) straight to your inbox.

For more sexy Scottish kingpins, check out [Forbidden Appeal](#).

THANKS

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INSTALOVE BY EVIE ROSE

London Mafia Bosses

Captured by the Mafia Boss

I might be an innocent runaway, but I'm at my friend's funeral to avenge her murder by the mafia boss: King.

Taken by the Kingpin

Tall, dark, older and dangerous, I shouldn't want him.

I thought my mafia connections were in the past, and I was alone. But powerful mafia boss Sebastian Laurent hasn't forgotten me.

Stolen by the Mafia King

I didn't know he has been watching me all this time.

I had a plan to escape. Everything is going perfectly at my wedding rehearsal dinner until *he* turns up.

Caught by the Kingpin

The kingpin growls a warning that I shouldn't try his patience by attempting to escape.

There's no way I'm staying as his little prisoner.

Claimed by the Mobster

I'm in love with my ex-boyfriend's dad: a dangerous and powerful mafia boss twice my age.

Snatched by the Bratva

I have an excruciating crush on this man who comes into the coffee shop. Every day. He's older, gorgeous, perfectly dressed. He has a Russian accent and silver eyes.

Filthy Scottish Kingpins

Forbidden Appeal

He's older and rich, and my teenage crush re-surfaces as I beg the former kingpin to help me escape a mafia arranged marriage. He stares at me like I'm a temptress he wants to banish, but we're snowed in at his Scottish castle.

Mafia Boss Marriage

Owned by her Enemy

I didn't expect the ruthless new kingpin—an older man, gorgeous and hard—to extract such a price for a ceasefire: a mafia arranged marriage.

CONTEMPORARY ROMANCE BY EVIE ROSE
WRITING AS EVE PENDLE

Secrets of Wildbrook

Her Nemesis until 5pm

He's grumpy, she's sunshine. They're about to get snowed in together. And there's only one bed.

Her Fake Date Until Midnight

He's hot. Rich. Domineering. And grumpy.

She's kind, trapped, and soon to be broke.

Her Grumpy Neighbour until Halloween

He's gorgeous but grumpy

She's conspicuous, cheerful, and in a lot of trouble

Her Boss until Christmas

She can't stand him, but his offer is too tempting

He's a cynical billionaire with too many secrets