



Finn Jenkins punched numbers into his cell phone as he walked away. Unlike the men Sophie hung with, Finn paid little attention to his appearance as evident by his disheveled hair, frayed jeans, faded black t-shirt, and scuffed boots. No designer jeans calculated to look worn and torn or expensive wind-blown tussled haircuts held in place by product. Why should Finn go to fashionable lengths when he had the confident, male swagger nailed down? He was a walking version of sex on a stick, and didn't everyone woman know it? And Sophie had years of watching women pant and beg for that overloaded testosterone.

Familiar with the way he held himself, knowing every gesture of the wild boy she grew up with from the tilt of his head when he was concentrating, to the way his pale eyes lit up when he grinned after one of his practical jokes, or the way he ground his teeth when frustrated—she detected a change.

Something was off in his usual sexy saunter. He was leaning heavily to his left side. His alpha-assertive stride was gone. Had he been injured on his last mission? Knowing the pig-headed man, he'd never admit to being injured or anything that might resemble a weakness, never even admit to being human.

“You look upset, Sophie, what did he say to you?” Alex Hardy, a rock star who wasn’t used to being ignored, startled her out of her absorption with Finn. “I don’t take that kind of shit from my security. Remember, he works for your father. You don’t have to do what he says.”

By the way Finn clenched his phone and his jaw thrust forward, he was giving the IT guy a hard time. This was her fault. She wanted to make Finn laugh, find a way back to their close teasing relationship before her kidnapping, before Finn became tense, on the edge around her. “He didn’t say anything to upset me. He’s just doing his job. And he’s an old friend, so it’s different than your guys.”

“Friend? Are you kidding? The guy’s got the hots for you.”

Sophie jerked back. No way! Finn never showed interest in her. Sophie grew up watching the parade of women pursue Finn and had seen how he *let* the really blatant ones catch him.

Finn was the reason she went through her bad-boy phase. She always wanted to know what she was missing by the sensual promises in Finn’s seductive smile, the way his body angled toward the woman in his possessive, domineering way. She wanted to be the focus of all that hot male attention.

“No. Never.” Sophie shook her head. “If anything, Finn’s always been in love with my sister.” Finn had to be hurting with the loss of Jordan to another man, not just any other man, but a friend Finn had served with.

“Sophie, trust me. The territorial vibes were strong and clear. Finn doesn’t want me dating you.”

“No, he’s protective. Always been that way.” It had been tense between them after the abduction, but she thought it was her and her hyper-awareness of every little thing around her. Knowing how protective and how committed Finn was, he was trying to come to grips that he

somehow failed her. And since Finn blamed himself for her abduction, he's gone off the charts to Attila the Hun protector mode. Like the abduction was his fault. Like it was anyone's fault but evil men.

Sophie looked back at Finn who was watching her and Hardy. She smiled, not sure what had just happened. Always ready for a quick comeback, all she could do was stare when Finn had told her in that low warm rumble that she didn't know everything about him. His look, his eyes had been filled with promise, sensual promise of long nights...

She was making the whole episode weird. This was Finn, her childhood best friend.

*[Mission: Impossible to Surrender coming 2.21.19](#)*