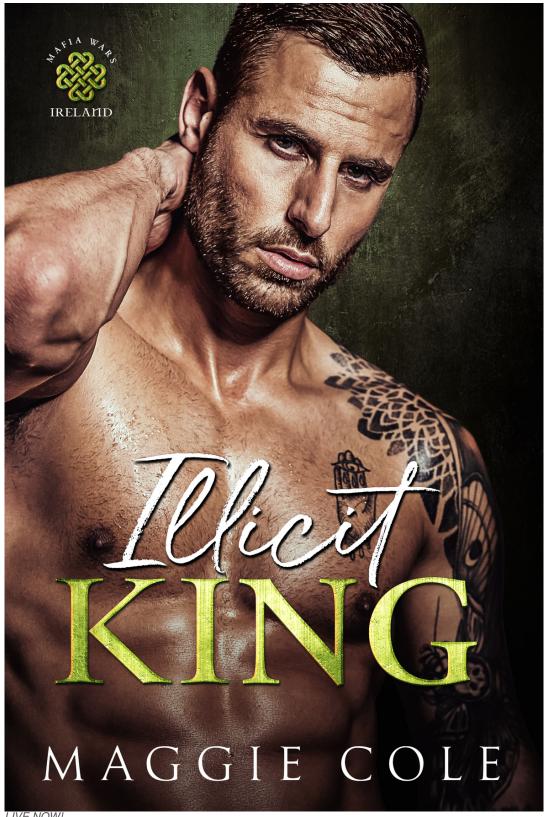




Hello Lovelies,

My friend Maggie Cole, you may have heard of her ;), just released Illicit King, the first book in her brand spankin new series Mafia Wars, and I have a spicy excerpt for you!

If you like strong heroines and sexy dangerous heroes with an Irish accent, enemy families, age gap romance, then keep scrolling!



"Ya look good, lass," he states.

My heart skips a beat. Not a day has passed that I don't think of him. He springs up at the weirdest of times. I could be in the middle of a fight with blood spraying everywhere, and all I'll think is, Brody would've already beaten him.

Sometimes I'm sleeping and the scent of his skin flares in my dreams. The sensation of his hands on my body feels so real, and his voice makes me believe he's next to me.

My insides quiver, but I get off the bed. I lift my chin and square my shoulders, then slink toward him, not bothering to give the gun any more attention, wondering if this is the day I finally meet my death.

I taunt, "What are ya waiting for, then, Brody O'Connor? Pull the trigger and do what you've always wanted to do."

He grinds his molars, staring down at me, intensifying his expression to the point my knees almost buckle.

I step closer to him and reach up between his pecs, sliding my fingers over his soaked T-shirt, pressing my thighs together, wishing I didn't want him so badly.

I told myself I wouldn't let myself ache for him, yet here I stand, only seconds in front of him and wanting him more than ever before.

I glide my fingers above his waistband, sliding them a little between his shorts and bare skin. I keep my eyes locked on his.

I should whip out my knife and take him out now.

Instead of doing what I should, I state, "You're messing with my family. I don't take kindly to that."

He grunts and then steps forward.

I retreat until the backs of my knees hit the bed and I fall on my ass. I inhale sharply as Brody cages his body over mine. He presses the gun on the mattress near my head but doesn't point it at me. Still, if it went off, it'd probably make me deaf from the sound. At any moment, he could turn it, and I'd be a goner.

He declares, "Your loyalty is all wrong, a stór."

A stór.

I heard him say that in my mind so many times, yet listening to it in person is like stabbing me in the heart. I snarl, "I told ya not to call me that ever again."

He grins. "What are ya going to do about it?"

I grab my pocket knife out of my pants. He doesn't see it, and I hold it an inch from his hip, ignoring his question and seething, "And who should my loyalty go to? You? A man who can't even tell me his real name? A man who lies to me and makes promises he'll never keep?"

His jaw twitches. "Our situation isn't normal, Alaina, and ya know it."

I softly laugh. "And what exactly is our situation?"

He stays quiet, assessing me, making the heat in my loins grow hotter. And his erection presses into my stomach. He finally says, "Ya want to run from me, but ya can't."

I want to deny it and for it to be true, but it's not. The words won't come out, so I only say, "Keep telling yourself that."

He stares at my lips and mutters, "Ya don't know the ins and outs of everything, do ya?"

"Meaning?" I question.

"How hard it's been not seeing ya. How much I've thought about ya. Don't tell me ya haven't thought about me, Alaina."

I hold my tongue, once again wanting to tell him that he's full of shit, but he's not. He knows he's not. And my lie would only fall flat.

He runs the tip of the gun over my cheek, and I hold my breath. He drags it down my neck, slowly over my breast, circling it over my nipple, and says, "Your father will never hand the clan over to ya. He's going to screw ya over."

I open the knife, my insides shaking with anger. My father made a deal with me. I don't know why Brody's trying to mess with me by saying Da's going to give the clan over to my brother. He promised me he wouldn't. He swore to me that Caleb and Tommy were out of the equation. And my other brothers just keep screwing up, so I know this isn't true. There's no other person to name as a successor except for me. So I blurt out, "Ya don't know anything about my family."

He scoffs. "I know more than ya think."

"Ya don't," I insist.

"What do ya think I've been doing all these months, Alaina?"

My mouth turns dry. All I've wondered is what he's been doing, yet his question sounds like a threat. I move the knife so it's hanging close to his ass cheek, and I take the bait, asking, "What does that mean," even though I'm unsure if I want to know the answer.

His lips press against mine. It's quick and gentle, and I want more, but I stay frozen, keeping my lips shut, unwilling to give in to him.

He replies, "I know everything ya do, Alaina. Did ya think that I was just going to let ya go?"

They're words I don't want to hear yet also do. There's no point meaning anything to Brody, but I crave it unlike anything else I've ever desired.

I know we can't be together. We're enemies. It's forbidden. It can never ever work.

He asserts, "I know ya don't believe I only fought to help ya, but I did."

I snarl, "I didn't need your help."

"Yes, lass. Ya did."

I stay quiet, not wanting to admit it, but once again, he's right.

He confesses, "There's no way I was letting anyone else marry ya."

Anyone else?

He misspoke.

"Did ya make a deal with your da?" he questions.

"Of course I did."

"But your father can't hold that up, can he?" Brody states.

"Don't disrespect my da," I warn.

"He's lining men up for ya," Brody declares, his face hardening.

My entire body trembles. "No, he's not."

"He is," Brody insists.

"You're lying!"

His voice turns sterner., "I wouldn't do that to ya."

I scoff. "Sure ya wouldn't. Just like ya claim ya fought to help me. But ya didn't. Ya only fought to show the O'Learys that ya could beat us."

He scowls. "Is that what ya think? Ya honestly believe my ego's so big that I would announce to every O'Leary possible that I'm in Dublin and to come take a shot at me?"

I stay quiet.

He states, "I'm not like the men in your family, a stor. I don't run on arrogance."

I open my mouth, but nothing comes out.

He moves the gun to my other nipple, arching his chest a tad off me. My other nipple grows hard. Tingles shoot to my core, and he claims, "I gave up my cover. I did it for ya. Why can't ya see that?"

"What do ya want from me, Brody?" I ask, unable to take how my body feels when he's on top of me. Or his breath merging with mine. Or his hands inches from my skin when all I want is for them to be on me.

He adds, "I'm sorry I made things worse for ya, and ya lost all your money."

I jerk my head into the mattress. "What money? The racetrack? Ya haven't taken it yet, Brody O'Connor, and I'm going to stop ya."

He grunts. "No, the money from the fight."

"I didn't lose money on the fight."

"Sure ya did. I won. I told ya to bet that I would lose."

I huff. "Do ya think I'd bet the way ya told me to?"

His eyebrows furrow. "Of course ya did. Ya looked at your guy."

I shake my head. "I looked at him to place a bet. But not the one ya told me to make. I bet on ya, Brody. I put all my money into the belief that ya would win."

He stays frozen, with confusion on his face.

I admit, "I told my da I knew about Git's heart condition, but I didn't. I bet on ya, Brody." Emotion lodges in my throat, and I try to choke it back down.

Disappointment flares in his expression. He accuses, "Because ya didn't trust me, did ya, Alaina?"

"It's a good thing I didn't since ya won."

"How was I supposed to know your man would have a heart attack on top of me?"

I shake my head and look away. "Why are we even talking about this? As if I'm ever supposed to trust ya?"

He takes the barrel of the gun and moves my chin back so I can't ignore him.

"Ya can trust me, Alaina."

I laugh. "With a gun in my face?"

He glances down at my breasts, then meets my eye. "Ya seem to like it."

My insides pulse, and I curse him.

"I think there's a lot of things I do that ya like," he suggests.

"If ya take my track, I'll kill ya, Brody. I mean it. I cannot lose the racetrack. If I do, my father won't name me successor, and I'm so close. I've never been this close," I declare.

"Jesus Christ, Alaina! Do ya not understand? Your father is never naming you his successor," Brody states.

"He is," I insist.

"He's not. I have proof."

My insides shake.

Proof?

What if he's telling the truth?

He's not.

He's lying again.

I take the blade and hold it against his cheek. He freezes, his eyes widening in surprise. I threaten, "Stop lying to me, Brody."

"I'm not," he says firmly, then takes the gun and sets it an arm's length away on

the mattress. "Is that what ya want, Alaina? To kill me?"

My lungs thicken with air, suffocating me.

I can kill him right now. I can slit his throat, and he'll be done.

It's what I need to do.

The time to eliminate Brody O'Connor for everything he's done to my family and me is now.

He slowly moves his head toward me so his lips brush against mine. He murmurs, "Go ahead, then, lass. Do what ya came to do."

My hand shakes around the handle of the knife. It's never happened before. I've killed more men than I can count and not thought twice about it. Yet I can't seem to slice his throat. In a weak move, I press the blade's tip against the top of his cheek. He stays still, and a small pop of blood appears on his skin.

"That's more like it. Go on, then," he taunts.

I don't move.

He presses his lips to mine, and his tongue parts my lips, urgently flicking into my mouth.

I should stop it, but it's impossible. He's all I've obsessed over for the last eighteen months.

I swipe my tongue against his in a fury. My blade drops to the mattress, and all of a sudden, the weight of his body is pressing into mine.

I whimper. It's heaven and hell all in one pill.

We shouldn't be here. Not like this. Not perfectly in sync. Not discarding each other's clothes at record speed, then wrapped around each other with ease. His hands pin my wrists above my head. He drags his teeth down the side of my neck, and I arch my hips against him. He presses the tip of his cock at my entrance and halts, locks his hot swirling hazel eyes with mine, and murmurs, "Tell me ya missed me, a stór."

My pride is gone. The fight in me no longer exists. My rationale flows out of the room.

I need Brody O'Connor. It's a sin. He's my weakness. And I admit, "I missed ya."

What can you expect from Illicit King:

First Book of the Series

Dark Mafia Romance

Two Enemy Families

Enemies-to-Lovers

Age-Gap

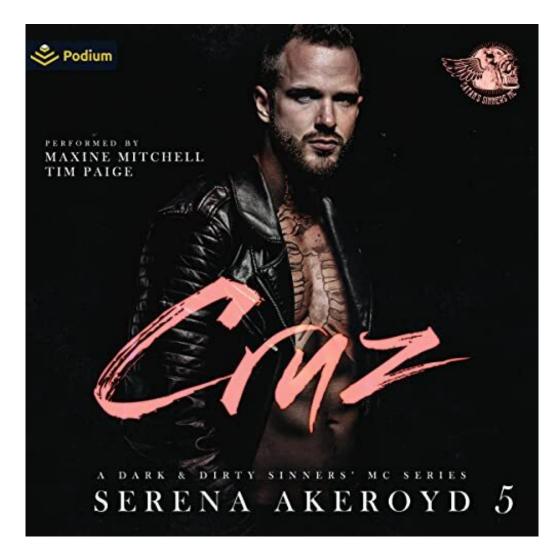
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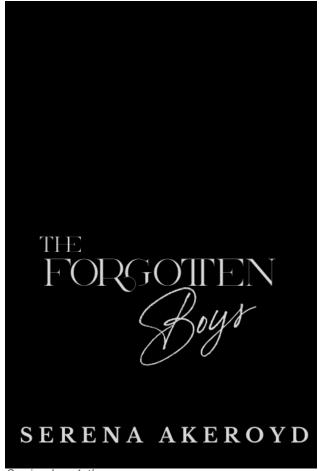




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