



FORBIDDEN
Passion
SEVEN SINS: ENVY

SOPHIE ADAMS

“Forbidden Passion”

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Synopsis

“No one is all bad...nor all good”

From the moment Jake, a Marine, laid eyes on Katherine, he wanted her for himself. But the person who was supposed to be his best friend had betrayed him and won her before Jake had had a chance to make his move. Being honourable, he had backed off from the only woman who had ever managed to arouse deep feelings in him and left town to embark on an official mission in Afghanistan.

Katherine was living the perfect life. She was a good daughter, a respected member of the high society of Raleigh, North Carolina and a volunteer at an animal shelter. She was also the girlfriend of Josh Macgregor, the candidate for Congressman. But this was all a lie. What Katherine really wanted was to go wild, to get a tattoo, go out drinking and have fun but, more than that, she yearned to act on the forbidden passion she felt for Jake.

Will Katherine and Jake have the courage to break free from the chains that bind them and succumb to the forbidden passion they feel for each other? Will they be able to stand up to society, to the power games and the bitter envy of an unscrupulous man?

Forbidden Passion is the first book in the Seven Sins series.

Author's note:

Seven sins. Seven human attitudes that go against the divine laws. Seven errors that we have all committed or come across at some point in our lives.

Envy, Lust, Wrath, Vanity, Greed, Gluttony and Laziness. Each story from the Seven Sins series is inspired around one of these attitudes. All the stories have a beginning, a middle and an end and can be intertwined with characters that appear in previous stories.

In *Forbidden Passion* we will discover how envy can pull apart two people who desire each other and how it can come between two people who are supposed to be best friends. I hope you like Jake and Kate as much as I loved writing about them!

When you finish the book, please review it and recommend it to your friends. Your review enables others to become interested in reading the stories.

Visit my website and follow me on Facebook to keep up to date with my news and future releases.

With love,

Sophie Adams

Jake

On the deck of the aircraft carrier that was taking me back to the USA, I stood looking out to sea. The sun was beginning to set and as the golden rays merged into the blue immensity, my mind wandered back through the memories I had suppressed for so long.

For the last twenty-five years, I had felt half of a whole, fifty percent of a unit. The reflection of someone who was identical to me but, at the same time, very different. From a very young age, we had been divided in two, good and bad, right and wrong, as if this division were enough to define us. This was until the day I decided to accept the label given to me and embrace the sinner I was. In doing so, I would be breaking the link that bound me to the person who knows me almost as well as I know myself: my twin brother.

But, you should know that things weren't exactly as they seemed. No one is all good....nor all bad. The problem is that, with twins, it doesn't really work like that. Not in my family anyway.

Josh was older than me by two minutes and he always made a big deal out of this. Those two minutes made him the sensible one, the hero, the responsible one, the one who could do no wrong. And if you think that all this meant I was considered to be his opposite, you're right. But, in fact, Josh was nothing like people thought he was. He was a trouble-maker as a boy, daring as a young man and then a reckless adult. The thing is, I have always had a protective instinct so, ever since we were kids, I've always done my best to get him out of trouble and, unsurprisingly, this put me in situations that were, at best, complicated. I would generally end up getting the blame for Josh's shenanigans. This didn't bother me for a long time.

This sense of protection and the bond we had was much stronger than all that, even when Josh did certain things that gave the impression he wanted me to get caught. Like the time he vandalized the Madison's wall and left my Chicago Bull's cap on the ground next to the gate. I was the only boy in the whole city who had a cap like that because I'd been to a game with my uncle Brandon in the summer. The result? I spent most of the vacation painting the wall he'd sprayed and I was grounded, not allowed to leave the house, whilst my brother went out every night and even lost his virginity.

But, as I said before, these things didn't bother me. Sure, I was a normal kid and wanted to enjoy myself as much as he did, but, deep down, I felt like I needed to protect him from the dangers of the world.

Yes, I was an idiot.

We are identical twins but, even so, we are very different. Once we became adults, the physical differences, which had always been very slight, started to appear. We both had a good physique but my training meant my body became much more developed than his. My dark hair was very short, cut to a grade 3, whereas Josh's was short and wavy. His hands were smooth and manicured like those of a baby but mine were thick and rough like those of a man who does heavy work. He wore Italian suits and hand-made shoes whilst I would always be seen in a good, old pair of jeans.

I had always turned a blind eye to Josh's antics and tried to keep him safe from the dangers of the world. Until the day I met Katherine. My world was turned upside-down and my relationship with my supposed best friend, despite all the problems we'd had, changed forever.

I saw Katherine for the first time two years ago when I was at a charity ball for orphan children in Afghanistan promoted by the Marines. I had already been in the Force for six years and had just been promoted to the rank of officer. Josh was in Law school and working as an intern at a firm

that belonged to a friend of our father's. At 23 years old, all I thought about was going out with girls with no strings attached but then I saw a beautiful blonde girl wearing a blue dress that matched her eyes perfectly. When she smiled at me, my heart was stolen immediately. We spent most of the night exchanging looks until Josh, always the life and soul of the party, pulled her up to dance.

My brother had always been much more outgoing than me. Josh was a real charmer whereas I was shy and sometimes considered a little sullen because of my serious nature and physical strength. My mom used to say I was the perfect soldier: strong, serious and centered and that the marines had changed me from being irresponsible to a decent man.

How innocent!

In addition to my shyness, I respected the code of honor between men and I would never hit on a woman who my brother, especially my twin brother, my other half, was interested in. So, I backed off and did my utmost to stifle the feelings that Katherine had awakened in me: greed, desire, passion and lust.

Envy.

The worst feeling in the world and one I had never felt towards anybody, much less about my own brother.

As the days went by, I dealt with my guilt as best I could. Josh started to court Katherine, inviting her out to dinner, buying her flowers and gifts and I did everything possible to suppress my feelings.

Two months later, Katherine finally gave in and agreed to date Josh. This broke my heart and was the reason for many drunken nights.

One night, six months after the fateful beginning of their relationship, I bumped into Josh at a pub where the Marines normally hang out. I asked what he was doing there, as it wasn't the kind of place he usually went to.

He told me that he was waiting for his date. After describing the *'hot chick he was going to screw that night'*, his words, he told me that he was going to propose to Katherine the following weekend. That was the first time we had ever fought to the point where we had to be pulled apart so that I didn't kill him. How could he do that to an angel like Katherine? To be thinking about marrying her and going out with other women at the same time? It was then that he realized, at least I think it was then, that my feelings for her were much stronger and less respectful than feelings a brother should have for his own brother's girlfriend. As revenge for the beating I had given him, he started to make me increasingly envious. First, he started to take her constantly to my parent's house, where we still lived. Then he would provoke me by saying that Katherine was really wild in bed, that she would do anything to satisfy his desires. This continued until, finally, he put a damn diamond on her finger.

A few days after the fucking engagement, I agreed to lead my own troop on a secret mission and left Raleigh for an unknown destination in the Middle East.

People say that war makes a man reassess his life and his relationships. Now, a little over a year since I had left, I was going back home, determined to make up for lost time and ready to be the villain, the evil twin coming home to get back what should have been his in the first place: my brother's fiancée.

And she will be mine.

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