
The Samara Royal Family Series #1
Pregnant with the Sheik's Baby
By Elizabeth Lennox

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Chapter 1

Mia Fortelle stared up at the beautiful dress on display with longing, completely oblivious to the biting, cold wind or the other pedestrians rushing around her. “Goodness, wouldn’t that be lovely,” Mia sighed as she looked through the store’s window, practically drooling over the beautiful coat made of warm, red wool. Or it might be cashmere. Mia had no idea, nor could she afford either. In fact, she couldn’t afford anything more than a wistful stare through the window. That particular coat from this designer probably cost as much as a whole month’s salary. Possibly even two months’, she thought with grim acceptance as she pulled her boring, brown tweed coat closer around her body, trying to stave off the frigid cold of yet another brutal Montreal winter. A teacher’s salary wasn’t a whole lot so a month’s paycheck probably wouldn’t cover that coat. Maybe the scarf, she thought with a chuckle.

“You should get it,” a deep voice said to her right.

Mia spun around to smile politely. She’d anticipated possibly the store manager or maybe just a passerby.

What she hadn’t anticipated, never could have imagined, was looking into the eyes of the most amazing man she’d ever seen in her life. Tall, extremely tall, with black hair and dark eyes, tanned skin, a hard nose and even harder jawline that was a bit darker than the rest of his face as his end-of-day beard made its presence known.

He was shockingly attractive and her body shivered once again, but this time, it wasn’t because of the cold. It was because of the man, his eyes, the way he was looking at her and the swell of feminine awareness that crept up inside of her with this man standing so close.

She opened her mouth to speak, but the words wouldn’t come. She was stunned by the amazing, shocking appeal of this man and not sure how to deal with such raw masculinity.

This wasn’t the kind of man she normally dealt with during her day. The most masculine man she’d come across during her weekly errands was the rough guy behind the meat counter with an enormous belly and a net over his beard.

This man was...he was...beyond words. He was compelling in a sensual, erotic way that instantly made her body throb with the need to press herself against him and find out what his mouth would feel like against her lips.

Never before had any man affected her so strongly and so instantly.

And he terrified her! She wasn’t the kind of woman who could handle a man like him!

“I’m sorry,” she said and bowed her head, starting to step around him so that she could hurry home. She stopped at this store every day, looking at the beautiful clothes that were changed out about every two weeks. It wasn’t even that she could wear those clothes, she told herself firmly as she prepared to walk away. Those clothes, and this man, were way out of her league. She was bowling alley, onion rings and movie theatre popcorn while this man was ballrooms, caviar and the best champagne. His tan, cashmere coat looked soft and warm as did the silk-lined scarf around his neck. The freezing wind was blowing his black hair, but she could tell that even that was an expensive haircut. Everything about him screamed wealth and power – two things she didn’t have, nor could she ever have with her career goals.

And that was okay! She loved her job, loved her kids and thrived on teaching. What wasn’t okay was the nervous way this man made her feel even as he stood two feet away from her. She didn’t like the way her knees wobbled or her heart pounded inside her chest.

“Please don’t go,” his deep voice urged and she felt his gloved hand reach out to gently touch the sleeve of her coat. Even through the thick layer of her winter coat as well as the sleeve of her sweater underneath, she still could feel the heat of his fingers and it was like a shock wave smashing through her senses.

Looking up into his dark eyes, she was so startled, she wasn’t sure what to say.

“Have dinner with me tonight,” he urged.

Mia shivered, those dark eyes promising her so much more than dinner. And a very large part of her brain wondered if she should accept. Just once in her life, she wanted to live on the wild side, to experience the kind of excitement this man’s eyes promised.

She opened her mouth to accept, to tell him yes and to find out more of that promise. But instead of agreeing to dinner, she shook her head. “I can’t,” she finally said even though she desperately wanted to say yes, which didn’t make any sense since all of her instincts were telling her to run away from this dangerous man. Why would she even hesitate? Why was she still standing here? Why was she looking up at this man as if she wanted to...do things that were so very wrong?

“Can’t?” he asked with a slight uplifting of those firm lips.

Ramzi watched the woman’s eyes, saw the indecision and knew that he was going to have this woman. He’d been watching her for several minutes, captured by the beautiful profile as she gazed into the window of the store. He wanted her. He couldn’t tell what her body was like because of the cheap, ugly winter coat, but he suspected she

would be perfect. He was determined to find out just how perfect she really was. He actually had to restrain himself from reaching out and touching her porcelain skin.

And those eyes! They looked like sparkling aquamarine gems surrounded by a thick fan of dark lashes. Everything this beautiful, entrancing woman was thinking was revealed in those shining depths. Never before had he seen such a color and he knew he could lose himself in that aquamarine gaze.

“I don’t think ‘can’t’ is in my vocabulary,” he teased. He caught the slight smile on her full lips a moment before she tried to hide it but it gave him courage. She started to step backwards but he took her hand, noticed the trembling even through her leather glove. “I’m not going to hurt you and I’m sorry if I’m scaring you. That isn’t my intention at all. I just would like to get to know you.” He paused slightly. “Perhaps if you just gave me your name, I would be satisfied.”

Mia laughed despite her nervousness. “I have a sneaking suspicion that giving you my name might only encourage you.” She knew that he was teasing her but she was so out of her depth with his kind of charm. “I have to go,” she said through stiff lips.

“Is your husband waiting for you?” he asked, once again stepping in her path so she had to stop.

The lovely woman immediately shook her head. “I’m not married,” she replied quickly.

Something relaxed inside of him. “Boyfriend then?” he asked carefully. He wasn’t willing to step into a marriage, but a boyfriend could be dismissed.

“I don’t...” she started to say, then shook her head again. “I’m sorry, but I don’t know you and I don’t normally talk to strangers. My only excuse is that you’re very charming and extremely handsome. But even so, you’ll have to excuse me,” she said and once again moved to step around him.

Ramzi allowed her to leave this time but he nodded to his bodyguard, indicating that the man should follow the woman with the dazzling eyes and the delightful smile. “We’ll meet again,” he told her, enjoying the way she peeked back towards him. And there it was, he thought with relish. A barely-there smile. Some might even say a challenging smile. That’s all the encouragement he needed.

Well, he didn’t even need that. He was confident enough to believe he could overcome any objections she might have to their relationship, but the smile helped. It told him so much more than just a smile. It told him that she was interested.

Ah, little lady, he thought, your days are numbered. We will be together.

By six o’clock that evening, he had a file folder with the woman’s information and he sat down with a glass of scotch to read.

In his experience, women were fickle, gravitating to the man who would give them the most but ready to move on to the next if something better entered their periphery. Normally, he was the “something better” that women eyed. Too many times, he’d seen women hanging off of one man’s arm only to get him in their sites and abandon their date/lover/husband.

He knew that he was cynical about the world. And there were probably women out there who weren’t so mercenary. But so far, he hadn’t run into one of them. Was this lovely Mia of the loyal-never-before-experienced members of the female gender?

He doubted it. He wasn’t that lucky, he thought with cynicism.

She was certainly lovely enough to explore though.

She was twenty-four years old, two years out of university and working on her master’s degree in education. She received excellent annual evaluations from both her supervisors as well as several letters of thanks from grateful parents of students in her class and, according to the interviews from some of the parents of her students, they all loved her. Her bank balance was painfully low, she had sadly lost both of her parents several years ago and was an only child. He absently wondered if she ever got lonely now that she was alone in the world.

Moving further into the quickly compiled report, he read through the list of her professional associations, all very impressive, plus several articles that she’d had published during her years at university as well as several more published in professional journals more recently.

The information was revealing, he thought as he set the file aside, but not nearly enough. The file didn’t tell him all that he wanted to know. Soon, he thought. He’d get all of the information about his mysterious, shy lady very soon.

He didn’t question why he needed details about this particular woman when in the past, his relationships had always remained much more superficial. A beautiful woman, intelligent conversation and a sensuous nature were all that he wanted or required from his female companionship. Well, and the ability to forget her when his interest waned.

He suspected that Ms. Fortelle was going to be a much more fascinating companion than his previous lovers had been.

The following day, Mia stood in her classroom doorway and stared at the enormous bouquet of pink roses sitting on her desk. She didn’t want to touch them but kept telling herself that they weren’t poisonous, that a snake wasn’t going to jump out to bite her and there was no spider lurking within the beautiful blooms, ready to attack.

They were just flowers. Simple, beautiful flowers. Pink roses. No cliché red roses from that man.

Of course, the flowers might have been from someone else, she thought. They could be from that guy she'd met at the coffee shop last week, the one with the weird dimple in the middle of one cheek but not the other. They could be from that professor she'd spoken to at the teaching conference last month, the one where everyone had been bored out of their minds. He'd been a very handsome man, if slightly more lean than the man who had occupied her thoughts and her dreams for the past twenty hours.

"Are we going into the classroom, Ms. Fortelle?" one of her students asked.

Mia looked behind her, realized that her class was still standing outside in the hallway. She'd just walked all of them back from their music class and was trying to mentally prepare for their afternoon math session when she'd spotted the flowers that had been placed on the corner of her desk.

"Oooh! Ms. Fortelle got flowers!" one of the girls exclaimed, rushing past Mia and wiggling between the desks until she was standing at the corner of Mia's desk where the roses were perched. With that announcement, chaos erupted with all of the students trying to catch a glimpse at the evidence of their favorite teacher's romantic life.

As she stood in the doorway, Mia felt several of them crowding around her, some bumping into her back and hips in their effort to see the flowers. She knew it was time to get them settled down to their math work but she was actually afraid to enter the classroom, afraid of what the flowers meant.

Two other teachers sidled up to Mia, almost as excited as the kids. "Got a new hunk?" one of the other teachers asked with a knowing smile on her face.

The other teacher, older by about ten years, only smirked with cynicism. "Don't get used to it, honey. Just enjoy the flowers now because the men don't continue those sweet little gestures later on. Once they have that ring on your finger, romance goes out the door. Along with a lot of other fun stuff," and she chuckled to herself as she continued walking down the hallway to her own classroom.

Mia shook herself and accepted that she was being silly. The flowers could be from anyone! Besides, the handsome man from the street yesterday wouldn't know where she worked. They'd barely spoken! He didn't even know her name, much less where she worked or even her occupation!

She was being ridiculous and class needed to start. "Okay everyone, settle down and find your seats," she called out, stepping into the room and watching as all of her students crowded in, some of them properly going to their seats but a stubborn group still hovered around her desk, wanting to touch the delicate blossoms.

“To your seats,” she called out again, this time with a stern tone of voice. The students heard the authority in her voice this time and followed directions, moving quickly over to their chairs but still looking back at the flowers with longing. The girls were wishing that they had a beau who would send them flowers while the boys were wondering...well, she had no idea what little boys thought of flowers. Probably that they were stinky. She suspected that their opinions wouldn't change as they aged but they would understand the significance to a woman. At least, she hoped that would happen.

“We're going to be learning about...” and she started the class, focusing all of her energy on teaching the kids. It was a challenge though. The pink roses kept catching her eye, distracting her. Just as memories of the man had done all night and all morning. When she walked by her desk, she could smell the delicate scent and the color continuously caught her eye, luring her closer. She resisted the urge as much as she could, but it was a challenge.

By the end of the day, after her last student had gone home, her classroom cleaned up and lessons prepared for the next day, she was exhausted. All she wanted to do was get home, curl up with a cup of tea and watch a movie. Something non-romantic so that she wouldn't even think about the man from the previous night or the way his eyes had shouted out a warning. A warning that her body had certainly understood! Was her body heeding that warning? Absolutely not! Nor had her mind stopped thinking about the note attached to the flowers.

She'd peeked but it hadn't proven anything. All that had been written was, “Beautiful flowers for a beautiful woman.” Nothing else, no name, no initials, not even a clue as to who might have sent them to her.

But she knew. She hadn't gotten a name from the mysterious man last night, but she knew the pink roses were from him. She knew it and her heart thundered with that knowledge.

The man didn't play fair, she thought as she pulled her brown coat on, slid her hands into her worn out, leather gloves and grabbed her heavy tote bag filled with papers that she needed to grade tonight. Sending anonymous flowers was cheating, she thought. If she hadn't been so fascinated by the man, she might think that the gesture was a bit creepy. She should probably think it was creepy. After all, there was no note, no name. A little stalkerish.

But her heart throbbed with awareness of the man and his power over her mind even from a distance.

It was time to move on, she told herself firmly. She should throw the flowers away. As her hand fluttered over the light switch to her classroom, she considered doing

exactly that. But in the end, the pink roses were simply too beautiful to destroy. And since she was never going to see the man again, what was the point?

She flipped the light switch off and walked out of the building, waving goodbye to the other teachers who were still finishing up in their classrooms.

She headed down the street and turned right onto Rue Sherbrook, pushing harder and making her feet walk faster. She refused to linger over the window displays today even though the weather was nicer, the wind not nearly as sharp as it had been the day before. When she started to approach the store that she loved so much, she slowed and bit her lip. She should...

Instead of going straight, she turned right and headed over to Rue Sainte-Catherine where there were more stores as well as small shops and restaurants. One of her favorite chocolate shops was over on that street as well but she ignored the call of a warm cup of hot chocolate, pushing forward to get home instead. This street reminded her of any other metropolitan city except there were lovely old churches hidden away among the tall buildings. If she'd turned left, she could have lost herself in McGill University, but there were more hills that way as the streets led pedestrians to the Parc du Mont-Royal, the highest point in the city. She was already out of breath from walking so quickly. She didn't need to head uphill and make her trek even worse. All she wanted to do was avoid the man in question and pretend that the stimulating interlude yesterday hadn't happened.

When she finally came to her apartment, which was located in one of the older homes that had been converted to smaller units a few decades ago, she breathed a sigh of relief. And disappointment?

No, she thought as she unlocked her door. That was ridiculous! She wasn't disappointed that she hadn't run into her stranger. Good grief, she'd gone out of her way to make sure that she didn't see the man!

Her apartment was located in one of the older buildings near the Station Place-des-Arts. Every time she walked by the swings with the musical chimes playing, she smiled, thinking how wonderful it would be to bring her own children there one day. The chimes only played when someone swung on the swings so on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon in the spring or fall, it was like a musical heaven as all the swings were filled up with either laughing children or even adults interested in making the chimes ring.

She climbed the stairs to her apartment, wondering what the man was doing tonight. Was he sitting in some elegant restaurant, negotiating a huge deal for whatever company he worked for? Or had he found a sophisticated woman with sexy legs and blond hair, sipping a glass of wine with her? She banished that possibility, not liking the idea of her stranger with a blond woman. Or any woman for that matter.

Flicking on the lights, she came to a full stop for the second time today. She'd gotten one beautiful bouquet of pink roses at her school but...wow! The one bouquet was nothing compared to the sea of pink she was now viewing as she stood just inside the doorway. Her tiny apartment was completely filled with pink roses! They were everywhere! She couldn't even move into her apartment because the hallway was blocked by all of the vases filled with amazingly beautiful blooms. Her apartment smelled better than a perfume counter!

The burst of laughter that escaped her mouth was startling in the silence. She'd dated a few guys in the past. No one could ever call her a player in the dating world, but she'd had a flattering number of invitations.

But no man had ever come close to this. No man had ever done anything so outrageously extravagant.

Carefully, so that she didn't tumble any flower-filled vases over, she set her tote bag down and moved into her apartment, looking around in wonder and awe. Peering into the kitchen, she realized that there was no space on the counters. There were even bouquets of pink roses on top of her fridge. Moving deeper into the apartment, she looked at her bedroom and blushed because, sure enough, there were pink roses on every flat surface and several on the floor. Obviously the delivery person had run out of places to set the vases because there were about twenty of them on the floor of her den area.

This was crazy, she thought, covering her mouth with her hand to stop herself from smiling like a loon.

She wasn't going to question how the man had found out where she lived. That might be a bit too weird. Obviously, he had resources but she hadn't gotten the serial killer or rapist vibe from him last night. Of course, her senses might have been off kilter because of the electricity she'd felt coming from his light touch, but she was going with her gut on this man. He was dangerous, but not in the normal criminal manner.

When the doorbell rang, she knew exactly who it was. She didn't even consider not opening the door this time. Of course, having a huge number of roses delivered to one's house did not make the man un-dangerous. Not in any way. But there was just something about the gesture that called to her. She wanted to see him, wanted to understand what kind of man would do something so crazy.

Sure enough, as soon as she opened the door, her eyes looked upwards to find the man's dark eyes looking down at her.

"Vous etes un fou," she told him without thinking. She couldn't wipe the silly grin from her features even as she called him a fool in French.

One dark eyebrow went up in reaction. “Excuse me?” he prompted and leaned forward, handing her a single pink rose.

She blinked and realized that she’d spoken in French instead of English and shook her head. “Sorry. I said you’re a fool, sir.”

His eyes lightened and she felt the temperature in the apartment increase by about twenty degrees. “Ah, you speak French when you’re flustered.” He moved closer. “I think I like that about you. Very sexy.”

Mia realized she was holding her breath and filled her lungs. Unfortunately, the air was filled with his scent which was spicy and inviting and oh-so-alluring. “What are you doing here?”

He smiled slightly. “I came to see if you’d gotten my message.”

Her eyes laughed even though she wouldn’t allow herself to do the same. She felt a girlish giggle starting to bubble up but she tamped it down mercilessly. “That you’re insane?” she asked, gesturing behind her at all of the flowers. Everywhere!

His deep chuckle did something deep inside of her. Something sinful and sexy and her body wanted to just curl up around this man and his scent as well as that shocking laughter.

“That I would like to take you out to dinner tonight.”

She pulled back, surprised that he looked serious. “Really?”

His hands moved up to turn her ever so slightly towards the banquet of roses. “It was in the note.”

She was confused and looked back up at him. “The note?” Why couldn’t she stop staring at him? He was a devastatingly handsome man, but that shouldn’t mean anything to her. She should be looking inward, towards who he was as a person. Was she truly so superficial?

“There was a note,” he confirmed, nodding his head slightly.

She sighed. “You’ve got to be kidding, right? I just got home and saw all of this. There’s no way I would be able to find a note in this gesture.”

Ramzi watched the beautiful woman carefully, enjoying the way she blushed when he moved closer, sighed when he stepped slightly away from her and lowered those long, dark lashes when she tried to hide both reactions from him. She was right here with him, her attraction just as strong as what he was feeling towards her.

For the first time, he looked in at her apartment and noticed the sea of pink. He’d been so intent on watching her animated features that he hadn’t noticed the insane number of flowers. Her apartment was indeed filled to the brim with flowers. “I didn’t realize that your home was so small,” he explained with another deep chuckle. He

stepped past her and glanced around. When he found what he was looking for, he lifted the small, white envelope out of the bouquet and handed it to her.

“I believe this will explain.”

Mia’s eyes filled with amusement but she accepted the envelope, pulling out the card. “Dinner tonight. Seven o’clock.”

“That’s all?” she asked, laughing softly at the note that was more of a command than a request for a date. “It wasn’t even a question, sir. And no, I don’t know your name so there’s no possibility of me going out to dinner with you.”

He leaned forward, backing her against the wall. “Pasta covered in cheese and sauce, maybe some seafood mixed in with lots of garlic, bread with real butter,” he said the words softly, as if they were a caress and she felt them all the way down to her toes.

“Real butter?” she whispered, her eyes dropping to his lips. “I don’t eat real butter,” she replied.

His hand came up, a long finger sliding down her cheek to caress her and to appease his curiosity at what she would feel like. “Tonight, live on the wild side and have real butter. And chocolate dessert with extra cream and top off the evening with...” he almost said “me” but held back, instinctively knowing that he’d have to move slower with this woman, “the most excellent brandy you’ve ever tasted.”

Mia unconsciously licked her lips and sighed. “I can’t imagine the most excellent brandy,” she replied back, falling under his spell even though she knew she should kick him out and run as far away from him as she could.

His smile grew with her words. “Then I shall have to teach you about the fabulous world of brandy.”

“Brandy,” she whispered, sensing he was coming closer but her mind couldn’t focus on his proximity. Only his mouth and his incredible, masculine smell that was now surrounding her. Brandy might be nice, but this man’s scent was the most potent aphrodisiac she’d ever experienced.

“Among other things,” he returned.

Mia shivered at the idea of “other things”. She wanted to know what he might be referring to, but her lips couldn’t form the words. A part of her was too afraid of those “other things”. She knew she should not want those “other things”.

But she did! Oh, goodness, she wanted those “other things” with this man so badly, she could almost taste them! In less than twenty-four hours and with only a smattering of conversation between them, she was almost panting after this man with a scandalous lack of decorum.

*If you enjoyed this excerpt, look for **Pregnant with the Sheik's Baby** at your favorite e-book retailer. It's available for preorder now!*

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