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"Ye want tae leave, tae head to this . . . nunnery, aye?"

"Yes," Fiona said, through gritted teeth. So he wasn't going to drop the act.

"Then I'll help get ye there. But ye have tae do something for me first."

Fiona stumbled back, her throat dry. He was the sexiest man she'd ever seen, but he was still a stranger, and if this was some type of weird sex thing—

"Tis not what ye're thinking, lass," Eadan said with exasperation, taking in her panicked expression. "I'll help ye leave . . . if ye pose as my bride."