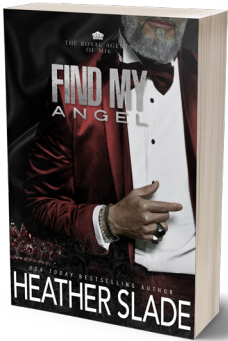


# heather SLADE

USA TODAY BEST-SELLING AUTHOR OF  
SHAMELESSLY SEXY EDGE-OF-YOUR SEAT ROMANTIC SUSPENSE



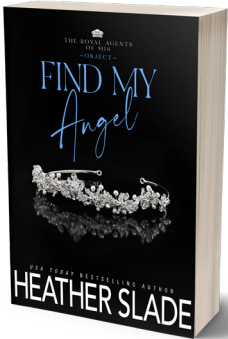
## Find My Angel

*Book Five in the Royal Agents of MI6 series*

*He's the former MI6 chief who resigned for love.*

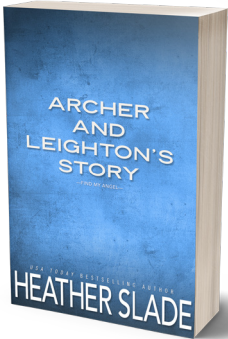
*She's the agent who waited four years for him.*

*Their forbidden romance becomes a fight for survival.*



## Z

After decades as a widower rising to become chief of MI6, I thought I'd left love behind. But when I met Leighton "George" Marietta, a brilliant MI5 agent, everything changed. On the verge of finally pursuing our long-simmering attraction, I'm unexpectedly kidnapped by a desperate colleague. As I grapple with my captor's motives and my own past, I realize that my feelings for George run deeper than I ever imagined. If I make it out alive, I'm determined not to waste another moment without her by my side.



## George

I've been in love with Z since the moment we met, but as my superior at MI6, he was always out of reach. When he suddenly resigns and asks me on a date, I think my dreams are finally coming true. But before we can begin our life together, Z vanishes without a trace. As I race against time to find him, I'm forced to confront the depth of my feelings and the dangerous world we inhabit. Will I be able to save the man I love and secure our chance at happiness? Together, Z and I must navigate the treacherous waters of espionage, family obligations, and a whirlwind romance that could change both our lives forever. From the heart of London to a sprawling Texas ranch, our love story unfolds against a backdrop of international intrigue and second chances.

1

Z

Before walking out of my flat, I checked my reflection in the mirror for the countless time. Tie was straight, suit looked okay, hair seemed grayer than the last time I checked, but at my age, that was to be expected. Some of it had to do with the job I'd just left.

Chief of MI6. It had been my sole professional aspiration for as long as I could remember. And, truth be told, I'd loved every minute of it. Until recently.

While some might think it was the birth of my second grandchild or watching the team of agents I oversaw fall in love, marry, and start families of their own that made me realize my job was no longer enough, it wasn't any of that.

When I looked up and saw the woman I'd invited to dinner tonight pass by my office, it was as though something inside me snapped.

Leighton "George" Marietta had captivated me from the moment I first met her. She had deep pools of cognac-brown eyes and long, wavy dark brown hair that cascaded over her shoulders. How I wanted to weave my fingers in its soft waves.

Each time I passed her in the hallway, I struggled to keep my eyes from drifting to her lush breasts, her gloriously long legs, and her arse I longed to cup with both my hands.

In the four years since we met, neither of us had truly acted on our mutual attraction. Talked about it, yes. Succumbed to it, no.

Sure, there had been flirtations here and there, but it never went further. More than once, we'd agreed a relationship between us was inappropriate, given I was her boss, then eventually, her boss' boss. A couple of times, I'd initiated the conversation. Once or twice, she did. However, no amount of denial, resolve, or statement of impropriety had changed how much I wanted her.

At one point, I convinced myself "out of sight, out of mind" was the best course of action. However, it had only resulted in absence making my heart grow fonder.

And while, in this day and age, others felt no shame in crossing those lines, I couldn't. If it meant I'd lose the chance to know her better when she found another man who wasn't bound by duty in the way I was, I'd have to live with it. Or so I used to think.

That all changed today when I picked up my phone, called the man I reported to, and resigned from my position with SIS—His Majesty's Secret Intelligence Service.

As soon as that call ended, I walked out of my office, down the hall to hers, and knocked.

"Come in," she said, her eyes widening when she looked up at me.

"I've resigned," I blurted.

George raised her brow and studied me. "Have you?"

I nodded. "Effective immediately."

She sat back in her chair and folded her arms. "Now what?"

"I was wondering if you'd like to celebrate over dinner tonight. With me."

George smiled. "I suppose it wouldn't be much of a celebration if you weren't there. Is there a group gathering—"

"No. Err, forgive my interruption, but this celebration has nothing to do with work." I cleared my throat. "I'm asking you on a date, George."

It dawned on me that she might turn me down. Perhaps she'd run out of patience with me years ago.

I let out the breath I'd been holding when I heard her say, "I accept."

Now, five hours later, I was on my way to pick her up. I had quite an evening planned for us. First, dinner at her favorite Indian restaurant, which just so happened to be my favorite as well. Afterwards, I intended to invite

her back to my townhouse for an after-dinner cocktail. Or, if she preferred, her place. Either way, now that I'd decided to pursue her, I wanted George to know it would be full throttle, as they say. I wanted her in my life and in my bed. Starting tonight.

I looked out the window and saw the car service I'd hired pull up. After grabbing my overcoat, I took one last look in the mirror. "Do not talk yourself out of this," I said to my reflection.

After locking up behind me, I walked down the steps to the car, checking the time on my mobile.

"*Puck?* What are you doing here?" I asked when I saw him waiting in the backseat.

"Hello, Z," he responded once I was inside with the door closed.

I looked down and saw he had a gun pointed at me. "What in the bloody hell is the meaning of this?"

"I need your help with something."

"For God's sake, Puck. All you had to do was ask. This...this..."—I motioned to the gun—"is not necessary. I insist you explain yourself immediately, followed by exiting the vehicle. I have a previous and urgent engagement."

"'Fraid that won't be possible, sir."

"Agent Lindstrom, I demand you lower your weapon—" Before I finished my sentence, the car sped off.

"Now, hand over your weapons and your mobile. I'd rather not, but if you force me, I will kill you, Z."

I stared down the barrel of his gun, knowing I had no choice but to do as he said or prepare to die.

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