

CHAPTER
ONE

Felicity moaned softly. She felt as though she'd been hit by a bus, and her head was killing her. Light danced behind her closed eyelids. She forced herself to open them. They were no longer at Dún Eochla. Their captors had moved her and Maelíosa to an unfamiliar cottage.

Maelíosa was lying on her side across from Felicity, her wrists and ankles bound with duct tape. If not for the gentle rise and fall of her chest, Felicity would have thought she was dead. Aside from her breathing, she was motionless.

“Maelíosa...” Felicity whispered.

Maelíosa didn't respond. *Crap*. Felicity was also bound with duct tape at her wrists and ankles, but at least they'd bound her

hands together in front of her. Maelíosa's were trussed together at an impossible angle behind her back. Felicity had to figure out how to get them out of there.

"Maelíosa!" she hissed.

Still no response. Suddenly, Felicity heard arguing from another room. The door was slightly ajar, and she recognized Caitlyn's high-pitched whine and the lilt of Dillon's voice. She leaned forward, trying to make out their conversation.

"You shouldn't have hit her in the head," Caitlyn hissed, as if afraid they might hear her.

"What would ye rather I'd done? Let her keep blinding you with hairspray and punching you in the gut? It wasn't like ye were on the winning end of *that* particular fight." Dillon's speech oozed with sarcasm.

Felicity smiled to herself. If Dillon hadn't knocked her out, she would have won.

"Oh, shut yer hole. If you weren't so bloody slow getting back to the fort, we wouldn't be in this position now. And I could've taken care of Felicity without yer help."

Dillon laughed. “Aye, it certainly looked like it.”

Caitlyn muttered something that sounded like a curse. There was a shuffling sound, as if she’d paced to the other side of the room.

“We wouldn’t have had to move them if it weren’t for you. The moment you hit her in the head, that púca bitch blabbed that Felicity is Niall’s true mate. So we’d better pray Felicity wakes up, or we’ll be bloody sorry. She reached out to her brother telepathically because of you!”

Dillon sighed. “Nothing to be done about it now.”

Not that Maelíosa needed to reach out to Niall because Felicity had left him a note letting him know exactly where she’d gone. But now that they weren’t at the ring fort, she couldn’t count on him saving her. She’d have to take matters into her own hands.

“Do you know what that means? She’s his true mate. He will come for her.” Caitlyn’s voice rose an octave. She sounded a little scared. Felicity heard the shuffling footsteps of her pacing again.

Good.

She should be worried. The only thing Felicity regretted was not telling Niall how much she cared about him. If he couldn't track her scent, or if he was too late, she might not get the chance. Felicity wasn't about to wait around to find out what her captors were going to do to them. Despite the nausea churning in her stomach and her splitting headache, she had to do something.

"Aye, but Archer is a smart lad. He had us move them. We'll wait for him like he told us to. He'll know what to do."

She certainly didn't want to find out what Archer had planned for them, either.

"They both have to die. I was hoping the blogger would help us. I had no idea she was involved with Niall," Caitlyn murmured. "There's no other choice. We have to get rid of her too."

Felicity swallowed.

"It's too late now. We'll have to wait and see how Archer wants us to stage their deaths," Caitlyn continued.

Dillon was in the kitchen and moved past the door to the room where they were being held. Felicity could see the agitation lining his forehead. When he turned toward the

doorway, she closed her eyes and slumped her head, pretending she was still knocked out. The door creaked.

“This isn’t what I signed up for, Caitlyn. You told me this would be easy,” Dillon said.

Felicity sensed him standing over her. It was time to give the best acting performance of her life. The hair on the back of her neck prickled, and she forced herself to keep her breathing even. The footsteps came closer.

“And it will be. Think of all the money,” Caitlyn said.

She hoped her playing possum was a convincing act. Maybe if they thought she was still unconscious they wouldn’t keep vigilant watch. It could give her an opportunity to escape. The wheels were already turning in her head, figuring out how to get out of the duct tape. It wouldn’t be easy, but she could manage it with the room key she had tucked into the front pocket of her jeans.

“Aye, Archer better pay me double for dealing with this,” Dillon said as he nudged Felicity’s foot.

She managed to keep still, even though she hadn’t expected him to touch her.

“Don’t worry, love. We’ll have more than

enough money to do anything we want. We can go anywhere. Get off this bloody island,” Caitlyn said. “And you’ll be with me.”

“Aye, and you’d better be worth it.”

Felicity could make out the shadows of movement above her, followed by the soft sounds of kissing. She imagined Caitlyn was showing Dillon exactly how she’d make it worth his while. *Disgusting*. She and Maelíosa were tied up at their feet, and the two of them were making out. They were both crazy!

Thankfully the kissing stopped.

“I’ll be back later,” Caitlyn said. “I have to fill in for my aunt at the pub again or she’ll be suspicious.”

“If she isn’t already,” Dillon mused.

Caitlyn laughed. “I highly doubt she knows anything.”

“You don’t give her enough credit.”

The sound of their footsteps faded as they moved away from her. The door creaked again as they went back into the kitchen.

“Relax. I’ve known her my whole life. She always sees the best in everyone. She’d never suspect her own kin.”

Felicity heard the door to the cottage

swing open and then shut as Caitlyn left. There was a clinking sound from the other room, and she chanced opening her eyes. She could see Dillon through the door, which was open about a foot. He was sitting at a kitchen table in the next room, pouring a shot of whiskey. Felicity half-hoped he'd get piss-drunk and pass out, but she sincerely doubted she'd get so lucky. After all, he was Irish.