



OWNED

*by a sinner*

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR  
MICHELLE HEARD

OWNED  
*by a sinner*

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR  
MICHELLE HEARD

Copyright © 2022 *OWNED BY A SINNER* by M.A. Heard.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written consent of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotation embodied in critical reviews and various other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

The resemblance to actual persons, things, living or dead, locales, or events is entirely coincidental.

**Cover Designer: [Cormar Covers](#)**

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

[Dedication](#)

[Songlist](#)

[Synopsis](#)

[Owned By A Sinner](#)

[Priesthood:](#)

[Family Tree](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[Chapter 29](#)

[Chapter 30](#)

[Chapter 31](#)

[Chapter 32](#)

[Chapter 33](#)

[Chapter 34](#)

[Chapter 35](#)

[Chapter 36](#)

[Chapter 37](#)

[Chapter 38](#)

[Chapter 39](#)

[Chapter 40](#)

[Chapter 41](#)

[Chapter 42](#)

[Chapter 43](#)

[Chapter 44](#)

[Chapter 45](#)

[Chapter 46](#)

[Epilogue 1](#)

[Epilogue 2](#)

[Published Books](#)

[Connect with me](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)

# Dedication

To all my readers who are still waiting for Mr. Right.  
Liam's for you.

---

# Songlist

Click here - [Spotify](#)

Game of Survival – Ruelle

Half Light – BANNERS

Waiting for Superman – Daughtry

Broken – Izak Danielson

Just Say – Nine One One

Dressed in Black – Sia

Broken – Jonah Kagen

Lifeline – Reuben Gray

Better off Without – Armon Jay

Hurricane – Tommee Profitt, Fleurie

There Must Be Something In The Water – Kevin Close

Till The World Stops Turning – Kaleb Jones

I Get To Love You - Ruelle

# Synopsis

All I want to do is look after my dad, so when I land the job of a lifetime that will take care of our expenses, I grab at the chance with both hands. Little do I know, the impossible will be expected of me.

Slowly my smile fades, and my laughter dies until all that's left is the broken puppet my personal hell created.

Liam Byrne, the head of the Irish mafia, returns from a business trip, and I expect my hellish nightmare to increase ten-fold.

Brutal, merciless, and dangerous, Liam is feared by all – even the monster intent on killing my soul. Turns out I was wrong.

The instant Liam notices what's happening, he takes me under his wing, and even though he's all sharp edges and threatening growls, I feel safe with him.

Little by little, my sunshine creeps through the cracks, and my laughter returns.

*But can one monster really defeat another, or am I just a girl dreaming about the impossible?*



---

# **Owned By A Sinner**

*Mafia / Organized Crime / Suspense Romance*  
**STANDALONE in The Sinners Series**  
**Book 2**

## **Authors Note:**

This book contains subject matter that may be sensitive for some readers. There is triggering content related to severe physical, emotional, mental, and sexual abuse.

There's brutal violence between these pages.

18+ only.

Please read responsibly.

---

# **Priesthood:**

*A gathering of Mafia dons that was in effect a  
convocation of the nation's priesthood of organized  
crime*

---

*“Evil people don’t need a reason to justify the vile  
things they do. They just are.”*

— **Michelle Heard**

# Family Tree

**Liam Byrne**



Owen Byrne  
*Father*

Family Business: Irish Mafia

Mother: Patricia Byrne (*Deceased*)

Uncle: Cillian Byrne (Merciless Saints)

Step Mother: Gemma Byrne

Step Brother: Finn Byrne

---

**Kiara Murphy**



Jimmy Flanagan  
*Father*

Mother: Tara Murphy

Best Friend: Denise Hudson



# Prologue

Jimmy Flanagan

*(Kiara's Dad)*

## *25 Years Ago...*

Sitting across from Tara, who was just supposed to be another one-night stand, I'm still trying to process the fact that she's pregnant.

With my kid.

*Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.*

Rising to my feet, there isn't much space to move in the studio apartment. I slump back down on the worn sofa.

"Jesus," I manage to mutter.

"You don't have to do anything. I just thought you should know."

Shaking my head, I let my eyes rest on the redhead across from me. The flicker of hope in her soft brown eyes brings a frown to my forehead. "I'm no white knight, lass."

I'm the furthest thing from.

Tara nervously wets her lips, her eyes darting around the small living space.

Jesus, this is a fucking mess. On the spur of the moment, I admit, "I'm a bad man."

Tara's gaze flicks to me, then she asks, "What do you mean?"

Deciding to lay all the cards on the table, I say, "I work for the Irish mafia."

Her eyes widen, and the hope that's been flickering on and off dies a sudden death.

Letting out a sigh, I shake my head. “I can help out financially, but my life is no place for a kid... or the likes of you.”

Tara nods, and swallowing hard on the bomb I just dropped on her, she anxiously wipes the palm of her hands on her skirt. “I can tell the child you died.”

My gaze narrows on her as her words hit unexpectedly hard. “No.”

I don’t want my kid thinking I’m dead. I might have done a lot of bad shit in my life, but I’ll never turn my back on a kid, especially one that’s my own.

“Like I said, I’ll help out financially. I’ll check in on you and the kid whenever it’s safe. That’s the best I can do.”

Tara thinks for a while, her eyes focused on the wall of the neighboring apartment block outside the window. “I’ve heard horror stories about the Byrne family floating on the street. I don’t want my child anywhere near the mafia.”

“That we can agree on.”

Her gaze turns back to me. “Maybe we can tell the baby you’re a traveling salesman?”

The corner of my mouth lifts. “Sounds like a plan.” Getting up, I pull my wallet out and remove all the cash I have on me. “I’ll bring more.” I set the money down on the coffee table. Locking eyes with Tara, warning laces my tone as I say, “No one can know who I am. For your safety. Once the kid is born, give them your last name, and don’t go near the Byrnes.”

She nods as she stands up. “I won’t tell a living soul.”

I allow my eyes to drift over the woman responsible for one of the best nights of my life. For a split second, I wish things were different. I wish I had the luxury of getting to know her. Maybe things could work out between us.

But there's no wishing in the life I've chosen for myself. My life and loyalty belong to Owen Byrne, the head of the Irish mafia.

I have to keep Tara and our unborn kid a secret.





# Chapter 1

## Kiara

*Liam; 39. Kiara; 24.*

Walking up the path, I can't stop smiling. Today was a good day, and I can't wait to share the news with my dad. The moment I open the front door, my smile grows even wider. "Dad?"

"In the kitchen, lass," he calls out.

My feet feel light as I move through the cozy living room with its worn brown couches.

When Dad had a heart attack, I thought my own would stop. I was beside myself with worry and only managed to breathe freely once Dad was able to smile at me again.

The doctor said we were lucky. I've changed Dad's diet and made sure there's no stress whatsoever to get him worked up.

Entering the kitchen, it's to find Dad and Kristine at the four-seater table. Kristine's a temporary nurse I hired, using the money I had saved up from all the temp jobs I've done over the years to pay her salary. It's not much, but it's helping with the bills.

Dad gives me a surly look, then glares at the carrots on his plate. "Look what she's makin' me eat."

Leaning down, I press a kiss to the top of his thinning salt and pepper hair. "You heard what the doctor said. You need the vegetables. You can't live on pizza and burgers any longer."

"Aye-aye," he mutters, grumpy as always. Instead of putting up a fight, he shovels a forkful of carrots into his mouth and makes a show of chewing.

Frowning at me, his voice is brisk as he asks, "What are you doing here?"

For some unknown reason, Dad's against me visiting him at his house. At first, it hurt whenever he'd tell me to hurry and leave, but now I just ignore his grumpiness, telling myself it's because he's not feeling well.

My parents never married. I was the result of a one-night stand, but they never made me feel unwanted. Mom raised me, and even though Dad traveled a lot for work, he tried to see me as often as he could. He might not be the world's best father, but he's never missed one of my birthdays, and the little time we got to spend together are some of my best memories.

"I wanted to check on you, and I have good news," I grin while sitting down in one of the empty chairs. I sneak a carrot from Dad's plate and pop it into my mouth.

"Well?" He lifts an impatient eyebrow at me. "Don't keep me waitin'."

"I just got my first permanent job!" The excitement and relief bubble over my lips. "As a receptionist."

*God, I still can't believe it.*

A smile tugs at Dad's mouth. "Where?"

I nod at his plate of food so he'll eat some more. Reluctantly, he scoops up another bite of carrots.

"Byrne Enterprises. I'll work in the lobby. It's a big company, so there are many opportunities for growth," I ramble, my excitement growing with each word.

*The starts are the limit.*

God, I needed this job. I only had enough in my savings to pay Kristine until the end of the month. Now I can afford her until Dad's back on his feet, and I'll be able to move out of the shoebox I'm currently living in and into a better apartment.

Dad's features grow dark and tense, his eyebrows drawing together. "Byrne Enterprises." He does not look happy for me, his voice laced with warning.

My gaze flits over his features as I try to gauge his mood. "Yeah. I've applied all over the city, and lucky for me, they're okay with my lack of experience. I really needed something more stable, and the pay is good."

Dad shakes his head, the corner of his mouth drawing down as if I just told him I'd be working in a dumpster and not a multi-billion-dollar company. "Over my dead body, will you work at Byrne Enterprises?"

*What?*

My happy bubble pops, and I slump back in my chair. I really thought Dad would be excited for me. I really don't get why he's against me taking this position. "I don't understand. This job pays well, and I'll be able to make a better life for myself. Why are you against it?"

The expression on Dad's face only grows grimmer, and I start to worry the conversation will make his blood pressure shoot through the roof, and we can't have that. Under normal circumstances, I would stand my ground, but I can't risk Dad suffering another heart attack. The doctor warned the next one could be fatal.

Anger brims in Dad's voice as he says with finality, "You will not work at Byrne Enterprises. If you're strugglin' financially, move back in with your Ma."

Mom lives in a small studio apartment, and besides there being no space for me, I'm twenty-four and need to build a life for myself. Why can't Dad understand that?

My eyes flick to Kristine, and when she shakes her head, silently telling me not to upset Dad any further, I get up from the chair and pour myself a glass of water.