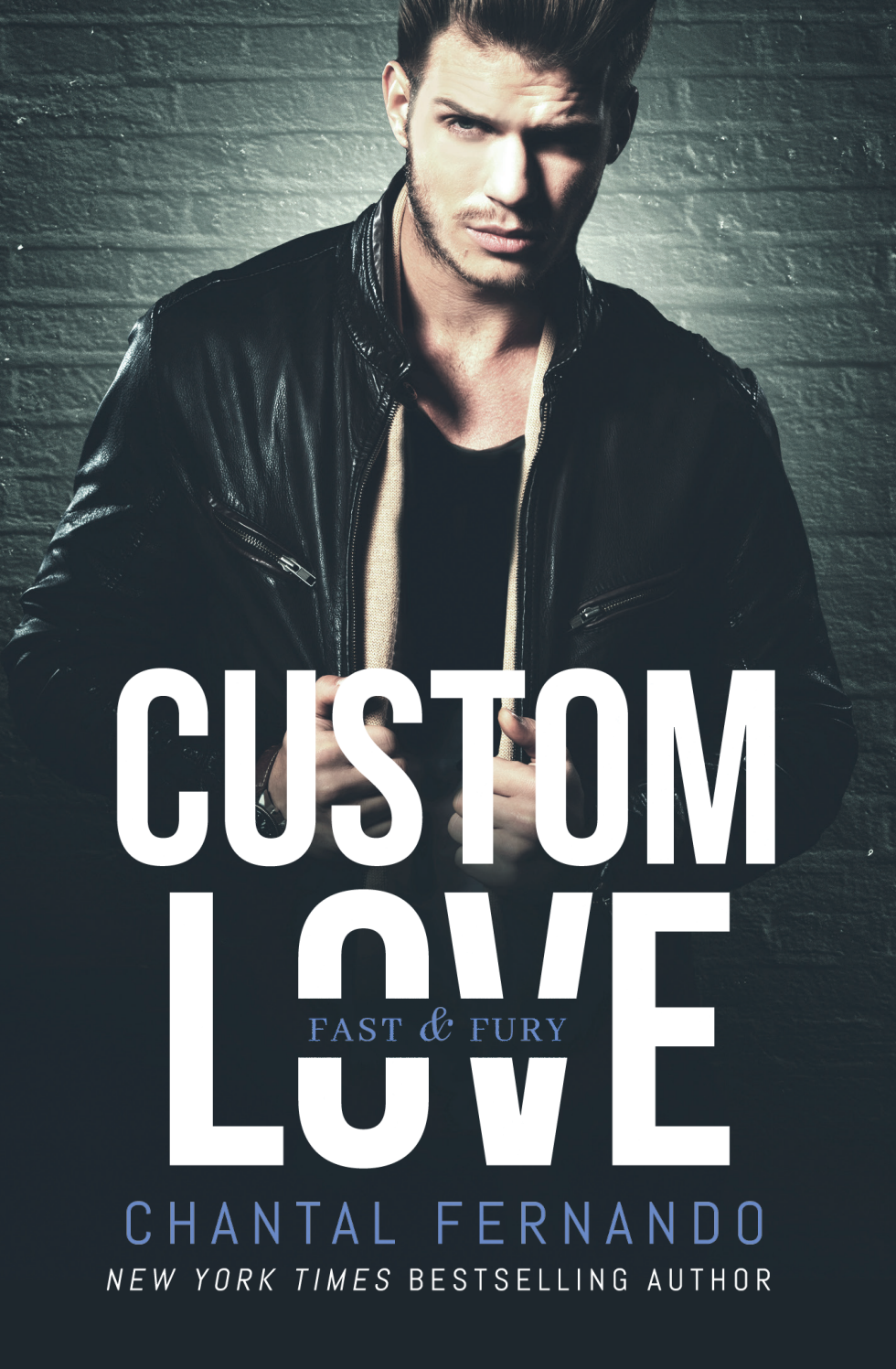

CUSTOM
LOVE
FAST & FURY
CHANTAL FERNANDO
NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

CUSTOM LOVE

CHANTAL FERNANDO

brio BOOKS

Prologue

Trade

This moment has been a long time coming.

I'm not sure why it has taken me three years to propose to Ariel. I knew she was mine the second I saw her, but after a drunken night out when she said she wants to have a baby with me, our first together, I realized that I need to get my shit together. We already have four kids, three mine and one hers, but to us they are all of ours. I take my role as a father very seriously, and I love Mila just like she is my own blood. Her biological father, Merve, is an absolute deadbeat and Mila doesn't even know him. She knows me, and me only, as her dad.

And as for Ariel?

Call me Prince Eric, because that woman was born to be mine.

When I told her we were going out for our anniversary and I had asked my brother, Temper, to babysit, Ariel decided she wanted to look her best and booked an appointment at a beauty salon. My woman deserves to be pampered, and it's so rare that the two of us get to

be kid-free. Little does she know, though, that tonight is going to be much more than an anniversary dinner.

I just hope she says yes. I mean, wanting to add to our brood is pretty much saying she wants me forever, right? And we *have* discussed marriage before, so I don't know why I feel so nervous right now.

I shift on my feet uneasily and check the time once more. She was supposed to be back about forty-five minutes ago, so I call her. When she doesn't answer, I leave a message.

"Hey, beautiful, it's me. You almost done? Call me back. Love you."

Taking a seat at our dining table, I scroll through pictures on my phone to pass the time. Pictures of us posing with the kids, pictures of just me and Ariel smiling happily, arms wrapped around each other. There's even a sexier one of the two of us, me lying behind her in bed, my hands cupping her breasts possessively.

When another thirty minutes pass, I call her again. She still doesn't answer, so I call the salon, only to be told she had left over an hour ago.

An uncomfortable feeling fills my stomach. Where the hell could she be? She might have made another stop somewhere, but it's not like her to be late or to ignore her phone. I hit her sister's number and bring the phone to my ear.

"Hey," Izzy says. "Aren't you supposed to be at dinner?"

I pause. "So Ariel isn't with you then?"

"What do you mean?" she asks, sounding confused. "She messaged me when she was leaving the salon,

which was about an hour ago. She said she was going right home."

It's seven o'clock now and she knows our reservation is for seven thirty. She reminded me this morning. "She never got here. I'm still waiting for her."

Izzy goes silent for a second. "She should have been home by now," she says, tone taking a serious edge. "Where else could she have gone?"

"I don't know. And she's not picking up her phone," I explain, standing up and looking outside the front window. "Something's not right." I can feel it in my bones. "I'm going to go and look for her."

"No, let me," Izzy says, and I hear scuffling in the background. "Renny is here—he's going to call Temper and everyone else." Renny, short for Renegade, is Izzy's husband and a member of the Knights of Fury MC, of which Temper is president.

"The kids are with Temper—I don't want to upset them until we find her."

"I know. We will be discreet, and Abbie can watch them if we need Temper, don't worry. We'll all go look for her. I'm going to start at the salon; they might have surveillance cameras there. You wait there in case she comes home."

"Okay," I say with a nod, and then hang up.

I start to pace. I don't want to be sitting here doing nothing while everyone is out trying to find her, so I leave a note for Ariel on the table, telling her to call me immediately, and then I call Temper, who left the kids with his wife, Abbie, and is retracing Ariel's steps in his car. I meet up with him and we spend the next two hours looking for her in the area, and calling all of her

friends and family, but she is nowhere to be found. I go to the police, but they say they can't do anything until she has been missing for more than twenty-four hours.

We all meet back at my house, and my stomach clenches when Ariel isn't there waiting for me, like I hoped she would be.

Izzy starts crying as she sits down on our couch, and she looks just how I feel. I want to break down right now and fucking scream. I want to rage and set this whole fucking city on fire.

But that's not going to help right now. I just need to find her.

I'm standing in our living room, looking at the home we made together, and feel utterly helpless. "I don't know what to do," I say to Temper, taking a deep, slow breath. "She has to be okay. I'm going to lose it if something happened to her."

Temper comes over to me, grabs onto my shoulders and looks me in the eye. "No, you're not. Because we don't know if anything happened to her. She could've forgotten to run an errand or…"

We don't know if we've lost her.

Abbie, Temper's wife, approaches and gives me a big hug. "We'll find her."

I nod, thanking her with my eyes. I'm going to need all the support I can get right now.

"I'm heading back out," I announce.

A woman doesn't just go missing into thin air.

Something has happened, and I'm not going to rest until I find out what that is.

Chapter One

One Year Later
Nadia

"He didn't do it, Nadia. You know him. I know him. Come on, you have to believe me," Marisol says, big brown eyes pleading with me.

I grew up with her son, Damon, and it's true, he's the last person I'd ever think would murder someone. He had always been the gentle sort, and he was always kind to everyone around him. People change, though.

"Money isn't an issue," she continues, lower lip trembling. It's hard for me to see her like this. Marisol was one of my mom's closest friends, and she was always there for me growing up. When I lost my mom, she stepped in and made sure she came to all of my school events, like my basketball games. For the finals one year, she even made her own sign with my name on it, lifting it up and cheering me on as I scored the winning point. She was basically like the aunt I never had, and most of my childhood memories include her. Seeing her sitting here now, I realize that I've let too much time go by without seeing her.

"I just want you to look into it and see what you can find. I know he didn't do it. And you have nothing to lose. I'll pay you and if you don't find any proof that he's innocent, then so be it. But I know you will."

"Why now? Why didn't you come to me earlier, before he was convicted?" I ask the question, but no matter what the answer is, I'm glad she didn't. There would have been too many issues if I had been involved during the height of the investigation.

I sigh and scrub my hands down my face, probably smudging the liner around my brown eyes. Surprisingly, my hesitance to take on this case has nothing to do with money. Sure, for a while my business was struggling. I had to let go of my employee and closest friend, Bronte, because I could no longer afford to pay her. But it has started to pick up again after I helped an attorney exonerate a murder suspect even though all evidence pointed to his guilt. More and more clients have been engaging my services—from people trying to catch their spouses having an affair, to businesses trying to see if their employees are leaving for their competitors, to defense lawyers looking for help with their murder investigations—with word of mouth spreading.

Despite things improving in the business, I still am just one person and can only take a few cases at a time, so it is a slow improvement. But no matter how much I could use the money, I wouldn't even charge Marisol. I wouldn't feel comfortable taking her money. There's a whole other reason I don't want to take this on, and it's much more complicated than she may think.

"I don't know. I thought it'd be obvious he didn't do it. I didn't think they'd find him guilty." She wipes a

tear from her face. She looks like she's aged at least ten years since I last saw her, before Damon was arrested.

"Marisol, I knew Ariel, and her whole family, too. They are my friends. Can you imagine what kind of position that's going to put me in?" I ask, closing my eyes and exhaling.

After my father died five years ago, I retreated into work and lost touch with Marisol. My best friend, Bronte, is pretty much my only family now, and as a result her family became my family. After she left my private investigation firm, she started working at Fast & Fury Custom Motorcycles, which is owned by a local motorcycle club, the Knights of Fury. She ended up falling in love with her boss, Crow, who is a member. The minute she became his old lady, she had an instant family in the MC. Luckily she didn't leave me behind and pretty much forced me into the MC fold.

I met Ariel a few years ago and we bonded instantly since we were outsiders to the MC. Included, but not exactly part of the inner circle. Neither of us knew what was going on with the MC all the time, but we knew we could count on them. Ariel was the partner of Trade, who is the president of the MC's younger brother, but not an official member anymore. In addition, her younger sister, Izzy, is married to Renny, another MC member. So we would hang out when the other women from the MC were doing MC-only things. I wouldn't say we were best friends, but we were definitely more than acquaintances.

She was found a day or two after going missing, in her car at the bottom of the lake right near Damon's house. I still remember the moment I heard about it—

the shock and pain of her body being found, and the surprise that Damon was being tied to it. She had a young daughter, Mila, who is five years old now. As someone who grew up without a mother, I know that little girl is going to have a tough time, especially given how Ariel died.

When it was revealed she was murdered, it hit me hard. She was loved by everyone, and losing her brought so much pain for them all.

I know Marisol doesn't realize what she's asking of me—she's just a desperate mother begging for help. Of course she would reach out to me. It's just such a hard position for me to be put into.

After the investigation, Damon was picked up, interrogated, arrested and tried all in a span of six months. He was found guilty of second-degree murder and is doing a minimum of twenty-five years. I'm ashamed to admit I avoided the case because I was embarrassed that I knew him and his family. To be honest, I think I distanced myself from the whole thing because I knew *both* of them. It hurt to hear about what happened to Ariel that night, and the fact that a guy who grew up like a cousin to me could have been behind it.

This is actually the first time I've talked about Damon's arrest with Marisol. My feelings are all over the place about it, but people do change. It's not like I had spent much time with him over the past few years.

"How does finding her real killer put you in a bad position?" she asks, lifting her chin, her stubborn brown eyes begging to be heard. "It's justice. Wouldn't they want the real person who did this behind bars? I'm telling you, it wasn't Damon. And I'd bet my life on that."

I lean back in my worn leather chair and study her. She looks one hundred percent sure that her son did not commit this crime. Marisol has always had an eerie ability to suss out whether someone is lying or not. I was caught in too many lies by her when I was younger. As much as I want to write off her confidence as a mother trying to protect her son, there is something in the back of my mind asking if she's right.

"If the roles were reversed, Damon or myself would do this for you," she adds, and I sigh, because she's right on that account. They are that kind of people. "I was with my son that night, from six to ten o'clock. I was with him! How could he have done this?"

"They didn't just find him guilty over nothing," I say. "There had to be evidence to put him away, Marisol."

"They pinned it on him because it was easy," she fires back, scowling. "They did not have enough evidence to prove he did this. They locked him up anyway, because of reasonable doubt. Did you look into the case when it had gone to trial?"

"I didn't look into all the details properly, no," I admit. "I know what everyone else knows." What I heard from others, and what I saw on the news.

"Well, see, I'm just asking that you look into it. That's all," she says, eyes pleading with mine. "Go over the details and see for yourself what I'm trying to tell you." When I don't say anything right away, she grabs my hand. "Nadia, I swear to you, Damon had nothing to do with this. I just know it."

I consider her words. Yes, me looking into this would ruffle a few feathers; in fact, I can't imagine how upset it would make Trade, who is probably trying to move

on and find some peace after losing his love. But the MC doesn't have to know what I'm doing. Like Marisol said, it's just a little bit of research to see if all the dots connect.

If I find something, then I will share it with them.

What can it hurt? If she's right, then I can help Damon. And if she's wrong and this is just a case of blind love?

Well, I tried.

I don't know what to believe anymore, but there's something in her eyes that I can't say no to. It wouldn't hurt to look into this, for Marisol.

"Okay," I say, sighing. "I'll see what I can do. But you have to promise me complete honesty. If I ask you something, regardless of what the answer may be, you have to answer me truthfully. Do I have your word?"

"Yes, absolutely, Nadia. I would never lie to you."

I can't believe I'm about to do this. "I can't make any promises, though, okay? And if I don't find anything—"

"Then I'll drop it." She nods eagerly, tears forming in her eyes. "I just need you to take this chance, Nadia. Thank you so much for helping me. No one else will listen. They all just think because he was found guilty, he did it. But innocent people are found guilty all the time. No one wants to consider the option that a mistake was made against my son."

I mean, she's not wrong. Mistakes *are* made in the justice system.

The problem lies with *everyone* thinking their loved ones are innocent.

I pull out my notebook. "All right, let's do it then.

Tell me everything in detail. I want to know why you don't think your son did this."

She starts speaking, and I start making some notes.

I just hope I don't regret this.

Stepping into the Fast & Fury Custom Motorcycles shop, I ask myself not for the first time if I'm making the right choice. The last thing that I want to do is bring more pain to the people I care about, and one of the people I love most is right under this roof.

"Nadia?" the woman in question calls out as she sees me, a big smile on her face. "I didn't know you were dropping in today!"

Bronte gives me a big, warm hug, her floral-scented perfume hitting my nose. I know I said I was going to keep this whole investigation on the down low, but there's no way I can't tell my best friend about what I'm up to.

"It was spontaneous," I admit, looking around for Trade. "Can we have a quick chat?"

"Of course," she replies, brows drawing together as she looks me over. "Is everything okay?"

I nod, and walk with her outside to my car. "So I have something to tell you. I have a new client, and she wants me to look into Ariel's murder."

Bronte's eyes widen in surprise. "The case is closed, though. And someone is behind bars for doing it."

"I know." I wince, shifting on my feet. "But his mom is one hundred percent sure he didn't do it and that he has been framed, and you know I told you they were family friends of mine."

She nods. “I remember you saying that. Shit, Nadia. This isn’t going to go over well.”

“I know. But if the right man is locked up, then there’s nothing to lose, right? It’s just me double-checking the facts and the work the police have already done.”

She looks unsure, and I feel the same way.

“I don’t want anyone to know about this, but I couldn’t not tell you,” I explain, reaching out and touching her shoulder. “I need you to be okay with it, though.”

“This would upset Trade,” she admits in a low tone. “He’s trying to move on.”

“I know. He doesn’t have to know…unless I do find something, of course.”

Bronte tilts her head and studies me. “She’s sure there’s something more to this whole thing?”

“She’s his mother.” I shrug. “I don’t know if there’s any truth to her claim, but she swears he was with her that night, during that time. She seems sure he’s innocent.”

“Mother’s love?”

“Or the truth,” I say. “We won’t know unless I look into it. And no one has to know or get hurt in the process. I might find nothing.”

Or I might find everything.

She nods. “Yeah, all right. You do what you have to. I have no idea how this is going to play out, but I’m here if you need me.”

And that right there is why this woman is my best friend. “I love you.”

“You too.”

Trade chooses that moment to pull up next to us in

his black truck. He winds down his window and smiles when he sees the two of us. "Working hard, Bronte?"

"Always," she replies, clearing her throat.

"Hey, Nadia, I haven't seen you in a while. How's it going?" He gets out of the truck, and not for the first time I'm reminded just how good looking he is. He's tall, broad shouldered, built perfectly with muscles in all the right places, and has warm brown eyes. His brown hair is always tied back with a leather band, showing off his structured jawline and stubbled cheeks.

"Good, good. Same old, just working." I pause and glance at Bronte. "Anyway, I better head to work," I say, waving to the two of them and getting in my car.

"I'll call you tonight," Bronte yells out, and it sounds more like a warning than anything.

"What are you getting yourself into, Nadia?" I ask myself, pulling out of their car park and heading to my own office.

Marisol swears Damon was home with her the night Ariel went missing. I know that most mothers would lie for their children without thinking, and giving a false alibi for her kid wouldn't be a stretch, but there was something in her eyes that made it hard for me to say no to her.

That desperation.

I can do this for her, as a favor.

Maybe I'm just a sucker for a sob story.

Either way, I'm doing this, and there's no going back now.

Chapter Two

While chatting with Felix Banks, one of my police contacts and a longtime friend, he tells me that he is working away for a few months, so I should go into the station and speak to his partner, Decker. He told me if I ask nicely, there's a chance Decker will answer my questions and walk through the evidence with me, so I go in and try my luck.

"Good morning, Officer Shambles," I say as I enter.

He looks heavenward. "Nadia, you are the last person I want to see today. I don't have time for you or any of your bullshit."

"Still as charming as I remember," I reply with a grin, resting my arms on the desk. "Is Decker in?"

Shambles nods. "Yeah he's here. What do you want with him?"

"You want me to annoy you, or him?" I ask, raising my brow.

He picks up his phone and presses a few buttons. "Decker? Can you come out here?"

I smile as he hangs up. "I thought as much."

I've known Seth Decker for a few years now, although most of the information I get about cases is from

Felix. I actually went to high school with Felix, so we've known each other for some time. Decker I met when we all worked on a case together. It's not unusual for us to call each other up asking for favors every now and again. Decker, just like Felix, is a force to be reckoned with, and one of those people you just know was born to be a cop. He lives and breathes his job, and is good at what he does, but is also compassionate.

"Nadia," he says, green eyes smiling as they land on me. "You've just turned a boring day into something much more interesting."

"And how do you know that?"

"Because I know you," he fires back, leading me to his office and sitting down. "What do you need? Felix leaves and you come to me?"

"Aw, Decker, are you jealous?"

"Pfft. Me jealous of pretty boy Felix? No, but you normally go to him for your favors. If I didn't know how much he loved his wife, I'd think there was something going on with you two."

I roll my eyes. Why can't a man and a woman be friends without everyone thinking they're sleeping together? "Well, I called Felix and he told me to come in and speak to you. Said if I asked nicely, you'd help." I bat my eyelashes for good measure.

"Lucky me."

"Yes. Basically, I have a client whose son has been convicted of murder, and she wants me to go over all of the evidence again," I say. "And to do that, well, I kind of need the evidence."

He winces. "You know I'm not allowed to do that,

right? I can't just be handing out sealed evidence to anyone who wants it."

"Can't or won't? And I'm not just anyone."

His lip twitches. "Which case?"

"Damon Richard—"

"I know the case. That's your client?" he asks, brows raising in surprise.

"Yes. And I don't need any comments from you. I just need to see the evidence, and I'll be on my way."

He runs his hand through his dark hair and sighs. "All right, since he's already been convicted and the case has been closed, I don't see the harm in showing you the evidence. I can get you what you need. I just hope you aren't wasting your time."

"You and me both," I whisper as he leaves the room.

I think back to the most recent case we all worked on together. It was a missing persons case, and that person happened to be a child. When you do that sort of work together, you have to trust each other. Besides, it's pretty easy to trust Decker. The man couldn't lie if his life depended on it.

He comes back in about ten minutes later with a box in his hands and places it down on the table in front of me. "There's a USB in there with the camera surveillance—you can watch it on my laptop. Everything else is all in here. Lieutenant Casey is milling around, so you're on your own. If you see her, you need to leave. You know how she feels about you and your profession. Do not take anything with you," he says as he points at me. I'd normally be offended, but this just shows he knows me better than I thought.

"Thanks, Decker," I say. "I owe you one."

"Yes, you do," he replies with a smirk, and then leaves me alone.

I take out my phone and photograph each piece of evidence, knowing I do not have the time to go through everything right now. I want to examine every item, with hope to catch something—anything—that could have been missed.

I pick up an evidence bag with what looks like a gold stud in it, maybe one that had fallen off a piece of clothing or something, and eye it closely before putting it down.

The clothing Ariel was wearing that night brings tears to my eyes. There are washed out bloodstains on her ripped white T-shirt. The sight of it physically pains me. Why did this have to happen to her?

I remember first meeting Ariel. She had smiled widely, and said it was nice to meet me. Then she proceeded to ask if I carried a gun when she found out I was a private investigator. We laughed as Mila, Ariel's daughter, who was only a baby then, smiled at both of us.

"She likes you," Ariel said to me, sounding a little surprised by the fact. "She normally doesn't like new people."

Not for the first time I question if I'm doing the right thing, bringing up this pain all over again. I remember when the verdict came in and Damon was found guilty. While it did not bring Ariel back, it gave everyone a sense of closure.

But what if I find something? Right now I'm just looking and asking questions, but what if I dig deeper

and the case is reopened, causing everyone to relive the pain all over again?

Shit. Is this a good idea? I want to help Marisol, but what about my loyalty to Bronte and her extended family? They've taken me in and are good people—can I really willingly cause them harm? I should've thought this through a bit more.

I take a deep breath and tell myself that I'll just look at the evidence. As long as it supports the verdict, I'll drop this.

I plug the USB into Decker's laptop, grateful he left it open, and watch the surveillance footage, which has two videos. The first one shows Ariel leaving the salon and bumping, quite literally, into Damon. It's a fast exchange, maybe five to ten seconds, but it is clear as day. Damon and Ariel exchange a few words before she walks to her car. I make a note of the time stamp of the video and watch as she pauses at the car and checks her phone. It looks like she is sending a text message or something, and then she gets in and drives off.

In the last frames of the video, it shows Damon's gaze following Ariel. Watching her. I realize this is the evidence that sealed Damon's fate.

That's all that there is.

I wouldn't have thought seeing this would affect me as much as it did, but watching her living and breathing for the last time brings a tear to my eye.

I start the second video, which looks like footage from a gas station. I see a truck pull up and Damon hop out to get gas.

Just as I'm about to record the time stamp, Decker's superior officer, Lieutenant Casey, walks by the office

and does a double take when she sees me. Shit, she really doesn't like me. I close his laptop and pack up the box exactly how it was and leave it there. I need to leave before she says something to me.

I send Decker a text on my way out, letting him know that I'm done, and get back into my car. Instead of returning to my office, I make one stop on the way.

About thirty minutes away from the salon Ariel left, in the opposite direction of her house and everything she knew, is the small lake where her body was found. It was at first assumed that she had driven off the road into the water as an accident, but the autopsy showed otherwise.

Ariel had died before she hit the water. The coroner reported that she was asphyxiated. She had other signs of trauma—a broken nose and hyoid bone, which is the bone under the chin that often gets broken during strangulation.

This was no accident.

Damon's two-story property is the closest to the lake, sitting right on the bank, overlooking the crime scene, which is probably why he ended up being the number-one suspect. That and the interaction he had with Ariel—and his already-long criminal record.

However, just because someone has been caught for drugs and burglary doesn't necessarily mean they are capable of murder. But because of his record, they used burglary as his motive. The prosecution argued that he needed money for drugs and Ariel was the unlikely target. Damon got into drugs when his dad passed away. Before that he was a good student and an upstanding citizen. It's crazy what grief and loss can do to someone.

Even crazier what drugs can do.

My eyes trail up to the lake and back to where Ariel's car went into the lake. I don't want to think about how scared she must have been. No one deserves this, no one.

All I have is an alibi from Damon's mother, something which clearly was not enough in court. I remember the promise I made to myself—I'd look over the evidence and if I found nothing, I'd be moving on from this.

I check my watch and curse. My next client is set to arrive in about thirty minutes, so I head back to my office, switching mental gears.

But I can't let go of Ariel.

"So you've found nothing?" Bronte clarifies, dipping her cracker in a tub of hummus and putting it into her mouth.

"Correct."

"I mean, it's probably for the best," she replies, chewing thoughtfully. "That's all she hired you to do. He was found guilty for a reason. Maybe his mom just needs to accept that."

"I'm going to go to the prison and speak to him tomorrow," I admit, sitting back on my couch and lifting my feet up on the coffee table. "I need to hear his account of what happened that night from him."

"Think you can tell if he's lying or not?"

"I don't know." I sigh, eyeing the platter in front of us. "I'll try to read him or maybe pick up on his vibes, but you never know. I'm pretty good at reading people, but if he really did this, he's a psychopath, so a little

above my level. I know I can count on Decker's help if I need him, too."

"Who's Decker?" she asks.

"He's the cop who let me look at the evidence, I don't know if you remember, but I've worked with him before. He's Felix's friend."

"Wait, who's Felix again? I can't keep track of all your contacts."

"You know Felix. My friend from high school who helped us with tips for our cases."

"Oh, is he cute?"

I roll my eyes at my happily married friend. "He's married. To an FBI agent."

Bronte frowns. "What about this Decker guy? Is he single?"

"He's not my type. He's just a contact."

"I think I remember him being a hottie."

"Of course that you remember." I roll my eyes again.

"You know what? Just trust your gut—it usually leads you in the right direction," she says. If only it were that simple. "I still can't believe it all happened. We've all been helping Trade with the kids, and it's so hard to be around them. I don't know how to act because I'm heartbroken for them, but I don't want them to see that."

"If he needs any extra help, or if you do, let me know," I say, since my schedule is more flexible than most and I want to try to help whenever I can. I've buried my head in the sand with work over the past year, and now that things are a bit slower, I'm trying to start reconnecting to people I haven't made time for.

"He hates asking for help," she explains, shaking

her head. "We literally just show up there or organize it with Izzy. He's stubborn as hell. Izzy has been taking Mila as much as she can. She offered to have her there full time, but Mila was asking for her dad and brother and sisters." Trade is the only father Mila knows, so he and Izzy thought it was best for her if she stayed living with him and his children. I think it says a lot about a person, to take in a young child when you don't have to. But Trade was insistent and Izzy knew it was the right thing for everyone.

"Well, I'm here if you need me."

"I know." She smiles, reaching out her hand to me. "You've been such a big help when it comes to Quinn." Quinn is Bronte and Crow's three-year-old daughter, and I absolutely adore her. "I know how amazing you are with her, so I'll remember that."

We chat for about an hour, and then Bronte heads home to her family. Feeling a little restless, I go for an evening jog and try to clear my head. When I get home, I'm exhausted. I take a shower and then jump in bed.

Even though I'm so tired, I feel restless and still can't sleep, and I find myself tossing and turning. I end up sitting at my desk, and start poring over the photographs of the evidence, thinking about the case for the rest of the night. I'm annoyed at myself for being unable to let this go, but maybe there's a reason I can't.

Copyright © 2022 Chantal Fernando

All rights reserved. The author asserts their moral rights in this work throughout the world without waiver. No part of this book may be reproduced, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without express written permission of the publisher. For information about permission to reproduce selections from this book, write to editions@booktopia.com.au.

ISBN 9781922598356 (print)

Published in Australia and New Zealand by:

Brio Books, an imprint of Booktopia Group Ltd
Unit E1, 3-29 Birnie Avenue
Lidcombe, NSW 2141, Australia
briobooks.com.au

Printed and bound in Australia by SOS Print + Media Group



Proudly Printed In Australia

booktopia.com.au



The paper in this book is FSC® certified. FSC® promotes environmentally responsible, socially beneficial and economically viable management of the world's forests.

All she wanted was the truth.
All he wanted was to be left alone.

Nadia has always been in charge of her life. As a private investigator, she makes her own hours and only takes on cases that she wants to work on. But when a family friend asks her to look into a case, she instantly regrets it—it hits far too close to home.

The last thing she wants to do is rip open old wounds. Especially Trade's, the single father she's been spending time with. It isn't long before she's falling not just for him, but for the kids he's trying so hard to protect.

But the little voice in Nadia's head tells her that something isn't right, and she's determined to find the truth. Using her connections to the Knights of Fury MC and the Fast & Fury motorcycle garage to gather evidence, Nadia uncovers evidence of a conspiracy that will leave everyone shaken—and force her and Trade to do whatever it takes to keep their new family safe.

brio BOOKS
booktopia.com.au

Scan here to meet the author

Romantic Suspense
9 781922 598356
RRP $19.99