



Excerpt

Finn Jenkins stepped out of the sleek supersonic Gulf Stream jet and concentrated on masking the pain of his abdominal wound with each step down to the tarmac. Traveling 7000 miles to Nepal might be a bit extreme but nothing new as SEALs were trained to do extreme and the chance to have Sophie alone over the next eight hours back to Seattle was worth the trip.

Finn scoured the area, hyper-vigilant for anyone or anything out of place for this trade off of Sophie in the private section of Kathmandu's Tribhuvan International Airport. The visceral memory of Sophie's capture just months ago by 14K was worse than any stab wound. All because he had left her to check on the hired security in Hong Kong.

Never going to happen again, not on his watch. Not that Sophie would like hearing that her arrivals and departures were planned as if she were a package, highly valued, compliments of her father's billions, but also a very loved package.

Finn heard the alert of a new text and saw that Reeves, the family's security IT genius, had sent a message. What did Reeve's mean that Sophie had a surprise that Finn wasn't going to like? Was her surprise that she was with Alex Hardy, the damn famous rock star? He had heard that Hardy had followed her to Nepal. Finn's plan of giving Sophia space might have blown like a M67, shattering his dreams into unrecognizable fragments.

Finn ground his teeth, a habit he thought he had left behind. He was going to kick Reeve's ass for taunting Finn. Panic, an unknown and unacknowledged feeling for a highly trained operator, twisted in his gut.

A black SUV pulled up at the gate. Finn checked his watch—right on time. Nick, his older brother, climbed out of the SUV, scanning the entire area, reinforcing to Finn that everyone was vigilant about Sophie's safety.

Nick had taken over coordinating Sophie's months in Nepal while Finn was on his last mission. A joint military training to assist the Batallones de Comandos, Mexico's counterpart to SEALs, who were trying to stop the deadly cartel in the Baja California Sur. Training mission, my ass. More like a set-up. Finn had finished off the cartel shooter who had killed the Mexican Comando, but not before the guy had sliced and diced Finn's abdomen.

A familiar warmth spread through him watching Sophie climb out of the SUV, baring her shapely legs. She smiled and waved when she saw Finn. He nodded, trying to act like he had his shit together.

"Finn, I've a surprise for you." She chirped from ten feet away, her light voice taking on the familiar teasing lilt, triggering his need for this woman, and only this woman. He had blown a possible future with her by caring too much to burden her with his feelings when she was shaken and vulnerable from the abduction.

He walked toward Sophie, wanting to sweep her into his arms and swing in a circle but knowing that his carved up abdomen wouldn't allow it. Dread blocked out the pleasure of seeing Sophie, with her blond curls swinging around her shoulders, her violet-baby blues, and her childhood habit of worrying her lower lip between her teeth when she was nervous or excited.

He kept his steps even and unrushed as he tried to hide his feelings. He was an expert of hiding his love for Sophie.

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