



A Filthy Dirty
CHRISTMAS

Stalk & Stuff Her
~~STOCKING
STUFFERS~~

JENNA ROSE

STALK AND STUFF HER

STOCKING STUFFERS

JENNA ROSE



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ABOUT THE BOOK

I remember the first time I saw her – shining like an angel, miracle in the darkness of my life. I watched her from the shadows, protecting her, but as a crime boss, I knew I couldn't make an innocent like her mine. At least not until I went legit and left that that all behind me. But now Callie is in danger and I've been forced to come out of the darkness to protect her. I'd hoped to keep her from that part of me, but now with the cops chasing me, all I can do is pray for a Christmas miracle to keep the sins from my past from destroying the future I desperately want with the woman of my dreams...

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CHAPTER ONE

Cole

THERE SHE IS. Callie, my gorgeous girl.

This is the best part of my day right here. Watching her from afar, Imagining what it would be like if I was able to step into her life for just an instant and get close to her. She shines like a brilliant light in the darkness of my night, and I'm not even able to reach out and touch her.

I'm a mob boss trying to go legit, but I'm still a mob boss. And if I brought Callie into my life in any way, I would be bringing her into danger. So for now, I have to stick to the shadows, watching, protecting, unable to even let her know that I exist.

She's taking Emily, the little girl she nannies for, out to see Santa Claus today, which is why I'm here at this department store where I'd never be caught dead, watching from the men's section with a Yankees hat pulled down and my collar pulled up to keep myself from being spotted.

She's such a natural taking care of Emily. So maternal. Watching them together only reminds me of how wonderful a mother she would be. I've never had a family of my own. Too

much of a liability for a man in my line of work. But now, with retirement on the horizon, it's been on my mind, and I *know* that Callie would be the perfect woman to bear my children. I also remember how gutted I felt when I first saw her, four months ago, walking and holding hands with Emily.

Someone already got to her, I remember thinking.

She's got a husband at home—some lucky bastard she'll be going home to who gets to have those plump lips, those long legs, and those impossibly feminine hips.

I almost turned my back and walked away right then and there to save myself the torture of a growing obsession with a taken, married woman with a child, but like a fool, I stayed. And not just that day, but the day after. And the day after that. And thank God that I did, because it was four days later that I realized that not only did Emily not belong to Callie, but Callie also did not belong to anyone.

Callie was single. And since then, I've made sure she's stayed that way.

Men have tried to approach her, but I've found ways of stopping them. They're not worthy of her. No one is but me. And I'll be damned if I let any old scumbag get their dirty hands on her before I'm ready to bring her into my life.

Like this son of a bitch here...

I spotted him five minutes ago pretending to be taking photos of Santa, but he's taken more than enough for his social media, and now he's just sticking around shooting sidelong glances at Callie every ten or twenty seconds. I'd almost consider him a threat if he wasn't so obviously turned on by her. That part I can't blame him for. Her juicy breasts and plump, gorgeous ass would have any man itching for a taste.

Unfortunately for this guy, the only taste he's going to get will be in his dreams tonight.

I intercept him as he finally summons up his courage to make a move and starts to head in her direction.

"Hey, pal," I say, stepping in front of him. "I sure hope you're not thinking about going and asking that girl out over there."

His eyes quickly scan me up and down. I can see he doesn't recognize me. That's bad for him.

"Uh, yeah I was. What about it?"

"You don't want to do that." I smile. "Let's just leave it at that, all right?"

The little prick stuffs his hands in his pockets, puffs out his chest, and chuckles. He's trying to act tough now after spending five minutes trying to find the courage to approach a girl. Trying to take what's *mine*.

I'm trying to keep cool. This isn't the place I want to make a scene. Too many families here. Too many children. Besides, I'm really working on keeping that side of me under control. My animal side. The side that came out when Callie was walking home late one night, and I caught a guy following her home and broke one of his legs.

That side.

"Listen, Mr. White Knight," the prick snorts. "I don't know who you think you are or who this girl is to you. But I don't see a ring on her *or your* finger. So why don't you mind your business, all right?"

He tries to brush past me, causing the pressure inside me to increase like a kettle ready to reach its boiling point.

“What’s your name, pal?” I ask.

Still playing the tough guy, he responds, “Brad. What’s yours?”

“Brad, I’m going to confess something to you, all right?” Leaning in, I place a hand on Brad’s shoulder. Maybe he’s starting to realize that he’s in some shit now, but he doesn’t remove it or back away. “I’m trying to work on some things. Some things specifically related to my temper and the way I... the way I deal with things. Let’s just say I’m trying to be a better man for a number of reasons. You with me here, Brad?”

“Uh listen, guy—”

“See, *normally*, Brad,” I interrupt, tightening my grip on his shoulder. “I would have gotten violent with you already. But like I said, I’m working on things. So I’m going to give you a second chance to walk away unharmed, with all your bones intact. But I’m only going to give you *one* more chance, Brad. Understand me?”

Brad’s starting to get the message now. I can see it in his eyes. My best guess is he’s a college boy from a good family who’s never been told he can’t have something he wants. He stares at me for a few seconds, and I hold his gaze. Finally I see a hint of recognition in his face.

“Who...who are you?” he asks. I smile.

“Brad, I think you already know the answer to that question, don’t you?”

Brad goes as white as a ghost and tires to take a step back, but I don’t let him. I hold him tight and keep my eyes fixed on his. In this world, some men are predators and some men are prey, and right now, Brad has to know which one he is.

“I...I’m so sorry, sir. Mr. Powers, I didn’t realize—”

“I know you didn’t,” I reply. “But now that you know, you’re going to get out of here, right?”

“Yes! Yes, of course!”

“And you’re not going to come back and approach this girl again, are you?”

“No, never!” he replies, sounding more and more panicked. He wants out of here. And he should.

“And you’re not going to mention this to anyone, are you?”

“Of-of course not,” he stammers.

He’s on the verge of making a scene, so I loosen my grip on his shoulder and give him a comforting pat on the back. “Good boy.”

Then I let him go. He doesn’t quite run off, but he sure wastes no time getting the hell out of here, leaving me alone once again with my beauty.

I’m smitten by every little detail of her. The way she purses her lips when she’s concentrating, the inviting gap where her thighs seem to refuse to meet that is just begging for my hand, the way her flat stomach has me dying to drag my tongue over it so I can unbutton her jeans with my teeth and get to the treasure hidden inside.

I love her blond hair. I know it isn’t her real hair color, but I also know why she’s changed it and who she’s running from, and I know damn well he’ll never get her hands on her and that one day she’ll be able to go back to her natural color.

That little encounter with Brad didn’t move my pulse a bit, but just watching Callie’s hips sway as she walks down from Santa’s stand and heads for the door has my heartrate going a

mile a minute. *I* want to go over and say something to her, but that's just not possible, so I have to duck and turn my head out of the way as she passes, keeping my face hidden from her for now, remaining in the shadows where I've lived my life up until now.

Nothing affects me like her. Nothing in the world.

As the boss of all bosses in the city, I'm known for being as cold as ice. Doing what was required to get to the top never bothered me. It was just what I had to do to survive. But Callie is the one thing that can get my blood pumping and my adrenaline rushing.

I assume my usual safe distance and follow behind her as she makes her way out of the store. Emily looks happy, as she always does. She got her picture with Santa and will no doubt show it to her parents when she gets home. I've only got a few precious minutes left with my girl before she reaches her car in the parking garage, but just as I'm about to reach the escalator, I hear a familiar voice behind me that I don't want to hear right now.

"She your new accountant, Frosty?"

I stop and turn and see Detective Pierce leaning against the wall with that same smug grin he always has on his face, a candy cane in his hand. He slides it in between his lips and bites a piece off the tip.

"Officer." I nod.

"Detective, Cole. You know that by now. How many times do I have to remind you?"

Pierce and I go way back. He's been chasing me now for years but has never managed to make any charges stick. I told him recently that I'm on my way out, putting the life behind

me and going legit, but he either doesn't believe me or wants to hit me with something before I can retire.

"Ah, that's right." I nod. "I guess I just always think of detectives as cops who actually make cases, ya know? Put bad guys behind bars?"

"Funny." He smirks, chewing his candy cane. He walks over to me and points to Callie on her way down the escalator. "You know, you were never big on hiring women in your organization. Changing things up lately?"

"She's not part of my organization," I reply quickly.

"Oh, so you won't mind if I go ask her a couple of questions?" He makes a move like he's going to go after her, and without thinking, I quickly reach out and snatch his arm and stop him.

There it is again—that animal side of me that I am doing my best to control.

Pierce looks down at me, his eyes fierce with excitement. The son of a bitch lives for this shit. There's nothing more he'd like than to get me fired up right now so that I'd make a mistake. Sure, he's a cop, and putting my hands on him like this is a crime. But he doesn't want to arrest me on some humble assault charge. No, he wants to put me away for something big.

"My, my, Frosty," he says, raising his eyebrows. "Looks like I touched a nerve."

Pierce tugs his arm away and brushes off his jacket like his pure, law-enforcement existence has been sullied by coming into contact with a crook like me.

"Leave it alone, Pierce."

“I don’t know,” he ponders. “I think I might go chat with her—”

He turns his back on me and lifts a leg like he’s going to go down the escalator. This is worse than that prick Brad. Pierce could expose me. He could say anything to Callie—ruin everything.

“How’s your wife doing, Pierce?” I ask. “What was her name again? Susan, wasn’t it?”

He stops. Turns.

“What’d you just say?”

Yeah, you heard me.

“I was real pleased to see you settle down finally,” I say with a smile. “A lot of cops, they focus too much on the job, ya know? End up married to the bottle. It just takes too much out of them. I’d hate to see that happen to you. It’s good to have a solid woman in your life. It’d be a shame if anything were to happen to her. Make sure you keep her close. Gotta protect your woman at all costs.”

Pierce glares at me. Normally I wouldn’t be this bold with a cop, especially now as I’m trying to get out of the life and go legit, but he’s crossed the line by threatening to bring Callie into this. It’s obvious by looking at her that she’s not part of my world, but he doesn’t care. He’ll do anything to get to me.

“Is that a threat?” he asks, his voice low.

I hold his gaze, letting him know who’s the *real* boss here. “It’s just advice, Pierce. And if I were you, I’d remember it.”

I can see by his face that he wants to say something—wants to keep pushing. But he’s also afraid. As he should be. He bites his lip and stuffs both hands in his pockets. I hold his

gaze for a moment before turning away and heading down the escalator.

That was a close one.

I would never have forgiven myself if Pierce had interfered and butted into Callie's life—taken her in for questioning and confronted her with things she had no idea about. Not only would it have potentially destroyed any chance I have in the future with revealing myself to her, but it would have caused her incredible distress, and that's something I cannot allow.

She is mine, and it is my job to protect her at all costs.

I reach the bottom of the escalator and glance around the parking garage, but it seems that in the time Pierce came at me and held me up with his manipulative bullshit, Callie got in her car and left.

No matter. I'll find her. I always do. And I will protect her. Because it is my job to protect her and make sure that as long as I live, nothing will ever happen to her.

My heart. My angel.

CHAPTER TWO

Callie

“THANK you for bringing me to see Santa!”

“Of course, Emily.” I smile, giving her a big hug. “Make sure you show your parents the picture you got with him.”

“You got a *picture* with Santa?” Mary, Emily’s mother, asks, smiling down at her daughter, who smiles back at her with such enthusiasm that I can’t help but feel warm inside.

“Uh huh!”

“Well, come in and show it to us. Dinner is ready. You must be hungry.”

“Yeah, I am,” Emily says softly. That’s rare for her to admit. Normally she likes to pretend she doesn’t need anything to eat because she’s so big and tough and grown up, but since she refused to finish her turkey sandwich for lunch, she must be absolutely starving.

“Thank you for taking her,” Mary says to me with a smile. “Thomas and I have just been so busy this week.”

“Oh, it’s no problem. You know how much I like this little girl,” I reply, ruffling Emily’s hair, causing her to giggle and

jump away from me.

“Come on in, honey. Let’s get dinner now.”

“Bye, Callie!” Emily says with a gleeful wave as she goes inside with her mother.

“Have a good dinner!” I reply.

Mary closes the door behind her, and I turn and head back to my car, instinctively checking up and down the street just in case. The Davis family lives in a great, upper-class neighborhood, but you never know. Even after six months, I still can’t stop looking out for Travis no matter where I go. I guess that’s what happens when you have an ex-boyfriend who gets violent with you once and refuses to leave you alone after you leave him.

Maybe I just give off a vibe now and that’s why that guy at the department store today didn’t come over and ask me out. I saw him checking me out for at least five minutes when I brought Emily to see Santa, but then for some reason he just didn’t follow through and come approach me. And to be honest, that’s been happening to me a lot lately.

I don’t want to sound conceited, but with my heightened level of awareness these days after what happened with Travis, I’m pretty good at knowing when a guy is checking me out, and although it happens from time to time, none of them actually ever come over and ask me out. Even the ones who stare at me to the point of coming off kind of creepy. It’s like there’s some sort of unseen, universal force keeping guys away from me. But of course that’s just crazy talk.

More likely than not, I am giving off a bad vibe or just have some kind of resting-bitch-face that I don’t know about.

To be honest, I'm not that upset about it. I'm still carrying a lot of trauma after what happened with Travis. I met him my freshman year in college. He was a sophomore, from a wealthy, dynasty family and acted all nice at first by showing me around the school, helping me with the online system to sign up for my courses. After about a week, we started dating, but he was pushy and wanted me to have sex before I was ready.

He'd been with girls before, but for me, it would have been my first time. I told him I wanted to wait, and he just didn't want to hear this. One night he got aggressive and tried to get me to give it up. I guess he thought that because of who he was I would just go with it. When I refused, he wouldn't take no for an answer. I had to scream to get him off me. Luckily we were in the dorms, or I don't know what would have happened.

Even after that, he still thought we were going to stay together. After I broke up with him, he just wouldn't leave me alone. I tried telling the school, but they wouldn't do anything. His family had donated so much money, and both of his parents were trustees, so they just didn't want to touch the situation. So I was left with no choice.

I dropped out my first semester.

Now, everywhere I go, I am watching my back. I'm sure that by now he's forgotten by me and moved on to some other innocent young girl he can bully—and if I could do something to stop him I would—but I can't stop seeing him lurking in the shadows, parked somewhere watching me. Even if I'm just dreaming or making this up in my mind, I'm constantly on high-alert, and my stress level is just overwhelming. What I

wouldn't do for a solution. A strong man to protect me from this dirtbag.

But for now, I'm going to have to take things into my own hands.

As I get back into the car, my phone vibrates. I check it and see the text I've been waiting for.

It's ready

It's from Benjamin, the private investigator I hired a week ago and have been spending way too much money on.

Five minutes, I reply, a devilish smile crossing my face as my adrenaline starts rushing through my veins. This plan is probably a bad one—no, *definitely* a bad one, but I'm tired of being a victim. Tired of letting Travis control my life and my mental health. I'm going to get back to him, even if it doesn't solve my problems for good.

It takes me four minutes and forty-five seconds to get to the bar where Benjamin is waiting. I find him sitting in the back at a booth and take a seat across from him.

"Here it is," he says quietly, slipping me an envelope. "They're out of town for the next three days."

"Hell yes," I whisper. "Thank you."

"Normally, I don't ask what my clients are going to do with the information I provide them, but I just want to say, Callie...be careful. Okay?"

Getting up, I smile. "I will."

I won't, but I don't want him worrying about me. Heading back to my car, I tear open the envelope. Inside, I find Travis' home address, something he and his family have managed to keep quiet and somehow off the Internet. Smiling like Emily

after her picture with Santa Claus, I plug it into my GPS and step on the gas.

It takes me less than fifteen-minutes to get there. The neighborhood is even nicer than the Davis', with monstrous, multi-million-dollar homes and perfectly manicured lawns. I park up the street, slip on my ski mask, and go around to the back where I've stashed my things.

Heart racing, I grab my gloves and gas can and start marching toward Travis' house.

Are you really doing this, Callie?

"Yes, I am," I whisper. "Don't back out now. This bastard deserves it."

I don't have a man in my life to take care of this for me, so right now I have to do it for me.

I reach the gate, which has a passcode, and quickly check the piece of paper from Benjamin. He's written the numbers for me. I don't know how he managed to get them, and I don't want to know. I use a gloved hand to quickly key them in and quickly walk through as the gate opens for me, feeling more exhilarated and alive than I've ever felt in my life.

His driveway is as long as a short road, but I'm so amped up that I barely even notice how long it takes for me to reach the house, especially because when I get there, I see his car parked out front.

A nice bright red Aston Martin. The asshole really thinks he's James Bond.

I waste no time. I take a single deep breath and rush the thing. With a single swing of my arm, I smash the driver's side window with the crowbar. Then, like a madwoman, I begin to douse the insides with gasoline.

Yeah, this is insane, I think as I break the back right window and soak the back seat. But when I think about that night back at the dorms...my civilized mind gives over to my animal instincts, and I just keep going until the gas canister is empty. Then, panting heavily, I step back and pull the matches from my pocket.

I light one and look down at it.

He might *think* I'm responsible for this, but he'll have no proof. And even if he does want to blame me for it, he doesn't know where I live. And even if he did, he's not such a big shot beyond assaulting a girl in his dorm room.

No, I'm going to do this. It's what I came here to do.

I toss the match in the back window. In less than a second the flames ignite and spread. I feel myself smiling beneath my mask as I think about Travis' face when he comes home from his vacation to find his car, his pride and joy he's spent so much time customizing, nothing more than a charred wreck in the driveway.

As the flames grow, I race back down the driveway toward the gate. But to my horror, as I reach it, I see the flashing red and blue lights of a police car coming up the road. I stop dead in my tracks just as the cruiser turns and stops in front of me. It sounds its horn twice, freezing me where I am, and a cop gets out and comes around toward me.

"Good evening," he announces. "This your property?"

"I...I'm a friend."

"A friend, huh? What's with the mask?" He's not buying it. Nor should he be. "A friend who asked you to light his car on fire for him?"

Shit. Busted.

“I...um...”

“Put your hands behind your back.”

“Officer, please—”

“Don’t make me tell you again.” His voice is low and threatening as he pulls out the handcuffs.

Cold fear flushes through my veins like ice water as I turn around and do as he says. There’s no use in running. He’s bigger and taller and obviously faster than I am. He’ll catch me for sure, and that will only make things worse. I close my eyes as he approaches, the hard soles of his boots clacking off the pavement of the driveway of Travis’ family home. He seizes my wrist, and I brace myself for the cold metal of the cuffs. But just then, another voice rings out through the night behind us.

“Officer.”

The voice is strong and deep and supremely masculine. Whoever he is, he speaks in a way as though he’s in charge of the situation. I try to turn to see who it is, but the cop holding on to me is blocking my view. Could he be another cop? A superior?

He turns and looks back. “What are *you* doing here?”

Definitely not another cop.

“Let me talk to you a second.”

The cop stands still a moment, as though calculating his options, cuffs both of my wrists, then leans in and whispers, “You stay *right here*,” to me.

“O-okay...”

“And *don’t* turn around either.”

Fear enters my heart. This is bizarre. Who is this man who has just shown up behind us with the power to summon a cop but who is also *not* a cop? And why is the cop arresting me going to meet with this man and not wanting me to see it?

For at least several minutes, I do as I was told. I stand there waiting while the two men converse quietly behind me, their voices no more than whispers. But then, my curiosity starts to get the better of me. Slowly, *very* slowly, I start to turn around.

“You shouldn’t do that,” the officer says, stepping up behind me and taking hold of my wrists. “When an officer of the law tells you to do something, you should do it.”

“I-I’m sorry.”

“You’re free to go,” he says simply.

“I’m what?”

“You heard me,” he replies, unlocking the cuffs and freeing my wrists. “Go on. Get out of here.”

“But I...I don’t understand. How am I free to go?”

I whirl on him, completely stunned, and for the first time, the cop looks at me with something less than authority.

“It would be better if you didn’t ask too many questions,” he says. “Just go home and don’t do anything like this again.”

And with that, he turns and walks back to his cruiser. Shocked, I stand there a moment watching him go. But as he gets back in his car, I notice over his shoulder a man barely visible through the darkness of the night.

He’s tall, incredibly tall, with broad shoulders and some kind of jacket with the collar pulled up like he’s trying not to be seen. He also has a baseball cap pulled down well over his face, but as he walks away, he glances back over his shoulder

at the right angle so the light from the cop car catches his face just enough to illuminate his features briefly and give me just a flash of what he looks like.

And what I see takes my breath away.

CHAPTER THREE

Callie

“I JUST...I can’t stop thinking about him, Martha!”

Martha rolls her eyes like she’s *trying* to upset me, then leans forward with the red wine. “Look, I know we’re both two years away from being old enough to drink, but *this* calls for a night of getting supremely hammered!”

I let my jaw drop as she completely fills my wine glass.

“Would you stop!? I told you that he—”

“You told me that the random man who you barely saw who apparently saved you from the police when you were lighting Travis’ car on fire was super handsome and you can’t stop thinking about him,” she interrupts. “Yes, we’ve established this, Cal-Cal. Anything else?”

Grimacing, I take the wine glass from the coffee table and stick my tongue out at her.

“No, that’s it.”

I don’t like red wine nearly as much as Martha, but I do my best to take a sip just to make her happy and watch as she downs a quarter of her glass in one go.

“In love with the mystery man,” she says as though it were a line from a poem. “My friend is in love with a mystery man.”

“Stop,” I scold her. “I’m not *in love*, okay? I barely even saw him. But Martha...if *you* had seen him—”

“I’d be wet like you?”

“Stop! I’m not...wet...”

“Oh, yes you are,” she snorts. “You’re ready to shoot an adult entertainment movie.”

I laugh so unexpectedly I almost blow my wine out of my glass. “An adult entertainment movie? You mean a porno?”

“Sure!” she giggles, waving a hand in the air. “Call it what you want. *You* are ready to shoot one right *now*.”

With a heavy sigh, I fall back on the couch and stare up at the ceiling, tracing the lines in the stucco.

“I’m just...I’m curious, okay?” I say. “I mean, this insanely handsome guy showed up when I was about to get arrested, somehow managed to talk to the cop and get him to not arrest me. I mean, how does that happen?”

“I dunno,” Martha replies. “Maybe he had a gun.”

“He didn’t have a gun. The cop knew him. I could hear it in his voice.”

“Then it was another cop?” she suggests.

“Not in uniform?”

“Maybe plainclothes?”

“No,” I reply, shaking my head as I sit up. “And even if he was. The more important question is *why*? *Why* did he do that

and *why* did the cop who was going to arrest me tell me it would be better for me not to ask questions?”

“You’re right.” Martha nods. “That’s some mafia shit right there.”

“Now wouldn’t *that* be something?” I say semi-sarcastically as I fall back on the couch with another heavy sigh. It’s silly of course but kind of fun to think about—a member of organized crime looking out for me for some reason and coming in and bullying the police out of arresting me.

Yeah, like that would ever happen.

“I mean, I could use a Mercedes,” Martha jokes. “So if your new bodyguard-boyfriend-stalker-dude ends up being connected, don’t forget about us little people, okay?”

“Oh, sure,” I laugh. “I’ll get a Mercedes for you and a Ferrari or something for me!”

Sitting up, I scratch the side of my head with a nail as I think about the implications of such a thing. Of course it’s silly, but it’s sort of fun to think about. And even if there isn’t some Scarface-Godfather kind of guy looking out for me, there was *someone* there tonight who saved my butt from being arrested.

“You know, Martha, I was thinking,” I muse. “There was this guy at the store today when I was with Emily seeing Santa...I could tell he wanted to ask me out, but he just... didn’t.”

“Okay...”

“And that sort of thing has been happening a lot recently,” I go on. “Like, a *lot* a lot.”

“Really?” she asks. Thank God she sounds interested and not like she thinks I’m crazy.

“Yeah. I’ll be out somewhere, usually with Emily, and I’ll see a guy checking me out and obviously thinking about coming to talk to me...and then he just...doesn’t.”

“Huh.”

“Yeah, it’s weird,” I say slowly. “I’m not like Gigi Hadid or anything, but guys have approached me before, and I’m pretty good at knowing when it’s going to happen. But recently it’s like...I dunno. I’m scaring them away or something.”

Martha looks at me and cocks her head. “So, what you’re saying is...”

“What if it’s this guy?”

Saying it out loud makes it sound crazier than it did in my head, but Martha doesn’t give me that look she gives me when she thinks I’ve lost my mind.

“That guy?” she asks. “Not the cop, but the one who stopped you from getting arrested?”

“Right.” I nod, feeling the excitement grow inside me.

“You think...you think he’s been like...*stalking* you and stopping these guys from asking you out?” she asks. All I can do is shrug. Now it’s starting to sound slightly more insane. “And then he followed you to Travis’ house and then stopped the cops from arresting you after you lit his car on fire?”

“Well, when you put it *that* way...”

“It sounds nuts!”

“Okay, maybe,” I reply. “But it also sounds...kinda hot?”

“Kinda hot?” Martha replies, practically spitting out her wine. “Okay, Callie, are you some kind of secret freak and I didn’t know about it?”

“I mean...”

“Did you lose your v-card and not tell me?”

“No!” I gasp, putting myself right down there. “Still got her safe and sound.”

“Wow, okay. I was worried you lost her and were out there having wild and crazy sex without my knowledge.”

I laugh and take a deep sip of my wine. “Yeah, with *who*? Not like there are any guys lining up around here.”

“Yeah, because your secret stalker is keeping them all away from you!”

Martha laughs, and an idea sparks in my mind.

“Hey, *what if* I did something else to like...lure him out of the shadows?” I suggest in my best mission-planning voice. “Only this time during the day! Then I could actually see his face, you know? See who he is and if he’s a big bad mafia dude! Wouldn’t that be fun?”

This time, Martha looks at me like I’ve lost it.

“You know, Cal-Cal, I think you and I have different definitions of the word *fun*.”

I scoff and finish off my wine. “Yes, but that’s just because you have an old-woman name, and your idea of fun is knitting Christmas cardigans for your pug.”

“Hey, Mr. Sausage gets cold in the winter, okay!?” Martha frowns at me before setting her drink down and checking the

time on her phone. My heart sinks. I already know what's coming before she says it.

After what happened between Travis and me, I was basically forced to drop out of school. His grandfather had donated enough money that the school named a building after him, and his family is so incredibly powerful that sticking around to deal with the shit they were dragging me through was just simply too much. But Martha, who I met during orientation, still goes there just like he does, and like the overachiever she is, is doing an independent study over Christmas break.

"I should get going," she says, doing her best to sound commiserating as she packs up her things. "All kinds of stuff I still have to get done for this project I foolishly decided to take on over the break."

"Oh, be quiet, you overachiever," I say as I get up with her, feeling a little spinny from the wine as I walk her to the door. Maybe it's best that I spend the rest of the night by myself anyway so I can get my head straight. All this hypothesizing about mysterious mafioso bodyguards lurking in the shadows is doing my head in. I need to just have a seat on the couch, clear my head, and relax.

So what a mysterious, super handsome man came out of nowhere and saved me from being arrested? Does that mean I need to start going on some crime offensive to get him to do it again?

No. The answer is no, Callie.

"Don't worry," Martha says as we step outside. "You'll be in another school in no time."

“No, I think I’m going to be a dropout for life,” I kid back, giving her a hug. “Get as much street-cred as I can get.”

“Oh quiet,” she chuckles as her Uber pulls up. “Let’s do this again soon, okay?”

“For sure.” I watch as she gets in the back of her car and pulls away, headed home for a full night of working on her independent study, leaving me feeling even more left out than ever before.

And this is all because of you, I think.

Travis, my scumbag boyfriend who couldn’t respect the fact that he wasn’t the one I wanted to give it up to. Or maybe he was and it just wasn’t the right time for me. And maybe I would have been ready if he’d have just had the patience to wait a bit. But no, he had to be an entitled, spoiled little prick and think that I owed him my body because he’s so used to getting everything he wants in life. He had to go and ruin everything—not just the relationship I thought we had together, but my entire college experience.

With a heavy sigh, I turn to go inside, but as I do, I catch a flash of motion in my peripheral vision. I turn, and with a shock that hits me heavy in my guts, I see Travis emerge from the shadows of the side lawn, heading straight for me.

“Think I wouldn’t know it was you, you little bitch!?” he cries out, raising his fist at me. Travis is fast; he’s an athlete. And I barely have time to process what’s happening before he’s on me. I barely have time to flinch as he swings a blow that will surely level me.

I close my eyes and brace myself.

But the impact doesn’t come. At least not against me.

I hear something—someone being hit. Someone grunts. It sounds like Travis. And then someone hits the ground.

“What the...?” Definitely Travis’ voice which is immediately followed up by the sound of another blow—what sounds like someone kicking him. *Hard.*

He grunts again and gasps for air. I keep my eyes closed but take a step back. Then I feel a hand on mine. It is large, strong and rough and engulfs mine with its size. Another hand finds my lower back with a firm, gentle touch, and then a voice speaks.

“You can open your eyes now, Callie. He’s not going to hurt you now. You’re safe.”

It’s him.

Even with my eyes still closed, I know already.

My heartrate is already high from what just happened, but it skyrockets at this realization. I turn my head toward the sound of the voice, which is deep and strong, and slowly open my eyes.

I was right.

There before me, is the man from Travis’ house. The man who somehow stopped the cops from arresting me. And he’s beyond gorgeous. He’s breathtaking.

CHAPTER FOUR

Cole

STANDING THIS CLOSE TO HER, my angel, I can hardly believe she's real. I've watched her from afar for all these months, and now here I am—not three feet away from her. I'm so close that I can smell the scent of her shampoo in the air. I can see the soft texture of her skin, and every animal instinct in me is screaming at me to reach out and touch her.

One day before Christmas and I can't help but feel like this is meant to be. Like the universe itself is handing her to me as my one and only gift.

Her eyes, a deep rich brown, seem to sparkle even in the dark of the evening and capture me with their innocence. She doesn't know me, but she's looking at me as though I'm somehow familiar. As though we've met before. I've been watching her now for months, but there's no possible way she could know that...could she?

“You,” she says softly. “It's...it's you.”

Her words catch me off guard, and that's not an easy thing to do.

Is it possible that she *knows* who I am? Cole “Frosty” Powers, the crime boss? No, that would be an absurdity. Callie lives her life in a completely different world than I do. Unless she has some unknown passion for research into the criminal underworld, she should have absolutely no idea who I am. But girls these days with their *True Crime* and serial killer documentaries...you never know.

“You know me?” I ask simply. Better to let her do the talking right now. She nods.

“At Travis’ house. You were the man who stopped me from being arrested. I saw you.”

Shit.

I must not have been careful enough keeping my distance. Somehow, some of the light from the officer’s cruiser must have illuminated my face and Callie must have caught a glimpse of me. Well, I guess it doesn’t matter now.

“You son of a...” the absolute bastard at my feet groans and twists like he’s going to get on his feet and do something. I respond with a solid kick to his guts that not only silences him but will also leave him with a nice reminder of the series of wrong decisions he made tonight.

“Shut up,” I growl down at him. “And by the way, if I *ever* see you around this girl again, you’re going to regret it. It’s going to be a lot more than what you got here tonight. Understand?”

He’s in no position to reply, so I take his pathetic attempt to nod as reply enough and turn back to Callie, who despite looking quite shook up, is unable to hide the look of satisfaction that has come over her face. Whatever this guy did

to her...it must have been serious. I try not to think too hard about it as I feel a righteous anger rising in my chest.

“Get your phone and your purse,” I tell her.

“All right,” she replies.

That was easy, I think, as though I just asked her if she could fetch me a glass of water. She goes inside and is back out with her purse in the blink of an eye. Part of me is surprised, but another part of me can't blame her. Would you really want to stick around your apartment after being attacked by your scumbag ex-boyfriend? Probably not.

Without having to be asked, Callie walks alongside me to my car, which is parked just down the street. My heart swells and my entire soul warms and blooms like a flower in the summer sun. Just having her near—I thought that was enough, but having her walk with me as though we were a real couple—that has me feeling like a whole new man.

It takes every ounce of strength I have not to drag my eyes up and down her unbelievable body. At this range, every single magnificent curve is magnified. The way her hips move as she walks, the way her breasts jiggle and her ass shakes has my cock beginning to rise beneath my pants and my mouth beginning to salivate. A part of me wants to snatch her by the hips, pin her down among the grass, and have my way with her.

A large part of me.

But that would be wrong and not the way to start things off with my beautiful angel. She's just been through something that most certainly shook her up, and she needs at least a few minutes. But God if I can't help myself with the never-ending swell of desire flowing through me.

“This is your car?” I realize we’re standing beside my car, and Callie is looking up at me, presumably waiting for me to open the door for her. She looks impressed, as she should.

“Uh, yes it is,” I reply, coming to my senses. I thumb my key-fob in my pocket and unlock the car, then open the passenger side door for her.

“Fancy,” she remarks. “At least, it looks fancy. I’ve never seen a car like this before. What is it?”

“Bentley.”

“Yeah, that’s fancy,” she giggles, brightening the world with her smile. God, I’ve fantasized about this moment so many times—being this close and what I would do. I’ve thought about what it would be like to kiss those perfect, plump lips and how she would react. I’ve wondered if she’s ever even been kissed before, and if not, how lucky of a bastard I would be to be the first one.

Is this that moment?

But before I can react, Callie slides into the passenger seat.

As she does, my eyes lock on to every single inch of her body. God, she’s a work of art. Every bit of her that I admired from afar is infinitely better up close. I could die between those thighs and lose myself with my face between those perky teenage breasts that jiggle with such perfection as she moves.

Is she even wearing a bra under there?

I wonder what it would be like to bend her over and spank her—make a bad girl out of her. The bulge in my pants is growing and continues to grow as I gently close her door for her and go around and get in on my side. By the time I start

the car and begin pulling away, my cock is pressing painfully against the fly of my jeans.

If only she knew the torture I've been going through these last four months. But now, after all that, has it been worth it?

Of course it has.

"So the ex-boyfriend isn't the nicest guy in the world, I take it?" I remark as I drive us to my house.

"If there's a hell, he will go there one day," she replies grimly.

"Well, for my sake, let's hope there isn't one."

"Why? You seem like a good guy," she says sincerely. "That's twice you've saved my boo-tay."

I chuckle to myself. "That's the first time in a *long* time that someone has referred to me as a nice guy."

"Well, if we disregard the whole stalking thing," she shrugs.

"Stalking thing?" I ask. "What stalking thing?"

Busted.

Callie frowns, crosses her arms, which just causes her tits to plump up even more. I have to consciously force myself not to groan like a hungry dog.

Her frown turns into a smile, and she gives me that look that I've seen her give to Emily countless times when Emily had done something wrong but didn't want to admit it.

"Do you think I'm dumb?"

Her question catches me off guard. "No. What? No, I don't think you're dumb."

“Then how do you expect me to think that you showed up at Travis’ house to save me from getting arrested *and* my house to save me from getting beat up by Travis without stalking me?”

Now I’m the one frowning.

“Well...”

“And on top of that, there are all the guys.”

My chest goes tight. “All what guys?”

“All the ones you’ve been stopping from asking me out.” She smiles. “Like the one in the department store when I brought Emily to see Santa?”

This time, I can’t stop myself from smiling. But I keep my eyes on the road as we pull up to the house. I thumb the fingerprint scanner, and the gate opens to let us pass.

“You think that’s what I’ve been doing?”

“I do,” she replies. “And you know what? I’m not even mad about that. But I do need you to do one thing for me.”

“And what’s that?”

“I need you to tell me your name.”

I don’t know why, but this request actually gets to me a little bit. She doesn’t recognize my face, but what if she recognizes my name and gets scared? What if she demands I stop the car and let her out because she’s afraid of being in the car with Cole “Frosty” Powers, the gangster, the man all over the news, the man her mom warned her about?

Should I make up a name? Lie? Tell her I’m a rich tech guy?

No, she won't buy that. She's already figured out what I've been up to all on her own; she'll know if I am not truthful with her about my profession. Better to be upfront with her now than to start things off with broken trust.

"Cole," I reply simply. I'll leave the rest for later. I pull up to the front and park.

"Cole." She nods. "And you're a gangster, Cole?"

Jesus, nothing gets past this girl.

"Anyone ever tell you that you ask too many questions?"

She nods. "My mom. Many times. Does that mean I'm wrong?"

I've dreamed of being this close to Callie for so long, and now that I'm here, it feels as though I'm facing a police interrogation. I hold her gaze, letting her know that I'm the one in charge here, not her.

After living a life of such hardship, the softness Callie's presence brings to my world is unbelievable. It's almost too much for me to handle simply being in her presence. The ache I feel when I stare into her eyes, when I drag my gaze across her luscious lips. The lips of my angel, my obsession...

"Can I touch you, Callie?" I ask finally.

"I...what?"

"Touch you," I repeat. "I'm asking first out of respect for what you've been through tonight."

Her eyelids flutter in the most adorable way as she processes my question. She nods and begins to say, "Yes—" but I interrupt her.

“I have to warn you that if I start, I may not be able to stop myself again.” Her eyes fill with an emotion I can’t quite read. Is it lust? Is it disbelief? Maybe I shouldn’t have said anything. Maybe I should have just reached out and taken what’s mine, but after what that son of a bitch ex-boyfriend of hers did earlier, she’s understandably shook up, and I don’t want to be the one responsible for causing her more distress.

She looks down and away, and I feel my heart sink for a moment as I prepare myself for her denial. But then, my angel brings her eyes back to mine, and I see something in them I haven’t seen before.

Slowly, she nods.

“Yes, Cole,” she says, her voice barely a whisper. “You may touch me.”

And like that, I lose the remainder of any control I had left.

CHAPTER FIVE

Cole

I LEAN IN, reach out, and like a teenage couple on their first date, slip my arm around Callie's shoulder. She's so goddamn warm. So goddamn soft. I can't believe she's right here, and I'm actually touching her.

Without waiting another instant, I pull her close and press my lips against hers, and in that instant, the world seems to explode around us. She does her best to kiss me back, but as she does so, she confirms her innocence to me.

She's never done this before.

No wonder that scumbag ex-boyfriend is still harassing her; he's trying to get ahold of something she never gave him.

I shift my hand from her shoulder to the back of her head and guide her kiss. She moans against my lips, and I feel myself give way. If one of my old enemies shot me in the back of the neck right now with a poison dart, I'd die a happy man. But of course that can't happen. I'm not done with my duty that I swore I would uphold: to protect Callie and keep her safe.

I slide my other hand up the increasing warmth of her thighs as my cock throbs painfully against the inside of my fly. I'm dying to explore her body—to be the first man to explore every inch of her heavenly body.

Somehow, I manage to tear my lips away from hers so I'm able to bring my eyes to bear on hers. I almost lose myself in them—in their wide innocence and the way they hold me and make me feel like I've finally found my home.

“You were right,” I tell her.

“I...about what?”

“Everything,” I reply. “But you left out one thing.”

“What's that?” she asks.

“You're mine,” I growl, locking my fingers in her hair. Her lips open as her jaw drops slightly. Christ, she's just begging me for it, and I'm losing control. I slide my hand that's between her legs higher until it can go no more. All that stands between me and her treasure now is a thin layer of fabric.

Christ, I wonder if she's even wearing panties under there...

“Cole...”

“And it's time to make it official,” I tell her.

“I-I've never done that before,” she says.

“I know, angel,” I say, softly stroking her chin with a thumb.

“I don't want to disappoint you...”

“Disappoint me?” I gasp, unable to believe what I just heard. “Are you—are you kidding?”

No more time to wait. This has to happen *now*. I get out of the car on my side, go around to hers, open the door, reach in, grab her by the waist, lift her out, and hoist her over my shoulder like a caveman.

“Cole!” she yelps. “Cole!”

“What’s wrong, angel? You think I would drop you after all this?”

“I...I’m heavy!”

I laugh as I carry Callie up the walkway to the front door of the house and open it. “Heavy? Angel, in *no world* are you heavy. Don’t be silly.”

“I don’t want to hurt your back or something!”

I can’t stop chuckling as I carry my angel up the stairs to my bedroom. “Fine. I’ll set you down then.”

I lay Callie down on her back on my bed, and with both hands, snatch her shoes off and toss them aside. I’m not a foot guy by any means, but even her feet are cute. She even has her toenails painted.

“Cole, are you sure I wasn’t—”

“Heavy? Do you see me breathing hard?” I ask as I kick off my shoes and lean down on top of her, my arms on either side of her. Eyes wide, she merely shakes her head as I go in for another kiss.

Our lips meet, and again, my world rocks. Christ, what this girl does to me. I press my body against hers so I can feel her breasts against my chest. I can also feel that she’s not wearing a bra and her nipples are hard with excitement.

A virgin. A girl who still has her cherry.

How long has it been since I've had that?

I can feel the shyness in the way she kisses me back, the way she doesn't know what to do with her hands and leaves them resting aimlessly on the bed beside her. But I can also feel the way she subtly grinds against the bulge beneath my zipper, letting me feel the warmth between her legs, signaling to me that *she wants this*.

This girl is all I need. All I will ever want for the rest of my life.

I'll never let anything happen to her either. The guard I have taken up for her will continue from now on. Nothing will harm her, and I will bring her more pleasure than she knows how to handle.

As I press my tongue into her mouth, I slip a hand up her shirt and cup her perfect, perky breast. It's bigger than I anticipated. Somehow even without a bra, her shirt does a good job at hiding her size. She moans as I gently pinch her nipple. Her back arches off the bed, and I feel the warmth of her pussy mound against my throbbing cock.

Maybe I'm an animal. Maybe I'm no more than a testosterone-filled son of a bitch, but all the months of watching her have built up inside me and driven me to a point where I can no longer hold back. I warned her that once I touched her I would not be able to stop myself, and that's exactly what's happening now.

With a throaty growl, I break my lips from hers and go down between her legs. The warmth from her thighs against my cheeks has me ravenous as I pop the button on her pants and tug down her zipper. I hear her whisper something I can't make out as I grab the hem and tug.

Her ample hips cause them to stick, but she helps me by lifting herself up off the bed slightly. This helps, but I still have to pull harder to get them to come. Christ, this girl was built for breeding.

When her pants finally come down, I see she isn't wearing any panties and that her pussy is bare and smooth and glistening with arousal. Before she can utter a word of shy protest, I open my mouth and press my tongue against her virginal womanhood.

"Cole!" she cries out as I roll the pressure up her slit, spreading her innocence until I find her little clit. Knowing I'm the only man to have ever been here has me ready to burst as I tug down my pants and pull out my cock, which is harder than I can ever remember it being. I can barely even stimulate myself without approaching orgasm, but this moment here is not about me; it's about bringing pleasure to my princess.

I look up to the most beautiful sight imaginable—two perfect mounds and the face of an angel, her mouth hung open in a blissful moan. So hot. I keep going. In fact, I pick up the pace. Maybe I should be taking things slow, breaking her in and letting her get used to the first man's tongue on her pussy, but I just can't help myself.

I lap hungrily at her clit, matching the rhythm of her moans, outpacing them, driving her fast and faster toward the climax I know she's rapidly approaching. She's breathing quickly, gripping the bedsheets with both hands as though she knows the orgasm about to hit her is going to be a big one.

"Oh my God," she gasps. "I...I'm going to come."

Music to my goddamn ears.

When she goes off, I can hardly contain myself. Her entire body quakes, forcing me to let go of my cock and snatch her hips tightly by both hands and hold her tight just so I can keep my tongue pressed against her sex. Her legs squeeze tight. Her thighs clamp down around my head as her climax causes her body to shake and a rush of wetness floods against my tongue and chin. I hold her there as she convulses and moans then smile into her as she relaxes and slumps back down onto the bed. Only then do I relieve the pressure from my tongue and sit up.

She looks like an absolute goddess beneath me, breathing heavily, causing her chest to rise and her breasts to heave.

She looks up at me, and I see her eyes go wide when she sees my hard cock standing straight out with fierce arousal for her.

“That...”

“It’s all for you, sweetheart.” I nod, spreading her legs with my knee. “Now that you’re nice and warmed up.”

I lean down over her and slip one arm around her, pulling her into a lovers’ embrace that even one day ago I only could have dreamed of sharing with her. Her scent is intoxicating. There must be something to this whole pheromone thing, because I’m practically drunk off her as I press the crown of my cock against her slit and feel her open ever so slightly against me.

“I...will it hurt?” she whispers.

“Just a little,” I assure her. “Don’t be afraid. After that, it’s going to feel amazing.”

“Promise?” I can see the hesitance in her eyes as they flick down to my cock. I don’t blame her; I’m probably the size of

her forearm, and she's never taken a dick before.

"I would never lie to you, Callie. Just take a deep breath and don't tense up."

I keep my eyes locked to hers for the moment, which is beyond anything I ever imagined.

There's a resistance that I expected, but then I feel her cherry pop, and she lets out a long moan that causes my cock to pulse inside her. I give her all my inches but slowly until I'm buried inside her all the way up to the hilt. Only then do I lay my body down on top of her.

"There it is, angel. Every bit of it. You're a woman now."

"I...I can't believe it," she whimpers. I withdraw slightly and rock my hips, giving her a hint of what's to come. Her eyes go wide. "Oh my God."

"No, not God, baby. Cole."

I brush a piece of stray hair from her face as I pick up the pace and begin to fuck her. It almost doesn't seem real to be inside her. She's so fucking tight I can barely move without wanting to blow my load, and it takes everything I have just to hold out and keep from doing so.

"Fuck, you don't know how long I've been dying for this, angel," I whisper, letting my lips brush gently against hers. "How long I watched you from afar, thinking I would never get a chance to even get close to you, let alone get inside your sweet little pussy."

"Cole!" she cries out, and I feel her sex contract on my girth as another climax takes hold of her. Her hips shake, and she throws her arms around my neck, pulling my mouth to hers. Our lips lock in a violent embrace as her tongue finds mine. I'm *right* fucking there, but somehow I hold out and

hang on as she bucks against me, whimpering and shaking, clinging to me like if she lets go she might slip away, never to be found again.

The bed shakes as I bury everything I have to give deep in her sex and pin her beneath me, lost in the satisfaction of pleasuring the woman who means everything to me. Finally when she begins to come down, she loosens her lock on my lips and lets her arms fall to her sides. It's then that I feel a fierceness rise within my chest.

"I...I might pass out," she sighs. "That was the most incredible orgasm I've ever had in my life."

"Oh, you're not passing out yet, angel," I growl. "You think I'm done with you yet?"

I have to grit my teeth as I do it, but I pull out of Callie, grab her by the hips, and spin her over on the bed. She lands on her stomach and looks back over her shoulder at me, unsure of what to do next.

She really is a virgin.

From this angle, her ass looks absolutely glorious. But it's about to get even better. With my right hand, I tap her on the hip. "Up on your knees, baby."

A fire appears in her eyes as she understands and obeys. In an instant, she's doggystyle before me. My angel has become my slut. *My* slut and no one else's. And that's how it's going to be from now on.

I get behind her on my knees, entranced by the view. Unable to help myself, I spank her hard, causing her to yelp and flinch away from me, but I grab her by the hip and pull her back and slip my cock back inside her.

We gasp in unison as I rut into her deep and hard and bury my inches deep enough to cause her to moan loudly and brace herself against the headboard with both hands. Part of me knows this is too much for a girl on her first time, but an even larger part of me is unable to resist. Callie is just too goddamn sexy and has me worked up in a fit of desperation.

I slam her from behind, my eyes locked on her ass as it bounces with each impact. Christ, I'm going to need this nightly from now on. How did I get through life without her up until now?

"I shouldn't be going this hard on your first time, baby," I growl, gripping her hard by the hips. "But I can't hold back. You're too sexy, angel. I've been watching you too long. I've wanted you for too long. I've been dying to get my dick in you and Christ...it's even better than I dreamt it would be."

"You...you like it?" she whimpers as I thrust faster, feeling the impact travel through her core, shaking her tits. Her pussy is heaven for my cock. My climax is rapidly approaching and there's nothing I can do to stop it.

"Like it?" I almost laugh. "Baby, I'm *in love* with how incredible you feel. That sweet, virgin pussy is going to make me bust, and you're going to take everything inside you. You're going to take your stalker's load right now."

"I...Cole!"

She yelps as I unload inside of her.

No protection. No pulling out. It's the only way to finish with Callie. It's exactly what she deserves.

My balls pulse and my cock throbs, sending my hot seed shooting up my shaft in thick ropes that spurt out and spray into her. My jaw clenches down as I plant my inches *deep* and

clutch her tight, filling my angel—my secret obsession until she can take no more, and my release comes spilling out of her and runs down her thighs onto the bed beneath us.

“Fuck,” I grunt, leaning forward and letting my teeth scrape across the back of her neck like a savage. “Now it’s official, Callie. You’re mine. You’re *really* mine.”

CHAPTER SIX

Callie

AFTERWARD, I'm in a bit of a daze. I've never been *really* drunk before, but it's a bit like being tipsy off wine when I share a glass or two with Martha, only *so* much better.

Cole and I cuddle. I don't know for how long, but I lie there with a giddy smile on my face, basking in his manly scent until he lifts me from the bed and carries me to the shower with him. I do my best to wash him, but I'm also in a bit of a stupor and accidentally end up putting hair conditioner on the loofah instead of body wash.

"Dick drunk," he chuckles.

"What?"

"That's what you are. It's my fault. I apologize." His eyes simply sparkle as he gazes down on me with complete and utter ownership. I can still feel his release slowly dripping out of me. I know I'm not on the pill – why would I be? And I know I should be worried about the consequences of a man I just met finishing inside of me, but for some reason I'm not. I'm just not.

“Yeah, you should be,” I tease back, jokingly slapping him on his mouth-watering chest. “What a jerk you are.”

Beneath the water, his body looks even more perfect. The cuts of his muscles are even more defined. The bulges and striations even more pronounced. Running my fingers up and down his physique is almost hypnotic. I’m his now, and I can’t stop thinking about what he said just before he finished inside of me.

“You’re going to take your stalker’s load right now.”

Stalker...

I knew it. He *has* been watching me. There are so many things I need to ask him—

“Finish up, angel,” he says. I look up and realize I’ve been spacing out, staring at his six-pack. “You have to get ready.”

“Get ready? W-why?”

“Because—” He smiles. “I’m taking you out for dinner.”

“Dinner?”

Cole leans in, and for a moment I think he’s going to make another move on me here in the shower, but he simply reaches behind me and shuts off the water. He grabs himself a towel and hands me one as well, then begins drying himself off.

“That’s right. Delilah’s.”

“Delilah’s!?” I blurt out in disbelief.

“Oh, you’ve heard of it?”

I stare at him, trying to see if he’s joking. But he just holds my gaze with the confidence of a man unlike any I’ve ever met before. This is a man who is accustomed to having the entire world at his fingertips.

“It’s the most exclusive, most expensive restaurant in like...I don’t even know,” I laugh. “In fifty miles?”

“At least.” Mostly dry, he steps out of the shower.

“But...I don’t have anything to wear!”

He turns back and grins. “Don’t worry about that. I’ve got my men picking up an assortment of things for you. By the time you’re dry, they should have a selection of options for you in the bedroom.”

A rush of anxiety pierces my chest like an arrow.

“But what if they don’t fit me? What if I don’t look good in them? What if I make us late and the restaurant closes?”

Cole stops at the door and looks back at me like I’m being *so* silly.

“Callie, angel. They aren’t going to close on us. They’re waiting for us. I rented out the entire restaurant. Don’t you worry about anything other than keeping *me* waiting too long.” And with a wink, he leaves out the door, giving me a view of his sculpted buttocks as he goes. The hours this man must spend in the gym...

Hurriedly, I dry off and blow dry my hair. And then, sure enough, when I go out into the bedroom, there is an entire selection of evening wear for me laid out like I’ve stepped into an upscale boutique. Dresses of all colors and styles hanging on racks, purses to go with them, and even a rolling make-up counter with a mirror and stool. It’s all makeshift but is still more luxurious than anything I’m used to and puts my entire apartment to shame.

Shaking my head in disbelief, I go through the racks of dresses and gowns, thumbing through labels of designers whose names I can’t even pronounce, most of whom I don’t

even recognize, some of whom don't even have names. At first, I'm going to go with a safe, black pencil dress, but on second thought I decide to go with something a bit more festive and pick a very pretty red dress with white piping and a red Prada purse to go with it.

"Prada?" I whisper to my reflection as I do my makeup. "Who *are* you, Callie, you bougie bitch?"

Moreover, who is Cole? How does he afford this house, all these dresses and make-up and who are "his men" that he had pick it up and get it ready for me while we were in the shower?

So many questions, and if I'm being honest, part of me is afraid of the answers. But an even larger part of me is feeling exhilarated about the prospects of finding out. I know Martha would probably tell me I'm crazy and should be running for my life and not going out on a date with a man who I know nothing about, but hey, I already gave him my v-card and let him finish inside me. What's a Michelin star dinner going to change at this point?

There's a knock at the door as I'm finishing up my eyeliner, and I look up to see Cole standing there in an off-black suit looking like he's on his way to the Oscars.

"Are you trying to stop my heart?" he asks.

"I...what?" I stammer.

"Because that just might happen if I look at you in that dress much longer," he replies, his eyes narrowing with such desire that I have to look away as a painful blush comes across my cheeks.

"Oh, I..."

"Come, angel," Cole says, extending a hand. "Let's eat."

I take it, the hand of the man who stalked me, and rise from my stool as he leads me from the room and down the hall to the stairs. I take them, feeling like a Disney princess, and walk out into the crisp winter air, where a car which is waiting.

More luxury than I've ever experienced in my life, I think as Cole helps me into my seat and then goes around to his side and gets in.

“Different car?” I ask.

“Rolls Royce,” he replies, signaling the driver, who pulls away from the house. “These are to be driven in, not to drive.”

“Ohh, fancy.” I smile.

“Very.” He smiles back, placing a hand on my knee. I’ve only just met Cole—officially—but his hand on my leg is comforting. It feels as though it belongs there. As though it’s been there countless times before.

“You’re practiced at this,” I say to him, somewhat accusatorily.

“You’re saying I’ve done this before?”

I shrug. “You’re saying you haven’t?”

Cole chuckles to himself as though what I’m saying is preposterous. “People—especially women—don’t get close to me, Callie. I don’t let them.”

My heart sinks for him—the man who stalked me.

“I’m sorry. That’s a shame.”

“Well, when you’re in...my line of work, you can’t afford to.”

“Oh? And what line of work is that?” I ask. “I’m guessing you don’t own a successful line of gelato shops.”

Again, Cole chuckles and shakes his head. “Let’s save that conversation for later.”

He’s doing his best to hide it, but there’s something in his eyes—a sadness perhaps—that he doesn’t want me to see. It makes me curious, but I don’t push it. I simply nod and say, “Okay.”

We sit in silence for the short ride to the restaurant. The driver pulls up in front like we’re VIPs. Cole gets out and comes around to my side and takes my hand to help me out of the car, which is a good thing, considering how terrible I am in heels.

“I feel like the first lady,” I whisper as we’re greeted by the hostess at the door.

“Far, *far* more beautiful,” he replies.

“Good evening.” The hostess smiles. And without hesitation, she looks straight at Cole. “Right this way, sir.”

For the first time in my life, I feel important, and as I enter the restaurant on Cole’s arm, I’m excited.

As he promised, Delilah’s is empty. Every table is vacant, rented out by the man holding my hand. The hostess leads us to one in the center of the room with all the other tables pulled back from around it. A candelabra burns softly at its center, and like a gentleman, Cole pulls my chair out for me and gently pushes it in as I sit down.

“Why thank you,” I say, fluttering my eyelashes at him. He smiles back, and I expect him to go around to the other side of the table and sit, but he doesn’t; he takes his chair and pulls it around beside me. The hostess notices this and fails to hide her smile.

“I’ll bring you two some water to start. Would you like spring or sparkling?”

“Sparkling for me,” Cole says. “What about you, angel?”

“Um, sparkling sounds fancy. I’ll have that too.”

“Two sparkling waters,” the hostess replies. “I’ll be back in a moment.”

Once she’s gone, I take a breath and look at the man seated beside me. A deep sensation rushes through my chest—a feeling of belonging. It’s as though being here in the chair next to him is where I’m supposed to be. As though some series of events has come to fruition and led us to this moment that we’re sharing now. And honestly, that might not be far from the truth.

“Okay,” I say, folding my hands across the table. “Let’s hear it.”

Cole looks back at me and smiles. He knows exactly what I mean.

“It was four months ago when I first saw you,” he replies. This both shocks and excites me. I guess I knew he was watching me, but I never suspected it was for that long. I listen as he explains it all to me—seeing me with Emily, how he felt when he thought she was mine, and how he kept other men from approaching me...

“I knew it!” I blurt out as the hostess returns with our drinks. Cole smirks, and I shut up as she sets them down.

“Your waitress will be right with you,” she says.

“Thank you,” Cole replies. Once she’s gone, I lean in and pinch him hard on the thigh.

“I *knew* something was going on!” I hiss, unable to contain myself. “Martha didn’t believe me when I told her, but I *knew* it!”

“You did, did you?” he chuckles.

“That guy at the department store! He was checking me out for like five minutes and then just never came over and said anything to me!?”

“You girls don’t miss a trick, do you?”

I firmly shake my head and take another breath. This is almost too much to take in, but I can feel my heartbeat firmly pounding in my ears and my hands starting to shake with excitement from the realization.

He has been watching me.

Is this really something that should be turning me on? I know Martha wouldn’t approve, but it definitely is. There’s a warning voice in the back of my head telling me that this man is dangerous, but there’s something deep down in my gut telling me to give myself over to him.

Well, I already did that, didn’t I? I guess that feeling is just telling me to continue doing so. It’s nothing rational that I could explain, but something purely emotional—maybe even animal—that is overpowering my conscious mind and telling me that this man cares for me. This man wants to protect me.

This man...loves me even?

“Have you two decided yet?” the sudden intrusion of a foreign voice causes me to jump. I look up and see the waitress looking down at me and realize I’ve completely spaced out.

She’s waiting for your order, Callie.

But I haven't heard a word she's said. I glance around at the table but don't see a menu. Is this place too fancy for one?

"She'll have the lobster tortellini," Cole says, ordering for me. "I'll have the filet mignon."

"Very good, sir. Right away."

The waitress departs, and I breathe a sigh of relief. "Thank you. My mind was...elsewhere. She probably thinks I'm an idiot."

"Don't worry about her," he chuckles. "For what I'm paying them tonight, she should volunteer to wash your heels when we're done."

"Yeah, about that..." I say hesitantly. "How did you manage to do that? Are you like, Elon Musk or something?"

Cole laughs as though I've just cracked the world's most hilarious joke. "Working on it." He nods. "But not currently. I'm surprised you don't recognize me, but maybe you're just too young. How old are you, Callie?"

"I'm nineteen." For some reason, I feel silly answering this way, but Cole seems to like my response.

"You've never heard of Cole Powers?" he asks. I start to shake my head, but then something clicks and I freeze.

"Wait...Cole *Frosty* Powers?" I reply slowly. "The gangster? The mob boss?"

"Well, yes." He nods. "But I'm working on putting that all behind me. Going legitimate. But these things take time."

My jaw drops. I can't help it. I've heard stories of the man sitting in front of me—stories that should make me terrified of being here with him. Only for some reason I'm not. For some reason I know he would never hurt me. He watched over me

for months and took care of me, protected me, even stopped the police from arresting me.

“So that’s how you were able to strong-arm that police officer...”

Cole smiles and nods. “I was going to just watch you, Callie. Make sure nothing happened to you and not drag you into my life until I was fully legitimate. But your little stunt at Travis’ house forced my hand.”

“You know about Travis?” I ask, surprised.

“I know all about him,” he replies, his eyes narrowing. “I know that you’ve been avoiding him and that he must be the reason you dropped out of school. Am I right?”

That same knot that always forms in my chest when Travis comes up begins to form. I nod. “He...wouldn’t take no for an answer.”

Cole’s right hand balls into a fist.

“I’ve been looking into him and his family for a while now—looking for dirt so I can get him thrown out and get you back into school.”

There’s no doubt about it; this man cares about me. He wants me for more than just the incredible sex we had earlier. He wants to take care of me, provide. And with a deep, desperate feeling I’ve never experienced before, I want to let him.

“Well, if you’re Cole *Frosty* Powers, why don’t you just kill him for me?” I giggle, making sure the joke is obvious, but Cole doesn’t laugh. “I’m kidding, obviously!”

“I know,” he replies, forcing a smile. “It’s just...that part of my life is something I’m trying to put behind me now and I

don't want you to be any part of it.”

“Okay,” I say as warmly as I can. I can tell I touched a nerve by mistake and quickly change the subject as our meals arrive. It's the best food I've ever eaten, but that's not what's on my mind; what's on my mind is the growing obsession I feel building inside of me as I sit at the table with this man—this man who has stolen a piece of me that I know I will never get back. A piece of me that is growing and growing with every second I spend with him, threatening to consume me.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Cole

I NEVER THOUGHT I would spend Christmas with anyone doing anything, yet here I am with Callie and her mother at my house celebrating with a tree and presents and a turkey roasting in the oven.

I barely even recognize myself right now. And that's a good thing.

My plan to leave *the life* behind is in full swing. I've accelerated things and sacrificed some others—cut a few deals short and taken some heavy losses and pissed a few people off in ways I hadn't planned on earlier, but now that Callie is in my life earlier than I had expected, those things had to be done. I needed to be *out*, and if that means getting out messier than I'd anticipated, so be it. She's worth every lost dollar.

“How does this look, Cole?” Callie's mom asks from the chair where she's standing, adjusting the silver tinsel she's hanging over the fireplace. “Is it even with the rest?”

“That's just right, Hannah.” I smile as I come in from the kitchen and set down two warm apple ciders on the coffee table. Callie leans in and takes hers immediately.

“Yum.” She smiles, all bundled beneath her big, fluffy, reindeer sweater we went out and picked up earlier. I’m wearing one too, of course, with gingerbread men on it. Callie insisted we all wear them, as it was a tradition with her and her mother, who is wearing one with penguins.

“What do penguins have to do with Christmas?” I asked as the girl was ringing us up.

“Let’s not go there,” she whispered. “Mom is just obsessed with them. Ever seen that movie *Madagascar*? Yeah. *Obsessed.*”

Of course, none of my men have seen me in it. I had them take care of everything I needed them for this morning and then sent them away—all of them except for the few guarding the gates, but they won’t come anywhere near the house unless there’s an emergency. So maybe Cole Powers does have a soft side, but I can’t let any of them see it.

“Well, isn’t this nice, sweetie?” Hannah asks as she comes down and puts the chair back at the table. “Having a man to spend Christmas with finally?”

“Mom.” Callie blushes, taking a sip of her cider.

“I don’t know if Callie told you this already,” Hannah continues in that way that moms always do when they knowingly or unknowingly embarrass their daughters. “But I raised her as a single mother and never re-married.”

“Yes, she told me.” I smile.

“I must have done a pretty decent job, though,” Hannah goes on. “I mean, she didn’t end up stripping—”

“Mom!” Callie gasps.

“Or with *too* bad of daddy issues. How old did you say you were again?”

“Thirty-five.”

Hannah shrugs. “See? That’s just fine.”

Callie buries her face in the sleeves of her sweater while her mother blows on her cider to cool it down. This isn’t a situation I should be enjoying. I’m Cole “Frosty” Powers, for Christ’s sake. I inspire fear wherever I go; I don’t sit around the house enjoying cider with women, commenting on the angle of tinsel being hung above the fireplace.

But I’m more content than ever right here where I am, eyeing the stacks of presents beneath the tree just waiting to be opened by Callie and her mom. I know from watching her that she loves old fantasy books, so I got her a first edition of the *Chronicles of Narnia* in incredible condition—I’ll find an even better set for her for her birthday. There’s a diamond necklace, two pairs of earrings, several pairs of heels, three purses, an iPad, all kinds of clothes that I know she’ll love from watching her browse the stores while she’s been out with Emily, and gift cards to keep her busy for weeks.

There wasn’t as much time as I’d liked this year with things being so rushed, but she’s my queen now, and today I’m treating her like one. Today and every other day from now on. She helped me with a list of things for her mother as well, and I’m strangely anxious for the moment when the two of them begin opening. I can’t remember the last time I was this excited to have done something selfless for someone else.

She really is changing me. I’m a changed man already.

“This cider is amazing,” Hannah remarks, taking her first sip. “Tell me this isn’t your recipe, Cole.”

“My mother’s actually,” I reply. “The one and only good thing that woman left with me.”

“Oh, was she not good?”

“Abusive as they come.” I smile. “Meaner than the meanest man you could imagine.”

Callie slides closer to me on the couch and puts a warm hand on my leg. This is something I’ve never spoken about to anyone. My past has always been something I’ve hidden from everyone, included my most trusted men, but it feels so natural to share it here.

Christ, I’m really falling in love with her, aren’t I?

That’s what this deep, aching feeling in my chest is that is surrounded by so much warmth that I’m practically overheating in this sweater—every time I take a sip of Mom’s good ol’ Christmas apple cider.

The warmth of falling in love so desperately that I can’t envision my life without Callie by my side. Even the thought causes a hint of pain to form in my gut. Life without Callie would be like life without oxygen or a blue sky. Not for all the money in the world would I choose that life.

I look over at her and see the smile on her face and feel her happiness feed my own.

That is my only goal in life now: to make her happy.

“I’m sorry,” she says softly, her voice like warm honey in my ear. “What about your dad? How was he?”

“Not around either,” I chuckle. “So we’ve got that in common.”

The door buzzes. The men know tonight is important to me and that I left explicit instructions to not be disturbed, so

whatever it is, it must require my immediate attention. But not wanting to alarm either Callie or her mother, I rise slowly and go to the door.

“Problem?” Hannah asks.

“I’m sure it’s nothing.” I smile. “But I should check. Be right back. Please wait here, both of you.”

I step outside into the cool Christmas air and see two cars approaching the house—one belonging to my men and another not. My man pulls up in front of me and quickly gets out.

“I’m sorry, sir,” he says. “I told him you were busy and didn’t want to see him, but he said if I didn’t let him in he would come back with a full team and—”

“It’s all right,” I growl, cutting him off. “Go back to your post. I’ll handle him.”

“Yes, sir.” He nods and gets back in his car. My eyes narrow as the other car approaches and slows in front of me. I feel it rising inside me—that animal side I’ve been working so hard to suppress—but when I see Pierce get out with that smug look on his face and approach me, I wonder if this may be the moment I snap and do something I regret.

“Merry Christmas, Frosty,” he announces with a cheery tone as though he were actually here to celebrate the holiday with me. He glances at my sweater and raises an eyebrow. “You’re looking festive today.”

“Threatening to raid my home, Officer? That’s something new from you.”

“*Detective*, Cole,” he replies. He may be smiling, but there’s nothing nice about this man. “You know that.” He glances over my shoulder through the living room window, and my entire body goes tense. It’s one thing for him to square

off with me, but even seeing his eyes on Callie and her mother has my defensive instincts kicking into high gear.

“What can I help you with, Officer?”

“I just had a couple of questions for your girl if you don’t mind—”

He tries to step past me, but adrenaline surges through me like a bolt of lightning, and I step in front of him, my fist balled at my side ready to strike.

“I do mind in fact,” I hiss, my jaw clenched tight. The son of a bitch is pushing it now, and I’m doing my best to remain calm and be the new man I promised myself I would be for Callie, but if he keeps it up, he’s going to meet the man I had to be to get me to where I am today.

Pierce tongues the inside of his cheek and eyes me with something like amusement. This only further incites my anger. “I’ve never seen you like this before, ol’ buddy.”

“I’m not your buddy,” I snarl. “And I think it’s time for you to go.”

“Is that right?” Pierce asks. “Last time you said something like that to me, you threatened my wife. You remember that, Cole?”

The bastard’s grinning and has both hands in his pockets like a cheap salesman, and it’s then that I realize what he’s up to.

He’s wearing a wire.

Trying to get me to admit to threatening his wife so he can charge me. That’s some slippery shit, even from Pierce.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Pierce.” I shrug. “You’re the one here at my house on Christmas harassing me

when you have no cause to be here whatsoever. I'm simply trying to enjoy the holiday and you came here and used threats to gain entrance to my private property."

"Harassing you?" he repeats.

"And I believe after our encounter the other day at the department store, this displays a pattern of behavior from you, *Detective Pierce*," I go on. "One that is causing me to feel threatened."

Pierce's eyes narrow. If I wasn't putting on a performance for whatever recording device he has hidden under his shirt, I'd be laughing right now.

"And if this continues, I will be forced to file a complaint with the department."

"A complaint!?" he bursts out laughing. "*You?*"

"That's right." I nod. "Now if you will please leave my property, I would like to continue to enjoy the holiday with my loved ones."

Raising my arm, I motion to the gate.

Pierce is no dummy and glares back at me with the eyes of a man who knows he's been defeated.

"You really think I buy this *new-man* act of yours?"

"You think I care?" I reply. "Now please. Let me enjoy my Christmas in peace."

For a second, Pierce looks like he's going to take this further and maybe call for backup and trump up some charges to haul me into the station, but after a long ten-seconds or so, he just shakes his head at me and turns back to his car.

“Okay, buddy. Enjoy your holiday and that sweater, but remember, when the hammer falls—and it *will* fall—I’ll be right there holding on to the handle.”

“Sure.” I smile. “I’ll remember.”

I stand where I am and watch as Pierce gets back into his car and drives away. Only once his headlights are out of sight do I feel myself begin to relax. I unclench my fists and take a deep breath before turning and going back inside where Callie and her mother are sitting on the couch together.

“Who was that?” Callie asks as I come in.

And then I do something that absolutely pains me to do; I lie to my angel. “Oh, just one of my men.”

“Problem?”

“No, nothing serious.” I smile, picking up my cider and joining them. “You guys ready to open your presents?”

CHAPTER EIGHT

Callie

I SLIP into the hot water as the snow gently falls down on me and look around the luxury spa resort that is supposed to be completely filled with people at a time like this but is occupied today only by Cole and me. Yet again, with another dramatic gesture, my handsome prince rented out the entire place *just for us* so we could be alone together.

And here I am, in a bubbling outdoor hot tub on the day after Christmas, with a glass of champagne in my hand, with one of the most notorious crime bosses in the United States! Just a few days ago I was nothing but a babysitter for a family whose money I could never even imagine having. Now look at me.

Martha wouldn't believe it. I still haven't told her everything, and honestly, I don't even know how to. Cole Powers and *me*? Sure, maybe I'm a little less conservative than she is, but she's still never going to believe it. But honestly, it's hard for me to even see him as that man anymore.

I mean, I never got to know him as Cole, the crime boss; I got to know him as Cole, the amazing man who saved me, who looked out for me, who romanced my socks off (and everything else) and was nothing but a gentleman. The man who was so sweet my mom actually approved, and that is a *huge* deal considering my mom's terrible opinion of the male species.

I got to know him as the man doing his best to not drag me into the a dangerous life that could endanger me too—a man has been working on solving my problems without even having met me. So it's hard to now look across the warm, bubbling water at him and see him other than the man who has stolen my heart and replaced it with a warm, fuzzy, aching sensation that seems to rise every time my eyes land on him.

And I know what that feeling is.

It's love.

I'm in love with Cole Powers.

It just sort of snuck up on me too—ambushed me like a ninja. One second I was me, Callie, just going about my business, and the next second I was drowning in emotions, and all of it because of *him*.

“What?” Cole asks, eyeing me from across the water with that look in his eyes that makes my stomach swim with butterflies.

“Hmm?” I reply, playing dumb. “Oh, nothing. I was just thinking about...stuff.”

“What kind of stuff?”

“Just *stuff*,” I say, sipping my champagne.

“Okay, be that way,” he chuckles, floating over to me. His hand finds my thigh beneath the water and works its way up. “But just know that I *always* find out what I want to know.”

“Oh, is that right?” I giggle, kicking playfully away from him. He follows after me like a shark in the water.

“You think it was an accident that I got to where I am today?”

“Oh no,” I laugh. “But I’ve been trained in CIA interrogation techniques, mister. You won’t get *anything* out of me!”

Both of his hands find my thighs with an iron-like grip and pull me under the water. I have just enough time to yelp and take a deep breath before my mouth goes under the surface. I reach out and find his strong waist and pull myself up to find him chuckling.

“Jerk!” I scold him with a playful slap to the arm. “I could have drowned!”

“Never,” he assures me. “I would never let anything happen to you.”

And I know he means it. And just knowing that feels like a warm security blanket draped over my shoulders. I’ve never felt more at home in my life.

“Ever had a massage?” he asks.

“Like a *real* one?” He nods. “Well...no.”

Cole stands, his upper half coming out of the water, giving me a view of his incredible physique. “Come on then.”

“I—where are we going?”

I watch as he steps out of the hot tub, putting it on display for me. I guess I never noticed until this moment what nice glutes he has.

“To get you a massage.”

“I...Cole!”

But it's too late to protest; he's already on his way, walking up the steps and back into the wing of the building that he rented out for us. For some reason, I feel a slight nervousness bunch up in my chest.

Massage, really?

But won't that mean someone else putting their hands on me? I'm honestly shocked that he's going to be okay with that. But seeing as how he's gone back inside and left me here, I have no choice but to follow him inside. So I do.

He's already dried off by the time I get to the room. I find a towel waiting for me and dry off and use another to wrap up my hair.

“Maybe we could just relax and watch a movie?” I suggest, growing more nervous by the minute. “What do you think?”

Cole just shakes his head at me. “Oh, no. Come on, baby. You're going to *really* enjoy this.”

He takes my hand and leads me from the room and down the hall to another room with a sliding door with a single massage table. Inside, there's a short man with dark hair and a turquoise robe. Cole releases my hand and turns back to the door.

“Are you...it's not a couples massage?” I ask. Cole just smiles at me and leaves the room. I turn back to the man, who

I don't know and have not been introduced to, and force an uncomfortable smile.

“Uhm, hi?”

“Hello,” he replies. “If you could get undressed and get under the sheet for me. Thank you.”

And then *he* heads for the door.

“I—what is this!?” I exclaim. “What is going on?”

But without saying anything, he leaves too.

“Jesus...” I sigh, standing there alone in my two towels. Part of me just wants to say to heck with it and follow after Cole, tell him I'm not comfortable with some strange man I just met putting his hands on my naked body and ask him how *he's* comfortable with that, but another part of me wants to listen and obey. After all, he did set all of this up ahead of time for us. It wouldn't be nice of me to go and disrupt his plans.

So with all the courage I have, I take a deep breath, slip out of the towel covering my body, and get under the sheet on the massage table. It's quite comfortable, even though I'm not, and I lower my face into the donut thingy and lie there as I try to take deep breaths and control my heartrate as I wait for the man to return.

How could Cole do this to me? I wonder. Allow another man to put his hands on me, especially in such a vulnerable position. It just seems so unlike something he would do. I'm just starting to get myself under control when I hear the door behind me open and the tiny level of calm I've achieved is destroyed.

“Hello,” I say softly as I hear the footsteps behind me. They go to my left, and I hear a button being pressed, followed by the sound of tranquil music. The nervousness continues to

rise within me as the footsteps approach the table. With nothing but a thin layer of fabric between the man and my naked body, I'm feeling *so* exposed, and I have no idea where Cole is.

He just left me here with him! Some man I don't even know!

"I...you know, maybe I should go find my boyfriend—"

Suddenly, the sheet is thrown back and I'm lying on the table completely bare. The massage room is warm, but I feel the air on my most private of areas, and I panic.

"Okay, I have to go—"

Two strong hands press down on my shoulders, and I instantly recognize them. "Relax, angel. You're in good hands here."

I look up and back over my shoulder and see Cole standing over me, a mischievous smile on his face.

"You!" I gasp. "I—You made me think that—"

"Come on," he laughs. "You really think I'd let another man put his hands on my naked wife's body?"

I sigh hard and collapse down onto the table as all the stress leaves my body. Still chuckling to himself, Cole goes over to a side table and pumps massage lotion into his hands. When he returns and begins to go to work on my back, I let out a long moan of deep satisfaction.

"Oh my God, that feels amazing, baby."

"Well, I've just gotten started," he whispers, leaning down so I can feel his breath on the back of my neck.

His hands are absolute magic. He starts to work out knots I didn't even know were there as I close my eyes and let him go to work on me. If I wasn't already in love with him, I would be now. Between the music, his hands, and the oil, I feel as though I've been transported into some other realm of pure physical delight. He works my back, my arms, my legs, and even my butt.

"I didn't know you could give a butt massage," I remark. This draws an obviously pleased chuckle from him.

"On an ass like this, how could I not?" He leans down and gently closes his lips around my earlobe, causing my entire body to quiver. "Tell you what, angel. Why don't you turn over for me and I'll give you a happy ending too?"

Cole's words draw excitement through my veins. He's a strong man, and I'm reminded of this as I turn over and he helps me onto my back and slips a small pillow behind my head. I look up and see that he's standing naked before me, never having bothered to dress after we got out of the hot tub.

His long, rigid shaft stands straight out from his body like a flagpole, and as my eyes meet it, a thousand depraved fantasies fill my mind as I imagine ways to play him. There are still so many things I have to learn from him—so many things he has to teach me.

"Look at you," he says softly, a look in his eyes that makes my heart warm. "You know how bad I need you, baby?"

I can't even answer. All I can do is lie there as he puts his hands on me, starting at my shoulders, then working their way slowly down my chest. He cups my breasts but continues down my stomach, tracing the lines of my waist until he reaches my hips.

“These hips...” he muses, “draw out every breeding instinct I have in me. Make me want to put a baby in you, angel.”

Nannying for Emily—that was something I thought had worked the motherly instinct right out of me, but now I’m not sure. *Now* I’m feeling something inside of me that is telling me to give a child to Cole.

His hands continue down between my legs, and I spread for him, welcoming his touch, which ignites my body like a flame. I twist on the table and let my jaw drop, fluttering my eyelids at the same time. He instantly gets the message and steps closer, slides his thick cock between my lips.

“Fuck, little girl. I’m so fucking hard for you.”

He rocks his hips forward in a firm but sensual way, giving me just enough of his cock that I don’t choke. But I want more; I can’t help it. I wrap one hand around his waist and pull him closer, deeper, until the thick crown of his sex pushes down into my throat. I want to give him more than he’s ever gotten before, and although I know that may not be possible with all the experience he’s had, I want to do my best. I don’t want him to regret choosing me, the virgin, for his partner.

I breathe, force myself to relax, focus on any other sensation than choking, and take more of his shaft down my throat until he’s down farther than he’s ever been before. He groans, applies more pressure to my clit, causing me to squirm on the table beneath him as the pressure and pleasure build simultaneously. The sensitive bundle of nerves he’s teasing is causing my entire body to twitch, and my hips to buck up without me meaning to.

“So fucking deep, baby,” he growls, rocking his hips even farther forward, driving his cock deeper down. “You’re a

natural. Christ that feels incredible.”

I swell with pride as I feel his girth throb. Is he already going to come? I can hardly believe that, but I *am* doing quite the job of not choking on his incredible size.

My mouth molds to his thickness, and I focus, making sure I don't choke or cough now in case he's on the verge of climax. I'm consumed by his dominance and the way I'm basically pinned to the table by his cock down my throat. At the same time, my own climax is rapidly approaching as he works my button with his skillful fingers, his manly musk filling my nostrils.

Again, his cock throbs, and I prepare myself for the explosion, but just as I'm getting ready, Cole tilts his hips back and pulls out. My lips make a wet smacking sound as he retracts, and I look up as every inch emerges.

“Fuck, angel, your mouth has me *right* on the fucking edge,” he purrs, his voice throaty and low as he takes his free hand and threads his fingers through my hair. “But I can't come yet. No, I have to slam that little pussy, baby.”

But Cole isn't stopping with his fingers. My own climax is coming *now*, and there's nothing I can do to stop it.

I reach out and clutch the wrist of the hand that's touching my most delicate spot and lock my eyes on his.

“I'm going to come,” I say to him, my voice almost panicked. “I'm—I'm going to come!”

His lips crush down on mine as my climax rocks me, practically knocking me off the table. I throw my arms around him and clutch him to me as an anchor point so I don't fall, and he presses his body down on me as my body goes into a shaking, orgasmic fit.

I lose myself in an aching sense of belonging as his arms wrap around me and the blissful waves course through me like waves of the ocean carrying electric currents that start at my toes and end at the base of my skull. I moan into his mouth and twist beneath him until I feel the tip of his cock pressed against my stomach. And before I can even fully come down from the crest of the golden wave where my lover has lifted me, I feel the stretch as Cole enters me.

Combined with the last moments of my climax, it's almost too much for me to handle. I break our kiss and cry out.

“Oh my God, Cole!”

“Yes, baby,” he snarls, kissing up my neck to the base of my ear.

The pleasure whirls inside me like a twister as he gives me every one of his inches until he's buried up to the hilt. There's a hint of the old pain from when he first took me, but it's gone almost instantly, replaced by the most perfect pleasure. A pleasure I can hardly bear.

And then the words escape my lips.

“I love you, Cole,” I whisper as he begins to thrust. “I love you.”

I feel his lips twist into a smile against the tender skin of my neck before he rises up over me and shows me his face. When our eyes meet, I feel as though a piece of me breaks apart only to meet a part of him and be sewn together.

“I know, Callie. I love you too.”

And right then, I *know*, with every fiber of my being, that he means it. That nothing will ever happen to me as long as he's alive.

Our lips lock together as he begins rocking his hips faster and faster, driving his cock into me with more than lust—with *love*. I take it all like it is my duty to do, accepting his kiss until I feel another climax rapidly approaching.

His cock swells inside me, and I run my hands across his body, feeling the muscles go tight.

“Christ, Callie,” he grunts, breaking our kiss. “You feel so fucking incredible. I’m going to come inside you, baby.”

“Do it,” I tell him. “I want to feel it. I want to feel it all!”

His hips slam deep down into me as he comes, and I cry out as the first shot of his release sprays deep into me. And that’s all it takes to set me off too. I go over the edge and go off like a firecracker as he unloads rope after rope of his hot seed as deep as he can go. I feel him running down my thighs as we come together like two feral animals lost in a feral moment together, and it’s not until Cole has leaned down and pecked me delicately on the lips that I’m able to blink several times and begin to regain my senses.

“You keep that sort of thing up, and I’ll be your slave for life,” I giggle.

“I don’t need a slave,” he replies, kissing my cheek. “I just need *you*.”

I SHOWER and dry and go back to the room where Cole is waiting for me. He’s sitting in a chair wearing nothing but a pair of white boxer-briefs and sipping a whiskey. I go over to him, kiss him gently on the lips, take a robe from the closet, and slip into it.

“I could get used to living like your queen.” I smile, flashing him my thigh as I go over to the table to check my phone.

“That’s the idea,” he chuckles.

I see my mom has called three times and grab my phone and go to the door. “Looks like Mom wants something. I’ll just be a minute.”

“Don’t go too far, okay?”

“I won’t, baby.” I smile.

I step into the hallway and press my mom’s name. The phone rings as I walk down the hall, but for some reason, my mom doesn’t answer. She normally does answer on the first ring, but it’s not completely out of the normal for her to miss the first call, so I just round the corner and continue my walk through the complex as I call again.

It’s hard to believe I’ve stepped into such a life of luxury, but I guess this is my life now.

I wonder when he’ll propose to me.

It hasn’t been long enough for that yet, but I already know what my answer will be of course. After all, this man has captured my heart and changed my life.

Again, my mom doesn’t answer the phone.

“Geez, ma, what the hell—”

But I don’t even get to get the words out. As I round the corner toward the center of the complex, I hear the sound of a boot behind me. Before I can turn, a hand slips over my mouth and nose and another around my waist. I drop my phone and try to gasp, and as I do, I smell something slightly like bleach in my nostrils.

And the next thing I know, I'm falling...

CHAPTER NINE

Cole

“I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET her out of my sight!” I roar as I stride down the corridor, flanked by two of my men, my blood boiling, my muscles taut and stretched to their breaking point.

“He’s just a kid, sir,” my man whispers. “Demanding a ransom of—”

“I’ll talk to the son of a bitch!” I snarl. “Where is he!?”

He points to the front and holds the door ahead of me. I pass quickly through to find a smug looking college-aged prick standing there with his hands in his pockets.

“You’re not Travis,” I remark, using every ounce of self-control I have not to swing out and break this prick’s jaw.

“I’m not.” He shakes his head, almost proudly. “But I speak on his behalf.”

“Then speak, assclown. If you want to make it out of here with all your limbs intact.”

“Whoa, take it easy.” He smiles. “You want to see your girly girl again, don’t you?”

The most intense flare of anger I've ever experienced singes my chest as it rises inside me. I lunge forward and snatch the smug son of a bitch by the throat and pin him against the wall.

"Whoa, boss!"

"Spill it!" I bellow. "Spill it now or you're *dead!* Where is she!?"

"I don't have her!" he replies quickly as the cocky gleam vanishes from his eyes. Yeah, he's out of his depth here, but someone he knows has got my angel, so he's going to pay.

"Who has her!?"

"T-Travis! Travis has got her! He said for a hundred thousand, you could have her back! Go to the cops and she's... she's dead."

That flare of anger in my chest hardens, twists, and forms spikes that dig into my insides until I'm seething with rage. My fingers tighten on the kid's neck, and I watch as his face goes red. One of my men comes up behind me and puts a hand on my shoulder.

"He's just the messenger, boss," he says softly. "He didn't know what he was getting himself into."

This piece of shit took part in a plan that took my angel away from me and brought her back to the man who tried to force himself on her. Just thinking about what he might be trying to do with her now has me seeing red.

The boy chokes and swats at my hand, trying to get me off him.

"Boss..."

I let go. The poor bastard falls on his ass at my feet, clutching at his neck, coughing and sputtering, sucking air, looking like he just won life's lucky lottery.

“Where is she?” I growl. “Tell me now, or my hand's going right back where it was, and this time I'm not letting go.”

I STAND in the back yard of the house as the snow falls, watching from the shadows. It's hard to believe that this soon after Christmas, a gorgeous girl like Callie could be being held for ransom in a house like this—a house that belongs on a TV show meant to impress normal, everyday people with a home they will never be able to afford.

In fact, with the snow falling and the lights hanging, the scene I'm looking at now could be a gorgeous Christmas photo or postcard, just so long as the people buying it weren't aware of the kidnapped girl within.

As I look at it—at the enormous, wraparound porch, the two stories, the French windows, the guest house tucked quietly in the corner of the yard, the swimming pool and the boat house and the dock leading down to the water with just a thin layer of ice covering it, I wonder what Travis is even doing holding Callie for ransom like this. It's clear he doesn't need the money.

Is this all just a game for him? Bored rich boy who's been handed the world needs something to do to get him going? Or is he just getting back at Callie for leaving him, and getting some cash out of me is an added bonus?

Either way, he's going to regret it.

This is all my fault to begin with. I should never have let her out of my sight. I should have made sure security was tighter at the spa. I should have gone with her when she went to call her mom. All of this is my fault.

But it will *never* happen again.

Like a wolf in the night, I stalk through the falling snow toward the house, keeping to the shadows. I told Travis' messenger boy that two of my men would be returning with him to bring the money to his *boss*, and that's what's happening right now; they're going on a wild goose chase to pretend to get some money so that Travis will think everything is going according to his plan while I sneak in quietly from the back and catch him off guard.

My hand wrapped around the hilt of my pistol, I creep slowly up the back stairs. The fallen snow quiets my footsteps. Keeping low, I go to the window and peer in.

"There you are," I whisper, seeing Travis, reclining like the kingpin he fancies himself tonight, in a chair by the fire. And in the corner, with her hands tied behind her back, is my angel.

I almost aim through the window and blow Travis' head off right there, but the son of a bitch wouldn't even know what hit him, so I hold back. Instead, I move to the back door and very gently test the handle.

It seems Travis isn't quite as dumb as he seems and actually remembered to lock it. It seems as though my entrance is going to have to be a bit grander than I had planned.

But that's fine with me.

I back up a step, take aim at the door handle, and fire.

My gun takes the entire assembly off in one shot, and my kick nearly takes the door off its hinges as I send it swinging inwards. I leap forward into the living room and raise my gun at Travis who falls right over backwards in shock as I come in.

“Don’t move, motherfucker!” I shout. My eyes flick to Callie. “You okay, baby?”

She nods, and I notice her mouth is gagged. Her hair also looks messed up like Travis had his hands in it when he was getting her over here. I turn my eyes back to him and see him with a hand out defensively.

“P-please,” he stammers, his eyes filled with fear. “D-d-d-don’t.”

“D-d-d-don’t!?” I roar, stepping forward. “You *kidnap her*, and all you can say is *don’t?!?*”

My finger twitches on the trigger.

I feel him—the animal inside me, just itching to get out. The animal that made me who I am. The animal that built the empire of Cole “Frosty” Powers. I know what that side of me would do, what the *old* me would do, and all it would take is a slight contraction of muscle. A slight curl of my finger. And then this bastard would be gone from the world.

It would solve everything.

Callie would have her revenge *and* she would be able to go back to school without worry. I wouldn’t have to worry about digging up dirt on him anymore; he’d just be gone.

But at the same time, shooting Travis right now would be a *huge* step back down the road I’ve been doing my best to leave behind me—the road that leads back to being a crime boss instead of a legitimate businessman like I’ve been trying to become. The *new* man I’ve been doing my best to be for her.

“Please...” Travis whimpers like the pathetic little wretch he is. “Don’t.”

I don’t want to do it, but I don’t want to do it *for me*. Something still has to happen to him. He can’t just get away with this.

And then, a flash of inspiration comes over me. I reach into my pocket, pull out my cell phone, and instead of calling for one of my men, I do something I never thought I would do in a million years.

I call the police.

“Yes, I’d like to speak with Detective Pierce please? Tell him it’s Cole Powers and I would like to report a kidnapping.”

EPILOGUE

Cole

Four years later...

IT'S the proudest I've ever been, standing in the crowd, watching my angel graduate from college. I'm watching her again, only this time I don't have to watch her in secret; this time I'm out in the open, sitting with everyone else, but I can't help but think I'm a *little* prouder than everyone else knowing just everything we had to go through to get here.

"Oh, doesn't she look so wonderful?" Hannah asks from beside me, dabbing her eyes with a bit of paper towel.

"You already know what my answer to that is." I smile.

"Callie Powers!" the speaker announces. Martha, Hannah, and I get to our feet and cheer as loudly as we can as Callie marches across the stage and receives her diploma. She waves to us and we all wave back.

Yep, Callie has my name now. I proposed on New Year's and we were married that spring as soon as the trees and flowers were in full blossom. Detective Pierce came that night and arrested Travis on kidnapping charges, and after

everything Callie told him about what happened, not even his parents and their money could save him.

He was thrown out of school and went to jail for six years. The fact that I called him and didn't take manners into my own hands even managed to convince him of my newfound reformation, and he started to ease up off my back a little, and three months later, he basically backed off for good. Since then, he's been out of my life completely. Callie knows it still bugs me, but she likes to refer to her kidnapping as "our blessing in disguise."

Yeah, right.

With Travis in jail, she immediately reenrolled in school. We made sure she didn't get pregnant for those years, but now that's she's graduated with her degree in elementary education, we can change those plans.

"Congratulations to the class of 2026!" the speaker announces. A cheer comes from the crowd, and graduation caps soar into the air. Hannah and I both clap as I search through the figures for my angel. Finally I spot her coming toward us, clutching her diploma and her cap, a smile shining across her gorgeous face.

This is it. This is what it's all about. Making her happy.

Every single day with her feels special because she makes it so. Every day is a treat. All I have to do is see her face, those gorgeous eyes, that smile coming toward me, and I'm a happy man.

"Baby!" she cries out happily as she stretches out her arms and leaps at me. I catch her around her waist and lift her up, pulling her into a hug that Hannah of course has to get in on

too. That's fine with me; Callie and I will get plenty of alone time later.

“Congratulations, sweetie!” her mother cries. “I am just *so*, so proud of you!”

I pull my wife's hair to the side and kiss her gently on the neck before setting her back down. She looks up at me with such excitement that I sometimes can't even believe she's real or that I'm this damn lucky. To go from watching her from afar, imagining what it would be like to even be close to her to being the man who gets to catch her in his arms when she graduates from college...it just doesn't seem real.

I take her and her mom out for dinner at Delilah's, which I've rented out again for this special occasion. Hannah gets the lobster ravioli, Callie gets the linguine and freshly made meatballs, and I get the filet mignon once again. Together, we all get the cheesecake with different fruits on top.

And then it's back home. Hannah's mother of course lives with us now, but in her own wing of the house so we can all have our own privacy. Callie has been pushing her to get back out there and start dating again, but we'll have to see if that ever ends up happening.

“Good night, Hannah,” I say once we're all back again. “See you in the morning for breakfast?”

“As long as it's blueberry pancakes.”

“Anything you want, my boys will make,” I smile. “You know that.”

Hannah sighs dramatically and puts a hand to her chest. “Ah, sometimes I feel like a queen here, Cole.”

“That's my goal,” I reply with a wink and a wave. I wait until Hannah has gone down the hall to her room before

spinning and scooping her daughter into my arms. Callie squeals as I hoist her over my shoulder, tug her pants down over her hips so she's bare-bottomed as I climb the stairs to our floor, and give her a nice spank on the ass as I carry her to our bedroom.

"You naughty man," she whispers into my ear, helping me open the door when we reach it.

"You're the one not wearing panties," I counter, stepping inside. The room is dark, lit only by the bedside light I left on when we left this morning. Spanking her again, I carry her to the bed and toss her down beneath me, then strip out of my shirt.

Christ, I will *never* get tired of her sexiness. Watching her twist beneath me as she kicks off her shoes is enough to get my cock filling with blood. I want to get her pregnant *so* badly now. These last three years have been torturous enough, but I know finishing school was important to her, so I waited.

But now the cap and gown are off, and I won't be able to stop myself from breeding her.

I grab the hem of her pants and tug until they're all the way off, then nudge her legs apart so I have a good view of her flower. She wants it; I can see the moisture calling to me. With a single tug, I undo my belt and the top button of my pants. Then with another pull, I unzip my zipper.

Callie lifts her shirt to show me her breasts, leaving her legs spread apart like a woman welcoming her breeding. I drop my briefs and lean down over her, letting my cock fall atop her pussy mound. My lips brush against hers, and I delicately kiss her.

"I'm so proud of you, angel."

“And I’m proud of you.” Her reply surprises me, and she must see it in my eyes because she continues without being asked. “For what you did with Travis. When he took me.”

I feel an anger rise within me at the reminder of the terrible past, but Callie sees this and reaches up and gently caresses my cheek to calm me.

“No, baby. Don’t worry. You did the right thing. You could have hurt him, killed him even, and yet you didn’t. You put that behind you—that man—and you did what any other man would do. What a *legitimate* man would do. You called the police.”

Now I understand. I smile and let out a soft, singular laugh.

“Yeah...”

“And *that’s* why I’m proud of you, baby. You said you wanted to move on and grow, and you did. You really did.”

Without hesitation, I kiss my wife, rock my hips forward, and enter her.

We both groan at the sensation. I wrap my arms around her and lock her in an embrace. I’m so thankful for every day I have with her, and there’s just one more step I have to take to cement everything we have together.

“Seeing you with Emily...I always knew you’d be an incredible mother, baby,” I say. “And now that you’ve graduated...it’s time.”

“I know it is.” Callie smiles, wrapping her legs around my waist. “I stopped taking the pill last week.”

Her eyes shine at me.

“You—you did?” She nods, stroking my cheek with a hand. A warmth fills my chest as I bury my inches in her. “How did you know?”

“We’re meant for each other, baby.” She smiles. “How could I *not* know?”

“God I love you,” I growl, feeling my love and my lust reach new heights.

“I love you too, baby.”

The End

NOW AVAILABLE, MY FIRST NOVEL: *Loving the Chase*

CLICK HERE

I had a plan on how I’d handle living with my new gorgeous, world-famous, billionaire, step-brother:

I’d look, but not touch.

Get his attention just enough to stroke my ego and then back off. No harm in that, right? Unfortunately for me, Chase Kavanaugh had plans of his own...

And his plans included touching – a *lot* of touching in ways no man had ever touched me before.

And did he care what I had to say about it? No.

Does he care what I want now? Apparently not.

So then why is it I can’t stop thinking about him?

Why does my heart race every time he’s around and feel so empty when he’s gone?

After surviving my first encounter with Chase's cruelty, all I should want is to be left alone, so what is it this scorching heat inside of me that keeps pulling me back to him?

But if Chase thinks I'll be his little toy, he's sadly mistaken.

Either he'll destroy me, or I'll destroy him.

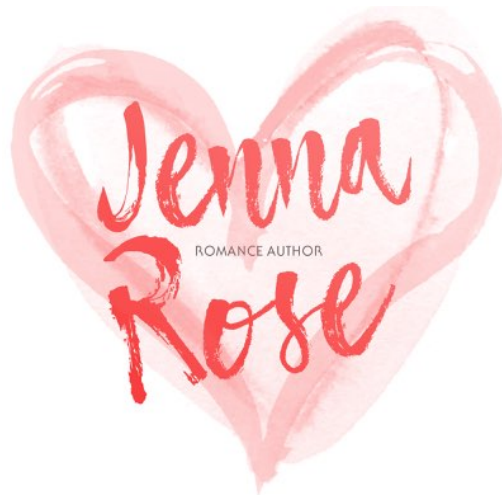
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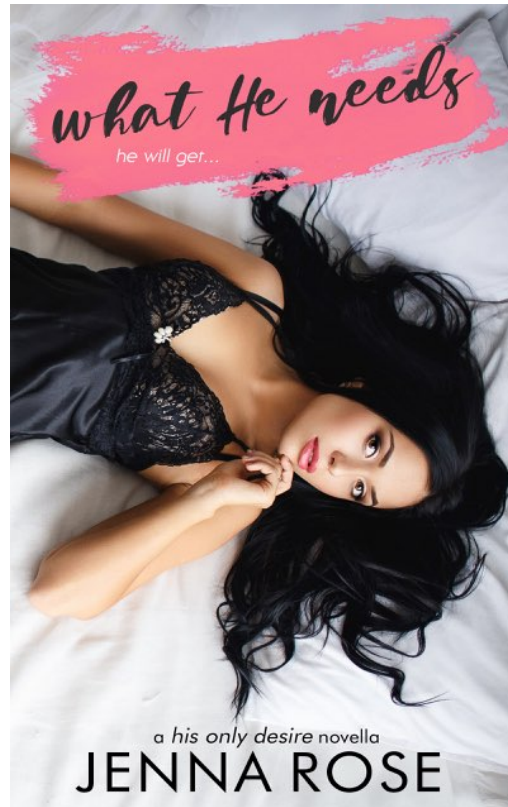
What readers are saying about His Only Desire:

I love me a short hot read; there is something about these stories that just recharged my spirit. This story was just that, insta lust/love, hot and fun!

I always look forward to reading this author books and can wait to get my hands on all her new releases. This is book #1 in the series His Only Desire #1 and I cant wait to read the second in the series. This book is a real romance story and a real Insta love book that I totally loved.

Short read, just what I need, check. HEA and heat index H.O.T., check. This was one story I loved reading and couldn't put down!

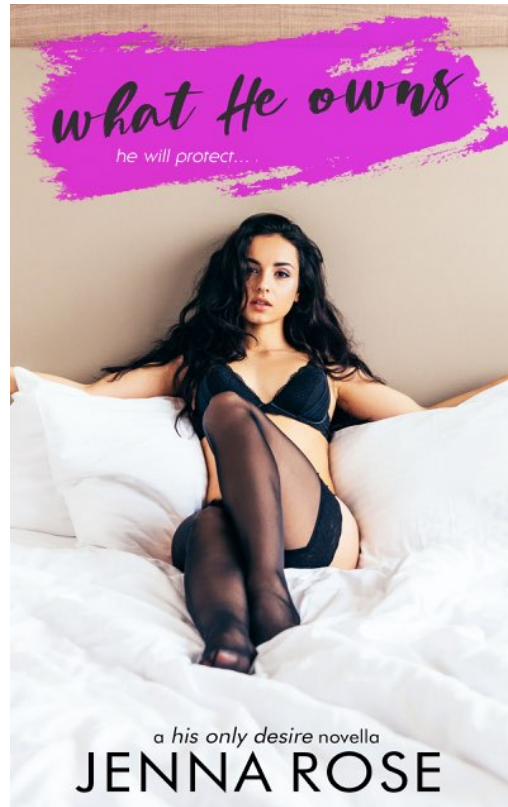
WHAT HE NEEDS



Percy Rankin is professional fighter, but he’s also a professional ladies man who needs to clean up his image. So when his manager suggests paying a nice girl to be his fake-girlfriend and stand by his side when the cameras are snapping, Percy figures why not? What’s the worst that could happen?

But then he sees Whitney, a proper, gorgeous, innocent music student studying violin, and everything changes. There’s nothing fake about his desire—a desire he’s never felt for anyone. But Whitney isn’t falling for it. She knows guys like Percy and won’t be convinced that this “relationship” is anything more than just business. But Percy has fought for everything he has in life, and he’s not going to stop until she’s his...

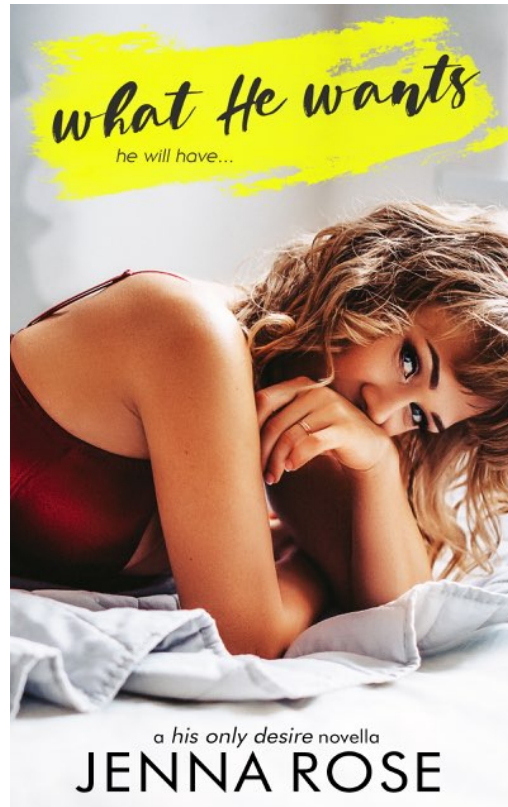
What He Owns



Gwen Thompson is hot on a story involving town development and corruption. The trail leads her to the home of Harrison Night, billionaire-playboy-business-man. All she wants is an interview, but when the rakish bachelor looks at her, Gwen knows he wants to do a lot more than answer her questions.

But Gwen won't sacrifice her integrity; she backs off. But Harrison wants her, and didn't get to where he is today by giving up on what he wants. He agrees to the interview, but on one condition: he and Gwen have dinner together first. Gwen agrees, but she is a professional. She's here for the story and just the story. At least, that's what she keeps telling herself...

What He Wants



While working undercover to bring down a dangerous crime boss, Fletcher becomes entranced by the girl living across the street. He keeps his eyes on her. Watching. Waiting. She's an angel in the wrong part of town, and he's going to make sure she's safe—no matter what.

AURORA IS STRUGGLING, working, saving her money for school, but one night she sees something she shouldn't have and suddenly, she's whisked away by a mysterious man who claims to be her protector. But he wants something from Aurora—something she's never given—and she's not sure if she can.

DON'T WAIT! Grab your copy and fall in love with these alphas today!