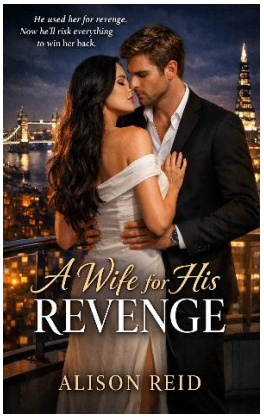
A Wife for his Revenge

by Alison Reid



"You're not drinking it."

The voice came from her left. Low. Measured. Unfamiliar. Rose turned her head. And for a moment, everything else stilled. He stood beside her as if he had always been there.

Dark suit, perfectly cut to broad shoulders and a lean, controlled frame. Not a single detail out of place. There was a stillness about him that didn't belong to the room so much as command it. And his eyes—they were on her.

Not casually. Not politely.

Direct. Focused.

Intent.

He was the most handsome man she had ever seen.

Dark brown hair, just long enough to soften the severity of his features. A strong, square jaw. And his eyes—green. Clear. Assessing. Striking in a way that made it difficult to look away.

Beautiful.

The word came uninvited. Unwanted. And entirely accurate. She felt it immediately—the shift, the awareness, the reaction. Unwelcome. But unavoidable. Her fingers tightened slightly around the stem of the glass.

"I see you have," she replied, her voice steady.

His gaze flicked briefly to the empty glass in his hand, then back to her.

"It seems so."

Rose held his gaze a moment longer than she should have. Then she remembered.

Marcus.

Her eyes flicked across the room. Still there. Still engaged. Still not looking at her.

Good.

Finn followed the movement of her gaze, tracking it without effort until it settled on Whitmore. His jaw flexed slightly.

"Boyfriend."

Rose's attention snapped back to him.

"God, no."

Too quick. Too honest. She caught it immediately, her tone softening.

"My brother."

A beat. Finn's gaze didn't shift.

"Oh."

Then, mildly—

"Protective brother?"

Rose held his eyes. "You could say that."

More like controlling. She didn't say it. She didn't need to. Something in his expression suggested he didn't entirely believe her.

He held out his hand. "Finn Blackwood."

Rose hesitated for only a fraction of a second before placing her hand in his.

"Rose Whitmore."

The moment their skin touched, something shifted. Sharp. Unexpected. A flicker of heat travelled up her arm before she could suppress it. They both stilled—just for a second. Then it was gone.

Finn released her hand, though his awareness didn't follow. She was more striking up close.

Her dark hair fell in soft waves down her back, nearly to her waist, framing a face both delicate and composed. Her skin was flawless, her features refined—but it was her eyes that held him.

Blue.

Bright.

And wary.

That didn't fit. Not here. Not beside Whitmore. His gaze moved briefly past her, back to Marcus. Then returned. Why she stood here alone, instead of surrounded by attention, didn't make sense. But it worked.

For him.

No interruptions. No competition. And she had already noticed him. That mattered.

"I don't think we've met," he said.

"We haven't."

Her voice was calm. Careful. She was still watching him, still aware—but she hadn't stepped back.

Interesting.

Finn inclined his head slightly.

"No," he said. "I think I would remember."

A faint shift touched her expression. Not quite a smile. But close. And for a moment, she didn't look back at her brother.

"What makes you say that?"

Finn held her gaze.

"You don't strike me as a woman a man would forget."

Colour rose softly into her cheeks, and something about that small, unguarded reaction caught him off guard more than it should have.

"That's kind of you to say."

Then she saw something over his shoulder. Or someone. The colour in her face faded almost immediately. Her eyes shifted past him, and Finn didn't need to turn to know where they'd gone.

Whitmore.

Her pulse seemed to catch. Not visibly enough for most people to notice. But he noticed.

Of course he did.

"I should go."

She moved to step around him. Finn lifted a hand—not enough to stop her, only enough to make her hesitate.

"You're not needed."

Her gaze lifted to his, then flicked past him again. Marcus was moving closer now. Not yet looking at them. But closing the distance.

"I think I am," she said quietly.

There was something in her voice now that hadn't been there before. Not politeness. Not uncertainty. Something tighter. More urgent. And this time, she didn't wait.

She moved past him—composed, deliberate. Every step measured. Not hurried. Not obvious. But definite. Finn turned his head slightly, watching her go. Not because she had left—but because of how she had left.

Deliberate. Contained. And because she checked again. One last glance. Not at him. At Whitmore.

Finn's gaze followed it, settling on the man crossing the ballroom. He didn't fully understand it. Not yet. But he understood enough.

Whitmore mattered to her in a way that had nothing to do with affection. That much was clear.

If Marcus Whitmore watched his sister that closely—if her attention bent instinctively toward him even in his absence—then taking her out of his reach would do more than inconvenience him.

It would get under his skin.

Deep.

Finn's attention returned to her retreating figure, reassessing, recalculating. Because Whitmore's sister was no longer merely useful. She was interesting. And that changed things.

Slightly.

Click here to Buy or Read for FREE with Kindle Unlimited

👉 A Wife for his Revenge