



A MILLION DOLLAR LOVER  
ROMANCE

*Hot Mad*

LOVE

MYA GREY

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**MYA GREY**

*A MILLION-DOLLAR LOVER  
ROMANCE*

*Hot Mad Love*

*(Book 5)*

# Author's Note

Dear Readers: Thank you for reading *HOT MAD LOVE*, this is the 5th instalment of A Million Dollar Lover Romance Series.

This is NOT a standalone romance, start reading PRINCE (BOOK 1) for FREE if you have not yet started this series. If you've read PRINCE, ignore the link below and enjoy your read!

I am sure you'll enjoy this book, get ready to take an emotional ride!

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Xoxo,

Mya

# Free Book



## *Gale*

The last thing I expected on a night of unexpected fun was to be at the end of another guy's punishment: a drink thrown in my face, then my shoes were puked on. Though I'm no knight in shining armour, I couldn't just leave her there alone in that state. I took her home to keep her safe. Though it might've been against my better judgment, we spent the night together in more ways than one. But it seems we'll be spending a lot more time together in the future. She's my new secretary.

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# Sasha Ramirez

## Pieces of Me

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I stared down in horror at the small box in my hand. Resting on the padded cushion, the severed finger was roughly sawn below the second knuckle. Below the ragged, bloodied skin, a sliver of bone protruded.

I tasted bile.

“Price has gone up. Or you pay for him piece by piece now.”

*Emilio! Oh my god! What are they doing to you?* I read the note again. Then a third time, through eyes misty with tears. And then I slumped back against the wall behind me. My legs were shuddering. I glanced back through the open doorway and clasped a shaking hand over my mouth. The thought of what they were doing to my brother made me sick to my stomach. I had to do something. But how was I going to break this news to Prince?

*Oh my god, what am I going to tell him? He can't find out!*

My heart was racing so hard I was sure it would crash straight through my chest. I couldn't breathe. Couldn't get enough air into my lungs even though I was panting with terror. Cheeks tingling, light-headed...

*You're hyperventilating! Calm down!*

I had to think. Had to figure out what to do. As much as I was afraid of what Prince would do when he learned of this, I was more afraid – more *terrified* – of what was happening to my baby brother right then.

*You have to tell Prince. Have to ask for his help.*

“Sasha?” Prince's voice was ringing through the apartment.

*Fuck! Fuck fuck fuck!*

“Sweetness, are you out there?”

I snapped the box closed and fumbled it awkwardly into the deep pocket of my robe.

“I- I’m right here, Prince,” I called back, straightening up and trying to keep my voice steady. A rich chuckle behind me rippled down my spine like a warm, soothing touch.

“It’s still so strange to hear you calling me that,” he said, stepping up against my back and sliding his arms around my chest. He buried his face in my hair and inhaled.

“Why?” I kept my tone light and turned in his arms to face him, taking care not to let the box bump against him. “It’s your name, isn’t it?” He was dressed in nothing more than a pair of lightweight black pants. His broad chest was bare. Stubble framed his strong jawline. So beautiful, it made my heart hurt.

“I guess I’m so used to being Prince, the dick. Alec feels... nice.” He brushed his nose against mine.

“I happen to like Prince the Dick...and Alec the Nice.”

He chuckled again, and then his expression grew serious. “What you doing out here? Is everything alright? You look like you’ve seen a ghost,” he asked, cocking his head slightly and glancing down the hallway.

“I- I thought I heard something, so I came to the door. Probably just some kids playing around,” I replied, thinking fast on my feet.

He walked backward into the hallway, drawing me along with him. “Well, it’s time to come back inside. I have some of my own playing around to do. I was thinking we could pick up where we left off before Andy called. I still have a whole donut to burn off, remember?” He winked.

I forced a smile and let him tug me along playfully. It was almost overwhelming to try to think right then. This man’s hands had a way of wiping common sense from me.

But little could distract me from the macabre message now resting against my hip. The threat against my family. And yet, his grandmother’s ring still circled my finger...a band of trust.



A trust I was about to break. The terms of my contract were quite clear from the outset. No criminal activities would be tolerated.

But I wasn't the criminal here – that was all on Emilio's head. *Dammit!* If only he hadn't gotten caught up in this whole mess. What kind of idiot steals from a drug dealer? There was no way he could have known I would ever be in a position to bail him out of this mess. He simply assumed somehow I would fix it. Just as I always had.

If Prince hadn't walked into my life when he did, Emilio would be dead. Or I'd have had to resort to turning tricks. Or praying to hit the lottery to find the million dollars Razortip wanted in exchange for my brother's life.

“Are you sure you're feeling okay?” Prince asked again, his brow furrowed in concern as he looked down at me. “You're really not looking great.” He brushed his lips over my forehead.

I cleared my throat. “Just...just a bit of a headache.” I forced a smile. “Not much sleep lately.” That was the truth. Though I certainly wasn't going to be the one to complain about it.

He brushed his knuckles against my cheek. “Poor baby. It's all my fault.” He folded his arms around me and held my cheek to his chest. “Shall I run you a bath? Maybe a glass of wine? Or is this more of a Midol headache?” His hands were rubbing over my shoulders and down my back.

Oh lord, when did he become so wonderful? I half wished I was back with the intimidating stranger I'd met all those weeks ago. The one I could have left behind without ripping my heart out at the same time.

Surely, he'd understand if I told him? Surely, he'd know this wasn't my fault? But then again, maybe he'd also want to know why I'd let things get this far without sharing this information. My family's entanglement with a crime lord. The man demanding a million dollars for my brother's safe return. More than a million now, it would seem – no doubt thanks to

my good fortune. I couldn't even imagine what he might want from me now.

*Oh, God...what am I going to tell Prince?*

# Prince Walker

## Walking on Sunshine

I cupped her cheek and ran my thumb over her lips. She was pale. But still so beautiful. I could drown in those wide eyes. The blue of her irises had tiny dark flecks in them. It's amazing what you notice when you take the time to look.

And as I looked now, I could see something was wrong. Perhaps just a headache, as she'd said. But I'd learned quickly that when something was bugging Sasha, it was more than just a headache.

Her smile was loving, though. She curled her fingers over my hand and pressed my palm against her face.

"What did I ever do to deserve you?" she said softly.

I chuckled. "Sweetness, I was just thinking the same thing myself." I drew her deeper into the apartment, kicked the door shut behind us, and tugged her with me back toward the living room. "So, what'll it be. Run you a bath? Or I could give you a backrub?"

She smiled. "You know that might lead to sex, right?"

I gave a mock pained expression. "What? My intentions are innocent. What do you take me for?"

"I take you for the most wonderful man in the world!" As if on impulse, she wrapped her arms around my waist, pulled me close, and buried her face in my neck.

"Well, I'm glad someone finally realized it," I chuckled. And then stopped. She was shuddering against me. Something was definitely wrong. "Hey," I said, gently pulling away. "Come on now. There's something up. Tell me..."

She chewed on her lip, eyes lowered, and then back up to mine. "My life is so different from yours. You know that, right?"

"It was," I replied, stroking stray hair from her face. "But we share a life now. Is that what's bothering you? Leaving

your old life behind?”

She shook her head vigorously. “Oh god, no!” she said. “It’s more than I ever dreamed of!” She paused for a second. “It’s just that I’m afraid...”

“There’s nothing to be afraid of,” I tried to reassure her.

“But what if I have more baggage than you bargained for?”

I smiled. “How bad could it be?” I kissed her forehead. “Stop worrying about it, okay? We’re in this together. We’ll figure it out.”

She drew in a breath, opening her mouth as if to say something, then stopped. “Yes... Yes, you’re right.” Her smile was tremulous but lovely. For a moment, it was hard not to feel a little twinge of guilt. I guess I came with a lot of baggage, too. The press, the constant high-profile exposure, the persistent old flames. My fucking father was certainly no angel, either. He’d really laid into her the last time we saw him. But she’d given back as good as she received.

“You’re tougher than you realize, Sasha,” I murmured, tilting her head up so I could look into her eyes. Her lips parted slightly, and the tip of her tongue flicked over them. Again, as if she was about to say something. I lowered my head and brushed my mouth against hers. It was always so easy to melt into this sweet woman.

When her lips opened beneath mine, I deepened the kiss, my hands running down over her shoulders and then around her waist. As always, the feeling of her softness against my hard lines brought something out in me that was hard to resist. Just looking at her made me want her. Touching her took things to a whole new level of need.

I pulled her more firmly against me, and she made a small sound at the back of her throat. Her hands were running down my bare skin, exploring the planes of muscle that led from my back to my hips. If I’d been aroused before, I was aching for her now. Each time her fingertips trailed along the

waistband of my pants, I was almost desperate for her to inch lower.

I pushed my hips forward against her, and she groaned low as my cock pressed up against her lower belly.

“God, you’re so hard,” she whispered, her nails grazing over my ribs as she pulled her touch further forward.

“Jesus...the things you do to me,” I groaned. I stepped away and tugged at the belt on her robe. My eyes moved hotly down the expanse of naked perfection revealed as the robe slipped open. I pushed it over her shoulders and onto the floor, then took a luxurious moment to simply gaze at her.

I flicked my eyes back to meet hers, and they were dark with arousal. “You’re so fucking beautiful.” There was a time I’d have been annoyed to feel my voice go rough with emotion. Now it simply felt right. “You’re like some kind of goddess...” I reached up to release her hair from where she’d bound it up behind her head. When it fell loose around her shoulders and onto her chest, the image was complete.

Venus emerging from the waves. I doubted that anyone in my world would believe I appreciated art. But I did. And Sasha Ramirez was a masterpiece. I lowered myself to my knees at her feet and pressed my face into the crimson curls over her pussy.

“Prince!” she gave a startled little sound that may have been a choked-out chuckle.

“Shhh...” I responded. “I’m worshipping at your altar.” I grinned up at her and then buried my nose between her thighs, and inhaled her sweet, musky scent. She swayed slightly as my tongue slid along her slit. I felt her make a grab for the back of the sofa nearby. Good idea because what I had in mind was about to make her knees weak.

I used my shoulders to nudge her thighs apart and kept a hand on her hip to steady her. I dipped my tongue between her lips and then glided it along her lips to find her clit.

“Oh, God!” she said hoarsely, reaching down to clench her fingers into my hair. I lowered onto my haunches and

wedged myself firmly between her thighs, head tilted back so I could close my mouth over her pussy. When I sucked that little nub sharply into my mouth, she gave a short cry.

“Yes! There!” Her voice was a low groan. She’d lifted her foot over my shoulder and had it resting on the sofa behind me, giving me complete access to the glistening flesh of her pussy. I could have buried my face in all those sweet juices and marked myself with her scent. She was rotating her pelvis in time with my insistent sucking. When I looked up, I had a clear view over her belly, past her perfect tits to where her face was furrowed into a frown.

I slid a hand up and pressed a finger into her to the knuckle, then added another and pushed in deep.

“Oh! Fuck! Fuck!” she cried out. I could feel her muscles tightening around my fingers and began pumping them into her in time with the sucking of my mouth. Her hand had clenched into my hair almost painfully as she tried to hold her balance.

When I felt the ripple of her orgasm begin, I tightened my grip on her hip. Then I drilled my tongue into the little hood that covered her clit and thrust my fingers harder. She came apart with a gasping cry, and I felt her legs buckle. That suited me just fine because, as she slowly descended, I sank back onto my butt and tugged my pants down over my hips. Even while she was still panting to catch her breath, I was angling her over the head of my cock. Watching her in the throes of pleasure had made me hard as a rock.

I spread her pussylips wide with my thumbs and then guided her over my cockhead, watching her eyes shoot open as I thrust up into her. We sat face-to-face for a moment as her pussy expanded to accommodate me.

“Oh, my God,” she murmured against my lips. “How do you know just how to touch me?”

I linked my arms around her hips and pulled her closer, feeling the swollen nub of her clit pushing up against my groin.

“Because we were made for each other, Sweetness,” I breathed softly. Even now, as we were locked into each other, my cock buried to the hilt, I could feel the pleasure building. She didn’t even have to move, but when she did, it was as if the stars were aligning.

She wound her arms around my neck and pulled my face into her chest. Surrounded by her, engulfed by her; when she finally began to move, it was all over for me.

She was taking me to heaven.

# Prince Walker

## **She's not what you think**

I was humming when I got into the office the next day. Sasha and I had spent our morning in the shower together. I was filled with the happy lethargy of fresh lovemaking and the anticipation of a good day ahead.

“You’re in a good mood today, boss!” Jane laughed as I strode into the office. I set a Starbucks cup on her desk as I breezed past. “For me?” she asked, eyes wide. I never got her coffee. But hey, it was time to treat the world to a whole new Prince Walker.

“Don’t get too relaxed,” I laughed. “It’s to keep you on your toes. Big day ahead!”

Andy was due any minute. The paperwork with the Swiss was complete, and our new venture was about to be launched.

“Sounds exciting,” she replied. “Though you might want to drink yours quickly.” She pinched her lips together, then launched in, “Your dad is on his way up. Says he has something important to discuss.”

I heaved a sigh but refused to let it bug me. “Did he say what it’s about?”

“Probably has something to do with this.” She handed me a copy of the business section of *The Times*.

The headline glared back at me: “SysCorp Sets Sights on Cedar.”

I stopped abruptly and set my coffee cup down as I ran my eyes over the columns of text.

“Shit,” I muttered. I’d been in such a happy bubble I hadn’t done my usual news update on the way into the office.

“Um...you’re taking this remarkably well,” Jane ventured. She was right. This was the sort of news that would have elicited a complete shitstorm just a month or two ago.



Today, though...

“Hmm,” I murmured as I continued to read.

“Mr. Walker?” she said tentatively. I didn’t respond. I read further. Seemed Dmitri Sysenov and his cronies had been buying out SysCorp shares. The morning news had erupted when they’d announced their plans for a hostile takeover.

“Strange,” I mused. “Haven’t had any calls about it.” I glanced at my phone, realizing it was off. I’d powered it down the night before when I decided it was time to concentrate on Sasha. She’d relaxed slightly, but I could tell she was still troubled. There’d been a time when I would have ignored it. But that was before I realized my priorities had been fucked up all my life. My woman needed me.

Except, when I switched on the device, it seemed that the rest of the world needed me too.

“Christ,” I muttered as a flood of notifications swamped my phone. “I gotta take care of this,” I said to Jane over my shoulder as I headed into my office. She was still staring at me as if she was looking at a stranger. Perhaps she was.

Twenty minutes later, I’d barely touched the backlog in my mailbox when my door flew open so violently that it hit the wall with a crash.

“Dad,” I responded, looking up at my father, who was a tower of fury. “What a pleasant surprise.”

“Fuck!” he screamed. “Pleasant surprise? Are you fucking kidding me?”

I shrugged.

“Have you seen the news?” he shouted, slapping a copy of the paper onto my desk. I glanced down, then looked back up at him.

“Yup,” I answered. “Dmitri’s been busy, it seems.”

“Busy? Are you fucking...?” he began blustering, then took a deep breath. “Are you fucking kidding me?” He was leaning over my desk now, pounding his fist on the surface. I

watched almost dispassionately. “What the fuck do you have to say for yourself?” he was screaming again.

I raised an eyebrow. “What do I have to say for myself?” I asked. I knew it was exactly the type of comment that would set him off like a grenade. And true to form, he blew. He swept the papers from my desk in one vicious motion. Then grabbed up a paperweight and flung it across the room. It smashed into a lamp, and shards of glass erupted.

I leaned back in my chair and folded my arms across my chest. His usually immaculately combed hair was ruffled; his eyes were wild.

“Yes! What the fuck do you have to say for yourself?” He was apoplectic. For a moment, it occurred to me he might give himself a heart attack.

“Take a seat, Dad,” I said, indicating a chair. “You need to catch your breath.”

Perhaps it was callous. The man had just learned he’d lost his business, after all.

“I do not want to take a fucking seat, you fucking imbecile!” he screamed. “I want to know what the fuck you plan to do about this!”

“Why on earth would I be doing anything about this, Dad?” I asked.

He looked at me in confused rage.

“It’s not my company anymore, remember?” I kept my voice level, though it was hard not to crow over the irony of it all. “You took me off the Board and took over my role. So perhaps this is a question you should be answering.” My words stopped him in his tracks.

“This... This is all your fault!” he hissed. “If it hadn’t been for you and that fuckup with the Chinese—”

“Really?” I asked. “You’ve been Chairman of the Board for the past couple of months. You’re the one who has been making the decisions and keeping an eye on the company plans. I’ve had nothing to do with any of this.”

“It’s your fucking fault!” he raged, refusing to acknowledge my words.

“Dad, I told you Sysenov had screwed us. I had that contract in the bag, and they came in and undercut us. Someone must have fed them inside information. That had nothing to do with me, but you were so intent on publicly humiliating me that you refused to see anything else.”

“That’s because it was your fucking fault!” he screamed again. It was like talking to a wall.

“Look, I’m sorry you feel that way, but there’s nothing I can do about it,” I said bluntly. “You have a Board to answer to. I suggest you give some thought to what you’re going to tell them.”

My intercom buzzed, and I picked up the handset, knowing the gesture would drive my father to the brink. How dare I pay attention to something else when he was trying to give me a dressing down... I could see the thought practically painted on his face.

“Andy is here, sir,” Jane said over the line. I smiled.

“Excellent. Send him in.”

“No!” screamed my father loudly enough for Jane to hear him in her office. “You fucking tell him to wait!”

I gave a sigh. There was no sense in inflicting my father’s toxic rage on my friend. Not when Andy and I had things to celebrate. It would be a buzzkill.

“You’ll be joining me at the Board meeting this morning,” he snapped. “*You* have to answer to them. Not me.”

“Really?” I asked. “And why would I do that? You’ve been captain of this ship. You’re the one who let them down.”

“Because you’ll do it if you know what’s good for you. If you expect to keep living this fancy little lifestyle of yours with the flashy cars and the expensive houses, you’ll do as I fucking well tell you!” he sneered.

“Oh? You mean the cars and houses you already took away?” I said coolly. “I don’t need them. Go right ahead.”

“I can take the rest! I’ll shut down your goddamn accounts!” he threatened.

“And you can do that too,” I said. “I don’t need your fucking money, Dad.”

And I didn’t. For the first time in my life, I didn’t need this man’s support. I may have been pulling more than my share of the weight in this company for a decade, but he’d kept his hands firmly on the purse strings. And it was a purse I no longer cared about.

His face was red now. “Don’t you dare think you can turn to your mother. I will forbid her from helping.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it.” I knew he wouldn’t believe me. But with the deal Andy had just put together for us, I wouldn’t need help from anyone. Not me, or my children, or my children’s children. I had my own legacy to leave behind...a legacy to share with Sasha. The sense of freedom it brought with it almost made me giddy.

He’d paused to catch his breath, and I glanced down at my watch. Yet another gesture designed to incense him.

“Andy’s waiting, Dad. If there’s anything else...?” I raised my eyebrow and flicked the button on the intercom. “Send him in, Jane,” I said to my PA.

“Well, actually, now that you mention it...” Dad said. I smiled up at Andy hovering in the door and nodded for him to come in. “I wanted to have a word with you about that little piece of ass of yours.”

I heaved a sigh. “Dad, I’m not interested in anything you have to say about Sasha.”

Andy was pulling out a chair in front of my desk. “Good to see you, Mr. Walker.” He smiled politely. My father ignored him flat.

“Yes, well, I think you might be interested in this. I had my man take a little look into your girlfriend’s background. Just for shits and giggles,” he smirked.

Asshole. Just like him to take things up a notch. A private investigator? What the fuck! But I kept my expression neutral and shrugged.

“I really don’t care, Dad.”

Andy had set a manila folder on my desk. Beside it was a bottle of The Macallan. He gave a wink.

“So, then I’m guessing you know all about her past?” my father pressed on.

“Yes. She was an escort. I know about it. We already went over this at your lunch, remember? When you were groping her under the table?” My father was a prick. I didn’t know why I’d spent my whole life trying to earn his respect. He hadn’t earned mine.

“And what about her family? Has she told you about them too?”

I shrugged again. She hadn’t revealed much about her past. But I knew most of it was too painful to share. It didn’t bother me. It would come out when she’s ready.

Andy was reaching for the folder, and I was itching to see what was inside.

“Her brother’s a drug dealer, you know,” my father said snidely. I set my jaw. He went on, “Got himself hooked up with a nasty piece of work called Manolo Gutierrez. Likes to call himself Razortip.”

I felt myself stiffen but kept my face impassive. I wasn’t sure I knew where he was going with this. I didn’t want to know. But I had no doubt I was about to find out.

“Turns out one of ole Razortip’s business ventures got a little boost recently. Hundred grand. About the same time your good buddy over here facilitated a transfer for the same amount.” Now it was Andy’s turn to stiffen. He shot me a look.

My father’s face was still red with anger, but now he’d added snide contempt to his expression. “Looks like your whore has you funding drug deals, my little Prince,” he said.

“Unless that’s your new line of business,” his lip curled, “I’d say she’s playing you for a fool.”

Andy and I remained silent as he turned abruptly and stormed out. As the door slammed shut behind him, Andy stared at me. His eyes were wide.

“Jesus Christ, Prince!” he finally gasped out. I had no words to respond with. “Is this for real?”

“I...” I began, then faltered. I didn’t have an answer.

“You realize that if this gets out, we’re fucked, right?” He was shaking his head. “Horst is an absolute stickler for propriety. You know what the Swiss are like, don’t you?”

I rubbed my eyes. “I’m sure there’s an explanation.”

“I fucking hope so, goddammit!” His voice was growing agitated. “Because we’re dealing with a multinational corporation here. One with government connections. If there’s even a hint of mob involvement, this pile of paper is worth shit!” He dashed his hand over the folder on the desk.

“I’ll speak to her, alright?” I said firmly. Though my voice hid a swirling sense of dread. Something was going on. Something she hadn’t been telling me.

“I suggest you do, my friend. Because we already know you think she’s worth a million dollars. I pray to God she’s not going to cost us a billion.”

# Sasha Ramirez

## Would I Lie to You?

“Prince? Are you home?” I called out as I walked through the front door. The lights were on inside. Though I wasn’t expecting him to get back before me, his hours had become erratic lately. “Or should I be looking for my Prince?” I added. Either way, it warmed me. I still almost thought of him as two separate men. Prince Walker, the arrogant billionaire who would take me whenever he pleased. Or Alec, the sensitive genius who ran me hot baths and played my body like a harp. The best of both worlds.

I loved them both.

A movement in the living room caught my eye, and I turned to see him silhouetted against the tall window overlooking the city. Twilight was descending, and lights were twinkling beyond him.

“Hey,” I said softly. “Whatcha doing there?” He turned abruptly and stared at me, his eyes hard. “Hello, Prince.” I walked over and smiled up at him. I was still fragile after the shock of yesterday and my gruesome discovery that came with Razortip’s note – I still had no idea what to do about it. Alec would have been better for me now. But either would do. “Busy day at work?”

He had a scotch glass in one hand, and he raised it to his lips before he answered. “Interesting,” he said simply.

I tilted my head. He was being strangely reserved. “Interesting good or interesting bad?”

“Who the fuck is Manolo Gutierrez?” he asked softly, then took another sip from his glass.

I felt my knees go weak. I opened my mouth and then closed it again. “I- He...” *Fuck!*

His eyes hadn’t left mine. Still cold as emerald chips. “Who the fuck is Manolo Gutierrez, Sasha?” he shouted at me.

I gave a tiny shriek and clutched my hand to my mouth. There was no way to hide my terror. No point either.

*He knows! My God, he knows!*

“He- He has my brother,” I finally choked out. “He took him. He’s going to kill him!” The words were babbling out, but not in any way that was making my case any better. Tears were beginning to prickle. I couldn’t seem to catch my breath.

“Your brother, the drug dealer?” he bit out.

I shook my head. “Emilio’s not like that!” His expression grew colder. “He’s made some mistakes,” I acknowledged, “but he’s a good kid. I swear it.”

He was still towering over me, his posture not softening. “You sent money to these people, Sasha,” he said at last. I nodded, swallowing hard. Why deny it? It was all going to come out now anyhow. “What else have you sent them? Are you doing deals for them, Sasha?”

“Oh, my God! No! No, I would never!” How could he think that of me? But then again, I hadn’t given him much to go on.

“Do you have any idea what this could do to me if it got out, Sasha?” he said grimly.

I shook my head. I didn’t know what else to do. “I’m so sorry,” I whispered. He raked his hand through his hair and spun away from me. Pacing across the room like an animal. “Prince, please...Alec...” My voice was tiny. His shoulders slumped slightly. He stopped and set his glass down on the table so abruptly it shattered. I bit back another little shriek.

“Explain it to me,” he said when he turned back to face me again. He was standing beside the sofa we’d made love on last night. Now bright spatters of blood marred the white leather.

“You’re bleeding,” I choked out.

“It’ll keep,” he replied, ignoring the steady stream from his palm. I walked hesitantly toward him, then changed my mind.



“I have to show you,” I murmured. He stared after me as I raced down the hallway to my room. When I returned, I had the box in my hand. It shook as I extended it to him. When he flipped the lid open, his eyes narrowed, and then he shot a look up at me.

“Jesus! Fuck, Sasha!” he snapped. “And you were going to keep this from me?”

“I...I didn’t know what to do!” My voice was agonized. He rubbed a hand over his eyes and left a streak of blood on his cheek. I so desperately wanted to wipe it away. It was as if his blood was on my hands now.

He set the box and its grim contents down on the coffee table beside the smashed glass, then sank onto the sofa.

“Start from the beginning,” he said. I nodded, eager to redeem myself.

“My brother was doing some work – I had no idea it was for a mob boss,” I began. “He got it into his head that he could siphon funds off his deals.”

“Smart move,” he muttered.

“Exactly. And sadly, smart enough to get it right for a while. He’d stolen a million dollars by the time they caught him.” I found it hard to believe. My brother had never applied himself to anything with much diligence. Why the hell would he finally choose to get it right with something so insanely dangerous? Prince was looking at me in a way that urged me to continue.

“When they found out, they wanted their money back. The boss – he- he calls himself Razortip – he tracked me down. Told me I had to pay the debt back, or they’d kill him.”

“And they knew you just happened to have a million dollars handy.” His tone was sarcastic.

“No! It was before we met.” He raised an eyebrow, as if he found that unlikely. I guessed it might seem that way. “Actually, it was the night we met. At the club.” The memory of that night came back to me in a rush. How he’d taken me onto the dancefloor. Touched me so intimately within the

strange privacy provided by the crush of strangers who were unaware of what we were doing. I almost gave myself to him that night. It was insane. But the insanity that followed had been worse.

“When I got back that night, he’d called. He said he needed a million dollars, or he’d kill my brother.”

“And how did he figure you’d get that right?” Prince asked. I could tell he didn’t believe me.

“He didn’t care. He said I should do whatever I had to do. Sell myself if need be.”

“Well, I guess you did.” His tone was icy, and I sucked in a sharp breath. His eyes moved over my face. “I’m sorry. That was a low blow.”

Despite the apology, he hadn’t made a move to touch me. The distance between us could have spanned a continent.

“You were...” How could I phrase this without making it sound inappropriate? “You made your offer the next day. I’ll admit, it came just when I needed it.” I felt cheap saying it, but it wasn’t fair of him to ignore his part in our transaction. It probably wasn’t wise to raise that point now. “When he found out about us – about the engagement – he sent a demand for an advance.” I glanced down at my hands.

“The hundred grand?” he said. I nodded silently.

“You...you told me it was mine,” I said. “To do with as I pleased. You said I didn’t have to explain anything to you.” I couldn’t help reminding him of this.

“Yes. But not to send to a goddamn drug lord, Sasha!” he barked back. He ran his hand through his hair again. I wanted to smooth it. I wanted to soothe him. “Why the fuck didn’t you tell me?”

I stared at him. He was right. I should have. “I was afraid,” I admitted. “The contract. It said if I was connected to any illegal activity, our arrangement would be terminated.” Even as I said the words, I knew they were wrong. He felt it too. I could see it in his eyes.

“This...*arrangement* that we have, is not because of some contract, Sasha...” He stopped. “Or is it?”

I shook my head abruptly. “Oh, my God, no!” *What must he think of me?* “I would never...” Shit...I couldn’t deny it was how we began. “It started that way but—” I stopped abruptly as my phone vibrated in my pocket. My breath caught in my throat. I’d been feverishly checking every message that had come in since the day before. When I reached for the device, he didn’t stop me.

I glanced at the screen and felt my throat go tight.

“What is it?” he said. “Is it them?”

I nodded, reading the message again. *It’s impossible!*

He took the phone from me and read it himself, then looked at me. His face had set in stony lines.

“Twenty million dollars,” he said simply. Razortip hadn’t just bumped up the ransom. He’d sent it through the roof. I couldn’t make my mind grasp the enormity of it. I felt my breath burning as I sucked in air.

*Emilio! What am I going to do?*

Prince was looking at me guardedly. I wanted to reach for his hand and press it to my face. I wanted to tell him this wasn’t the reason for the moments we’d shared. For the things I’d said to him. He’d taken my body, my heart, my soul and made them his.

“Prince, I...” I trailed off.

“How am I supposed to trust you now?” he said softly. It ripped out my heart.

“I’m so sorry,” I said. I’d already said it. I was going to keep saying it.

“Give me the ring,” he said.

And my world came crashing down.

# Prince Walker

## Give me Space

“It’s done,” Andy said when I picked up the phone the next afternoon. I heaved a sigh of relief and rubbed my eyes. “You realize you took a five-bar knock on this thing, right? That baby was worth twenty-five million. If you’d waited a day, I could have got you double,” he added.

“It doesn’t matter,” I responded. It didn’t. The funds were ready to be wired, and that’s all I cared about. “Have you done the rest?”

Andy was silent a moment and then replied, “Yes. My contact at the agency has called in some ‘freelance’ associates. They handle this sort of thing all the time.” I mulled over his words for a second. Andy never ceased to amaze me with his circle of “friends” in high – and often low – places.

When I’d called him that morning to tell him what had happened, he’d gone through the roof. And then he’d pulled himself together, and we’d sat down and figured out how to resolve the problem.

The pink stone in the engagement ring I’d given Sasha when we’d publicly announced our engagement had been hotly bid over on auction. I knew there were buyers waiting in the wings. Andy was right. I could have gotten more if I’d waited just a few more hours. They were hours Sasha’s brother didn’t have. The deal was to go down this afternoon.

“They’ll be heading over the border by noon,” he said. “The funds will be wired, they’ll make the exchange, and your boy will be free.”

*Thank God.*

“And if there are problems?” I asked. I could imagine that a man like Gutierrez was the type to have some tricks up his sleeve.

“They’re ready for every scenario,” Andy said. “These guys are good, Prince. They just handled a retrieval in

Mozambique – and there, the guys hadn't even planned on letting their girls go. They'll do the job, buddy.”

I remembered the event Andy was talking about. An extremist group had snatched dozens of young girls and held them captive. The global sigh of relief at their safe return was still making headlines. If we had their rescuers on our side, Emilio Ramirez probably had a fighting chance of getting out alive. Which would give me a chance to get my hands on him myself and kill the little fucker for what he'd done to Sasha.

*Fucking idiot.*

“So, how do we get in touch with these guys to confirm it's all gone down?” I ask Andy.

“We don't,” he answered. “They'll go in and do their jobs. We'll be sent word. After that, they disappear. The less you know, the better. Plausible deniability and all that crap. You know what I mean.” His words were terse and to the point. I knew he was still pissed about this situation. I couldn't blame him. This little episode had the potential to blow our deal out of the water.

A movement in the doorway to my workspace caught my eye. Sasha was hovering at the threshold uncertainly. I ended the call with Andy and looked over at her.

“May I come in?” she asked hesitantly. I gave a nod. She was dressed to go out. She had a show scheduled, which she'd wanted to get out of, but Andy had been adamant that we maintain a façade of life as usual.

“It's been arranged,” I told her when she reached the side of my desk. “We'll be sent word when he's released.”

She sagged with relief. “Thank you, ” she said softly. I tried to unclench my jaw but couldn't seem to relax enough to do it. “I have to go now,” she continued. “Horatio's taking me through to Ardmere for the new product launch.” I nodded curtly, and she put her hand on my arm. Once again, I couldn't bring myself to soften. When I looked down at her fingers, she lifted them away.

Maybe I was being an ass right now, but it was just too hard to look past this betrayal. After she'd given me the ring last night, we hadn't said another word. Though it had been clear to me that she was shaken when she thought I was asking for my grandmother's engagement ring back. That wasn't my intention, but I'd been too angry to discuss the matter further. Maybe she needed a few hours to stew about what she'd done. I knew I definitely needed time to think things through.

When she'd told me she'd be sleeping in her own room – the room that had been hers those first days – that had suited me. The space gave me room to breathe. Being around her clouded my judgment. In the face of this latest disaster, that was obviously the case. I'd let her distract me.

"I've moved my things back to my room," she said now. "It's probably better...that I stay there now?"

I shrugged. "Suit yourself," I said, feeling myself grow colder. *Fine. Pack your fucking things while you're at it.* I kept my thoughts to myself. I was upset, but I didn't mean that.

"Alec, I..." Her words trailed off. What was there to say, anyway? She'd already done enough.

"What, Sasha?" I snapped. She shook her head.

"Nothing. I was just..." She stopped again. "Well, I'll see you later at the show?"

"I have work to do," I muttered, ignoring the question and turning my back on her. "I'd prefer it if you didn't bother me in my office anymore. We already discussed this when you arrived. My space is off-limits." I heard her suck in a breath, but I didn't care. Probably another of her little acts to draw on my sympathies. I'd spent my life being a money pit for women just like her. Losing my heart to one of them was the worst mistake of my life.

# Sasha Ramirez

## Girls like You

“Cheer up, sweetie, you look like you just lost your puppy,” Francois said chirpily. The make-up artist wore almost as much of his product as he was applying to my face. I gave a wan smile. “Sorry, Francois,” I sighed. “Just a little tired.”

He gave a lewd grin. “I’m not surprised, sweetie. I’d also be tired if I was getting my hands on that beautiful hunk of man-flesh you’ve managed to latch your claws into.”

I pinched my lips together. Thankfully, he was working on my eyes and didn’t notice. He was still chattering away obliviously. Prince had barely looked at me since we spoke the night before. When he’d asked for the ring, I’d immediately assumed he wanted his grandmother’s ring back. That the engagement was off. Then he’d explained that he was going to find a buyer for the pink diamond he’d given me at the restaurant. I’d been dizzy with relief. But it was short-lived. The guilt was eating at me.

After I’d handed him the glittering gem, he’d been on the phone for the next couple of hours. I sat listening for a while, but he’d waved me away. I brought him a coffee halfway, but it went cold on the table beside him. He was drinking whisky instead. By the time I finally went to bed, he’d finished half the bottle. When I’d said that I’d sleep in my room that night, he seemed relieved to see the back of me.

“Sorry, sweetie, is this mascara a little heavy for you?” Francois was saying. He was dabbing carefully along my eyeline where a tear had trickled over.

*Shit. Pull yourself together, girl.*

“I bet he fucks you senseless every night,” he was still going on, then lowered his voice conspiratorially, “What’s his cock like, sweetie? I’ve heard he’s hung like a horse! So, what are we talking about here – eight inches? Nine? Please say it’s nine! More?”

I tried not to choke. “Francois!” I choked out. “Oh, my God! I couldn’t—” *This man is just too much!*

“Oh, I know, sweetie, I couldn’t either...but I’d do my very best to fit that sucker in, you know what I mean?” He was giggling like a teenage girl.

“Fit what in, Francois?” an accented voice broke in. I slanted my eyes sideways without moving my face. My make-up artist might be an insatiable gossip, but he took his job very seriously. A woman was standing beside my chair, her silvered hair swept up from a face that was spectacularly beautiful. She was running a cold glance over me, and it made my flesh crawl a little.

“Ah, Sophia!” Francois chirped, stepping closer to her and brushing air kisses past her cheeks. “Sasha and I were just having a little girltalk about her fabulous man.” He winked at me in the mirror. “Seems that the rumors are true. That cock of his is legendary.” He gave another high-pitched laugh. “She could barely fit it in!”

“Francois!” I gasped. “I never—” Dammit, I hadn’t said anything of the sort.

“Is that so?” Sophia raised an eyebrow. I felt more uncomfortable than ever. “Well, I imagine there are some things a woman must do in order to pay the bills, *n’est-ce pas?*”

What was she implying? And who the hell was she? For some reason, she seemed to dislike me, even though I had no idea who she was.

Francois laughed again, returning to brandish a brush over my face.

“I could think of worse ways to earn a living, darling,” he said, glancing over his shoulder at the woman, who had folded her arms over her chest. “If there’s anything bigger than his cock, it’s his bank account, right?”

Sophia rolled her eyes. She still hadn’t addressed me directly.



“Oh, I think that ship has sailed, don’t you, Francois?” She looked at me. “Sadly, you seem to have backed the wrong horse, my dear,” she finally acknowledged me. “Prince Walker is worth nothing without that little allowance he gets from his father.” She scoffed.

I remained silent. It had become clear to me early on that this was a circle of people who seldom had nice things to say about each other. Francois was forming a dramatic cupid’s bow on my lips and filling it in with a silvery gloss. He kept his eyes focused on me as he responded to her.

“Ah, then you’ve missed the latest news, darling. It seems the Prince of New York has regained his throne.”

Her perfect brows might have furrowed if it wasn’t for the fact that her forehead appeared frozen into immobility. But her eyes narrowed as she said, “Really? And what do you mean by that?”

“The news has been buzzing everywhere, Sophia! I’m surprised you missed it!” Francois said. “Prince Walker’s just signed a deal with a Swiss multinational. They’re talking billions! It’s all speculation at this point, but I’m certain it’s only a matter of time.”

Sophia’s breath hissed out. “How lovely for him.” It didn’t sound like she thought such a thing at all. I kept my mouth shut, grateful she wasn’t looking at me to confirm it.

“And lovely for my pretty little friend here,” said Francois, winking at Sasha.

Sophia’s face was dark as thunder. “Not bad for a whore,” she said beneath her breath, then spun on her heel and stalked off.

I gasped at her words, but Francois was stifling laughter. “*Bonsoir*, Madame Delavigne!” he called after her. I nearly choked at the name. “Don’t mind her, sweetie. She’s just got her panties in a knot. I’m sure you’ve heard all about how her daughter practically left Prince at the altar.” He put a hand to his mouth in mock shock. “Oops. You *did* know that, didn’t you?”

I shrugged. I had no doubt this man took delight in causing trouble. “I’d heard something along those lines,” I replied. I’d never delved into the details of Prince’s relationship with Angelique Delavigne. I’d gathered it was intense, though. We hadn’t spoken about the motivations for my contract much, but I knew his ex had a lot to do with it. I was supposed to present myself as a doting fiancée for his father and show the world how happy he was without Angelique. Until last night, I’d thought we’d moved beyond that. Now I didn’t know anything anymore.

“Well, sweetie,” Francois was saying, “I suppose it must have been intimidating for you to step into those shoes. That woman is a man-eater. She’s left a trail of broken hearts in her wake. I don’t know what she does to them, but those poor boys are never the same afterward.”

I swallowed hard. “How awful,” I murmured. I reached for the bottle of water in front of me and carefully sipped from the straw in it.

“Oh! Not that I’m saying she did that to your Prince, of course. I’m certain he’s simply mad about you, sweetie!” He leaned back to survey his handiwork, seemed satisfied, then stepped behind me.

I looked at my face reflected in the mirror. The color of my eyes was made almost insanely vivid by the dark application of shadow and liner. Silvery lips and hollowed cheekbones were intended to make me appear like a water nymph. We’d be launching the new Ardmore line of marine-based products this evening. I was going to be raised to a stage set to look like a rolling ocean with several other models.

Right now, I just wanted to go home. I wanted to fix things with my man.

“Anyway, I think you’re very brave,” he added. “I had to work with Angelique Delavigne a few times, and she was a complete bitch. It didn’t surprise me at all when I heard she ditched poor Prince for that Russian count, Dmitri what’s-his-name.” He fluffed my hair. “Although if she’d known he’d

forked out so much for that ring he ended up giving you, she might have reconsidered.”

“I...can imagine,” I whispered.

“And anyway, why should you care that it was meant to be hers, sweetie? It’s so fabulous I wouldn’t care if they’d fished it out of a sewer and handed it to me.”

I gulped hard. I hadn’t known it was intended for her. Angelique had implied it that day, but I thought she was just trying to upset me.

“Right! Places, please!” the stage director called out, snapping my attention. Francois gave a quick look in the direction of the voice.

“That’s your call, sweetie. Break a leg!” He stepped away as I rose from my seat. The wardrobe manager had materialized and was fussing with my dress. Diaphanous to the point of being transparent, the silvery chiffon floated around me in soft waves. Although it may have floated down to my thighs, in the right light, my nipples were visible. They’d assured me that my hair would cover me, but I didn’t have time to worry about it. I was being taken by the arm and firmly guided to a platform suspended above a stage.

Beyond the blinding stage lights, I was aware of murmurs and rustles. And then the music began, overlaid by a dramatic voiceover announcing the new range. Standing in a giant oyster shell, I rose into the spotlights, my hair streaming over my shoulders, over my breasts to my hips. As instructed, I was posing like Botticelli’s Venus, a hand across my breasts, another resting over my mound. There was a hushed sound of appreciation and then growing applause. For the next few minutes, the other models and I twirled about with the wind machine blowing our hair dramatically while the announcer extolled the virtues of the various ingredients.

Finally, the lights dimmed on the stage, and for the first time, I was able to see the crowd in attendance. I stepped back into my shell, gave a tiny curtsy, then raised my chin. And looked straight up at Prince in the doorway with his head tilted

to the face of Angelique Delavigne as she brushed her lips over his.

# Prince Walker

## Trouble in Paradise?

“What are you doing here?” I asked bluntly. Angelique Delavigne was running her fingers along my sleeve.

“Oh, darling, is that any way to speak to the love of your life?” she said lightly.

“No, it’s not. But it’s a great way to speak to you,” I snapped. “What do you want, Angelique?” If my words struck a nerve, it didn’t show. Her cat-like smile remained firmly in place.

I’d spent the afternoon with Andy at The Oaks, waiting for the call from his team. I’d probably put away one too many whiskies. They’d added to the dark cloud left by the half-bottle I’d finished last night. It was a darkcloud that continued to hang over me even when we got word that Sasha’s brother had been safely released. The old Prince would have gone home then, and left Sasha to think I was angry with her. I couldn’t do it, though. I had to see her now. Had to clear the air.

By the time I’d arrived at Sasha’s show, I’d felt a swirling annoyance set in. I had a nagging headache, and a pervasive sense of doom, which I knew was attached to a night with no sleep. And the constant tension caused by this whole insane situation. Then I’d seen her rise into the stage lights like a goddess – I was transfixed. Torn between the agony of betrayal and the future I’d been planning with this woman before me.

When Angelique had materialized from the crowd, it had been the last thing I needed. I wanted time to think, to mull over what all this meant to Sasha and me. I’d taken her into my most private spaces, and yet she was still keeping so much from me.

“You’re looking tired, darling,” Angelique continued, stroking a fingertip down my cheek. “Is it the stress? Isn’t that girl looking after you?” I really wished she would stop touching me, but the woman seemed convinced she had rights

over me. When she cupped her palm around my cheek, I grasped it firmly, peeled it away, and leaned down.

“Get your fucking hands off me, Angelique,” I muttered. Her eyes widened slightly, but before I could step back, she’d pressed her lips against mine. *For fuck’s sakes!*

“I’m sorry you’re grumpy, baby,” she whispered. “You remember that I know how to make it all better, don’t you?”

“Angie! Darling, how lovely! I see you’re rekindling old flames,” a voice broke into the moment. Angelique stepped back, her lips curled up into a sly smile.

“Ah, I was wondering where you’d gone to, Mom,” she said to Sophia Delavigne. Perfect. One of the Delavigne women was enough to set my teeth on edge. Both of them at once would be intolerable.

“Madame Delavigne,” I said as politely as I could, under the circumstances. “I hope you are well?” I uncurled Angelique’s fingers from the fabric of my jacket and discretely tugged myself free.

“Couldn’t be better, Prince,” she murmured smoothly as she brushed air kisses past each side of my face. “Although I saw your little friend backstage. What a strange creature. Babbling about your bank account and the size of your manhood. *Tres vulgaire*, darling. I do hope this is just a passing phase of yours.”

I set my jaw and didn’t comment.

Angelique rolled her eyes and gave a little snort. “I was just about to tell him the same thing, Mom,” she said. Her hands were back on my arm. “Meanwhile, the naughty boy hasn’t returned any of my calls.” She pouted at me. I ignored her and looked back at the stage.

“Don’t pester the poor man, Angelique,” Sophia tutted at her daughter. “They all need to get such things out of their systems from time to time. He’ll be back before you know it.”

I finally shook my head at how ridiculous this conversation was. I was standing right in front of them, for God’s sake!

“I have no intention of getting anything out of my system, Sophia,” I said coolly. The woman was a gold digger of the worst type. If her daughter ever had any redeeming features, they’ve been consumed by their overwhelming need to climb the social ladder. Sasha may have had a checkered past, and she may have hidden things from me. But there was an honesty to her that these women would never understand. We still needed to talk, though. This fucking shitshow couldn’t be brushed off without a proper discussion. Half of which needed to focus on honesty and openness, and the other half had to be about how dangerous this had all been. She could have been in so much shit if she’d tried to fix it alone.

“But you will see reason, won’t you, darling?” Sophia was going on. “You and Angelique are simply perfect together. Don’t you agree?”

“No!” I said sharply. “And I doubt Dmitri Sysenov would either.”

Sophia waved her hand dismissively, although I noticed that Angelique had grown tense. “That’s nothing, darling. A dalliance. Angelique has seen the light now, haven’t you, darling?” She turned to Angelique. Her daughter’s smile was radiant. And yet, I sensed it was forced, somehow.

“A dalliance, Sophia? They’re engaged. I think it’s more than a dalliance, don’t you?” I struggled to keep my voice even.

“It was a mistake,” Angelique broke in. She curled her fingers more firmly around my bicep and pressed herself against me. “It was only ever you I cared about, Prince,” she murmured into my ear.

“You mean the wedding’s off, Angelique?” I asked. I tried to keep my expression neutral, but it was hard not to raise an eyebrow.

“I was just trying to make you jealous, darling,” Angelique laughed lightly. It was all an act, though. I could see right through her.

On the stage, Sasha was still bathed in light. Skin pearlescent, perfect curves on display. Her hair was a cascading waterfall that provided some modesty, but there was little left to the imagination. I had a sudden recollection of her standing like this for me barely two days before. My Venus.

And I had no doubt that she'd been scrutinized from head to toe by these two. The lights dimmed, and the crowd applauded as she disappeared from sight. I wondered if she would linger backstage and considered going to find her.

"We were good together, darling. Don't you remember?" Angelique said.

I turned back to Angelique. "No," I said firmly. "We were not." The more I thought back to our time together, the more I realized how wrong it all was. We may have fucked like animals, but there was no love there. No real connection.

"Oh, come on, Prince!" she snapped, true colors finally surfacing. "Don't try to pretend you didn't care about me. I could make you hard with just one look. You don't need your little whore for that. Don't fool yourself into thinking she can give you what I can."

I yanked her hand away from my arm and put distance between us. "Yes, I cared about you, Angelique. I'll

never deny that. But 'my whore' has nothing to do with us, and she never will."

"Alec?" The word brought our conversation to a standstill, and I spun around to face it. Sasha was standing behind us, pale and beautiful in the floating dress she'd worn on stage. She must have seen me and come straight over.

"Your whore?" she said to me. Her cheeks were growing pink-tinted, and I sensed rage brewing. Angelique had pressed up beside me again and was trailing her scarlet nails around the back of my neck. "Get your hands off him!" Sasha snarled at Angelique, who blatantly ignored her and brushed her lips against my cheek.

"The whore has a temper," she murmured into my ear.

"Sasha, I—" I began.



Her hand came up and connected with my cheek. Around us, everyone had stopped talking.

*Fuck!*

She stared at me for a long second, then turned and rushed out of the room.

“Oh my. Trouble in paradise?” said Sophia, smirking. Angelique’s face was lit with cruel satisfaction. The expression barely flickered when I pushed her away from me roughly.

“Who’s Alec?” Angelique asked. Fuck. We’d spent over a year together, and she never even learned my name. I didn’t bother to answer.

I was running out after Sasha.

# Sasha Ramirez

## **You don't own me**

“Sasha!” I heard him shout my name. “Dammit! Stop!”

I ignored him and kept up my headlong rush out of the lobby of the hotel that was hosting the launch. People turned to stare, but I didn't pay any attention to them. My heart was in my throat.

I burst out of the lobby and into the crush of people on the sidewalk outside. Out there, I felt lost. At sea in a flood of unfamiliar faces.

And then he was beside me, his fingers closing around my upper arm. I tried to pull free, but his grip was too firm.

“For God's sake, will you stop?” he barked. I stared up into his face. My palm had left a red print on his cheek.

*Good!*

It was nothing compared to the mark he'd left on my heart. Seeing him with that woman had sparked something in me that felt so base and primal, it had terrified me. I'd wanted to rip her throat out. I'd wanted to push him to the ground and mark him with my scent.

*Oh my God, Sasha! You're out of control!*

I kept struggling to pull my arm free and a couple of passersby glanced over at us, then studiously looked the other way.

“I'm just trying to talk to you, Sasha!” When yet another person bumped into me, Prince gave an exasperated huff and pulled me unceremoniously back toward the entrance to the parking bay beneath the hotel. I squealed and struggled, but there was little point. Nobody cared.

By the time we reached the shadowed spot that housed the gleaming lines of his Bentley, we were both flushed and out of breath.

“Let me go!” I snapped. I wrenched my arm free and squared up to him, chin held high. I’d spent the past day and night terrified of what would happen to us now that he’d found out about my brother. Terrified of losing him. The thought shattered me.

There was no way I could let a man have that sort of hold over me.

“Sasha, I—” he began, but I stopped him short.

“I’m leaving, Prince,” I said through gritted teeth. “I’ll get my things and be out of your life by the time you get home.” I took a quick glance around. Horatio was nowhere in sight, but I could catch a cab back to the apartment.

His eyes narrowed. “What the fuck? Where the hell do you think you’ll go?”

“Back to Renée,” I replied, folding my arms over my chest. It was heaving as I tried to catch my breath. I could still feel the adrenalin surging through me.

“Why the hell would you do that?” he snapped.

“Why?” I sneered. “You have to ask why?”

“Yes!” he said sharply. “You stormed out of there before we’d even had a chance to speak.”

“I’d heard enough,” I snapped. “And seen enough, too. You with that bitch hanging all over you. I saw you kissing her, Prince!”

“I wasn’t kissing her, dammit. She was kissing me!”

“Oh, right. Like that makes a big fucking difference!” I yelled back. *What does he take me for? Some kind of idiot?*

“For fuck’s sake, Sasha,” he yelled. “I just shelled out twenty million fucking dollars to get your idiot brother out of some Mexican shithole. Aren’t you at least interested in finding out if he’s okay?”

I faltered, the wind momentarily sucked from my sails. “I...”

“Yeah...he’s fine, by the way,” he added, his voice softer now. He raked a hand through his hair. His eyes were hollow. His jawline was darkened by a hint of stubble. There was a smear of scarlet lipstick on his cheek. The sight of it reignited the flame of fury in me.

“Thank you,” I muttered. “I’ll pay you back.” He raised an eyebrow, and I knew how stupid I must sound. I’d have to sell a kidney. Both of them. *Shit!* I probably didn’t have enough organs to settle my tab.

“I never asked for that,” he said.

“Well, I don’t want you thinking I’m not grateful,” I retorted. I *was* grateful, dammit. He’d saved Emilio’s life. I knew I should be more gracious, but seeing him with Angelique had pushed me right over the edge. God, I was so fucking conflicted. Of course, Emilio should have been a priority. *What the hell is wrong with you, Sasha? You should be thinking of your brother right now!*

Yet, I’d flown from the backstage area, leaving a trail of startled assistants in my wake. The wardrobe manager had still been waving my street clothes at me as I hurtled past her. Standing in front of Prince in the ridiculous water nymph outfit and matching ballet pumps suddenly made me feel like an angry elf. And I’d seen red.

“Sure. It was a pleasure,” he said sarcastically. “And even better when I had to hear about you babbling backstage about the size of my bank account and how big my cock is!”

I felt myself go pale. “I never said that!” I replied. “That was the make-up artist – he put words in my mouth!” *Damn Francois!*

“Right. Because every professional conversation hinges on money and cocks,” he sneered. “Or were you sitting there discussing ways to extract more cash from me?”

“That’s not fair!” I said. “You offered to help!”

“What the fuck was I supposed to do, dammit? Leave him there to die?”

“I would have made a plan,” I answered. The words sounded hollow even to my own ears.

“Like the plan you made before? Because that plan kind of relied on me forking out money too, didn’t it?”

“You were the one who came to me with the deal, remember?” I could feel my voice rising again. “It’s not like I went knocking on your door! You were the one who offered me a million dollars to make you look like you were having the fucking time of your life without Angelique Delavigne.”

He narrowed his eyes at me, but didn’t deny it.

“Yeah, well, once you were in, you really went for gold,” he finally said. “You’ve been milking me since you walked into my world. What else have you got up your sleeve, Sasha? A sick grandmother? A pregnant sister? What other family member are you planning to rescue by touting that sweet pussy of yours?”

I sucked in a breath. “You bastard!” My hand was up again and swinging toward his face.

He caught my wrist before it connected. “Once was enough.” His eyes were cold and hard.

“So, you agree with her, then?” I hissed, getting right up in his face. “Your precious Angelique? You think I’m a whore?”

His jaw clenched. When he didn’t answer, I sucked in a breath. The rich woody scent of him swirled around me, and that primal instinct was kicking back in. I reached a hand down to his groin and cupped the weight of his cock in my palm. He inhaled sharply.

“That’s all you wanted, wasn’t it? A whore to keep your cock hard like Angelique could?”

“Sasha...” It was a quiet word of warning, but I was too angry now.

“A whore who’d keep her mouth shut while you showed your ex how good your world was without her?”

“You’re wrong,” his voice was husky. I could feel him hardening beneath my touch. Inconceivably, it pulled at something in my core. I pulled my wrist from his grasp and fumbled with the buckle of his belt. “Sasha, stop...”

“Why?” I demanded. I’d yanked his belt loose and was working the front of his pants open. “Why stop? You’ve paid for it, haven’t you? Twenty million dollars’ worth of pussy?” His cock was throbbing-hot when I thrust my hand in past his briefs. He groaned low in his throat. And the sound made my thighs clench. “Everything I’ve done was to save my family. You know nothing about the world I live in! The hardest battle you’ve ever fought was trying to show your daddy you’re a *real man*. And now you think you own me, you spoiled, selfish bastard?” I snarled. “You don’t fucking own me!”

The next sound he made was more of a snarl than a groan. With a rough shove, he pushed me back against the bonnet of the car. I felt it hit the back of my thighs and then I was toppling backward as he grasped the frothy fabric of my dress and tore it open roughly. It shredded like fine paper, peeling away from the naked flesh of my torso. His eyes were glittering emerald fire as he ran them over my bare breasts and belly.

“Don’t I own you?” he hissed between clenched teeth. He ran his fingertips over the tiny triangle of white satin that covered my sex and then yanked it away from me. “Don’t I own this?” He thrust his fingers into me, and I yelped at the sudden invasion. They slid in too easily and I felt my cheeks burn. He drilled them deep, then pulled them out and trailed his fingers over my lips, slick with my own juices. Without thinking, I licked them.

“What the fuck do you want from me, Sasha?” he asked softly. His hips were wedged between my wide thighs and when he lowered his hand again, I sucked in air. “This?” I felt his fingers explore, spreading me wide. “Or this?” Now the head of his cock was sliding along my gaping slit, his fist around his shaft, guiding it firmly.

“Prince, I—”

He slammed into me with such force it knocked the wind from me. “Oh, God!” I choked out, my nails biting into his forearm where he’d rolled up the sleeve of his dress shirt.

He hooked my knees over the crooks of his elbows and lifted my hips up to meet him as he drove into me like a man possessed. I arched my back, breasts jostling with the force of his thrusts.

“I’d give you anything, Sasha,” he hissed as he pounded into me. “But you want me to prove I think you’re a whore?”

I bit out a strangled cry. I could feel each thrust in the pit of my belly, forcing the air from me. “Prince! Please!”

“Please what?” he ground out. “Please buy me? Please fuck me?”

I choked on a sob that was part pleasure, part pain. I’d felt the size of him before, but this was different. This was fury.

Yet, in spite of it all, my body was arching up to meet him. Clenching and spasming around his shaft.

It wasn’t what I wanted.

“Prince...please! You’re hurting me,” I sobbed out. It wasn’t my body I was talking about; that was responding to his onslaught like a traitorous animal. It was my heart...each savage thrust was punching holes into it.

My words stopped him short. Something dark flickered in his expression and he stared at me, silent.

“Jesus!” he groaned at last. And then he released my thighs, bowed over my chest, and buried his face in the curve of my neck. I curled my arms around his head and cradled him closer to me.

“Oh, God...Sasha...” I felt his lips on my throat. He was still buried in me to the hilt. And insanely, I didn’t want to let him go. “Christ. I’m sorry.” His voice seemed torn from him. “This is so fucked up. I don’t know how to do this, goddammit. I’ve never loved anyone before.”

“It’s okay,” I murmured. “I’ll show you.” I realized how ridiculous that was. I had no idea either. But I was going to try. This was my man. *Mine!*

He moved to slide out of me, and I hooked my ankles behind him and locked him in place. His eyes widened.

“Sash...”

I shook my head. “Make love to me,” I breathed. He swallowed hard. When I clenched my muscles around him, he shuddered.

“Are you sure? I—” I could feel his body poised tensely. The throbbing of him deep inside me showing me how close he was to the edge.

“Love me,” I pleaded. I wanted him so much. Wanted *this*. And most of all, I wanted to wipe every trace of that woman from his world.

When I undulated my hips against him, he groaned. Leaning over me, he cupped my face in his hands. He locked his eyes with mine as he began to move. I bit my bottom lip as the sensations began to build again. The sweetness of it was such a sharp contrast to those moments before that I felt tears prickling.

“Are you okay?” he asked hoarsely. I gave a tiny nod.

“Yes. You feel good,” I reassured him. “Yes, like that...” I had to swallow to stop the emotion welling over. “Don’t stop doing that... God!”

He was sliding slowly within me now. Each stroke to the base of his cock and then out to the tip. It was setting me on fire. The fabric of his pants grazed my thighs, the rough rasp of his zipper brushing up against my flaming flesh. Tingling against my clit. I could feel the buttons of his shirt against my chest. The bonnet of the Bentley was hard and smooth beneath my back. I slid along the surface of it each time he pushed into me, and I wondered what damage we were doing to the paintwork. And then he stroked into me again and I forgot all about it.



I hissed out a breath, twining my fingers into his thick hair. The strong lines of his face had set as he focused on his steady rhythm, but his breathing was erratic. His forehead gleamed beneath a sheen of perspiration. I wanted to lick it from his face. To breathe the smell of him into me.

“Yeah...yeah, there...” I exhaled. “ Oh, God!” I was struggling to meet his smooth strokes now as my own body began to demand more. “Yeah... Oh, fuck! Deeper!” My voice had dropped to a raw moan. The sound he made was muffled as I closed my mouth over his, sucking the breath from him. I was going to take him into my heart and never let him go. I ground my pelvis up against him, clamping like a vise. He raised his face from mine, breathless, panting.

“Sweetness...I’m going to...”

“Yes,” I moaned, my voice guttural. “Do it...” But he was holding off, not taking us over the edge. I tried to urge him closer.

“I don’t want you to leave me,” he said hoarsely, his eyes intense as they stayed locked with mine. I shook my head. How could he even ask me this? I couldn’t tear myself away if my life depended on it – though sometimes it felt as if it did. “Tell me what you want from me. I need to know...” He groaned as he seated himself in my core.

“Everything,” I said fiercely. “Your heart. Your soul. I want it all.”

“It’s yours,” he whispered against my lips. I could feel the pulsing of his shaft within my clasp walls as his orgasm burst through him. And I shattered.

# Prince Walker

## New beginnings

I set my pen down, gathered the scattered pages together and put them in a neat pile on the boardroom table between us.

“There. All done,” my mother said, putting her own pen down and smiling over at me. We sat quietly for a moment. “I’m proud of you, darling,” she broke the silence. “You’ve come further than I ever imagined.”

I swallowed a lump in my throat. “I’m just sorry it’s taken me so long, Mom,” I admitted.

She shrugged. “I knew you’d get here eventually,” she said. “You’re not like him, you know. I was worried for a while. That you might try to become your father.” I shook my head, but she was right. I’d spent years being a complete dick while I tried to be the man he wanted me to be. Truth was, I didn’t even like that man. “You’re better than he is, Alec. You know that, right?” she said softly. I felt myself melt a little.

“I’m just trying to find my way, Mom,” I replied.

“Well, you’re on the right track. And that woman is going to help you get there. Sasha...” she continued. “I like her, Alec. I like her a lot.”

“I like her too,” I said, smiling.

“Oh, I can see that,” she chuckled. “I’ve never seen you so taken by anyone as much. Or any *thing*, for that matter. There was a time I thought we’d never drag you away from that workshop of yours. Do you remember?”

I grinned back at her. “I still have it.”

“I know. But I’m not allowed in anymore.” Mom shook her head and laughed. “I hope you haven’t applied the same rules to her.”

My smile was rueful. “There was a time... But not anymore. Now she’s welcome into any part of my world.”

“As it should be,” Mom nodded in approval. She glanced down at her hands clasped together in front of her and I knew she was thinking of how much was missing from her own relationship. My father was a motherfucker. He treated her like shit, and she’d put up with it for too long.

“You don’t have to stay with him, you know,” I spoke softly, breaking into her thoughts. She glanced up. Her smile was tender.

“I love him,” she whispered. “As much as it hurts. As much as I know I can’t trust him. He’s in my heart.”

I reached out and put my hand over hers. “You’re beautiful, Mom. You’re smart, you’re charming...and you’re young enough to start over if you want. I’ll stand by you, whatever you choose.”

She curled her fingers through mine and squeezed slightly. “Thank you, darling.” The silence was heavy for a second and I saw her pinch her lips together. “You know...you always were my favorite son, don’t you?”

I chuckled. “I’m your only son, Mom.”

She looked up at me and winked. It was impossible to keep her down for any length of time.

“I think you’re going to be a wonderful husband, Alec.”

I gave her hand another squeeze. “I’ll be the very best I can be.”



### *Sasha Ramirez*

“Is that all of it?” Renée asked, stepping back, and setting her hands on her hips. The sad little cluster of cardboard boxes held my entire world. Well, all my material possessions, at any rate. My world was now firmly hitched to the man who’d taken over my soul.

“Yip,” I said, dusting my hands off. Horatio had wanted to come in and do all the moving for us, but it made me

uncomfortable. Partly because these were my personal things. But mainly because I was a little embarrassed at how sad and tatty my belongings were. The battered second-hand furnishings – whatever Renée hadn't laid claim to – were going to Goodwill. Much of my clothing was headed there, too.

All I'd really wanted were the few small keepsakes I'd collected over the years. A yearbook, a couple of stuffed toys, a photo album that had been my grandmother's. I'd managed to hang onto that over the years. All of it fitted in the trunk of the limo with room to spare. Renée widened her eyes at me as we slid into the back seat behind Horatio.

"This is so freaking fancy, doll!" she whispered, eyeing Horatio, who remained impassively facing forward.

I gave a small giggle. "I know, right?"

"Can he hear us?" she asked, still in a whisper.

I rolled my eyes. "Uh, yeah? He's not hearing impaired, Ren." I sensed Horatio grinning as he flipped the switch that closed the partition between us.

As it hissed shut, Renée turned to me and gave me a serious look.

"You're doing the right thing for you, yeah?" she asked. "You sure of this, doll?"

"More sure than anything I've ever done," I reassured her.

She gnawed her lip. "I know it probably sounds odd, coming from me, but you're not just doing this for the cash or anything? I mean, that would be cool, if it was your gig. But I know you, Sash. You're not cut out for that kind of life."

I chuckled and gave her shoulder a squeeze. "Oh, Ren, I love you so much!" It made my heart warm to know she'd always look out for me. "I'm totally into this, I swear it!"

"Pinky swear?" she asked, mock-seriously.

"Cross my heart," I smiled. "I'm so in love. It's almost scary."

She tipped her head. “Scary in a good way or a bad one?”

“Oh, good! All good!” I said firmly. “Sure, we’ve had our sticky moments,” I admitted. “We had a pretty freakish start.” I’d told Renée about the contract – the confidentiality clause had fallen away when Prince had torn up the contract and given me access to all his accounts. I would never take advantage, though. It felt odd to be given the “keys to the vault.” I had my own bank account and wanted to keep it that way. Still, it was nice to know he’d trust me that far.

“So, then he’s put all that old playboy stuff behind him?” Renée pressed on.

I nodded, although I pursed my lips. I would never feel any warmth toward Angelique Delavigne. But my insecurities around her and Prince had evaporated after that day in the parking bay. It had been a moment of truth for both of us. In the days that followed, as we’d discussed it in depth, he’d remained horrified at what he’d done. Yet, I’d realized that his reaction had been precisely what I’d been pushing for. I needed to believe that he couldn’t control his desire for me. That I could push him over the edge.

It was perverse.

And there was no need for it. He loved me. I loved him. That was all that mattered.

“Holy crap, is this where you live?” Renée’s attention was diverted as we pulled up outside the apartment block. Things had moved so fast between Prince and me that I’d never had a chance to invite her over.

“Wait till you see inside,” I grinned. Her expression as we walked through the front door to the penthouse spoke volumes.

“Oh. My. God!” she said in hushed tones. “Oh my God!” she repeated as she spun around and looked about the place. “This is fucking unbelievable!”

She headed to the tall windows overlooking the city. “Look at this freaking view! I can see my apartment from

here!” she said, then started laughing. “I’m joking! My apartment isn’t even in the same universe as this!”

I felt a small swirl of pride as she stared around in awe.

“It’s not much, but I like to call it home,” I quipped.

She was still shaking her head. “Okay, I’m convinced. The man’s richer than God, hotter than hell, and he’s given you a small slice of heaven to live in. I approve.”

I gave a warm chuckle. “Oh, thank God,” I said wryly. “Now the wedding can go ahead as planned.”

# Prince Walker

## Family Ties

“I can’t tell you how grateful I am for all that you did for me, sir,” the earnest kid was saying to me as we sat around the patio table at my parent’s table. After his release, he’d stayed with Sasha’s mother for a couple of days before we brought them back to stay with us. They’d been our apartment all week, and were now being commandeered by my mother, who was determined to welcome her new family into her home. Of course, my father was having a shitfit.

I gave a smile and shook my head at Emilio’s words now. I hadn’t done anything for him. It was all for the woman leaning against my side. I threaded my fingers more tightly through Sasha’s and breathed in the scent of her.

We hadn’t told my family about Emilio’s ordeal; just that he’d been through some tough times back home. The extent of it would remain a safe secret. For my sake as much as his – if my business partners ever got wind of it all, there’d be hell to pay. And God knew this family had dealt with enough hell in the past months.

Emilio Ramirez was so different from his sister that it was odd to imagine they were related. Dark-haired, dark-eyed, his Latin good looks were probably half his problem. Yet there was something in his features that connected. Something around the eyes.

Or perhaps it was that their souls hid similar demons.

Sasha had said he’d never been subjected to the same sexual abuses she had. But I could imagine a childhood in foster care would leave any young person with issues. God knew I had enough of them, and I’d never faced the same challenges.

All my challenges were housed in the cantankerous frame of the man sitting across the table from us now.

“So, I guess you’ll be looking for work here now, huh?” my father asked Emilio. “What you got planned? Gonna be a gardener someplace?” I saw Sasha narrow her eyes.

Emilio smiled without guile. “Actually, I plan to finish my studies in Mexico City at La Salle,” he said.

My father raised his eyebrows. “That so, eh? What you thinking of studying? Landscaping?”

“Accounting and finance,” Emilio replied, then shot a look at Sasha. “I’ll get a job when I’m done with my Bachelors, and study nights to get my Masters. I’m going to buy a house for Mama.” He smiled up at the woman sitting beside my mother at the other end of the table. I bit back an urge to chuckle. It had been his creative accounting skills that had landed him in hot water with Razortip in the first place. Though the kid was sharp-witted and charismatic. I could imagine he’d do well if he put his mind to a career that didn’t break any laws.

“Well, fancy that,” my father said drily. “Pretty evolved of you, kid.”

“Shut the fuck up, Dad,” I interrupted. “That’s no way to speak to our guests.” My father gave me a look designed to melt metal.

“Don’t you tell me what to do, boy,” he bit back. “This is my house and I’ll speak any damn way I please.”

“Actually, it’s *my* house, Drew,” my mother spoke softly. I saw my father freeze. “And you’re being a bigot. Wind your neck in, darling.” The disaster with the Syscorp takeover was still unfolding, but in the interim, my mother had stepped in to bail my father out of his financial mess. There was something to be said for ‘old money,’ after all.

She aimed a wink at Sasha, who grinned in response. Between the pair of them, they might eventually whip my fucker of a father into place. Though Sasha had made a point of keeping her distance from him since that first dinner when he’d hit on her. I suspected this was as much for me as it was for her. She knew my insecurities about the man. Though



somehow, it didn't bother me anymore. I'd realized I no longer had anything to prove to him.

The silence grew uncomfortable for a moment.

"Can I get you another lemonade, Mrs. Ramirez?" I asked, noticing that Sasha's mother was sitting silently with an empty glass. The woman seemed almost painfully shy. But I suspected she was just overwhelmed by it all. She lowered liquid dark eyes that were much like her son's. Although the rest of her features strongly resembled the woman I'd grown to love these past months. Except where Sasha was fire and creaminess, Gabriella Ramirez was the quintessential Latina. Dark-haired and olive skinned. She was as much a beauty as my own mother, but in a very different way.

"I'll get your drink, Mama," Emilio said enthusiastically. As he reached for her glass, it was hard not to notice the white gauze around his hand. The missing pinkie might be the best deterrent to another foray into crime. For Sasha's sake, I prayed he'd get it right.

"Actually, I'll do it," my mother broke in. "Would you like to join me in the kitchen, Gabriella? I have some table setting ideas I wanted to run by you for the wedding." She turned to Sasha's mother, who visibly relaxed.

"Yes, I would be happy to," Gabriella Ramirez murmured. She stood and began gathering our empty plates from around the table.

"Ay, Gabriella!" Inocencia stepped forward smartly, tutting at the other woman. She broke into Spanish and Gabriella looked sheepish. It was going to take her a while to get accustomed to it all. And it would take me a while to grasp the great divide between the worlds Sasha and I had occupied our whole lives.

She'd been right. I had no idea of the battles she'd faced.

Mom looped her arm through Gabriella's and led her from the table. "Don't interfere with Nonno's duties, darling," she said lightly. "Even I wouldn't dare intrude into her

domain.” Gabriella’s smile was still shy, but I could see her softening around my mother’s warm charm.

“Hey, if there’s going to be a girls’ gathering in there, I’m coming too!” quipped Sasha, brushing her lips against my cheek as she stood up and followed the others.

As the women left the room, my father fixed me with a hard stare.

“So, I’m assuming you’re still determined to marry into this family of ingrates?” he said, completely ignoring Emilio sitting across from him. The young man shifted uncomfortably, glancing from my father to me and back again. I gave him a small smile, then turned my attention back to my father.

“You’re talking about the woman I love, Dad,” I said mildly. He wanted a reaction from me, and I wasn’t going to give it.

“For fuck’s sakes, you idiot. This is not about love. It’s about a tight pussy and a big pair of tits. Fuck her and get it over with. You should be marrying someone closer to your own station!”

Emilio’s eyes were wide. He went tense for a second, then rose. “I think I’ll go and see how the ladies are getting along.” I didn’t stop him. He was way out of his league, and clearly afraid to cause offense by standing up for himself and Sasha. That was just fine. I was there to do it for them.

“Dad,” I kept my voice as mild as before, “this will be the last time you speak this way about Sasha and her family, do hear me?”

“Or what?” my father scoffed. “You’ll punch my lights out? Young bull coming in to try to take out the old leader?”

I rolled my eyes. “I couldn’t be bothered, Dad. We both know I had that battle won years ago.” I could see him twitching to disagree, but I didn’t give him a chance. “No, I’ll hit you where it hurts.”

He raised an eyebrow. “Really? And where would that be?”

“Your bank balance, Dad,” I replied, leaning back in my chair, and taking a sip of my scotch and soda. The ice clinked as I swirled the glass.

My father narrowed his eyes. “What are you talking about?”

“When Mom bought out the 51% shares to keep Syscorp from taking over Cedar, I bought half with her,” I answered. I saw him visibly gulp.

“You did what?” he asked. “How the fuck did you get that right?” He’d reached for his own glass and was mimicking my casual stance. But I could sense the tension radiating from him. He was gearing for a fight.

“I told you, Dad. I don’t need your money. Or Mom’s.” The deal with Andy’s investors had been signed off, and the first wave of rollouts had begun. My new company had finally been birthed. And it was going to be a giant.

“You’re shitting me,” he snapped. I didn’t care if he believed it or not. The news would hit the papers within the week. Already we were fielding calls from financial analysts and trend predictors. Our technology was going to change the IT landscape. Every major investor wanted a piece of it. But we were sticking with our Swiss partners. They’d been solid from the outset. And I was learning the true value of loyalty and integrity.

“So, I guess you’ll be firing me from the Board, huh?” He’d set his jaw, as if daring me to say I’d planned exactly that.

I shrugged. “That’s not for me to decide.”

He cocked his head. “What are you talking about?”

“I’m giving the shares to Sasha as a wedding gift.”

My father dropped his glass. Ice tumbled across the tablecloth. Bourbon stained the crisp white linen. “Are you out of your fucking mind?” he snarled.

“Not at all,” I said. I took another sip of my drink and glanced down at the mess he’d made. Then met his eyes again. “I think she’ll do a great job.”

“She’s a goddamn whore!” he roared.

I slammed my fist down on the table. It was the first sign of agitation I'd shown and the force of it had him snapping his mouth shut.

"I know exactly what she is! And I don't need your fucking validation or your approval. I love her." It wasn't easy to keep my tone steady now. But I fought the urge to rage back at him.

"She doesn't have any idea how to run a fucking company!" he objected lamely.

"She doesn't have to. If you behave yourself, you'll do it." He was shaking his head in outrage. "I just can't... Why the fuck would you do something like this, Prince?"

"Because I want to, Dad," I answered. It was more than that. I needed to. I'd seen what Sasha had been through. I needed her to know that she'd never be reduced to that again. She could pick the career of her choice, knowing she would always be financially secure.

"And when your fucking sham of a marriage disintegrates? What then?" he sneered.

"It won't," I answered. "I'll see to it. This is the woman I plan to spend the rest of my life with." He snorted, but I went on. "I've spent years seeing how it should *not* be done, Dad. You've been a fucking disaster as a husband. I'll start by doing the exact opposite."

"Really? Do you think your mother would agree?" his tone remained sneering.

"Absolutely. She knows all about your little 'indiscretions' and your affairs. The irony is that you keep accusing Sasha of being a whore when you've spent countless thousands on whores of your own. You're a pig, Dad. You don't deserve to be married to a woman like my mother."

His cheeks flushed with rage, and for a second, I thought his head might explode.

"Before you go off raging at me, give some thought to what I just said, Dad." I paused to let the words sink in. "Mom knows." He stared silently. "I never told her," I added before he started throwing accusations about. "She's no fool. And you

haven't done much to hide any of it. She simply chooses to stay with you and turn a blind eye. She says she loves you. I don't know why. Maybe she wants to keep the family together. Whatever her reasoning, you'd just better be fucking grateful she hasn't thrown you out on your ass."

"If she knows what's good for her..." he began to splutter.

"No, Dad! If you know what's good for *you*, you'll get your fucking act together," I snapped. "Just remember who owns the other half of those shares."

His eyes bugged out for a second. Voices were coming back from within the house, and I knew the others were returning. My father fixed me with a hard stare as my mother swept into the room, followed by the woman of my dreams and her small, bemused family.

"Ah!" my mother said, beaming. "It looks like you two have been having a catch-up."

Dad gave a curt nod, and I smiled innocently. "Having fun with Mom, Sweetness?" I asked Sasha. She nodded and settled back into her seat beside me. It warmed me to feel her close. I'd barely let her out of my sight since those moments in the hotel. It had been a day I didn't want to relive, yet it was a turning point between us. If there'd ever been a doubt in my mind that this was the woman I wanted in my world, it had been obliterated then.

"It's starting to feel real," she said as she grinned up at me. I brushed my lips against the top of her head.

"Just wait till we take you for your first fittings, darling!" my mother said gaily. "Your wedding dress is the best part of it all."

"Quite right," said my father. "You're going to make a radiant bride, my dear. Prince is a lucky man." I blinked, but said nothing. He'd turned to my mother. "Another glass of wine, Angel?" he asked.

"That would be lovely, Drew," she answered, aiming a pretty smile at him. As he rose to fetch the bottle from the server behind her, she looked in my direction and widened her

eyes in question. I shrugged. Her eyes widened further as my father topped up her glass and then brushed his lips against her forehead in a gesture similar to the one I'd just bestowed upon Sasha.

Seemed like the old bastard might be taking my message to heart.

# Sasha Ramirez

## What I Have at Home

“No peeking now!” Renée said firmly. I kept one hand linked around her arm and the other stretched out in front of me, afraid to bump into anything.

“How could I possibly peek,” I answered. “You’ve tied this blindfold so tightly I can’t even open my eyes!”

“Good,” she responded. “Careful now. There’s a step in front of you. Lift your foot.”

I obeyed and found myself treading on a carpet. “Where the heck are we going?” I asked for the fifth time since she’d collected me from the apartment that evening. As our best man and maid of honor respectively, Andy and Renée had been tasked with arranging our stag and hen nights. And Renée took her job very seriously. I was dressed like a French maid, with a sash that read “Bride to Be” across my chest. Andy had left with Prince an hour before my own departure. Any reservations I may have had about his plans were dashed away when he pulled me into a panty-wetting kiss before heading out the door.

“I’d rather be here with you,” he’d grumbled. I felt the same way, although I knew I’d break Renée’s heart if I said as much. She’d been hopping with excitement as she’d coaxed me into a flouncy black and white-trimmed mini dress complete with suspenders and stockings.

She was steering me through a vast space now, and I was aware of muffled voices and noises around me. When she finally brought me to a halt and whipped off the blindfold, I blinked for a few seconds. And then the cacophony of sound began.

“Surprise!” a crowd of raucous women shouted. I choked out a laugh.

“Tadaaa!” Renée announced as I stared around in amazement. My mom and Prince’s mother Eleanor were both

there at the front of the group, along with Inocencia. We'd spent the afternoon together doing the final fitting of my wedding dress. White satin and lace that made me feel like a princess. Mom had cried. So had I. I think even Eleanor had shed a little tear.

Some of the girls I'd been friendly with when I'd worked with Leo were in the gathered group of ladies, too. Jane was also there, accompanied by several other women I'd met at Prince's offices. Even some of the ladies I'd worked with in my new role as the "face" of Ardmore. Any woman I'd had any kind of positive interaction with in the past year had come to join in the fun.

"Ren!" I blurted, trying not to get weepy. "You wonderful woman!" She had her arm around my shoulder, and someone was pressing a champagne glass in my hand. Music had begun to play in the background, and I was pretty sure we'd all be dancing before the night was up.

Renée waved a hand dismissively at my teary words and turned me toward a beautifully set table in the center of the room. We seemed to be in some sort of a private room in a club, and I suspected Prince had a hand in part of the arrangements, though I was certain he'd never admit it.

"It was nothing!" said Renée. "Everyone did their share to help." The other women were crowding around us, chattering with excitement. Laughter bubbled around the group. Champagne bottles were being uncorked and glasses filled.

"To my best friend forever!" said Renée cheerfully. "I couldn't think of anyone more deserving of her own Prince Charming!"

I was grinning like a clown and my smile only broadened as the evening wore on and the champagne kept flowing. By the time the music changed tempo, I was quite giddy with the fun of it all.

"And now, for the evening's highlight!" Renée said loudly after tapping a knife against a glass. There were several excited whispers and women began nudging me toward the



edge of the long table we were seated at. I saw that we were situated beside a wide dance floor. Before I could set foot on it, the doors to the room burst open and a pair of uniformed men sprinted in.

“Oh, no!” cried Renée, hamming it up. “What have we here? A pair of officers arriving to keep the peace?”

*Oh, boy. Here we go...* I groaned inwardly. The guys, both buffed and tanned, were pushing me into a chair. Gyrating and twisting to the music, one of them unbuttoned his shirt and rubbed himself up against me. He was chiseled and hard enough to be a sculpture. And yet he did nothing for me.

I had a hotter man at home.

Renée was clapping her hands with delight as the male strippers tag-teamed me with their antics. Until I waved her over and demanded that she join me. Within minutes, I’d switch roles with her, and the rest of the women cheered wildly as they handcuffed her to her seat and switched their attention to her. Renée loved the limelight. And she loved beautiful men.

And I loved my fiancé. I wanted to go home.

After the dancers finally left, I managed to convince the party to let me leave, too. It was midnight, and I needed my beauty sleep. The wedding was just two days away.

Two days until I became Mrs. Alec Walker.

The thought made my head swim more than the champagne that had been flowing. Thankfully, Horatio was at the door waiting to guide me back to the limo.

It was nearly 1 a.m. when I stumbled into the apartment. My ears were still ringing with the bass of the music, and it occurred to me that I may have had more to drink than I’d realized. I weaved my way to the bedroom and pushed the door open unsteadily. And stopped at the sight of the man on the bed.

Those dancers had nothing on my husband-to-be. Prince was stretched out, face-down from one corner of the bed to the

other. Broad, bare shoulders tapered down to where a sheet was pulled across the muscular lines of his ass. He was naked beneath it. I licked my lips.

As the light filtered from the hallway behind me into the darkness of the room, he stirred and rolled over.

*Holy crap...that's all mine! Thank you, Lord!*

"Hey..." he mumbled, his voice thick with sleep. His hair was tousled, and he raised a muscled arm over his head on the pillow as he peered up at me. He took in the sight of me and frowned in confusion. "Are you...?"

"Hello housekeeping!" I said lightly and teetered on my trashy heels into the room. "There have been reports of a very dirty boy in this room."

He chuckled warmly, and the sound made my flesh tingle. "Oh, you have no idea," he replied, voice still husky. I was beside the bed now and kicked off my shoes before clambering onto it and straddling him. His strong hands slid up my thighs, running along the edges of my stockings as I settled onto his hips.

"I'm going to hazard a guess and say you've been drinking," he teased me. In the half light, I saw the flash of his teeth.

"No!" I replied. Then hiccupped. "Um...just a little." I giggled and pressed my mound down against him. Beneath the sheet, I could feel the line of his shaft growing firmer beneath me. "When did you get home?" I asked. "I thought you'd be out till dawn."

"Andy thought so too," he replied. "I ducked out. I wanted to come home. I missed you."

I gave a happy little sigh. "Me too." I trailed my fingers down his chest, exploring the defined lines of the muscles there. "Renée arranged a couple of strippers." I wrinkled my nose.

"So did Andy," he laughed. "How were yours?"

“Ho-hum,” I said, my fingers still exploring. His nipples had tightened as I pinched them lightly. “It’s half the reason I wanted to leave. None of them were as beautiful as you.”

He slid an arm around my waist and tugged me down until our lips were brushing. The hardening beneath me was gathering heat. “Funny, I was thinking exactly the same thing,” he breathed against my mouth.

“Lucky for us, we’re getting married in two days,” I murmured.

“One...” he corrected. I gulped. One more day, and this insanely gorgeous man would be my husband. It was surreal.

“One more sleep...” I smiled. Then nibbled his bottom lip lightly.

He groaned into my mouth. “No sleep at all if you carry on like that,” he said softly. His cock was now rock-hard where it pressed up between us and it was sparking an answering urgency in me. I fumbled with the buttons on the front of my dress, but he pressed his hands over mine.

“Leave it on,” he murmured. I giggled in response, still a little light-headed.

“*Oui, monsieur!*” I adopted a fake accent. “I can see zerr ees much work to be done ‘ere...” I lowered my hand and closed my fingers around his cock. “So much buffing! Perhaps a leetle speet and polish.”

His rich laughter made something clench deep inside me, and I smiled to myself as I slid down his body, trailing kisses in my wake.

“Dear God,” he groaned, as my lips met the crown of his cock. “If I die now, I’ll go happy.”

“Hey!” I raised my head. “We’re just beginning. No talk of death allowed.” I ran my tongue around the rim of his cockhead and his hands tightened into my hair.

“Oh, Sweetness, it’s the only thing that will ever come between us,” he hissed out. And then he arched his back as I

opened my mouth and showed him just how much his words meant to me.

# Prince Walker

## Stains on Satin

Standing in the shade cast by the rose-covered bower that would be our altar, I felt exactly like a teenage kid on prom night waiting for his date. Except the girl I was waiting for would be my date for the rest of my life. I ran a finger under the collar of my dress shirt and prayed I wouldn't sweat through it.

"Relax," Andy said beside me. "I got you covered." He winked and patted his top pocket where the rings were safely stored.

I gave him a tight smile and glanced back over my shoulder to where our guests were seated on gold Tiffany chairs in neat rows. The hotel we'd chosen for our reception had rolling green lawns surrounded by lush white roses. White petals were strewn about like confetti. It was freaking beautiful. I wished she'd hurry up and enjoy it with me.

"Just calm down," Andy said soothingly. I was trying to keep my cool, but clearly I wasn't fooling him. Although it was easy for him to be calm. He wasn't the one waiting for the girl of his dreams to arrive at the end of the aisle. In fact, Andy had arrived with two dates in tow. The pair looked like strippers and I didn't want to think about what he had planned for after the reception. So strange to think that just a couple of years back, that could have been me.

I pulled my sleeve back and glanced down at my watch, trying not to let my nerves show. Five minutes late wasn't a particularly big deal – aside from the fact that each second was ticking by like an eternity.

I shifted my feet and glanced down at the high polish on my Ferragamos. There was a scuff on one toe, and I had to resist the urge to buff it to a shine on the back of my ankle.

People in the seats behind me were beginning to murmur among themselves, and I snuck another glance at my watch.

Fifteen minutes. My father was smirking. Mom elbowed him sharply.

*What's taking her so long, dammit?*

By thirty minutes past, a sinking sensation had developed in the pit of my stomach. Guests were openly talking among themselves. I turned to look in the direction of the hotel where she'd spent the afternoon dressing.

Or had she?

*She's changed her mind...*

I pulled myself together. There had to be a logical explanation for it.

*She doesn't want you. It's too much. She's too young....*

*Dammit! Get a grip!*

Someone moved up near the hotel staircase and I felt a surge of relief. Until I saw that it was Renée, and she wasn't coming down with Sasha.

*She's going to tell you they're running late. She's lost a garter or something.*

I sucked in a breath and raked my hand through my hair.

*Calm down. Just fucking calm down!*

She'd stopped at the end of the aisle, looking nervously around the people gathered there, then looked up at me. She fussed with the neckline of her pale-yellow bridesmaid's dress. Agitated.

I was striding toward her without thinking about it. The expression on her face was not simply saying she had awkward news to share.

Something was wrong. Something bad.

"What?" I bit out beneath my breath as I reached her. Sasha's mother was running down the stairs from the hotel toward us, too.

"She...she's not there, Prince," she said urgently. "I went to fetch my shoes from the car, and when I got back, the door

was locked. I thought she needed a bit of time to herself, so I called through the door; told her I was getting more champers. Eventually, I got really worried. Housekeeping opened up so I could get in. And she was gone.”

“What?” I shook my head, trying to make sense of it. “Did she leave a note? Say where she might be going?” I pressed, though my questions seemed ridiculous.

*She’s left. She can’t do it.*

“No, you don’t understand!” Renée’s voice had raised in pitch. “There’s...there’s something you need to see.” She was glancing around. Fearful. “I think we need to call the cops!”

I didn’t bother listening to more. I was heading up over the grass at a sprint.

The bridal suite was on the first floor overlooking the gardens. My shoes thundered down the hallway as I made my way to it. I flung open the door and burst in. The air was still lush with the fragrance of her. Citrus. Floral. Feminine.

Around the room, things were strewn haphazardly. All the signs of a woman in various stages of dressing. A bathrobe over the back of a chair. Make-up scattered on the dressing table. I walked into the room and looked around uncertainly, half-expecting her to appear from the bathroom looking sheepish.

“Sasha?” I called out, though I knew it was fruitless. She wasn’t here. “Sweetness, are you in here?”

*Dammit, you know she’s not here.*

Renée had stepped into the doorway. I got the sense of others coming up behind her.

Other details were coming into sharp relief now. A bedside lamp on the floor. A table upturned. I walked farther into the room to the foot of the bed. Across it, a swathe of white satin was crumpled.

Her wedding dress.

The sinking feeling in my gut was growing deeper, turning into something dark and terrifying. I reached out a

hand and pulled the dress toward me. Satin trimmed with lace. Pearls. Something that shimmered.

And blood.

I felt the color drain from my face and glanced up. More blood marred the mirror on the wall behind the bed where two words had been scrawled.

*We'll call.*

*I gathered the bloodied satin against my chest.*

*They've taken her!*

I barely registered the impact as my knees hit the floor.

*TO BE CONTINUED...*

*Extended Finale.. GET [BRUTAL LOVE](#)*

*NOTE : I've never had more fun writing about Prince and Sasha. It was a blast to write about their steamy love, the thrill, and the twist and suspense that will bring them to the HEA that you were impatiently waiting for.*

*Read a SNEAK PEEK for the extended finale : BRUTAL LOVE I've included in this book.*

*But first, I'll love to hear from you!*

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# Sneak Peek for Brutal Love (The Finale )

*( A Million Dollar Lover Romance Series)*

## *Prince Walker*

### **I'll Do Anything**

I sat tensely on the white sofa in my apartment. Elbows propped on my knees, fingers steepled beneath my chin. The view from my window had changed from morning to noon to nightfall, yet I'd barely moved.

Andy, on the other hand, was pacing like a caged animal.

"Have you checked your phone?" he asked for the thousandth time. I nodded. It lay silent on the table in front of me. "Still nothing?" he pressed. I shook my head.

Obviously, there'd been nothing. If there'd been so much as a peep, I'd have been launching myself into action.

"Alec...darling, you haven't touched your pie," my mother murmured as she bustled about me. I hadn't even looked at the tray on the coffee table. How could I? How could I think about food or drink or anything other than the fact that it had been 24 hours since they had taken her?

I was quietly going out of my mind.

"Any word from your team?" I asked Andy tersely.

"They're on it," he said, staring down at his screen. He'd spent hours making calls, pulling threads of information from out of the ether. There was no doubt in our minds that Razortip had abducted her. But where he had gone was anyone's guess.

Security footage from the hotel's camera system had shown a housekeeping trolley being wheeled in shortly after Renée had left the room. No identifiable features on the staff member were visible. Hotel management had assured us that no cleaning staff had been assigned to the room at that point. Minutes later, the trolley had been wheeled out, this time with two cleaners in attendance. We could only assume that there had been someone else inside the trolley. They'd overpowered Sasha somehow, loaded her in, and then spirited her away in the belly of the trolley.

We'd traced it to another room, but when I'd charged into the place, it was empty. Hardly surprising. At that point, almost an hour must have elapsed. Of course they'd already left the building. No further camera footage provided any useful clues. I'd torn the place apart. Ranting and raging until Andy had managed to drag me away. My madness had extended an hour after we returned to my apartment. In its place, a dark dread had taken hold.

They have her. My God...

My only solace was the fact that it would be unlikely they'd cause her any harm before the ransom demands were met. But the message they'd left had been written in blood.

We'll call.

I couldn't think about the blood. They'd said they'd call.

Why the fuck haven't they called?!

I could only imagine they were playing me. Keeping me on the back foot so I'd be more malleable when their demand finally came. There was no need for any of it. I'd do anything they asked. Give anything to get her back. They could have my fucking soul if they wanted it.

I checked my phone again. Nothing.

Goddammit! Why haven't they called?

Low voices spoke in hushed tones behind me. Fragments of conversations I barely registered. My mother and Gabriella had returned to my apartment with me, and both had quickly settled into roles that made them comfortable. Gabriella had

spent hours tidying, interspersed with hand wringing and muttered conversations with herself in Spanish. My mother, on the other hand, had started to cook. The kitchen counter was covered in food. She'd spent hours trying to coax me into eating until I'd finally snapped, and she'd scuttled away. Others had come and gone. Even my father had put in a brief appearance.

Conspicuously absent were the police. We'd agreed not to call them. My mother was horrified, but Gabriella had quietly accepted the decision. It had been Andy's suggestion, and I'd agreed with it.

Don't ruffle their feathers. When the demand comes in, do as they say.

We had to keep things as quiet as possible. Meanwhile, Andy's connections were working in the background. If Razortip had been brazen enough to target us a second time, there was no telling what he'd dream up next. We had to find him, take him out.

At this moment, with Sasha in his clutches, I would cheerfully do the deed myself.

A low vibration from the table had me snatching up my phone before it had a chance to ring. Unknown number.

It had to be them.

I switched over to speakerphone as Andy and I had agreed. He was already at my side without being beckoned.

"Alec?" a tremulous voice came over the phone, stopping my heart.

"Sasha!" I shouted back. "Sweetness, are you okay?"

Fuck. Fuck! I could barely breathe.

"Alec...Alec, I love you." Her words tore into my chest.

"Sasha, baby! Oh, God! Have they hurt you?" I'd spent hours waiting for the call, and now that I'd heard her voice, I could barely think straight. If I could have reached down the line and dragged her into my arms, I would have given my last breath to do it. "Sasha, I—!" But I was speaking to dead air.

And then another voice broke in. Smooth, oily, heavily accented. “Mr. Walker,” the man said, “you have had some good fortune.”

“What do you want?” I roared down the line. “Anything! Tell me what the fuck you want!”

Andy set his hand on my shoulder. I was shuddering with the effort of holding my shit together.

“Fifty-one,” the voice on the other end replied.

I shook my head in confusion. “Fifty-one? Million?” It was fine. I would do it. “Where? When? Name the time and place,” I demanded.

“Fifty-one percent, Mr. Walker,” the man replied. I stopped and frowned for a moment. Andy was staring down at me.

“I don’t—” I began. What the fuck was he talking about?

“Fifty-one percent of your new business venture, Mr. Walker. You will cede it to my representative, or you will never see her alive again. My attorney will be in touch.” The line went dead. I sat in silence as understanding began to sink in. They wanted a controlling share in the new company.

I looked up at Andy, whose face had gone pale. I saw the answer in his eyes before he’d opened his mouth to speak.

“Prince,” his voice was hoarse. “I’m so sorry. We can’t—”

I was on my feet and launching myself. I hit him square in the face before he’d finished the sentence.

Don’t say it. Don’t fucking say it!

He was flat on his back beneath me, not putting up a fight as I prepared to land another blow to his jaw. He shook his head.

“My friend...they’ll never allow it,” he whispered. “I’m so sorry. It’s not up to me.”

My fist smashed into the floor beside his head and I felt my knuckles crunch. There was no way I could meet their demands. Nothing I could do about it. And they were going to kill her.

“No!” I roared into the silence that suddenly filled the room.

GET [BRUTAL LOVE](#)

\* Extended Finale

# Sneak Peek for “My Rogue Boss”

( *The Billionaire’s Secret Series* )

## *Chapter 1*

### **Tough Times**

*Arielle Nygard*

“This is no good,” I say with a sigh as I close the browser on my laptop. “Why did I think finding a second job would be so easy?” I cup my hands over my eyes. I want to give them a good, hard rub, but I don’t want to ruin my make-up, so I content myself with blocking out the world for a few seconds. A knock on my open office door forces me back to reality.

“Are you busy?” a voice asks. Lisa Massay, my friend and co-worker at the Lady of Everlasting Mercy Hospital, is standing in the doorway with a look of mild concern creasing her brow.

“Not right now,” I say.

Lisa steps into my office and walks over to my desk. “Just thought I’d see how you’re doing,” she says. “I know this week is hard for you.”

I sigh. She’s right. Tomorrow will be the second anniversary of my husband’s death. Steve was shot while on duty as an officer for the Las Vegas Police Department. He had responded to a call about a drunk guy harassing a woman on the Las Vegas strip. The confrontation turned deadly, and the drunken bastard fired a loaded gun at the woman. Steve stepped in front of her, taking a fatal bullet to the chest. He died on the scene, leaving me to raise our son alone. Austin was just seven at the time.

I miss him almost every day, but around this time of year, the ache is a hundred times worse. And I don’t handle the pain very well. My temper is short and my tongue sharp. Even when I’m trying to control myself, I still lash out at those around me.

“I’m hanging in there,” I say, hoping that I sound more convincing than I feel.

Lisa takes a seat in one of the visitors’ chairs. “What are you doing for your birthday next week? You need to start your thirties off right, or the whole decade will suck.”

I hadn’t given any thought to my birthday. With it being so close to Steve’s death, I haven’t been able to celebrate without sadness, and I fear this year will be the same. But, in case Lisa’s right, I don’t want to jinx myself into ten years of misery.

“I wasn’t going to do anything, but maybe a drink wouldn’t be the worst thing in the world,” I say.

“Of course it wouldn’t! As long as I’m invited.”

“You’d better be there,” I say with a smile. “If I can arrange a babysitter for Austin, we can go to the bar down the road.”

“Excellent,” she says and stands. “Well, I’d better get back to work.”

“Thanks for checking on me. And for giving me something to look forward to.”

“Anytime,” she says as she leaves my office.

I leave the hospital at two ‘o clock and pick up my son from school. Austin is sitting under his favorite tree, waiting for me, but he doesn’t come to the car. I park and go to meet him. I squat down to his level.

“Hi, buddy,” I say quietly. “You ready to go home?” He stares off to the left but nods his head and stands. I pick up his book bag, and we walk to the car. Once he’s safely buckled into his booster seat, I play his favorite music and maneuver the car onto the road.

Austin is autistic. He doesn’t make eye contact, doesn’t like to be touched, and has absolutely no sense of humor when even the slightest thing in his world changes. We drive the same route to and from school every day, listening to the same songs. He will only use one particular brand of shampoo, and



he can tell if I accidentally buy the wrong brand of orange juice. But give him a puzzle, and he changes from a disengaged boy into a complete genius. Jigsaw puzzles. Word puzzles. Number puzzles. Weird abstract puzzles. He loves them all. And he completes them in record time.

He's my boy wonder.

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Mya

# Free Book



## ***Gale***

The last thing I expected on a night of unexpected fun was to be at the end of another guy's punishment: a drink thrown in my face, then my shoes were puked on. Though I'm no knight in shining armour, I couldn't just leave her there alone in that state. I took her home to keep her safe. Though it might've been against my better judgment, we spent the night together in more ways than one. But it seems we'll be spending a lot more time together in the future. She's my new secretary.

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# About the author

Mya Grey had never thought that she'd be brave enough to become an indie author. But the worldwide lockdown and pandemic had made her no choice but to try to make a living with her stories and surprisingly completely enjoying the process. She is an author of steamy New Adult, Billionaire, Romantic Suspense, and Contemporary Romance. Her books include diverse characters and protagonists, she loves writing couples in a twisted, expended journey toward HEAs (with plenty of steam, banter, and tease).

Mya loves travelling, her two boys, and is a coffee addict.

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