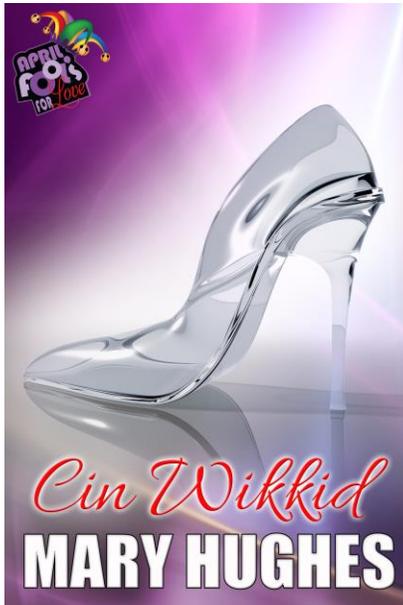


# CIN WIKKID: APRIL FOOLS FOR LOVE BY MARY HUGHES

*Like television's Once Upon a Time, CIN WIKKID is a fairy tale updated for the twenty-first century. A Cinderella's rags-to-riches meets He's the Boss—with Mary Hughes's trademark sizzling sex and a dash of humor. Readers of BEAUTY TOUCHED THE BEAST by Skye Warren or DOUBLE DARE by Jodi Redford will fall in love with Cinderella and her prince in this contemporary romance by Mary Hughes.*



**Title:** Cin Wikkid: April Fools For Love

**Author:** Mary Hughes

**Genre:** Contemporary Romance

**Release Date:** March 18, 2016

**Publisher:** 7<sup>th</sup> Octave Publishing

**Length:** 28,000 words

**Format:** Digital

**Digital ISBN:** 978-1-940958-07-1

## Synopsis:

### THE WRONGED DAUGHTER

Cinderella hungers to escape from under Widow Wikkid's grinding thumb. But to snare a plum job at Prince Industries, Cin desperately needs her degree, and she can't wrap her mind around tax accounting.

Then scarred but sexy Rafe Montoya ignites her imagination with his brilliant tutoring—and, as they work together in his cozy apartment, he sets her body on fire. So why is he pushing her to attend Gideon Prince's marriage-mart ball?

### THE HANDSOME PRINCE

Rafe is really Gideon Prince, head of Prince Industries. He must name his bride by his April first birthday or suffer the loss of his family fortune. Rumors say he's still single because women love his money and looks, not him. Is he lonely or just another duplicitous tycoon?

### THE GLASS SLIPPER TEST

Hopefuls flock to Prince's birthday ball, but only one will emerge triumphant. Only the woman who's kind, wise, and generous will win his heart. Is it Cin, or will her stepmother, as she always does, snatch the prize for her own daughters?

And on the night of the ball, when Cin discovers Rafe's true identity, can she even accept his final test?

*Warning: Rags-to-riches fairytale meets the texting generation. Stepsisters who are a blush-brush shy of a full makeup set, and a ball gown built like a tank. Contains material intended for mature audiences. Reader discretion advised.*

**Find out more at:** [Amazon US](#) | [Amazon UK](#) | [Mary's Website](#) | [Goodreads](#)

**Excerpt from *Cin Wikkid*:**

*Cin has been chatting online with tutor Rafe for about a month.*

There was an odd delay before another text bubbled up from Rafe.

—*I have a picture, too.*— The single line looked strangely vulnerable.

—*Cool*—, she typed back, wondering what he had for her. Another picture of Snoopy, his faithful old beagle?

Maybe he'd even show her a video like last week. Her heart beat harder in memory. The video had been of Rafe, proudly showing her he could do twenty-five push ups in one minute. The shot had zoomed in on Rafe's back from above. His muscles bunched and released under his thin tank shirt as he strained to pump out reps. Simply remembering the ripple of strength as he bobbed up and down made her breath steam in puffs on the air. She'd replayed that video several times in private, thinking all sorts of hot, sweaty thoughts.

But it wasn't Rafe's back that popped up in her feed this time. The image was static, not a video.

And it wasn't his body, but his face.

Cin drank in the image.

Tousled black hair, jet brows sharp as knives. Eyes a brilliant blue, so gorgeous they cut into her soul. Compelling cheekbones, though the rest of his features were average, boy-next-door.

At least one half of his face. The other side...

His right cheek was a mass of puckers, as if his skin was a darned sock or made out of bubblewrap.

No text with it. No snarky "I really am ruggedly handsome" or "I'm Ironman."

Just the single picture, hanging there at the bottom of the message stream, almost as if it was holding its breath.

—*Is that you?*— She typed the words, but hesitated pressing send.

While she hesitated, a bubble popped up. —*It's me. I'm scarred. Pretty badly.*—

She'd gotten used to his almost-mind-reading and erased her text then quickly typed, —*Can you tell me what happened? Does it...hurt?*— She pressed send, regretting it immediately. What if she'd said the wrong thing?

The screen froze, and for a moment, her breath froze with it. Was this something that pained him to talk about?

A reply finally popped up. —*Doesn't hurt any more. Stupid accident involving too much testosterone. But thanks for asking.*—

Her breath unfroze, her body warmed, and her heart beat a bit faster. Maybe this was something he didn't talk about, but he had with her. —*Thank you for sharing this with me.*—

He responded with a sticker, a purring cat with a heart over it.

He'd posted *a heart*. Longing, sweet and thrilling, threaded her body like candy syrup, overwhelming her.

*Dial it down, Cin. You're overreacting.* It was simply a cute little sticker. Didn't mean he loved her.

Still, it was sweet, and she liked it. She was about to search for a nice sticker to reply with when a line of alert appeared below.

*Rafe is typing.*

She waited, breathless for what he'd share next.

The message bubble, when it popped up, contained a single line.

—*Can we meet?*—

**Check out the other April Fools For Love books by Roxy Mews, S.L. Carpenter, Kayleigh Malcolm, and Jodi Redford on [April Fools For Love!](#)**



**About Mary Hughes:**

As a girl, Mary Hughes spun romantic, happily-ever-after stories to get to sleep. A husband, family, two degrees and a blackbelt later, she's delighted to spin them for readers.

She's lived with love and loss, in bright times and dark, and learned we can all use a break from reality every now and then.

So join her for action, sparkling wit and red-hot love. Strong men. Stronger women.

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