

NYT, USA TODAY & AMAZON BESTSELLING AUTHORS

EXTRAORDINARY AUTHOR EXCERPTS

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Tease to Please

Tease to Trease

Extraordinary Author Excerpts

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to all our loyal fans and readers who give our work purpose.....and it will be our dirty little secret...

Naughty is as naughty does. And if

there is any virtue seeking its own reward, it will not be found here. What will be found is a collection of awesome author excerpts, a box of saucy, delectable samples, a tasty bounty of tantalizing teasers. And there is no reward quite like self-indulgence; virtue be damned.

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Lucy

Erzabet Bishop Airicka
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Tabitha Rayne

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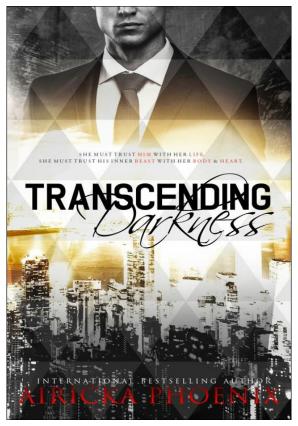
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Airicka Phoenix

Transcending Darkness

Blurb:

One: Sign the contract.

Juliette Romero had a debt to pay, a debt that wasn't even hers. But it was the only way to keep her family safe and all she had to do was sell her body and soul to the devil.

Killian McClary wasn't called the

the head of the McClary Organization since he was fifteen and had built a reputation for being a ruthless son of a bitch when it came to running the city's underbelly, not to mention merciless when it came to punishing those who betray him. He didn't believe in weaknesses. Only results. Juliette, with her shy smiles and hot little body was a weakness unlike any other and yet he was powerless to resist one more taste of her sweet flesh.

Scarlet Wolf for nothing. He'd been

Two: Become his for a year.

life or her body, what could Juliette possibly do, but submit to a man whose very name invoked fear in the hearts of others? She just never anticipated falling for his dark, hungry eyes and clever hands, or the way the beast in him made her feel oddly safe and cherished. But what will happen when Killian's

When given the choice between her

dark past finally catches up to him and threatens the woman he can no longer imagine himself without? What will happen when both sides find themselves caught in a web of passion, lies and broken promises?

Can Juliette tame the wolf or will her love for him devour them both?

Three: Don't fall in love.

Boundaries will be crossed, loyalties will be tested and lives will be changed forever.

Excerpt:

Sucking in a deep breath, she reached for his buckle. The cool metal kissed trembling fingers only to be captured a second later. Long, tapered fingers curled effortlessly around the expanse of her hands.

The hold was firm, but gentle in his restraint.

Confusion and surprise flicked

her gaze to his face, to those intense, black eyes and full mouth. It was probably a bad time to notice when

she was trying to keep her mind blank, but he really was ridiculously beautiful. The knowledge didn't ease the anxiety eating at her insides, but the fact that he wasn't some fat, hairy

She was drawn off her knees and pulled up onto his lap. His toned thighs cradled her backside as she was made to straddle his hips. Cool

slob was a kind of small comfort.

"I thought..."

that released her hands to curl around her waist. She was pulled closer. So close, they shared the same air with every exhale. So close she could count each individual lash

circling his darkened eyes. One hand pulled forward and captured her

leather shifted beneath her knees, a contrast to the scalding hot palms

chin between long fingers. Her face was tipped even closer.

Juliette gasped, a weak, pitiful sound that seemed to ignite the fire in his eyes. The light flickered with a glimmer of triumph that stole a

shiver through her. "You should have left, a ghrá." His

low, seductive drawl snagged on the few wisps of air she'd managed to coax into her lungs and tore them from her. She floundered while he watched her with those predatory eyes. "You should have escaped whilst you had the chance. Now you're mine, little lamb." Mesmerized by his eyes, lured by his scent, captivated by the feel of his hands gliding to her hips, Juliette could only hold her breath while he dared her to do something she had no experience in. Every prickling sensation was brutally aware of his callused fingers inching up the soft skin of her thighs and dipping graze her hips. Juliette's whimper crashed into the back of the teeth she clamped over her lip, but the sound still filtered from her throat in an embarrassing moan.

Damn it. She wasn't supposed to

be enjoying herself. That hadn't been

beneath the fabric of her skirt to

part of the plan. But there was no stopping it now. Her body was freefalling into a whirlwind of everything it had been deprived of for the last seven year. It was thrumming for everything he was offering her without a shred of care. It made no difference that her mind was against the whole thing when he

had so expertly tamed her body to his will. Hard hands curled into the globes of her backside and she was dragged

over the hard lump nestled beneath his pants. The heat of their bodies coming together burned through fabric. The rigid length of him slid perfectly up the heart of her being,

hitting every critical point right to the taut muscle at the top. The slow grind elicited a rush of unexpected heat to plow into her. It welled up through her in a single swoop of arousal that had her grabbing for his shoulders. One of them groaned,

low and guttural that sounded

silence. It was only when he pushed down on her hips while lifting his and she gasped that she realized with some degree of horror—that the sounds were coming from her.

infinitely too loud in the fraught

"That a girl," he drawled in that delicious accent of his. "Tell me what you like."

She couldn't think of a single response to that. She couldn't think period. Her mind had become a wasteland of desire and guilt. The two coiled around each other in a vicious war that made her want to cry.

It had been years since she'd come

anywhere near an orgasm. Years where she hadn't even touched herself and the need was killing her. Worse than that was the knowledge that she had all but abandoned her morals in the time it took to climb into a stranger's lap, but she wanted this. She wanted him. As wrong as it was. Yet the moment she peered into those impossibly dark eyes, there was no denying the sweet flutter of arousal that swept through her belly.

She couldn't ignore the ache. Her body was lost in a sea of desire and nothing else mattered. The fact that his eyes were promising things that made her pussy clench and her nipple tighten didn't help calm the waves washing over her. His hands felt their way over her

eager body, fanning the fires bursting through her in a rainbow of colors. Against her mound, his cock worked her approaching climax with a skill

that had her delirious for something only he could give her. All the while,

he continued to fuck her with his eyes. He plunged deep inside her and rode her emotions hard. She could have orgasmed from the look alone.

"I want a taste of your pussy, little lamb," Killian hissed into her ear as he twisted his fingers around the

open you wide right here and feast on you until you can't walk straight." Christ, how was she supposed to

straps of her camisole. "I want to

keep her head when he was saying things like that?

"Please," she breathed. She begged. Her fingers tightened

around fabric of his blazer. Her

body arched deeper into his. "I need
—"
"Up," he commanded.

Juliette wasted no time scrambling off him. The roof of the limo grazed the top of her head, forcing

her to stay stooped as she dropped unceremoniously into the seat next breath as he shrugged out of his blazer and carelessly pitched it aside. His tie followed in a streak of solid gray slashing into the air before

to him. She waited with batted

fluttering to the ground. Juliette hurriedly kicked off her shoes. The black heels struck the carpet with a muffled thud and lay forgotten. Killian lowered himself down on

his knees in front of her. It didn't seem to bother him in the least to be kneeling at her feet. He didn't seem to care about anything but getting his hands on her hips and jerking her roughly down the leather seat. Her

skirt bunched in a wrinkled mess

painfully plain material of her panties stretched over the lips of her pussy.

"You've soaked through." The pad

of one thumb traced the wet patch

about her waist, exposing the

in lazy circles from hole to clit. Each pass over the nub they could both clearly see poking up against her panties increased the flow. "Can you feel just how wet you are?"

He gave her no chance to respond

when his hands closed around the supple flesh of her thighs. Her knees were lewdly splayed and the place in between was filled by his lean hips.

Her choked gasp was met by the

over her, pinning her to the leather with his torso. For a moment, she thought he was going to kiss her. Her lips parted. They tingled in eager anticipation as he drew closer.

Her fingers tightened in the sleeve

vicious glint in his eyes as he pressed

of his dress shirt. The fabric wrinkled and she knew she was damaging it beyond repair, but the only thing she could bring herself to focus on was the mouth a heartbeat away from hers.

away from hers.

He shifted his weight higher. The leather beneath her squeaked with the adjustment. On either side of her hips, the seat dipped beneath his

hands as he settled, aligning the full weight of his erection against her mound once more. A sound escaped her that she couldn't even identify. It was something between a whine and a whimper, but it came from somewhere deep in the pit of her body. Her companion rocked his hips forward and her entire body jerked. Her cry was louder, desperate and it rang through the car. "Like that?" he murmured, doing it again, but slower. Cotton mouthed and irrationally dizzy, Juliette gave a single, rapid nod. "Yes." Hungry eyes devoured her

through the thick fringes of his lashes. His hands lifted. They wrapped in the straps of her top and dragged them leisurely over the slopes of her shoulders. The painfully slow descent tugged the hem down her chest, over the swell of her breasts to catch on the puckered tips, tugging and teasing before popping free. Juliette's hiss was met with triumph before he was focused on the flesh he'd uncovered. His face darkened. "Christ, the things I'm going to do to you," he breathed, untangling his hands from her top to slide around her back. They flattened of his palms soaked through the bunched material of her top and bit into skin. "The things I'm going to make you do."

against her shoulder blades. The heat

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About the Author:

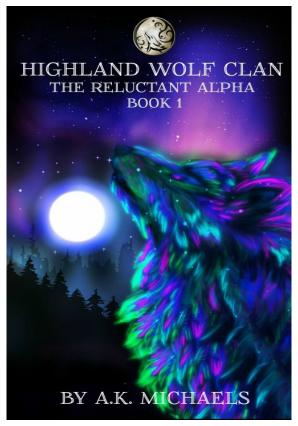
International Bestselling Author Airicka Phoenix lives in a world where unicorns, fairies and mermaids run amok through her home on a daily basis. When she's not chasing after pixies and rounding up imps, also known as her four children, she can be found conjuring up evil villains, bad-ass heroines and swoon-worthy heroes to play with. Airicka is the author of several collections for those who love passion and discord with their romance. Her novels range from paranormal and contemporary to mystery and suspense for young adult, new adult and adult readers.

For more about Airicka and the realm she rules with an iron fist—and tons of chocolate—visit her at:

Social Links:

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A.K. Michaels

Highland Wolf Clan The Reluctant Alpha -Book 1

Blurb:

Cameron Sinclair is a successful businessman, with world-wide offices. He's a multi-billionaire with all the trappings, private jet included. But Cameron has a secret — he's also a Wolf. A Wolf who vowed never to return to Pack life, or his birthright as Alpha.

With no choice but to answer his father's summons, he reluctantly returns to his Highland Pack.

However, two Alphas in one Pack will never do and things do not go smoothly. Cameron again leaves his Pack to aid his Uncle in the US, with

several of his friends in tow. What awaits is heartache, sorrow

can't even understand.

and the chance for a new life as Alpha of a large Pack. A life with love in it, his first sight of the white She-Wolf affecting him in ways he

A deadly threat is uncovered and he

and his Wolves must defend the Pack by all means necessary. When the threat is a corrupt and depraved Alpha and a horde of immortal guards, can Cameron save the Pack? And, if he does, will he want a part of it?

Or, will he do what he always does – walk away?

Excerpt:

Chastity couldn't go on, hiccupping as fresh tears ran down her face. Cam pulled her back against him and realized he'd

himself. The feel of her body against his causing him to become aroused.

He moved slightly to the side, not

forgotten to use his magic to dress

wanting her to feel his growing erection as he nodded at her to continue, "Go on, what was he going to do?"

going to do?"

She frowned, fear, disgust and anger, flitting across her face. "He was going to let Pascall and

Quincy...you know...do what they wanted to me."

A roar erupted from him, his anger growing by the second. "What? He was going to let two of

his men rape you? Just to get you to talk?"

She nodded and started to shiver

in his arms. Cam cursed, "Fucker, he's going to suffer for all he's done."

Chastity held on even tighter. "He's dangerous, Cam, very dangerous."

"So am I, little Wolf, so am I." Cam's thoughts filling with visions of his ripping Dupont's throat out.

Gentle fingers caressing his bare back bringing him out of his imagination. He looked down to see

imagination. He looked down to see Chastity pressing a kiss to his chest. His cock hardening as his hands ran up and down her back.

"There's something about you,
Cameron Sinclair, something I can't

quite understand. But, you make me feel..."

Cam leaned down, one hand at

the back of her neck to tilt her head up. "Hard. At this moment I'm feeling hard."

Chastity smirked, "I can feel it, Mr Sinclair"

Mr. Sinclair."

"Well," Cam laughed, "I'm a
Wolf. What do you expect when a

gorgeous, naked woman, is in my arms?"

"Gorgeous?" Chastity raised an

eyebrow.

"Fishing for compliments, are we?" Cam leaned down, letting his lips taste hers in a small kiss.

"No, just curious. You really

think I'm gorgeous?"

Cam placed a hand on her bare
ass pulling her ever closer "Ves

ass, pulling her ever closer. "Yes, and if you don't want me taking you right here and now you better get some distance between us."

Chastity's hands moved, one moving up to tangle in his hair as the other reached down to fondle his own ass. "Hmm, that doesn't sound so bad. Here in the forest with nobody around."

with nobody around."

Cam's eyes widened as her face

popping to cover her mouth. "I don't believe I just said that!"

He laughed as she started to breathe faster, her eyes never leaving his as he kissed her again. This time devouring her mouth as his hands discovered her body slowly. Her scent invading his mind

flushed scarlet, one of her hands

and soul as she melded to him as if she were made by the Goddess just for him. He was desperate to be inside her, desperate to make her scream as he brought her to orgasm after orgasm. Desperate to have her beneath him as he thrust deep inside her, spilling his seed with no Cam's head shot back, his head throbbing as he gently put a few

inches distance between them. "I think we need to stop."

barrier between them.

arousal as she looked at him frowning. "What's wrong?" she asked quietly.
"Nothing." Cam lied, "but we're

Chastity's eyes showing her

"Nothing," Cam lied, "but we're not doing this here!"

Cam felt panic rising inside him

at what he was feeling for this woman. He'd never, not once, felt anything other than a passing sexual attraction to anyone and he wasn't

about to start now. A relationship

was the last thing he wanted, or needed. He felt regret at the loss of her

lips and at the look of confusion on her face, but he would not allow himself to be pulled in by her beauty. Her face blushing even more at his rejection as she moved away.

"Sorry," she muttered, "I don't know what came over me."

"No need to apologize." Cam wanted her back in his arms and almost closed the distance between them, only just managing to stay where he was.

"I better get back." She turned to

around.

"What?" he scowled at her.

"What are you talking about?

You're coming with me back to

Clan land where you'll be safe."

Chastity looked at his hand,

shrugging it off. "I don't think so."

leave and his hand shot out, grasping her shoulder to turn her

"Are you mad?" Cam's voice rose as tension crept up his spine. "He was about to hand you off to two of his men and you're going back? What's wrong with you?"

A snarl escaped her line her

A snarl escaped her lips, her expression fierce as she spat back at him, "He didn't though and you

obviously have a lot on your hands, so I'll go home and stay in my room until it's over."

Cam fought to control himself,

wanting nothing more than to fling her over his shoulder and take her back to the Camp. "Seriously? You're going back there?"

Chastity nodded and as she did

so he saw the anguish in her face. *Had he put that there?* He stepped towards her, "Please, come with me." Holding a hand out and

She looked at the hand then up into his face. "I'm sorry for embarrassing you earlier."

willing her to take it.

surprising him as she transformed mid-stride, her gloriously white Wolf galloping away. Cam's first instinct was to go after her but a strong hand on his shoulder stopped

Then she turned and ran,

him.

Whirling around he came face to face with Jinx. "What the hell are you doing here?" Cam asked as his eyes sought, and found, the rest of

his Wolves in a semi-circle around

the clearing.

"Jacob told us where you were going and, again, you don't think I'd let you go off alone." Jinx didn't look happy as he went on, "You really need to rethink things, Sin. If you thought for a moment we wouldn't follow then you're just plain stupid."

"How long?" Cam looked around, seeing the twins and Mac's

Wolves but not seeing Jacob's.

"How long have we been here?"

Jinx asked, not waiting on a reply.

"Since you pushed her away and embarrassed the hell out of her."

"I didn't!" Cam almost shouted

"I didn't!" Cam almost shouted as his eyes came back to land on his best friend.

"Yeah, you did. Kinda low even for you, Sin."

Cam turned away, not welcoming

"Well you did and now she's gone back to a place she might not be safe."

the reproach in Jinx's eyes. "I

didn't mean to embarrass her."

into fists, wanting to hit something. "I'm not sure what happened. She was in my arms and felt so good

"Fuck!" Cam clenched his hands

there and then I ... shit I don't know what I was thinking but you know me. I don't get involved. Ever."

Jinx sighed, "Yes, I know you, but sometimes you act like an ass and one of those times is now."

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About the Author:

A K Michaels, Ava, was born in Scotland quite a number of years ago! She was married at a young age and is mother to three much loved children. After the birth of her last child she went back to higher education and studied for a year before gaining employment in the banking industry. She worked in that role for a number of years before leaving, both the job and the country.

She lived abroad for a few years

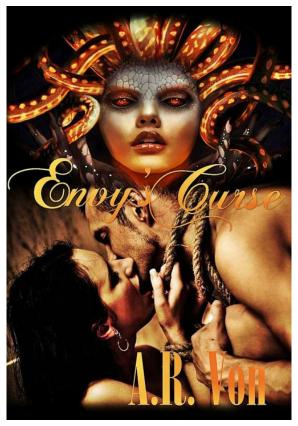
before returning to Scotland and finally taking up her dream - writing. She is the author of the Defender's Blood series of books and other series' including The Witch, The Wolf and the Vampire, Supernatural Enforcement Bureau series, Highland Wolf Clan series and also Sabrina's Vampire, together with a Wolf Erotica Novella, Lori's Wolf. Her books fall into the Paranormal/Urban Fantasy genre and she loves writing those particular kinds of stories where she can let her imagination run wild! She now spends her time reading everything from Sci Fi to Crime,

Erotica to Fantasy, Thrillers to
Paranormal Romance. She loves
spending time with her family and,
of course, writing!
She has twitter, Facebook and a
mailing list.

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A.R. Von

Envy's Curse

Blurb:

For every gift there is a price, even for the gods. Medusa and Poseidon have nurtured their secret love for one another for years, until one fateful day, they succumb. But for that moment of bliss, the price is steep indeed. Can Poseidon save the woman he loves from a curse that will mean death to them both?

Excerpt:

I can't believe how beautiful and luxurious this place is! I can't believe I'm here!

"Earth to Medusa, come in Medusa."

"Hello, is anyone home?"

My sisters are teasing me, softly knocking on my head while I stand there wide-eyed with my mouth agape. I bet they sense the excited energy and happiness bouncing off of me in waves. They dressed me in a sage green scrap of material that only covers my womanly bits, barely. I'm wearing my hair up in a tightly

woven bun, wrapped with thin, shiny silver strands which make my bun appear like a crown, almost. I wear a beautiful delicate armlet

on my upper arm, given to me by my grandmother for my eighteenth birthday. It's a design representing earth and fertility. A couple of snakes are sensually placed to seem

connected, yet they're not. It really is

a stunning piece. I've not worn it until now. I have always wanted to save it for a 'special occasion'. Now, I believe is the perfect occasion. One that has me thinking I may never remove it again. I don't recall ever having felt pretty before, never as I

do right now. I can tell my sisters see it too, as their eyes are both aglow with pride. "All right sister. Go on and

explore. Anyone who looks at you

can see you're itching to look around and explore your surroundings. Just promise us two things. Don't touch anything and don't leave the property."

I sigh in disappointment. There are always restrictions to everything! Nothing can ever be freely explored and enjoyed as it should be. It's so troublesome. But I can understand that this is someone else's home and their property must be respected. So,

I'm already on the balls of my feet and ready to explore. "Go on then. We'll leave your things by the stairs for you to bring

up to your room later. Don't take too long. Everyone will be here soon and we want to start the festivities once

I look over to my sisters and nod.

everyone arrives. You are going to thoroughly enjoy yourself sister. Just you wait and see." They are both smiling wickedly and quickly dismiss me with shooing hand motions, so

I move back the way I came to soak in all this place has to offer. So

they can go and get ready for

whatever it is they have planned.

much beauty! You can tell a lot of time, effort and love was—is put into this home and its surroundings. At least that's how it feels to me. I am enraptured with the terrace and the gardens below more than anything else. There's even a maze that goes on for, what seems like,

miles. That's something I must explore, just not at the moment.

Taking a deep, relaxing breath to fill my lungs while taking in some of the flowery fresh scents. I shoke with

fill my lungs while taking in some of the flowery fresh scents, I choke with a start and a lung full of deliciously sweet air when someone places their very large, warm hand on the small of my back. I don't need to open my There's only one person who can make me nervous, wanton and calm all in one fell swoop—Poseidon.

I smell the clean leather and ocean mix that always seems to cling to his

eyes and look to know who it is.

skin. The scent I know comes with him even with my eyes closed. Under the scent of leather, there's a light hint of the sea. I can taste him on my tongue and I want to savor it, swallow it and hold it within my being. I've always wondered if his kisses would taste just as I imagine them or if they would be something else altogether different, spicy maybe. Or possibly something even more appealing and arousing to my delicate senses. I feel his body pressed against

mine. His heat burns against my

flesh; searing, seducing. Permanently making it his. All is much desired by me. I want him to mark me as his in every way possible.

He's moving one of his fingers in small, clockwise circles on my lower back while leaning his upper body

closer to me. His mouth is now right next to my ear. I hear him inhale while rubbing his nose lightly against my hair. "Hello Medusa," he states on a husky whisper.

I feel my insides begin to shake—

pounds to a vivid beat of its own melody while my mouth waters to the point of a flood. So much so, it makes it hard for me to swallow

what from? I'm not sure. My heart

inaudibly. I think this might be desire that I feel. It must be! I feel it in my heart, my legs, stomach and in the core of my sex.

Speaking of my womanly center, it's currently shout as flooded as my

Speaking of my womanly center, it's currently about as flooded as my mouth is. It's to the point I feel a slight stickiness on my upper inner thigh. I'm trying to swallow slowly, so I don't choke and make myself look the fool. I move a little restlessly, trying to figure out how to

my legs, only to make it worse. Spreading it even more while making myself only more uncomfortable than when I started.

Removing my mind from my—situation below. I try to think of

remove the moisture from between

something to say to him. The last thing I want to do is to stand in awkward silence and waste precious time that we could spend in one another's arms. I want to seduce him, make him desire me as I desire him. Give him the treasure I've saved for him, only him. I don't want to scare him away with my innocence, lack of experience and senselessness.

confidence. I know I'm not ugly, but I'm not beautiful either. What would an amazing male such as him, want with a woman like me when he has women constantly falling at his feet? I've seen him being showered with

Then there is my lack of self-

I've seen him being showered with attention many times over. Each time I have witnessed it. It churned my stomach into a sour pit of doom. But even still, I've dreamt of him, still desired him, no matter the conquests and attentions he receives, I still do!

I could not ask for a more perfect opportunity to approach Medusa than I have right now. My lone desire

The gods are on my side this day!

stands, looking like beauty on a cloud, ripe for my picking, ready for me to ravish and pleasure. Waiting for me to tempt and tease. Satisfy and gratify.

I watch her for some time before I

dare approach her. She's so absorbed in the exquisiteness of her surroundings; she's unaware of my presence. I can tell by her breathing and facial expressions she's taking in every minuscule detail around her.

Every single thing from the smells,

to all of the sights. One would think it all to be a dream come to life.

This entire place looks like a

fantasy land for all to enjoy. Surrounded by some of the most beautiful and rarest of flowers, some

the size of a bear's head grow in abundance around the land. Each is naturally decorating the land with vibrant color. There are incredible

pools of the clearest waters are

dispersed about, occupied by the most vibrant fish that exist.

There are also mazes on each side of the house where one could get

of the house where one could get lost in for days, even weeks at a time without fear. They'd find themselves no thought of escape would even come to their mind. Everything is so tastefully and comfortably decorated that one would not mind getting lost for a spell. I know because I've done

so engrossed in their surroundings;

it a time or two in a similar place but was found and harassed by the one and only person I at no time wanted to find me, Athena.

That female has a knack for finding me in the most inconvenient

finding me in the most inconvenient times. Once I was in my bathing pool—my very own personal space, a natural water source in my home that eases the aches in my bones, pleasuring myself to Medusa's face in

laying there, panting and pleading to the stars with Medusa's name as a whisper. I was just about to blow with pleasure. It was that very moment when my balls were full, and cum seemed to be easing through my cock's channel, ready to

my mind. I was completely relaxed,

spill in a warm gush. When suddenly all pleasure vanishes as I hear her irritating voice behind me.
"Does that feel good Poseidon?

Come for me love. I can help you along if you like..."

The joy I felt—the pleasure that

The joy I felt—the pleasure that built so magically—immediately receded, my cock and balls shriveling

"You've no right to be here! Get. Out. Of. My. Home. NOW!"

Buy Links: Amazon Barnes and Noble Smashwords ARe

A.R. was born and raised in Bronx, NY and is the oldest daughter of

About the Author:

to be somewhat useless attachments that hang between my legs daily. My first and only reaction was to lash out in anger at this woman, this nuisance that's never been welcome in my life. Yet still, she's not left me alone for years. Nor was she ever welcome, or invited into my home.

two girls. She holds an Associate's Degree in Computer Science and Information Technology, which was only briefly used. She's a mother of two entertaining teen boys (as well as a lovely fawn Chihuahua, whom she considers her furry daughter.) She's also a wife to a delightfully handsome and amazingly funny man-beast. She loves anything dragon and fantasy related. In her free time she enjoys exercising, listening to music, hiking, cooking, dancing and writing. She also loves a great adventure in and out of a book! She writes to free her mind of its clutter. She thrives on the fact she can share some of it with readers that have the same passion for a great story.

constant wondering and priceless

She also loves to hear from her reader's and chat away, so feel free to reach out to her any time.

Social Links: A.R. Von The Wunder Series Lady's Destiny Twitter Facebook

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Be this a witch? Arla Dahl



Arla Dahl

THE MARK Immoral Virtue Trilogy Book 1

Blurb:

"All witchcraft comes from carnal lust, which is in women insatiable."
~Heinrich Kramer, 1486

From the Author:
THE MARK, Book 1 in the Immoral
Virtue Trilogy is a highly erotic, non-

romantic tale of sexual awakening and abandon, of the duty to submit vs. the desire to resist. Due to its explicit sexual nature, with elements of BDSM and dubious consent, THE MARK is intended for audiences 18 and over.

Be this a witch?

In 1600's New England, it was decreed thus:
"Whoever lies with the beast will bear a mark that is insensible and in their most secret parts, and may be located only through diligent and

Accused of witchcraft, Abigail

careful search."

Prescott must strip for the masses and submit to the Governor's inspection. She is ill-prepared for this shameful, grueling probe as it permits him to see and test her every inch and every hollow.

Governor Jameson Foster has examined many before, but Abigail enchants him like no other. Before he succumbs to her sweet charms, he must uncover the dark truth of this bewitching.

Should she feel his prodding and

Should she feel his prodding and respond to his touch, her innocence will be proven. And this night he will claim her. Should she resist, fail

to cry out in pain or in pleasure, then all will know she is a witch who bears The Mark.

Excerpt:

Wedick Colony, 1682 - At the Midnight Moonrise

only sunlight could subdue, but sunlight would not grace the wicked until this deed had been done. The six women, having been bound to the great oak's gnarled and aged limbs for six hours and six minutes, shivered from fear and frigid weather. They yearned for daylight as much as they dreaded its coming. Whimpering, they were led from the

forest through town, wrists secured

one to the other.

The forest exhaled a pungent odor

would fight a prayer. Cold flowing mists rose waist-high, and woodland creatures stirred and scurried. Torch-bearing townsfolk gathered

Night fought daybreak as the devil

were brought into the governor's massive gated lair.
"Witches will get theirs," someone hissed.

despite it all, watching as the women

"Burn them," said another.

"Bare them for us all! Let us see what they hide!"

the devil's marks be located. Beyond the din, the accused kept eyes downcast lest they be flogged as well

The crowd grew louder. Demanding the women be exposed,

as bared.

The manor doors opened and a hush fell upon the crowd. Governor largest Fester's towaring sills system.

Jameson Foster's towering silhouette filled the doorway, stance wide, arms akimbo. "Prepare them!"

accused were bound again, wrists and ankles, to massive wooden X's anchored in the ground. The watchman – his face covered by a black hood so the beast could not see him, come after him, condemn

him – stood before the last woman he tied. He snatched the neck of her

A cheer followed his bellowed order. The crowd inched closer. The

frayed shift in his meaty hands and ripped it to the waist.

Her cries were drowned by the cheering crowd as her breasts were bared for all to see.

The next shift was torn, breasts bared, nipples hard from the icy air. The next as well. And on down the

line, until all the women, their faces ablaze with the heat of humiliation, were naked to the waist.

They had chosen this. Had hoped

it would free their souls from Satan's hold. Hoped by releasing pride, submitting to inspections, their names would be cleared. Their lives spared.

The crowd drew closer. Staring. Ogling. Laughing. Both fearful and joyous that the devil's marks might be found.

And then their beloved governor strode down the stairs, a lazy gait that showed his bravery, his command over the accused and their demon. He reached the first woman. Abigail, no more than twenty. Her blue eyes, wide and redrimmed, beseeched him to make quick work of this indignity, then set her free. He would not. He could not. Every one of the women would be fully inspected – by his eyes, his hands, his fingers - until he was satisfied they were not stained, anywhere, by The Mark. Or until he was satisfied they were.

Unsure if in their depths he saw truth or lies. And then his gaze dipped lower, caressed her breasts as they hung before him, heaving from her shallow yet rapid breaths. Her flesh was white as mother's milk. Her nipples taut and pink. They begged for his inspection.

He stared down into her eyes.

thumb and forefinger then squeezed, relishing the sound of her sharp gasp. If she could feel his touch, then her nipples were pure, not tainted by the devil – for spots marred by him were dead even to the deepest prick of a pin.

He pinched harder, enough to

Ever so slowly, he raised a hand, lightly took her right nipple between

He pinched harder, enough to hold fast as he lifted her breast to inspect the flesh below. White, pure. Lovely. Without releasing her, or gentling his hold, he did the same to the other breast, pinching hard, squeezing until the satisfying moan came from her frightened mouth.

his mouth to hers in comfort and the devil were inside her, the devil would enter him as well. Better to inspect her every part before providing the comfort innocence inevitably welcomed.

He let go, watched her breasts drop into place, then turned away

Her lips quivered and he longed to encourage her. But if he touched

and beckoned the watchman. "Cut her loose."

Her eyes darted from the watchman's work as he untied her, to the crowd and back.

he meant only to strip her binds and escort her inside, away from prying eyes, where he would inspect her fully. But fear and uncertainty loosened the devil's grip, and he would be a fool to distract her from that.

Jameson could assure her, tell her

her legs, yet she remained, spread, looking at him, as if seeking permission to move. With patience a virtue, he tested hers. Held her gaze with his, then let it drift slowly over her bare breasts, her spread legs. A woman so eager to expose herself this way would only be an innocent.

Or so it had been in the past.

Her arms were freed first, then

submitted showed a trace of The Mark on her body. Those who fought the probe were exposed as witches. And punished. They had a wildness in their eyes. A dark panic unlike that of the innocent. A daring, mocking look that drew anger from him. Surely, that, too, was the devil's work, since anger was not normally Jameson's to feel.

Never had one who willingly

his permission, and she lowered her arms to her sides. The torn gaping shift covered one breast. He reached out, touched a finger to the edge of the fabric at her shoulder, brushed it downward, over the chilled surface of her flesh. His fingertip reached her nipple and he pressed, rubbed hard circles over it. First in one direction, then the other. She shuddered and he smiled, sure from her genuine responses that she was indeed an innocent.

With a flick of his hand, he gave

minutes, and he pushed the shift aside, uncovering her breasts fully, then turned her toward the crowd.

Tradition dictated the next few

the fabric at her shoulders and drew it down to her elbows. The crowd let out a cheer. They,

Standing behind her, he grabbed

too, must have noticed how her neck and arms were free of The Mark.

In one fist, he held the gathered fabric behind her, forcing her arms back, her chest out, and steered her toward the crowd so they might clearly see her purity. They reached for her and she stumbled backward, against him.

softly. "It is their right, and your life." With the fabric still in his fist, he shoved her toward the

"Be brave, little one," he said

outstretched hands. "Be this a witch?"

The crowd, old and young men, women of the same ages, touched

her, inspected her breasts as he had done. Pinching, lifting. Leaning in closer to see her purity for themselves. Several squeezed her flesh in their palms, then cheered

again when she cried out.

He walked her down the line, let everyone have their fill, then pulled her out of reach. "Enough!"

The girl shivered. Yet another sign of innocence. She felt the cold and the shame. She had chosen wisely. Her submission to his inspection spared her the indignity of being brutally and thoroughly examined by the eager crowd. He would make quick work of it, then get to the others before day broke. He glanced

at the sky. Though sunlight was still hours away, six required inspection this night. It was more than ever

before.

bound. "Begin as I did." Then pointed to the crowd. "Satisfy these good people, then shackle the accused until my return."

Setting his back on the rowdy crowd, he brought Abigail toward

the manor, guiding her to his rooms and shutting the door behind them.

He turned to the watchman. "You!" Pointed to the women still

brought her to the center of his antechamber. Though she did not resist, she trembled so violently that he felt the vibration to his shoulder. He released her slowly, prepared to catch her should she fall to the floor in fear. To his delight, she remained upright, shoulders held back. She would cooperate and he would soon reward her.

His fist still at her back, he

candles around the room. He placed one on the stand before a mirror on the wall, set more on the mantle and some on the wide wooden table. He placed another beside the chest that held all he needed to examine her.

Kneeling before the chest, he turned the key. The lock gave way

He left her there where she might feel heat from the hearth, and lit

and he spared a glance at her rigid back.

"Hush," he said, noting her awareness, her terror.

with a harsh metal sound that sliced through the silent room. She gasped He would not yet encourage her for he knew, from many past, the coming moments would not be easy. No part of her would remain unseen

or untested. The witch would have some hidden place deadened to pain, no matter how skillfully prodded. The innocent would feel it all.

The hinges creaked as he raised the lid and rested it back against the wall. The sound hovered in the air

around them like a death bell's hollow tolling. He took a small crop from his supply within the chest and crossed the room to stand in front of her.

body. The heated air softened and smoothed her nipples. Her breathing had calmed and her gaze was lowered as if she slept while standing.

"You will not look away from me, Abigail."

Warm muted light bathed her

She lifted her wide eyes to his.

He reached for a candle on the mantle, held it between them for a better view of her face, noted no sign of deception. "Do you understand?"

"I do."

her, he would not have heard her whispered reply.

He set the candle back, then

If he were a breath further from

adjusted it to reflect from the mirror above the mantle. He shifted another candle to create more light. "Why

"I am here to prove my innocence."

Slowly, he turned back to her. "Then you freely choose your fate this hour?"

are you here, Abigail?"

to shudder. As he drew a breath to admonish her for averting her gaze, she looked at him and hesitantly replied. "Aye, Good Sir, I do."

She lowered her eyes and seemed

He watched her a moment before turning away. The willing were always willing until the inspection progressed. Though willing or not, the deed would be done.

He went to the wide table and sat back against its edge. "Then we are to begin," he said and settled the crop across his thighs. "Disrobe."

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About the Author:

Arla Dahl is a lover and avid reader of all things sexy and suspenseful. Her inspiration comes from the daily headlines, and she is often surprised by how today's issues mirror those from the distant past. In her current work, the Immoral Virtue trilogy, which is set during the witch hysteria of the 17th Century, Arla twists an already twisted history into a daring erotic work of passion and pleasure.

A New Yorker, born and bred, Arla is forever fascinated by the varied

their rich flavors and provocative scents that tempt and tease and satisfy. Beyond its rich diversity, the close and heady feel of a moody late-

night jazz club is Arla's favorite part

cultures of her city – and the exotic foods that go along with them, with

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of living in New York.



Queen of Storms

Tales from the Tarot of the Acolyte #1

Ashen White



Ashen White

Queen of Storms

Having the luck of the Irish, Gerry O'Keith has a beautiful fiancé, a

Blurb:

high-paying job, a secluded lakeside summer cottage, and a big, black Harley. He also has a keen interest in fine art, and strange, arcane artefacts like Tarot cards. On a trip to the lake, he picks up a unique deck of Tarot cards from a strange, old gypsy

- and very quickly learns there's

more to Tarot than meets the eve!

Excerpt:

Without warning, he put his arm out and grabbed her by the back of her head, then pulled her to him and kissed her hard on the mouth. She responded immediately, her lips parting to give his rampant tongue access to hers, the heat of her lips melding with his. On and on they kissed, their bodies closing the space between them until they were wrapped together, his hands caressing the dewy smoothness of her silken skin, squeezing the exquisite firmness of her bottom, pushing her vulva against the

shorts. His nose inhaled the growing sweet scents of her arousal, filling his lungs with their passionate message, and his mind exploded with visions of wild, storm-wracked forests and tall-grassed meadows freshened with warm summer rains, through which he and Sín ran, naked, making love.

straining mound of inflamed man-

flesh still entrapped within his

Breaking their embrace, he swept his arm around her legs and lifted her off her feet, then carried her through to the bedroom at the back of the cottage. Throwing her down roughly on the unmade bed, he literally tore off the clothes he was wearing, then clambered up beside her, his mouth retaking possession of hers, as his hands sought the firmness of her waiting breasts. Mercilessly he squeezed and tugged at her nipples, feeling them heat up and harden as she writhed beneath his touch. Nibbling her lip, he broke their kiss, his mouth gently caressing the skin of her neck, as he worked his way down to gorge himself on her breasts – alternating with mouth and hand between them, tasting again the subtle flavour of her skin's secretions, feeling her body squirm and gyrate, as her essences filled his

mind with a powerful, insistent longing.

Outside the cottage, some way in the distance, the rumble of thunder made its way towards them, but Gerry was too engrossed in his passions to pay any attention to the sudden change in the weather. Sín moaned beneath him, her body pulsating and trembling with pleasure, as her master, slowly, oh, so slowly, ate his way lovingly down to the heart of her sex. He'd paused at her navel, to dip his tongue in there, and nipped and licked at her sinuous abs, and now he was poised, with her yoni in vision, to sample and savour

the full sweetness within. She watched him through eyes almost closed with arousal, as he took in the beautiful sight of her wanting, waiting cunt.

He took hold of her thighs just

behind her knees, and lifted and pushed them up and apart, exposing and expanding the delightful flower within. Her pale outer labia spread gently open, showing the dusky pink inner lips of her yoni, glistening now with the juices of arousal, warmly inviting his tongue to taste her. At their apex, the hard, reddened nub of her clitoris seemed to glow with the enticing heat of her fire, luring

down to eat. Gerry watched, entranced, as a small drop of fluid escaped from her cunt and ran down and over the pretty pink pucker of her anus, the lump in his throat

making it almost impossible for him

the watering mouth of her master

slowly he lowered his head down to inhale a lungful of Sín's sweet aromas, then his tongue delved between her succulent lips, stroking across the dark entrance of her cunt and running over her sensitive, juiceladen skin, soaking up her delicious, tangy secretions. Carefully he sucked

one of her labia into his mouth, then

to gasp and shudder as ripples of ecstasy ran through her. Then he covered her hot, red clitoris with his lips and sucked it hard, releasing a deep growl from the depths of her lungs.

tugged it with his teeth, causing her

"Is that good for you, dear?" he asked, looking up between her thighs at her rolling head.

"Oh, yes, master," she moaned again, as Gerry continued to suck and nip her clit, her juices running over his chin, too copious now for his mouth to consume. Gently he tickled the wet sphincter of her anus with the tip of his finger, then,

dropping his tongue to delve deep into her sex, he simultaneously slid his finger deep into her ass, causing her to buck on the bed, mashing her vulva into his face, as she shrieked his name. Outside, lightning flashed and thunder rolled, as the Queen of Storms hit an orgasmic peak, but Gerry was so engrossed in his sexual prowess, he barely registered the storm at all. As the thunder rumbled away, and Sín lay trembling on the bed, he sat back on his haunches and let her legs stretch out. Licking her juices from around his mouth, he looked at the emotions crossing her face, her eyes closed as she enjoyed

darkening pinkness of her hardened nipples, and the contours of her abs as they rippled with aftershocks, each of which was accompanied by a rumble of thunder somewhere in the distance.

"Are you enjoying the view,

her afterglow. He took in the

master?" Sín's voice, husky with arousal, drew his attention from her body to her face. Her blue eyes twinkled, and her lips smiled at him, drawing him closer. Sitting up, she put out her arm and stroked his face, bringing him to her so she could kiss him, savouring the flavour of her sex on his lips. Gerry climbed up

kissed, her hand drifted down to his manhood, swollen and hard and seeking attention. Gently she coddled his balls, squeezing them, milking them, feeding their contents into his body, where he could feel the insistence of oncoming orgasm building. Pushing him onto his back, she straddled him carefully, positioning herself just above his throbbing, waiting cock. "Is this what my master wants?" she asked, seeking in his eyes for one final confirmation. He returned her

and across the bed, laying her down again, and then lying beside her, their arms enclosing each other. As they gaze with commanding candour.
"Yes, Sín, my mistress, this is what

I want," he replied. She smiled in response, then, holding his wrists down on the bed, she positioned her hot, dripping sex over the head of his expectant hardness, and, eyes closed and mouth open in quivering passion, slowly, so slowly, inch by rigid inch, so long it seemed to him that his manhood must have grown, she lowered herself onto him, engulfing his pulsating need in the furnace that was the cunt of the *Sidhe* witch-queen.

Gerry cried out in surprise as the heat from her insides seared along

his sensitised skin. While he remembered the passionate warmth of her mouth, this was a new, higher level of heat altogether, and he squirmed underneath her as she filled herself with his hardness, the tightness if her yoni gripping him strongly. She growled with satisfaction as his balls hit her ass, and lingered a moment, gyrating her clit against his body. Then, just as slowly, she pulled herself up his shaft, and the air of the room seemed frigid as it wrapped itself around the wetness of his freshly exposed skin.

Leaning forward, she kissed him

again, and descended once more along his tingling prick, their mouths clamped together like voracious animals, feral with hunger and need for each other. Quickly she worked herself into a rhythm, rising and falling, her thigh muscles flexing with strength and vitality with each consumption of his cock. Gerry could feel his hardness burning and swelling with each passing minute, pumping as hard as he could into her furnace. When their mouths came apart from the effort of fucking, he gasped in huge lungful's of sweet sex-scented air, but Sín dropped her head down the side his

face, and rode on his manhood as if she were riding a thunderous horse, moaning deeply, and muttering sensually in a language he did not know. Thunder now rolled almost constantly around the cottage, as if they were in the centre of a deepening maelstrom, but all Gerry could pay heed to was the passion rippling through his pre-orgasmic flesh. His mind was a blur of her flavours and touches, his groin a conflagration of her consuming fire. So engrossed was he in his rapidly approaching sexual explosion, he didn't notice the smooth, subtle change in her grip on his wrists,

willow vines that slowly stretched out from that quaint rustic headboard to gently wrap themselves surreptitiously around his extended forearms – once, twice, thrice – and then looped through themselves, making their eldritch knots. With eyes closed and mouth open, his body bucked against the plunges of the Queen of Storms, grinding against her in ragged arousal, while she raised her head now, to watch her willing victim as he stumbled on to orgasm. Buy Links: Amazon US Amazon

didn't notice the strange tendrils of

UK

About the Author:

Amazon Best Selling Author Ashen White writes the kind of stories you love to get lost in. Rich in detail, she believes in making her readers not just read her stories, but wants them to become part of the action, the passion, the sights, the sounds, the smells, the tastes! Whether writing horror, erotica, romance, poetry or drama, she loves weaving tales that pull her readers into the worlds she creates, where they are not merely outsiders looking in - but where they become involved in the lives of her characters and the interesting things they get up to!

Born in the north-east of England,

Ashen has spent her time learning as

much as possible about ancient and modern mythology and legend, delving deep into epic fantasy and horror, and studying the arcane and the occult, so she can bring all of these elements into the stories she

Ashen writes the kind of stories she loves to read, and works constantly and consistently at producing the

writes.

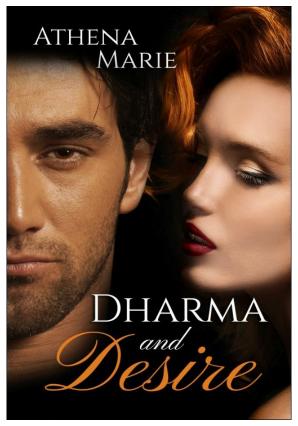
Ashen lives on the edge of Toronto,

best quality stories she can!

with her two partners and their three cats.

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Dharma and Desire

Athena Marie

Blurb:

San Francisco, 1955

Penny Fanning is the most popular torch singer at the most popular jazz club in the city. A broken woman, still haunted by the horrors of war, she has lost herself in roles she never wanted to play. She is engaged to the owner of the club, a man blinded by ambition. When her fiancé's long lost half-brother, a yogi

and eastern religion scholar, arrives from India, Penny finds herself drawn to his spiritual wisdom and mysterious allure. Soon, Penny's world is turned upside down and she is forced to face her deepest truths. A prophecy is set into motion, desire builds and danger looms. Until finally they must choose...the path of dharma or the path of desire.

Excerpt:

"This is your doing, isn't it?" Sam stepped toward Daniel. "I'm so sick of you filling Penny's head with all this nonsense. In fact, I'm beginning

to wonder what the hell is going on between you two. If you weren't my brother, I would—" "What would you do, Sam?" Daniel egged him on. "Stop it, both of you!" Penny exclaimed. "Ever since you arrived, she's been different. What the hell have you been doing together?" "Meditating. You know that,"

Confusion filled Sam's eyes. "No, I don't." "Damn," Penny whispered

replied Daniel.

beneath her breath.

Daniel turned to her. "You didn't

"Ask me what?" Sam demanded.

"I told her to get your permission to learn meditation."

Sam crossed his arms and looked

She only shook her head.

ask him?"

back and forth between them. "Well, no wonder. Meditation! That explains things, doesn't it?"

"You can't just mold her and keep

her in the box you built for her, Sam. She needs to grow and heal—"
"What the hell are you talking

about!"
"Shut up, both of you!" Penny exclaimed, crashing the dishes down.

"I'm tired of you telling me who I

should be, Sam! You too, Daniel! I will be who I want to be, do you understand?"

Daniel snapped his mouth shut.

Sam glanced at his wristwatch and cursed. "It's already done, Penny." He turned and grabbed his coat off the back of his chair. "The new club

opens at the end of October, and you will be there. We have no choice. And you," he pointed his finger at

And you," he pointed his finger at Daniel once again. "Stay the hell out of it." He stalked out of the room and slammed the front door as he left.

Through a dark haze of anger Penny returned to the task of collecting dishes. Daniel approached and put his hand on her arm. "Stop." She set the plates on the

table and stared down at them. "I don't want to tell you who to be, Penny. I just want you to be happy."

She shook her head in desperate frustration. "Do you?"
"You know I do." She lifted her

face to search his eyes and found sincerity in their golden warmth.

She stepped toward him. "Then kiss me."

His gaze darkened to something fierce, and the air between them grew thick with desire. His eyes traveled over her face and rested could see him weighing the choice in his mind. She was riveted by the interplay of emotions in his eyes. The seconds stretched between

upon her lips. He licked his own. She

them.

Finally, he spoke. "I can't." Her heart fell and she released a

shuddering breath. "But there is something you can do for me, Penny. Right now." He tightened his grip on her arm as fate tightened its grip on

their lives. Her reply was barely a whisper.

"What do you mean?"

"For ten goddamn years I've been running away from this." She had

never heard him sound so desperate. "From what?" "Desire," he said huskily as his

grasp tightened even further. "And it had to be you, my brother's goddamn fiancée, to remind me what

it is." Abruptly he stepped back, led her out of the dining room, down the

hall and out the front door. She followed him downstairs as obediently as a child. He stopped before her apartment door and motioned for her to open it. She stepped forward, turned the knob and stepped inside.

"Christ! Don't you ever lock your

He followed her in, shut the door, and flipped the deadbolt. He switched on the lamp in the corner, filling the room with warm golden

light. He turned to face her. She had no idea what to expect, but it didn't matter what came next. She would

She shrugged. "Not usually."

door?"

do whatever he wanted. She trembled as the silence stretched on, as liquid pooled between her legs.

"I won't touch you. I want to," he groaned the words and shook his

His heated gaze travel slowly over her body. There was no attempt to

head, "but I can't."

hide his hunger, and Penny's heart raced at his boldness. How long she had waited for this moment! Then, much to Penny's confusion, he picked up the armchair beside the couch and moved it into the corner of the room. He sat down in the chair and folded his hands in his lap. "You had been in bed earlier, before I arrived, hadn't vou?" "Yes." "Pleasuring yourself and thinking of me, haan?" "Yes." There was no embarrassment in her admission. "I'm sick of dreaming about it. Show me," he demanded. "Take off Oh God, she'd never done this in front of a man. With trembling fingers she unzipped her dress. It

vour dress."

slid down her body and fell in a pool around her feet. She reached back to unhook her bra but Daniel stopped her with a firm: "No! Leave your undergarments on."

She didn't understand. Didn't he

like her body? As if he read her thoughts he said through gritted teeth: "Penny, despite what I try to tell myself, I'm only a man. I can

Like the tiger on his altar, he was coiled with tension. She suddenly

only take so much."

understood. He was on his own precipice, fighting a battle within himself. If he rose from that chair he'd cross an invisible line. And when that happened there'd be no going back. "Lie down on the sofa." His voice was firm. No doubt. No question. She sat down, the worn velveteen rough on the back of her thighs. She kicked off her high heels, tugged the pins from her up-do and let her hair fall down around her shoulders. She

leaned back against the pillows. Daniel gripped the arms of the chair. His eyes were glazed with desire, and his ragged breathing filled the quiet room.

"Now, touch yourself. Show me how you touch yourself when you

think about me." Penny slipped her hand between her legs, over the silk of her panties. Watching Daniel's

eyes following her every movement, she let her fingertips slide up and down against the soft fabric that grew damper with each pass. "Spread your legs wider."

Every word he spoke stoked the fire that was rapidly spreading through her body. She brought her feet onto the couch and let her knees fall open, then angled herself toward him to afford him a better view. She danced across the hard, handsome angles of his face. His expression was almost painful. She could see his erection straining against his pants.

"Close your eyes." She did as he

watched as unrecognizable emotions

instructed. "Good girl." She touched herself languidly, savoring the pleasure coursing through her body and cherishing the moment she'd only dreamed of. "Put your hand in your panties and tell me what you feel like." She dipped her fingers beneath the thin fabric, finding the silky wetness that Daniel's presence always created. She spread her arousal against her swollen lips and she couldn't find the words. "Tell me," he ordered again, an unmistakable edge in his voice.

"It's . . . I'm . . . so wet. So hot."

She moaned as she stroked herself. "It almost hurts."

brushed her clitoris with a sigh. But

"What hurts, darling?"

"This desire."

"And why is that, Penny?"

"Because," her lips lifted in a playful smile. "Because desire is the root of all suffering."

root of all suffering."

His throaty chuckle eased whatever anxiety remained. "I've taught you well."

Buy Links: Amazon About the Author:

Passionate about spirituality, sexuality, and world religions, Athena

Marie loves to explore the places where they meet. Her goal as an artist is to tap the power of desire, combine it with the sacred, and produce stories that are as enlightening as they are passionate.

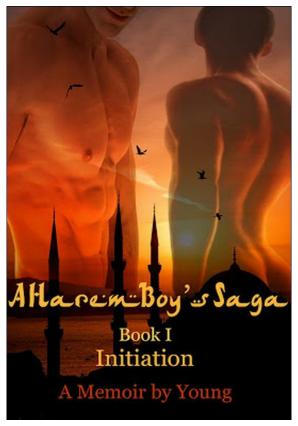
In addition to being an author, Athena Marie is an intuitive healer, spiritual coach and counselor. She lives with her husband of fifteen years and their numerous fur-babies in Palo Alto, California. You can

usually find her with her head buried in a Regency romance or a book on metaphysics. Like any overly intense Scorpio,

Like any overly intense Scorpio, Athena Marie lives in the depths. Unique and sensual, her writing is difficult to categorize, often containing themes of sexuality, spirituality, mythology, and world religions. Her goal as an artist is to tap the power of desire, combine it with the sacred, and produce something that is as passionate as it is touching or enlightening. She blogs about life and writing at www.athenamarie.net.

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Bernard Foong

Initiation A Harem Boy's Saga I

Blurb:

This provocative story is about an adolescent who was initiated into a clandestine sexual society. He was spirited to the Middle East, from his UK boarding school. He attended the Bahriji School (Oasis,) in The United Arab Emirates in preparation for serving in Harems for the

wealthy and elite.

It is also a love story between the young man and his 'Valet' who served as his chaperone and mentor during the boy's Harem service.

I had a privileged and unique upbringing in Malaysia. Following in

Author's note:

my brothers' footsteps, I was sent to an exclusive boarding school in England. It is there that I was inducted into a clandestine organization, E.R.O.S. The

Enlightened Royal Oracle Society. For four years, unbeknownst to my

family, I was willingly and happily part of a Harem. My story has been kept under wraps

for close to 45 years. The correct moment has arrived for me to make known my unique education.

Excerpt:

Notte Sadomasochistico

Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear, not absence of fear. Mark Twain

Mu'allmi Ramiz's Story

Andy said, "Before I begin I have to fill you in a little about Ramiz.

You probably already know he is a

of issues surrounding his sexuality, which he has trouble confiding to anyone.

"When he was young, his father

very religious man and has a number

found him playing with himself, and also with another boy in his Islamic religious school. His father was very angry and used a leather whip to

beat him, thinking that by doing so he would stop what Islam considered sinful."

"Ramiz could not control himself and kept falling back into his 'sinful' sexual habits. Being whipped actually

and kept falling back into his 'sinful' sexual habits. Being whipped actually encouraged his sexual thoughts involving another man. After

a male, he would secretly whip himself. He began to crave pain associated with the sex act, selfinflicted or other-inflicted."

I was shocked to hear what my Valet was telling me, but I was also

masturbating or a sexual liaison with

intrigued, and listened attentively. Andy continued, "When Ramiz was at Oxford University, he stumbled across a homosexual

leather bar in London and was amazed to learn that there were others, like him, who liked to roleplay as dominants and submissives."

I asked, seeking clarity, "You mean

taught us about sadomasochistic behavior?" Andy replied, "Yes, something along those lines but in Ramiz' case,

it is associated with repentances from his sins. Now he has become

like what Professor Henderson

addicted to being whipped and abused. After punishment he feels cleansed from his bad behavior until his sexual urges return and the cycle begins all over, again."

I questioned, "Is that why he couldn't sleep last night and got up

early to pray? Does he ask Allah for forgiveness because of his sinful,

homosexual thoughts?"

"I suppose," replied my Valet. "He became a regular at the London S & M underground dungeons, playing the role of 'slave.' Back home it was next to impossible for him to meet people who behaved in a similar fashion. Then, he met us. We, being educated in varied forms of sexual expressions, are open to

the role of Master, to handcuff him to the bed and to lash him with a leather whip."

Fascinated by this incredible tale, I enquired, "What am I supposed to do? Where do I come in?"

experimental ways of thinking and doing things. He asked me to play part of the savior, to console his pain and anguish during the whipping. You'll soothe him and tell him that he can bear the pain and that the ordeal will soon be over. Gently tell him to be a good man and let his Master have his way with him until his sins are completely

Smiling, my guardian replied, "You, my darling boy, are to play the

cleansed."

I couldn't help but burst out laughing! In my mind it seemed so absurd. My Valet reprimanded me for laughing at such a serious matter and said, "Young, you cannot laugh when we are role playing. You have

professor will never forgive you for embarrassing him. Our standing at the Hadrah's Household could be jeopardized."

to be dead serious; otherwise your

I continued asking, "Does Hakim know about Ramiz?"

"I don't know. Maybe you can ask your mu'allmi after we are done," Andy vociferated.

Within The Conventino Presidential Suite

Andy and I wore thobes without any undergarments when we proceeded to my teacher's suite at eleven. When we knocked on the Andy knocked again but there was no response. As we stood, we could hear some groaning noises faintly, through the doors. My Valet decided

that we should creep into the room,

unheard.

chamber door there was no reply.

The sitting room was nearly pitch black. The only light was a dim blue nightlight shining from within the bedroom. We tiptoed towards the bedroom door without making any commotion. The door was partially

ajar. The television was playing and I could hear moaning and groaning noises, as if someone was in pain.

Ramiz, lying in bed naked, was

busy masturbating while watching a pornographic S & M movie. Completely absorbed, he seemed not to notice us standing in the room, watching him play with himself. When he discovered we were there, he panicked and tried to cover himself, but my Valet was already pinning him down onto the bed. As the two men struggled, I saw Ramiz purposely allowing my guardian to force him into submission rather than trying to wiggle away from his muscular captor. I also noticed that

muscular captor. I also noticed that mu'allmi's cock was extremely aroused during the wrestling. Andy snatched a pair of cuffed my teacher's wrists to the bedposts, face down. Although Ramiz continued to thrash about, his Master controlled him, binding each of his ankles to an end post of the bed. The victim was now under the control of his handsome,

handcuffs from the bedside table and

dominating Master. Andy blindfolded his conquest with a piece of black material so he could not see who inflicted the blows.

The Master took a black leather horsewhip from a bedside drawer and began whipping his victim's hairy buttocks. With every wallop, the slave let out a whimpering moan,

shut up. He would inflict a tougher punishment if he continued squirming, disobeying his commands.

Andy said in an angry voice,

and his captor commanded him to

"How many times do I have to tell you not to masturbate or watch those nasty movies?"

Ramiz whimpered, sputtering in a barely audible soft voice. "I'm sorry

barely audible soft voice, "I'm sorry, Sir! I promise I will not do it again."

With each plea of apology the

Master gave his slave lashes on his buttocks until the poor man was sobbing with remorse. Andy motioned for me to go over to my

lap, so I could console the victim with soothing words of love and understanding, telling him that his ordeal would soon be over if he did

as his punisher commanded.

teacher and lay his tearful face on my

to stop. "Please, please Master! I'll do whatever you command. Spare me this pain and release me." "No, you ungrateful man! Allah

Mu'allmi cried for the whipping

will never forgive you for your sins." Andy scolded angrily while raining another blow down on the man's naked buttocks, yielding another whimpering yelp.

I continued stroking the slave's

compassionate words, leaning down to kiss him on his lips and mouth as he endured another wallop on his backside. Ramiz looked so pathetic that my heart genuinely reached out

handsome face, consoling him with

to him.

The more I consoled my teacher, the further I took on the role of the protector, begging my guardian to stop beating him. Yet, Andy was relentless. Severe blows pelted the man's bottom until it was red and

raw from the whipping and spanking. At times, Andy would reach his hand out, to stroke his slave's engorged penis, jerking him nearly to the point of orgasm, then stopping to strike his buttocks again, unrelentingly.

I could tell Ramiz was enjoying all

the attention showered upon him from Andy and me. My guardian savored the role of the punisher, and I was the perfect consoler, allowing Ramiz a mouthful of semen from my fountain of youth. I sensually kissed and caressed every inch of

Ramiz' body during his punishment.

The Final Ecstatic Torment

By the time we left the Presidential Suite it was almost 3:00 a.m. We were scheduled for an early

start to Tuscany that morning. Ramiz seemed deeply satisfied after his punishment. Andy and I were emotionally and physically drained after doing our best to assist Ramiz, who was tangled in remorse, desire and guilt. At least we brought some solace to his tormented soul. We were, indeed, glad we were not in the mu'allmi's shoes. Despite the wealth, education and career success a man may have, he is unsatisfied without the blessing of true love.

When love and skill work together expect a masterpiece. John Ruskin



Buy Links: Amazon US Amazon UK

About the Author:

Young alias Bernard Foong is, first and foremost, a sensitivist. He finds nuance in everything. To experience the world he inhabits is an adventure which is mystical, childlike and refreshing. He has a rare ability to create beauty in a unique fashion. His palettes have been material, paint, words and human experiences.

~ by Christine Maynard

(screenwriter and novelist)
Born in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

At the age of 8, he was assisting his aunt and cousin, learning the art of sewing and fabrics/colors matching. He attended an exclusive private

He attended an exclusive private boarding school in the United Kingdom before obtaining his

Diploma in Fashion Design at the Harrow College of Art & Technology in London,

England. He went on to complete his Master of Design at the Royal College of Art & Design, London, England. During his college years he won several international fashion

bridal and evening dresses to several well known department stores in England. Liberty of London, Selfridges, Harrods and Harvey Nichols to name a few that carried

his designs. His Royal College of Art

awards and was already retailing

graduation wedding/evening wear collection was sold to Liberty of London and displayed in their store windows for the entire month of June that year.

For four years, he worked for Liberty's bridal department as their in-house designer until a trip to Hong Kong, while working on a freelance project for 'Bird's' (casual

the Hong Kong Polytechnic University as their Fashion professor for the next 6 years. During his stay in Hong Kong, he freelanced for numerous fashion companies. From designing casual wear, swimwear, lingerie, and fur garments, men's wear, bridal and evening fashions to accessories (bags, shoes, and headwear). He also participated and organized numerous fashion shows,

wear) company, he was recruited by

events, functions, and presentations in the Asia Pacific region. Working for Keys Far East Hong

Kong as chief lingerie designer travelling extensively to the United Associate Fashion
Design/Illustration Professor to the
University of Wisconsin, Madison
and also lectured at the Minneapolis
College of Art & Design for a
couple of years.
Foong was then appointed as the

States, he was soon recruited as an

Fashion Development Manager by an established department store – Parkson Grand (22 stores in Malaysia and one in Shanghai, China). Producing under the label, Natural Life by Bernard Foong, he designed

Life by Bernard Foong, he designed casual-wear collections for the Parkson Grand's flagship store in Kuala Lumpur. After a couple of

years later, he was invited by the Temasek Polytechnic, Singapore to join their design school to establish a Fashion Design department. For two years, he assisted several founding members of the design school working on the fashion department's teaching curriculum. The Fitzgerald Theatre Department, University of Hawaii, Manoa, Oahu, Hawaii awarded a full scholarship for Foong to complete his second Master of Art in Theatre Costuming. Now a resident on the Island of Maui, he has assisted many charity organizations in their fund raising events with his extravagant

fashion and performance shows/presentations. In 2005, he and his partner, Mr. Walter Jay Bissett opened Fire Dragon Bistro Orient & Design Shop. He also designs costumes/fashions for numerous theatrical productions in Hawaii and abroad. Appointed as chief lingerie designer for Cerie International Limited - Hong Kong, his lingerie designs can be found in major department stores in Canada and the United Kingdom. He showcased the BERNARD FOONG R-T-W collections and BERNARD FOONG

Modern Classic Ltd. (an established Hong Kong bridal & evening wear company) collections in Hong Kong. His 2008 & 2009 bridal/evening/bridal lingerie fashion show, "Grace" & "Coming Up Roses" were premiered at Hong Kong Fashion Week in July 2007 and January 2008 respectively at the Hong Kong Convention & Exhibition Center, garnering positive interest in many Asian press reviews, including a China nationwide television broadcast of his latest collection. Aika (International Opera Singer) wore

several Bernard Foong special

occasion dresses at her Japan & European tour in September & October 2009. Foong was the chief Creative Director for Official (Special Occasion fashion manufacturing company) Guangzhou, China producing - BERNARD FOONG Couture (specialty one-of-a-kind creations), White (RTW -Wedding/Special Occasion wear), Foxy Cute (Smart Casual/Cocktail wear), SexZ (decorative bustier) & Diva Bitch (sexual lingerie inner/outerwear) collections.

Besides working on his regular

college, Chengdu, China.
 Hong Kong Design
 Institute (fashion department), Hong
 Kong, SAR.

haute couture, R-T-W and lingerie collections he is a visiting

Pivot Point fashion

 Hong Kong Poly/U, Hong Kong (School of Apparel Design &

Merchandising), SAR.

consultant/advisor for:

 Hong Kong Fashion Designers Association,

• Singapore Temasek

Hong Kong.

Polytechnic – School of Apparel Design & Merchandising (ADM), Singapore.

Bernard is also writing his autobiography, a seven book series of Mr. Foong's young life:

A Harem Boy's Saga: A Memoir by

Young.

This provocative story spanning 4 decades and 3 continents is about a boy who was sent to a very exclusive English boarding school in the 1960s

where he was initiated into a

clandestine sexual society and then spirited away to serve in wealthy and elite Middle Eastern harems."

A Harem Boy's Saga series is published by Solstice Publishing and is available in print and E-books internationally.

Social Links:

Facebook Fan Page Amazon
Author's Page Goodreads Twitter
Pinterest (contains adult contents) Tumblr
(contents adult contents)

Website Blog Facebook

Video Trailer for all the 3 books in A Harem Boy's Saga Series

(conservative version)

Video trailer for INITIATION

(sensual version)

For further information please visit or contact:

Bernard Foong (a.k.a. Young)

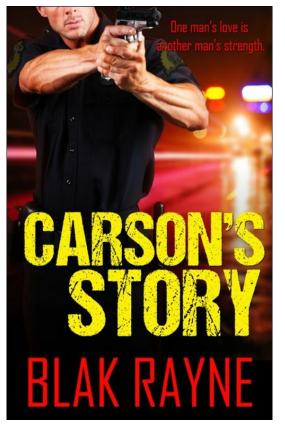
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Blak Rayne

Carson's Story

Blurb:

'One man's love is another man's strength.'

A twenty-year veteran of the police force, Carson Mackenzie has worked hard to carve his niche in a demanding environment where stress is the operative word. Thanks to his occupation, he's never relied on anyone, not even his husband Stephen until he's involved in a

severe car accident while on duty one night. His recovery isn't smooth; reoccurring nightmares of the crash play havoc with his mental health and he starts to experience a new kind of stress—something he's never dealt with, anxiety.

Adding to his problems, Dudley Kramer corners him in a restaurant, a shady art dealer who almost ruined his marriage and career once before.

Arrogant and self-serving, Dudley wants sex and he'll do whatever it takes. Too ashamed to ask for help, he tries to handle the situation alone

but quickly discovers the art dealer won't take no for an answer.

Excerpt:

"How about hot chocolate?" he asked quietly.

"Sounds good."

"Lucky us, I think there's a carton of whipping cream in the fridge."

"I hope it isn't that premade crap in the plastic tub." I trailed him into the kitchen. "It's got to be real when you make hot chocolate."

"Of course. Nothing but the best."

It took him a good twenty minutes to make the hot chocolate; cooking the baking cocoa, sugar and milk on the stovetop takes time. Then he added huge blobs of whipping cream. Stephen truly was an artist when it came to beverages, something I found utterly fascinating about him. He loved to eat, but hated to cook, unless it was a baked goods or fancy beverages. He tilted the saucepan, pouring the hot chocolate into two large mugs, and passed me one—creamy dark-brown, with an island of frothy white cream floating on top. I'd died and gone to heaven; I believe drinking it is the

"Thanks." "You're welcome," he replied. "Let's sit in front of the fireplace." "Sure." We sat side by side on the carpet, drinking in silence as the wood crackled and spat, and the heat only a wood fire can emanate, warmed our toes. Stephen put his hands on the floor and leaned backward, locking his arms. "I don't know if I can continue being a cop." "I thought you loved it?" "Not so much now." Holding the mug in both hands, I took a sip.

best.

"You can't cope."
"Something like that." I glanced

"Not after what happened."

over, wondering if he'd think I was insane and lock me away. I wouldn't have blamed him if he did because I

was on the brink of signing myself in. "I need your help...but I'm scared to ask."

"But that's what a marriage is all about," he said softly, studying my eyes. "We're supposed to care for one another whether things are good or

bad."

"Do you honestly believe that after what's happened tonight?"

He frowned with a shrug,

focusing on the flames. "I thought about leaving...for a split second."

"That's a shame because I'd never leave you." And I added with

Stephen, you're my life."

"Then talk to me," he begged.

"I don't know where to begin...

thoughtfulness, "God as my witness,

how to explain the clutter of crap inside my head."

"Iust trv."

"Just try."
"Okay." I immediately began to

ramble. "I get headaches almost every day...and most turn into migraines."

"Have you told your doctor?"

"Yes. He's had me take every test

a thing. I thought maybe it was my diet, but I never suffered with them before the accident."

"Then it has to be a result of the

known to mankind and he can't find

accident." Stephen affirmed my own opinion on the subject. "Your brains were rattled, hon."

Chuckling, I placed my mug on the hearth and pressed my hands flat on the carpet, fingers spread. "Great, now I'm a nut bar."

skipping around town half-naked, vou'll be fine."

"Just as long as you don't start

We both snickered with laughter.

Biting back a sigh, I became

entranced by the fire; embers popped, exploding tinier bits of glowing wood about. "In the beginning, when I came home I was scared of sleeping because I thought I'd never wake up...scared of my own mind and memories. I used to dream. Now I have nightmares. I've relived the accident a hundred times. Sometimes when I get inside a vehicle I have these anxiety attacks, where I can't breath...my throat tightens." When I realized what I'd said, I panicked. "Holy shit, I'm a fucking mess!" I tried to get up, but Stephen placed an iron grip on my leg. "Maybe you would be better off with another man." "I don't want another man," he said firmly. "Keep talking." "That's it really."

"I can't tell you what to do, hon, but it sounds to me like you aren't very happy. Just the thought of

returning to work seems to give you panic attacks and migraines, and if that's the case then you need to rethink what you want out of life." "You really think it's my job?" "It seems logical." Stephen exhaled deeply. "After the assault, it took me a long time to leave the

house alone...if a stranger got too close, I'd hyperventilate."

since he'd never said a word. "I knew you were having difficulty, but I never realized it was that bad. You

Quite frankly, that shocked me

"I was embarrassed, but now that you're telling me all this...." In a confiding tone, he said, "I feel bad, I wasn't very open with your either. I guess we've both made some mistakes."

"We have."

should've told me."

For the first time in months, I laid a hand on his, curling my larger fingers around his and gave a gentle squeeze. He stared dead ahead, mouth and chin quivering. My heart

his shoulders, pulling him to me. His head touched my cheek and he sobbed. The scent of shampoo and the softness of his hair brought back great memories—when we'd first met—the laughter and the sex. I missed our sweaty bodies tangled together, the dirty talk and waking up in each other's arms. But, most of

ached and I wrapped an arm around

unwavering love.

Setting his mug aside, I lifted his chin and looked into his red eyes; my own went misty, and I smoothed his

tears with away with my thumb. "I've been an insensitive prick," I croaked,

all, I missed his kindness and

trying to find my voice.

Then I kissed him. And that one

kiss led to another and another deeper and more passionate than the last. The scent of his breath, his tongue touching with mine, I

couldn't get enough. He didn't push me away and embraced me hard, his rigid fingers digging into my back muscles. After a few more kisses, we eased apart.

"I want you," I said quietly, lifting my T-shirt past my stomach and over my head.

"Here?"

"Here and now." I tossed the shirt on the floor and got up. "I'll be right back."

When I returned, Stephen lay naked on the cream carpet, fingers interlocked behind his head, firelight dancing on his flesh. I unclasped my belt and worked my jeans down past my hips. Stepped away from them, and knelt. Then I bent over like I

was worshipping a god and kissed

his left knee; his leg wavered and I kissed the right. Planting a hand on the floor, I bent lower and ran my partly open mouth down his thigh, my hot breath prickling the hairs. He shivered and his legs fell limp on the carpet. Sitting up, I touched his entrance with my index and middle

one testicle slid over my fingertip and then the other as I gave a gentle stroke. With a faint groan, he shifted his

fingers, and brushed his scrotum,

buttocks a little closer to me and whispered, "I'm ready, don't tease me."

"It won't be a tease, I promise." His cheeks deepened to a rosy hue as I lubed my cock and lay on top of him, getting comfortable and in position. He hugged my back, his fingers, caressing, swirls, down, my

position. He hugged my back, his fingers caressing swirls down my spine. Then I kissed his chest, guiding myself in. A highly aroused cry left his lips and his body melted

my hips. I moved slowly with precise rhythm, in and out, sinking into his tight heat and retracting just far enough to drive him crazy. "Not slow, hon," he moaned,

against mine, calves locked around

sinking his fingers into my buttocks. At his unrestrained urging, I pumped deeper and faster and his complexion flushed to scarlet. He

was perched on the threshold and I wasn't far behind. The slick, hot friction drew on my emotions, gradually draining me—the love and devotion—everything he meant to me.

"That's it," he said hoarsely,

muscles tightening against mine.

The heat and smell of fresh perspiration, and his damp flesh

chafing mine drove me wild. I pressed my mouth to his and we kissed hard, both on the precipice. Then we let go together with mutual

cries of ecstasy. The rush left me breathless. I wrapped my arms

around him and gasped against his neck, the flood of affection still

leaving my body.
"That was too fast," I said,

holding him.

"Maybe, hon, but it was good."

Although he hesitated, he flashed a handsome smile. I didn't doubt his

operation manual, easy to read. I shifted off him onto my side and got close. He didn't shy away, but his dark eyes welled as he stared back at

feelings, but I knew how scared he'd been. Stephen was like a gun

me.
"I mean it," I said. "I love you something fierce."

"Do you," he choked, wiping his face hard.
"I do."

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About the Author:

The generic biography....

Blak Rayne is a published author of gay erotic and yaoi style fictional romance. She loves to write and believes it's one of the greatest forms of self-expression. What better way to see inside the human soul?

Blak resides North of Sixty, and yes, she is a woman, wife and mother. She's been writing and drawing since elementary school, and she loves anything that involves the arts. As for family, her daughter is her toughest critic and greatest support!

Now, for the real biography....

A good friend, who is an aspiring author, happened to mention that she likes to read author bios, and when she checked mine, sadly, she was disappointed. The bio I use is generic, blah, and it doesn't tell her

anything personal about Blak Rayne. Her suggestion. Change it! What she really meant to say: "I want to read the juicy bits, lady!"

Okay, the truth. My life is crazy hectic most days as I divide my time between family and friends, writing and marketing, running our

businesses and household. I spend an average of eight to twelve hours a day on the computer. My favourite drink while writing is a homemade chai latte. Well, tea period. Must be the Brit coming out in me. When I relax or we have company over, I usually indulge with a glass of Japanese plum wine on ice, of course. My entire office is purple, even the carpet. I find the colour calming, and it gets my creative

even the carpet. I find the colour calming, and it gets my creative juices flowing. Love it!

Currently, I reside in British Columbia, Canada with my husband, our daughter and son. Our eldest

moodiest creature you'll ever meet. Seriously, the foul little beast still swats at my legs when I don't pay him enough attention.

son passed away; he's not with us physically, but he is in spirit. My daughter owns a cat that is the

What else can I tell you? Lots of things, but the most important tidbit, I'm passionate about my writing and plan to continue publishing. How many novels? Who knows, I guess until the ideas run dry, or I die.

Social Links: Website

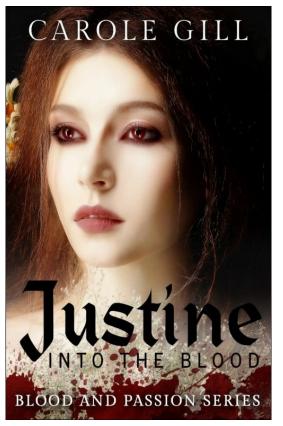
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Carole Gill

Justine Into the Blood Blood and Passion Series

Blurb:

This is an expansive tale of vampires and their passion, travelling across continents and centuries, travelling across continents and centuries.

Born in Pre-Revolutionary France and orphaned as a child, Justine Bodeau is taken in by a family friend who employs her as a seamstress.

Eventually, she winds up to work in

the court of Queen Marie

Antoinette.

A strong-willed survivor, defeat does not occur to her. When she fights off an attack by an aristocrat and kills him, she is given refuge.

fights off an attack by an aristocrat and kills him, she is given refuge but is soon betrayed and winds up on the streets of Paris, where she is attacked and killed by rogue vampires. But for whatever reason, love will not let her die.

Justine goes from wishing to be

destroyed to wanting to survive, when she feels passion for the one who brought her back, Gascoyne -- the one they call the Vampire Prince of Paris.

Excerpt:

Biding my time or not, I was furious. Rage flowed through me like an angry sea. I was so preoccupied with Oriani and his family having left Paris, I didn't care if I was seen when I returned to the crypt.

As it happened no one was awake.

I had just made it as the sun was starting to rise. I hurried to my own

coffin. My mind turned over what had happened. I wondered where they had gone to in England. It wasn't that far I knew. Someday somehow I'd get there. Gascovne would be fairly easy to manipulate I was certain of it. I'd employ seduction. This pleased me, this way to control another and a vampire at that! Something I had never felt before coursed through me. I thought of Gascoyne and smiled. He was handsome enough; it wouldn't be unpleasant to have sex with him. As I lay there I imagined how I would feel as I recalled the shape of and black. His skin was the color of cream—all vampires are pale, but his was tinged with something else, just a hint of tawniness. It could have been from a recent feed, I wasn't certain.

his lips and his eyes. They were large

If I had power over him I'd first have to defeat that bitch of a vampire, Carmen. I recalled all too vividly the feel of her slap, the sting of it but at least she forced me now.

of it but at least she feared me now.

I was lying in my tomb when I heard something. Someone was moving about the crypt. I heard it plainly; footsteps and the rustling of fabric. I was on my feet in a moment.

movement in the shadows. She must have felt my eyes upon her because she turned quickly. I grinned when Carmen gasped

I didn't see her at first. Then I saw

and fled into another chamber. There were many I knew, though I

hadn't seen the whole of our dwelling place, I knew it to be vast—

full of tunnels and passageways. Gascoyne said it had been that way from ancient times.

We both could move fast, but I outran her and was upon her in a

moment. I said nothing; I only sank my teeth into the back of her neck. She fell, paralyzed. I let her lie there even begged. I said nothing. Not a word passed between us. In fact there was no sound; just the noise of me sucking her dry.

staring wildly, her eyes pleading. She

I fed viciously and voraciously. Her blood tasted of wine. I was able to tell what her last feed was like. I saw images of her living life—a life

spent in poverty and want. I saw her death too yet I felt nothing. And when Gascoyne raised her I felt jealous.

When she was drained, I tore her head off. It wasn't easy, but I managed. I flung it against the wall where it rolled a few times until at last it came to a stop. Her eyes were half open; just starting to glaze over. I knew the others were up, I had

heard them—even when I continued my savagery. Clearly Gascoyne was not among them or he would have stopped me or tried to.

"Justine!"

So he was there now. I turned and smiled madly at him. "What do you want?"

He looked horrorstruck. The coven looked frightened. He wasn't. He was angry if anything and shook

me. "How dare you!"

I only laughed. "Bitch!" he cried.

I only laughed. "Bitch!" he cried. He pushed me so hard I fell over pleased with myself. "I'd do it again."
That did it. He moved so quickly even I was surprised. His slap was fierce. "Is that the best you can do?" I asked.

He reached over to pull me up but only succeeded in tearing my

backwards. Still I laughed loud and raucous cackles for I was extremely

gown from me. I saw his eyes sweep across my naked breasts. Then taking some of Carmen's blood from my chin, I smeared it on both my breasts.

We eyed one another there in the company of the coven. There wasn't a sound. I sat there waiting for him,

moment but there was nothing sexual about it. He was too angry.

The coven had moved closer so as

smiling at him. He was upon me in a

not to miss anything. I was stretched out when he tore at my hair, bending my head backward, he sank his teeth into my neck. But then he stopped himself. Instead of biting he was kissing me and fondling me at the

same time.

I stretched out waiting for more.

He began to lick the blood off my

laughed while he did.

In front of the coven, he took me

breasts then-- Carmen's blood. I

every way that he could. When I

what he wished me to do to him. As I obeyed and took him into my mouth I was happy for this gave me ultimate power over him. I'd be able

to get whatever I wished of him.

thought he would stop, he whispered

Now, because I was giving him pleasure, his coven moved away—so that I began to suck and feed at the same time; just little bites, not enough to hurt him, just enough to

"I will love you forever," he panted.

I made no answer; I only stared at him, certain that he would.

feed.

have no other."

I told him I was grateful. "I will always be yours to obey."

He knew what that meant. A master's vampire wench is a sex

"But I want more than that—I

I smiled. So he didn't just wish sex...he wanted love too. Love or

"You are my wench now, for I will

fucking pure and simple.

want all you can offer."

slave.

His touch was magic and if I thought I had the upper hand I realized too that I enjoyed the lovemaking...if it could be called that. Frankly I doubted it. It was

lust, whatever I could give him now that I was vampiric. We fed together that night. Just us

in the food store. It was the first time I saw it. Cavernous it was, with bloodied and bitten semi-conscious human beings chained throughout.

The coven went to feed too, but only

after Gascoyne said they could. As for us, we fed together.

There was a young man off to the side. He hadn't been fed upon, it was

side. He hadn't been fed upon, it was evident. Gascoyne motioned me to go first so I did, sinking my teeth into the man's neck. His blood tasted sweet; clearly he was the freshest feed there. It was an honor to be given his blood.

Gascoyne fed too. I moaned with pleasure as I consumed the blood for

Gascoyne was fondling me. I would learn in time, it was one of the pleasures of feeding, sex and feeding went together.

went together.

We did drain him. And as we did,
I saw glimpses of the life of a dying
man. After it, we lay in each other's

arms and spoke until dawn. I think we'd have made love too, but we

were too satiated with blood.

It was then that he began to speak of clubs. It was the first I heard of

of clubs. It was the first I heard of the blood clubs. "They are all about. Humans come to be fed on. It gives them sexual pleasure."

That shocked me for times were bad. Is that what human beings were

getting up to?

As if he knew what I was thinking, he answered. "It started

with the aristocrats. They'd come incognito to be pleasured and fed upon. They too like to feed. Those that perished were made vampiric. Others were just disposed of." He smiled and his expression thrilled me for I thought I saw a love of violence there. Perhaps we had more

in common than I originally thought.
"I will show you the club

and began to nibble and suck at the same time. He knew what my answer was. He knew how much I craved sex as I knew myself.

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Then I put his fingers in my mouth

I took his hand and kissed it.

tomorrow. Yes, Justine. I am involved in them—the coven is as well—there is a place we go to…it is near the river. It is secret. Should

you like to see it?"

Buy Links:

and Noble

About the Author:

Carole Gill lives in Yorkshire with her husband and two lunatic Parson Russell Terriers. She turned back to writing some years ago. She writes paranormal romance and horror combined. Her acclaimed 4-novel series, The Blackstone Vampires is a case in point.

Awards:

eBook Festival of Words 2014:

Best Horror: The House on

Blackstone Moor and

Best Villain: Eco

The House on Blackstone Moor Aoife Marie Sheridan - ALL THINGS FANTASY Publisher, Ultimate Fantasy Books 92 Horror authors you need to read

<u>Top 10 Books - 2013</u>:

right now!

Carole Gill - The Blackstone Vampires Series. ~Charlotte Books Examiner,

Justine: Into The Blood Book One -Blood and Passion Series is on sale at Amazon. Book 2, Anat: Blood Princess follows. I, Bathory, Queen of Blood, a novel about the Blood Countess Erzsebat Bathory is due to be released in the summer.

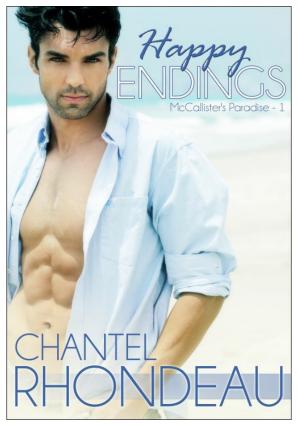
For dark horror fans there is Carole Gill's House of Horrors and the novel, Circus of Horrors.

In 2000 she was selected by Northwest Playwrights of England for further development. Short stories and novels were what she preferred to write. Her short story, The Devil's Work is being broadcast web and television in the Fragments of Fear Program in 2015.

Social Links:

Website Blog Facebook Amazon
Author Page Twitter

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Chantel Rhondeau

Happy Endings McCallister's Paradise 1

Blurb:

Handsome, wealthy Quinn McCallister is the most eligible bachelor on McCallister's Paradise. Making his family's island resort a success is all that matters to this workaholic. Everything changes when he meets the beautiful new massage therapist...

of problems besides the everlooming fear of relapse. Her family nearly went bankrupt paying for her life-saving treatments. She desperately needs the full-time therapist position on the island and the benefits that come with it. The last thing she wants is problems with her boss, or a complicated office

Larissa Benner may have survived cancer, but its aftermath left plenty

last thing she wants is problems with her boss, or a complicated office romance.

It's hard for her to resist Quinn's charms—or his passionate side. However, Quinn is married to his

job. The choice between love and

has Larissa scared. If the cancer recurs, could she count on him to be there for her? Or would he leave her to face it alone, ending her relationship in tragedy?

work is tough for him to juggle and

Excerpt:

lain out on the blanket, head leaned against one arm and the other arm resting against her hip. He was just

Quinn darted his gaze between the sketchpad and Larissa. She had

finishing the last touches on her face. She'd struck a pouty, playful look that made her appear more beddable The rainstorm raged just outside, enough that Quinn felt chilled. He

than wholesome. He loved it.

hoped it ended soon. There was no way they could start home in this, and judging by the way Larissa hadn't wanted him touching more

than her back earlier, she probably wouldn't be up to cuddling for warmth if they were trapped overnight.

And that was a depressing

And that was a depressing thought.

Shading in her cheeks on the

Shading in her cheeks on the sketchpad a touch more to give it depth and suggest the flickering light from the lamp, Quinn leaned against patted the blanket next to her. "Let me see."

It seemed he'd misjudged her willingness to be close to him. Perhaps it was the art project that

swung her more in his favor. She had seemed impressed by the paintings. Maybe his sketch was the key to

"You're done?" Larissa sat up and

the wall, judging his work. "Maybe not the best picture ever," he said, "but passable considering how long

it's been since I did anything."

Standing up, Quinn stretched his back with a groan. Hard stone was not the most comfortable place to sit

earning more kisses from her.

had the blanket to protect her delicate curves. He crossed the area and sat beside

for such a long time. At least Larissa

her, holding the picture out of her view when she made a grab for it. "I don't want you to be disappointed.

This doesn't do you justice, but maybe now that I have a subject worthy of drawing, we could try this again until I get things just right."

She shook her head, brushing her hair against his arm as she bumped her shoulder into his. "I bet it's

Knowing this could either score him major points if she liked it, or

great. Let me look."

relegate him to the category of dating hell, Quinn reluctantly passed it over. She was silent for what felt like an

eternity. Just when Quinn became concerned that he made dating hell ranking with all their date mishaps, she let out a happy squeal.

"This is awesome!" She turned her head unexpectedly,

catching his lips with hers. Her tongue darted out, caressing the crease of his lips, and Quinn readily opened up, tasting a hint of chocolate on her mouth from the food break they'd taken shortly before he finished.

Who knew a drawing could help him get to second base?

She broke off the kiss to look at

the sketch. "Can I keep this?"

Quinn studied it again, trying to

be objective. "It's not my best work, Larissa. Why don't I practice drawing for a while and then try again. How

for a while and then try again. How about a nice painting of you on the beach or something?" "If you think I'm a good subject,

I'll willingly pose for you, but I want this." She kissed him again, though didn't deepen it, to Quinn's regret.

"This is special to me, because it helps me see who you really are."

"And you like this? The person I

"I've been thinking things over the entire time you were drawing this. I'm nervous about what's happening between us, but..." She set the sketch aside and then ran her

really am instead of the high-

powered businessman?"

fingers against his chin, nodding. "Yes. I'm glad you showed me your art."

Her light touch caused sensations

of pleasure to rip through his body. "I can't refuse you," he said, his voice deepening to a husky tone.

"You can have anything you want."

She stared in his eyes intently, and he got the feeling she searched for

moment, she brushed gentle fingertips against his chin, again filling him with needy sensations.

"I really like you, Quinn."

Wrapping his hand around the back of her neck, Quinn pulled her close so their lips nearly touched.

"And I really like you. In fact, it goes

some sort of answer. After a

past like."

"But you don't know everything about me." Her soft protest caused her mouth to brush against his, and it was all Quinn could do to stop from pushing her down onto the blanket and going further than second base.

"I don't need to know everything about you, beautiful. I just need to know that our attraction is mutual. Discovering each other is part of the

fun of a new relationship." To his surprise, the flickering lamplight shone onto moisture

against her cheeks. He was pouring

his true feelings about her out. She wasn't supposed to cry.

Quinn relaxed his grip so she could back away if she wanted, using his other hand to wipe away the tear.

He hadn't read her wrong. She shared his attraction, so the tears made no sense. "What's wrong?"

She sighed and pressed her

done. Bursting into tears when you admit your attraction. Bet you can't wait to have sex with me now." She

forehead into his. "Good heavens. Talk about the sexiest thing I've ever

sobbed slightly. "Damn it. I guess at least I'm chasing you off before you reject me."

Normally a crying woman turned him off. Quinn didn't go for drama, and tears were drama with a capital

D. However, rather than annoying him, Larissa's outburst made him feel macho and protective. He wanted to make things better for her.

"You aren't chasing me off, and I'd never reject you." He backed away

but took her hand. "What makes you think I would?" Larissa leaned her head against the

wall, closing her eyes as if she couldn't stand to look at him. "I used to be engaged. After a four-year relationship, we broke things off. He

couldn't handle it after I got sick."

"Sounds like a real asshole,"

Quinn said without thinking.

She laughed, but another tear leaked from her eye.

He refrained from wiping it away, but only because he had a feeling.

but only because he had a feeling more would fall before they finished talking. "You mentioned before that you'd been sick, but didn't want to talk about it. Are you ready to tell me what happened?"

"I had breast cancer."

Breast cancer? But she was so

young! He didn't know what he'd expected her to say, but that wasn't it. "That must have been difficult for

you, especially if your relationship ended because of it."

She released his hand, folding her

arms across her stomach. "Aren't you going to ask if my boobs are real?"

"Why would I...?" Quinn shook

"Why would I...?" Quinn shook his head, feeling sick to his stomach. "Is that why your ex left? Because

"Is that why your ex left? Because you had to get implants? If so, I stand by my asshole remark."

"Oh, no. They're real, but I have a horrible scar on the left side. Jacob admitted it was too much for him to deal with." She snorted. "Too much for him. Sure, like he went through anything other than having my boobs no longer perfect for him." That must have been why she got so upset when he began massaging her sides, even though she'd sighed and trembled in a way that had encouraged him to push the limits with the massage. It all made sense

now. She hadn't wanted him feeling the scar. How could someone who'd been with her for four years decide that was a reason to leave? Quinn her ex must have been looking for a reason out of the relationship before the cancer.

didn't want to say it to Larissa, but

That idiot's loss could be Quinn's gain.
"None of that matters to me,

Larissa, and won't chase me away. It

isn't your fault you got sick, and you're a survivor besides. Think of those scars as badges of honor. In my opinion, that just shows your strength and makes you even more

She bit her lip, opening her eyes. They were still shiny in the light, looking as though she had more

beautiful."

unshed tears, but he also saw something different in her gaze. It looked like hope.

"Thank you," she whispered.

"This is all kind of heavy for a first date, I know."

Quinn slid his arm between her back and the wall and pulled her

close. "Third date." "Third date," she agreed. "And now that we've got that conversation out of the way, and you are okay with things, it's time for me to return that massage you gave me. It's all I've been able to think about since you said we had to stay until the rain passed."

hearing the sexy lilt in her voice. Larissa wasn't talking about a regular massage.

She caressed his stomach with gentle fingers, moving down to graze

Quinn's groin tightened, just

her hand across the already hardening bulge in his pants.

Uncertain exactly how far she was willing or wanted to go, Quinn stayed still, sucking in a tense breath

and hoping she wanted to go just as

far as he did.

Larissa crawled across his legs, straddling him on either side as she rubbed her hands up his chest and to his neck. Her thumbs dug at the and causing a pain that was also pleasure. She rocked forward, her crotch brushing against his midsection as she kissed his neck on the spot she'd just dug at. Her tongue made a circular motion,

muscles there, working into them

bringing all Quinn's senses to life. "Oh, God, Larissa. You feel so good." She pressed even further into him,

rubbing her front against his and bumping lightly against his pelvis.

"So do you." She sat up straight, looking him in the eyes. "I want you

to know something before I do this." Now was not the time for talking, needed to say.

"I'm not the type of girl who sleeps around."

Shit. Not that talk. Why did she have to bring it up? He couldn't

but he nodded his head so she'd hurry up and say whatever she

make her any promises, not now. He'd promise anything just to get her clothes off, and he didn't want to do that to her. He didn't want to lie, but he wasn't sure he could promise long term. This was supposed to be a date to get to know one another so he could choose for himself without being pressured into it. But sex was a great way to get to know someone.

that was noncommittal enough. "I won't think any less of you." He didn't know if he meant he wouldn't think less of her for going through

"I understand," he said, deciding

Larissa giggled, reaching between them to grip his throbbing erection. "I'm not asking if you'll still respect

with it or if she stopped.

me in the morning, Quinn. I'm just warning that I'm out of practice."

Output joined in her laughter

Quinn joined in her laughter. "Something tells me we'll be the perfect fit for each other."

"Why don't we see ab—"

A crack of thunder shook the cave, drowning out Larissa's words.

coursing through him. "What the hell?"

Another loud crack sounded, and

Quinn startled, adrenaline

then the frightened squeal of horses penetrated through the waterfall as the thunder faded. "The horses!" Larissa's wide eyes

looked as frightened as he felt. "Are you sure they won't leave us stranded?"

Under normal circumstances,

Shadow would never run off without Quinn, but this wasn't normal. The island rarely saw a lightning storm. Shadow had to be half out of his mind with fear.

"Let me up," he ordered. "I have to go calm them down before they bolt."

Larissa hurried to do as he

commanded, just as a large flash of light flared, visible through the cascading waterfall. The deafening rumble of thunder sounded

immediately after.

"Shit!" Quinn rushed to the mouth of the cave, hearing the horses squeal again.

"You can't go out there," Larissa protested. "The lightning is right on top of us."

"I won't leave Shadow alone. He's not used to this and must be

frightened. Stay here." Without making sure she followed directions, Quinn ducked through

the falls. Peering through the sheeting rain that seemed nearly as heavy as the waterfall itself, Quinn's biggest fear was realized.

Defeated, he entered back into the cave.

"Can't you get to them?" Larissa

asked. "What's going on?" Quinn walked back to her, sliding

down the cavern wall to sit on the blanket. "I don't know how to tell you this, but the horses left. We're trapped."

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Buy Links:

About the Author:

great mystery or fantasy book with strong romantic themes was the highest level of reading bliss. After reading her first romantic suspense

Chantel Rhondeau once thought a

novel, she never looked back. Chantel is author of six romantic suspense novels, a Christmas novella, and the new McCallister's Paradise contemporary romance series. She

lives in the western United States

playing cards with her family, bowling on leagues, and snuggling with her lazy kitties.

and when she's not writing, she love

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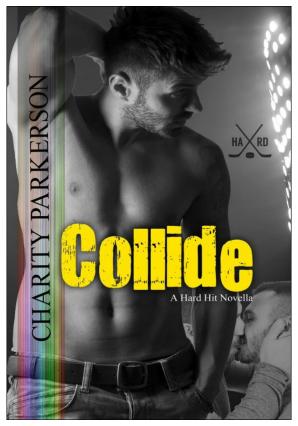
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Charity Parkerson

Collide

Blurb:

Shayne thinks he has nothing left to lose...

On his way home after losing his job, Shayne's bad day goes farther downhill when a truck slams into him. The sexy man who pulls him from the wreckage, seeing him at his lowest, is either the best or worst

Challenge accepted...

While Lincoln feels guilty for

thing to happen to Shayne in a long

totaling Shayne's car, he can't regret having met the man. Something about Shayne calls to him on a new level and brings out a side in him even Lincoln can't explain.

When these two opposites collide it's only a matter a time before one falls.

only a matter a time before one falls.

Shayne's first love will always be hockey. With the out-of-work goalie

on the hunt for a new team, Lincoln knows their time together is short-lived. It'll take a veteran player to sneak past the guard on Lincoln's heart, but Shayne is up for the fight.

Excerpt:

the steering wheel, as he turned onto Shayne's street, fascinated Shayne. Between dealing with Shayne's insurance company, cleaning his belongs out of what was left of his car, dropping by the stadium to clear out his locker, and a thousand other tiny errands, the entire day slipped

The way Lincoln's fingers gripped

away before Shayne was ready for it to end. His gaze slid back to Lincoln's hands. They looked capable —steady. Shayne had done everything in his power to shake Lincoln, fully expecting him to snap. He hoped, when it happened, whatever Lincoln did would be sexy as hell. The man's massive selfcontrol made Shayne nearly insane with curiosity. Even though Lincoln was somewhat shy, Shayne didn't doubt for a second he would turn dominant the moment they hit the sheets. The quiet ones were always earth shattering. Sex with Lincoln

would be fan-fucking-tastic.

"Friends of yours?"

question. Once he did, the words still made little sense until he followed the other man's line of gaze and spotted Grady and Henley camped out on his front porch. He knew they'd turn up eventually. They were his best friends. It was their job. For the first time in his life, Shayne resented it a little before pushing it away.

"Yeah." Grady was still wearing his uniform, gun and all, proving

With Shayne's thoughts fully entrenched in the possibilities, it took a minute to process Lincoln's workout with the team, but the twelve pack resting on his knees let Shayne know he was more than ready for the weekend. There was no way Shayne was avoiding this visit. "My best friends, actually," he added, hoping to hide some of his disappointment. He'd been looking forward to luring Lincoln inside. It wouldn't happen now. "You should come meet them." Lincoln chewed on his bottom lip and Shayne half-expected to get shot

down. Instead, Lincoln nodded

he'd come straight from work. Henley's workout pants and muscle shirt said he hadn't missed today's toward the house. "Your policeman friend looks familiar." It took every ounce of Shayne's

willpower to keep from snorting. "You obviously don't follow sports."

A rueful expression touched

Lincoln's features. "Sorry."

Shayne shook his head. "Don't be.

It's refreshing. People usually recognize Henley first. He's the one with the beer," he explained. "You've

probably seen Grady, the cop, around the hospital. He's forever telling us stories about having to take people by the ER before running them in. They bleed in his

"Probably. I see a lot of faces in the ER," Lincoln admitted as he

car and it pisses him off."

pulled his keys from the ignition, making Shayne's night. He obviously intended to take Shayne up on his offer to meet the guys. "And why am I supposed to recognize Henley?"

"One of hockey's greatest offensive players before blowing out a shoulder. Of course, the Blue Fires are still more than happy to have him, since even at half what he used to be, Henley's better than everyone else."

Lincoln flashed a grin as he threw

open his door. "Offensive player. Got it. See. I can be taught." Shayne winked, opening his door

as well. "Wingman, if you want to get specific."

"Save it for our next date,"

Lincoln said over his shoulder as he climbed from the truck.

Even limping and measuring every breath hoping to save his ribs from his lung's wrath, Shayne

couldn't beat back the smile pulling at his lips with Lincoln at his side. Henley was eyeing Lincoln with open curiosity. Grady looked bored with life as usual. "Hey guys. I figured you'd turn up."

Grady held his hand out. Shayne accepted, allowing the other man to

pull him forward, lightly bumping chests with him, getting as close as men did for bro hugs. "I dropped by the hospital yesterday, hoping to see

you. Some red-haired chick said you were in x-ray. I'd planned on hanging around, but I got called back out on patrol. Don't worry though. I ticketed the ass who plowed into you." Shayne was torn between humor and horror. A low rumble of laughter sounded behind him.

"Told you he looked familiar."

this is Lincoln. Lincoln this is Grady —the ass who ticketed you," he tacked on to even the score. "I deserved it," Lincoln said as he shook Grady's hand, surprising Shayne and pissing him off a little. His anger wasn't aimed at Lincoln, only his words. "Like hell," Shayne growled. "I'll

take care of it. How much was it?"

A derisive snort left Lincoln in

Grady's piercing blue gaze moved passed Shayne. His expression never changed, but Shayne could practically feel Grady's discomfort. Shayne came to his rescue. "Grady, known Shayne long enough to realize there was no way Lincoln could win. "It's one-eighty-five," Grady said as Lincoln opened his mouth, obviously intent on arguing. "Done." "Wait," Lincoln said, trying to jump in. Shayne ignored him. "I have an

interview scheduled in Seattle with

response. Grady's gaze moved between them. His expression never faltered, but they'd known each other long enough that Shayne still recognized the moment everything clicked inside his mind. He'd also swing by the department before I hit the airport and leave the money with you."

"Sure thing," Grady agreed. "And

the Flight Wings on Tuesday. I'll

Henley jumped in. "I still can't believe you got released. That's some real bullshit there"

good luck with the interview."

real bullshit there."

Shayne shrugged, showing an indifference he was far from feeling.

He didn't want to talk about it. His pride begged for mercy. Instead, he chose to coast past the topic. "Henley, this is Lincoln." Henley dipped his chin and Lincoln

spoke. Shayne wondered if he'd ever adjust to the vast difference between the version of Lincoln he spent time with and the side Lincoln showed the rest of the world. He kind of liked that Lincoln reserved something for him alone. Of course, Shayne was a greedy bastard. He nodded at the twelve-pack in Henley's hand. "Is that for me, or is this a party?"

returned the gesture. Neither man

"Fuck you. This is mine." He paused, eyeing Lincoln for a moment, and making Shayne want to groan. "However, I am willing to share with your sexy doctor." Since

"I'll have to pass, but it was nice meeting you both." Lincoln glanced at his watch before focusing on Shayne. "Saturday night is the

busiest night for the ER and I'm on duty tonight. Sorry to run out on

Everyone except Lincoln disappeared for Shayne. The way the

Lincoln blushed. It was hot.

you."

Lincoln hadn't said anything about his profession, it was more than obvious Shayne had been gossiping, but he still refused to act ashamed. Meeting Lincoln was the best thing to happen to him in a long time. made Shayne twice as hungry for his kiss. Shayne couldn't tear his gaze away from Lincoln's sexy mouth. Unfortunately, Shayne could tell by the way Lincoln shifted his weight nervously from one foot to the other, he hadn't forgotten the other two men's presence. Possibly he would let Shayne press for a kiss, but Shayne had too much respect for Lincoln to risk embarrassing the man. That didn't stop the aggravated growl inside his head. "I'll text you later." Damn. Even Shayne heard the desire dripping

from his every word. Grady cleared

other man's lips twisted in apology

blatantly sexual at the heat in Shayne's tone. His gaze never wavered from Shayne's.

"I'll be waiting with..." An evil smile twisted Lincoln's lips, but he

his throat. It was an uncomfortable sound. Lincoln's expression turned

didn't finish.

"Whoa." Henley's whisper came out low at Shayne's back, but Shayne

didn't miss it. Going by the humor flashing in Lincoln's eyes, he hadn't either. With a nod in Grady and Henley's direction, Lincoln headed for his truck. Shayne watched him go, hating his friends a little more hold his tongue until Lincoln pulled away from the curb. "Holy shit, Shayne. I'm almost sorry for showing up tonight. That dude is a closet freak. I guarantee it."

With his focus still locked on the

with every step. Henley managed to

place where Lincoln had been moments early, Shayne admitted something only Henley would understand. "I'm counting on it."

Buy Link:

Amazon

About the Author:

Charity Parkerson is an award winning and multi-published author with Ellora's Cave Publishing, Indie Publishing House LLC, and Punk & Sissy Publications. Born with no filter from her brain to her mouth, she decided to take this odd quirk and insert it in her characters.

- *Winner of 2, 2014 Readers'
 Favorite Awards
 *2015 Passionate Plume Award
 Finalist
- *2013 Readers' Favorite Award Winner
- *2013 Reviewers' Choice Award

Winner
*2012 ARRA Finalist for Favorite
Paranormal Romance

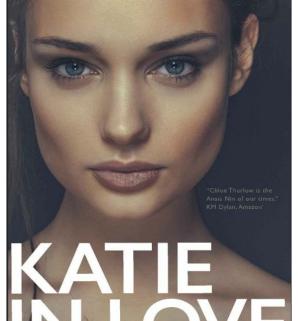
*Five-time winner of The Mistress of the Darkpath

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CHLOE THURLOW

Author of The Secret Life of Girls



Chloe Thurlow

Katie in Love

Katie Boyd has nothing in common

Blurb:

with Tom Bridge, the volunteer doctor she meets at a party - except in bed she finds a passion to match her own. Tom is intense, puzzling, a man who cares about others and compels Katie to question her own life drifting through the hip clubs

and London party scene.

sure if their passion was lit by its brevity, or if love, unexpected and not entirely wanted, has edged its way into her life. Should she go back to being who she always was?

When Tom returns to his post in a Sri Lanka orphanage, Katie isn't

Or follow Tom into the unknown?

Katie in Love is a compelling erotic-romance that will grip readers as they follow Katie's journey to an ending they may have expected - but not in the way they expected it.

Brilliantly written and coolly selfaware, Chloe Thurlow was described by KM Dylan on Amazon as "...the Anaïs Nin of our times."

- Thurlow reveals a writer at the height of her powers.

With Katie in Love - her sixth novel

Excerpt:

It is New Year's Eve and Katie Boyd has met a stranger at a tartan-themed fancy dress ball and taken him back to her apartment. They kissed...

He grabbed me. I liked being grabbed. I like wriggling free then being grabbed again. I like running away and being chased, being caught. We kissed and kissed, then paused for breath. He pressed his teeth against my neck, just gently, and I forgot to mention the kiss of the vampire and how that, too, is so wonderfully erotic. I could feel his cock swelling against my stomach, pushing at me like the head of a kitten pushing at a closed door. I ran my tongue over the bristles of his chin, his neck, his chest. He released my bottom as I slid down to my knees. I patiently unhooked his belt, plus fours and tugged at his boxers – how sweet, I thought, they are tartan. His cock was straight, firm and, in

unbuttoned the buttons on his plaid

the dull light of the lamp, the head was pink like his lips. I sucked the head and ran my fingers over the quilted skin. He sighed. He relaxed.

and the girl had taken the stranger into her mouth, down, down, deeper and deeper; it was just so gloriously decadent being down on my knees

The stranger had met a girl at a ball

him whole like an oyster.

I came up for air and flicked my tongue like a feather up and down

like this and I wanted to swallow

puffed. Time for the stranger was standing still. He wanted that moment to freeze and last forever. He had found a wicked girl, a promiscuous girl, a pleasant-enoughto-look-at-in-a-heroin-chic-sort-ofway girl and that New Year's Day in the early hours his cock was in her mouth. I sucked the head and rimmed the groove, teasing the nerve endings. I wet the fragile tissue

the warm flesh. He sighed and

my tongue and took his balls one at a time into my mouth. His hands rested on the back of my head and he rocked slightly on

of his testicles with a long stroke of

soft cap of his penis. I ran my tongue down the shaft and up again, wetting the column. Many times I have found a boy's cock in my mouth and in the back of my mind a sense that this was so unfair, so onesided, that true passion is give and take and this was a lot of give without a lot of get.

his heels. I went back to sucking the

without a lot of get.

Sometimes, this time, it was different. His cock was a friendly creature massaging my gums, the inside of my cheeks, the bells of my tonsils. His pulsing cock vibrated over the membranes and tissues of my throat, touching my taste buds

with its sultry perfume, the slap of flesh against flesh like the sound of the tree branch that tapped at night against my window. I was drunk on whisky, mesmerized, meditative. I sucked and kissed and nibbled and teased and he groaned and sighed and quivered and gasped. His cock was a wonderful toy, a drawbridge that sprang up when I pulled it down, that shook like a dancer when I teased the groove with the tip of my wet tongue. It was a magnet like the magnets beneath my mattress connecting the polar points of our passion and fusing them in an aura

of completion.

his syrupy essence, spray his sperm across my face, my eyes, my nose. I imagined the taste of nougat and almonds as I took him deep into my throat, sucking hard, waiting for that moment, that sudden jerk, that first hint of pre-come. But just as the adventurer hesitates before claiming the prize, before the true king pulls the sword from the rock, he stopped himself and withdrew. I was ready for his orgasm, my throat gaping. I felt let down yet, instantly, immediately relieved.

He took my elbows and pulled me

I could feel his pleasure mounting. He was going to fill my mouth with

could taste himself on my lips. The way he expertly undid the buttons on my white blouse made me wonder where he could have acquired such skill. Did he take bad girls home every night? Was this handsome stranger Lothario, Don Juan, Patrick Bateman from American Psycho; so good, I read it twice. He found the hook at the front of

up so he could kiss me again, so he

He found the hook at the front of my bra, how clever, and weighed my breasts. 'They're small,' I murmured.

'Small is beautiful.'

'Not that small.'

purred.

He kissed my breasts in turn, left first, then right, taking my nipples into his mouth and biting down just

hard enough to make them pop out,

'They are perfect,' he said and I

eager for more. At the same time his quick fingers found the zip on my kilt and the tartan fabric fell about my toes. He rolled down my tights and I hopped about from foot to foot as he expertly rid me of this

Just as I had gone down on my knees, like an echo, he did the same. He took the sides of my panties and pulled at the elastic. He ran the

clutter.

me. I adored the touch of his tongue and he drank from me as if from an upturned cup. I could smell my own scent. I pulled him up and we stumbled to the bed where, in a long kiss, I tasted warm salty seas with a fragrance as sweet as baby breath. I recalled vaguely a boyfriend saying once the stuff was 100 per cent

moist fabric down my legs and over my feet. He dropped down and adjusted his head so he could savour

He slid up inside me, and time wasn't suspended. It was racing. He

week.

protein and he wanted to try living on my liquids and nothing else for a him to, not now, not yet. La petite mort is as often as not la mort depuis longtemps. The longer you wait, the more you delay, the more you reach the moment of release

was going to come. I didn't want

you reach the moment of release before receding, the greater the pleasure, the more wonder and mystery that wraps itself around the orgasm.

As he tensed, I let his cock slip from its warm cocoon and sewed kisses over the fine curly hair on his

from its warm cocoon and sewed kisses over the fine curly hair on his chest. I straddled his neck and lowered my drenched pussy over his mouth as if it were a saddle on a horse. He kissed and sucked, nudged

into the heart of my pulsating vagina. Liquids seeped from me in a continual stream, piquant and vital, the essence of sex. Tended the right

my clitoris and wormed his tongue

way and in the right places, a girl is an eternal fount that just keeps giving, the milky fluid creaming over the walls of my pussy, over my spread lips, anointing the stranger in a fine spray that coated his face.

My heart was a little boat that had broken its moorings. My breath was trapped in my throat. I rolled to one side and slid across his body. I took his cock back into my mouth,

completing the circle, his tongue

pushing back into my vagina, my tongue wrapped about his shaft. We rocked to and fro like sunflowers in a field, deeper and deeper while the tree branch tapped like a metronome against the windowpane and we found perfect harmony. My pussy continued to leak nectar into his mouth. Our bodies were slippery with perspiration. I could have remained in that position for

the rest of my life, but the tempo changed, his body tensed and my throat filled with warm sperm that tasted like coconut milk. I gobbled it down, greedy for more. He kept pushing into me, I kept drawing at drained into my mouth, I grew rigid. I released his cock and gasped as his meaty tongue ignited an orgasm that made me scream. I cried out as if in

his cock and, as the last drips

pain but the pain was an intense, allconsuming pleasure.

My body was trembling as if in fever. I rolled to one side, arms wrapped around his legs, our bodies

drenched, throbbing, electric. I was dizzy. He pulled me up and pushed his cock back inside me as if it were a jewel being placed back in a velvet box. We rocked gently like waves on an outgoing tide and, on that tide, the ship would soon be sailing.

Buy Link:

Katie in Love

About the Author:

My name is Chloe Thurlow. I write erotic books and my Mother doesn't speak to me.

I am a night person, the girl at the bar who looks like she should have gone home and maybe has no home to go to. I am thin, chic, in an abstract sort of way. I have high cheekbones, long legs, perhaps too thin, and I like dancing.

I compose my work in the dead hours between two and six while London sleeps and the early morning planes follow the Thames into

Heathrow carrying bankers and businessmen hoping to make it in the greatest city on earth - London, where I was born on a December night with a full-moon overhead and snow covering the garden.

Writing is a sickness, an ailment, an addiction. When I'm not writing, I'm thinking about what I have written that day and, when I do go to bed, I

lay sleeplessly thinking about what I

am going to write when I get up and start again the following day.

When I do sleep, I sleep badly, in spite of the magnets under my mattress that are supposed to orientate my body north to south so the dragon lines pass through the invisible portal at the top of my

skull and down to my feet, my best feature, an old boyfriend once said. The last thing he ever said, now I come to think about it.

I have worked as a tutor, in marketing, and for a women's

magazine which involved writing

and apertures. Regular working doesn't suit me, it interferes with writing, and now I freelance as a waitress at corporate 'events' where masters of the universe congratulate themselves by drinking buckets of champagne and falling over.

captions for interiors and combat with photographers fixated on depth

My new novel Katie in Love was released in March 2015. It is about a girl with long legs who likes dancing and is trying not to be promiscuous now she has met a man working to save the planet's poor and downtrodden. He is a volunteer

of my story wonders if she is in the process of doing the one thing she vowed never to do - fall in love.

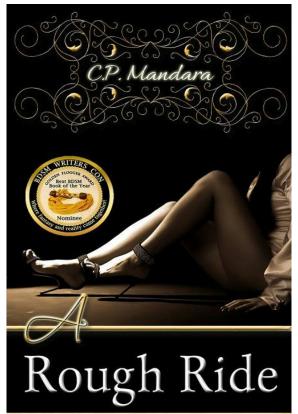
doctor, so kind and selfless, the girl

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Twitter Amazon Author Page

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Social Links:





Christina Mandara

Rough Ride

Blurb:

Who will have the pleasure of training Petal? By rights, the honour should go to Mark Matthews, but the cowboy has other plans. The matter is not settled until the stable owner is brought into the fray.

It is to be a monumental first week for Albrecht's newest trainee. The pony girl will have two days to find a 'device' which torments her every waking moment. She will then find herself shipped off as a sex-slave, chained and caged, to the mysterious high-bidder from the auction.

It doesn't take Petal long to realise that her chances of escaping from

way of coping with her new latex bodysuit and the rigorous buzzing and pumping of the never-ending

that her chances of escaping from Albrecht are slim at best, but her defiant nature won't let her give up hope just yet. There is a way out for her, but she may have to give up more than her sanity in order to achieve it.

Excerpt:

"I don't think she knows how to beg, Domingo," said Amand, who began running his shaft teasingly along her upper lip. A drop of precum oozed from the tip and the salty tang had her mouth- watering.

Domingo was now using his rather impressive tongue to trail a wet path down her ass cheeks, before he used his big, meaty hands to spread them wide open and admire the tiny, gaping hole before him. "Amand, I'm hungry, you're hungry. Tell the pony how to beg." His lips

"UUuunngggh!" Her hips tried to buck away from him, but she was held tightly in place. It was incredibly pleasurable. When he thrust his tongue slowly inside her,

she nearly dissolved into a big

puddle on the floor.

gently circled the tight, puckered rose bud and Jenny squirmed madly.

"You're an animal. You need to beg like one. As you can't use your hooves, you need to use your tongue. I want you to thrust that tongue out as far as it can go and when I'm satisfied you've got the look just right, I'll let you draw me inside you." He dragged his cock along her lower lip and watched her body twitch in delight.

Jenny was quick to obey; thrusting her tongue outside the metal ring as far as it would go. She didn't care about the humiliation, nor did she care about her audience. Her thoughts centred solely on Amand and Domingo.

"Wouldn't she look great with her hooves begging upwards in supplication, Domingo?" Pleading for the chance to suck and service us? Do you think she would make a nice addition to our stable in a few months' time?"

Domingo just laughed. "A few months? Try a few years. This one will wear black."

"Mmmm. That makes me even harder." He pumped his cock in his hands, slowly at first but the speed increased with each passing stroke. "OK, lovely tongue, pony-girl. That's it, thrust it forward and back. You'll get the hang of it. Now I want to see some pleading with those pretty blue eyes." He grabbed a handful of hair

from the top of her head and pulled

her face backward so he could watch every tiny nuance of her expression. Jenny wanted to scream in

frustration. Domingo had resumed

his little thrusts into one of the tenderest parts of her anatomy and his tongue was wonderfully skilled. He performed little pumps, longer lunges and then more circling, around and around. She was yelling, snuffling and squirming madly and could only hope that the expression in her eyes was enough to please

"Yes, that's it Petal. You've

Amand.

with those words he laid his cock down carefully upon her supplicating tongue.

Jenny sighed. It was warm, soft

captured the look perfectly," and

and silky. There was a pleasant salty taste to it and she couldn't wait to devour the beast inside her.

"Wait. Do not suck until I tell you

to. Just hold it right there and let your tongue curl around me." Jenny did not need to be told twice. Amand sighed and closed his eyes as she did exactly as asked.

Amand sighed and closed his eyes as she did exactly as asked.

Domingo had unzipped himself

strokes to let her know he was there, but the size of the beast behind her both frightened and excited her. This was almost going to be a replay of the auction room, but with the real deal in the form of two warm bodies

and was rubbing his cock up and down Jenny's backside. Just little

"Should I let her taste me, Domingo?"

and two throbbing cocks.

Jenny greeted that comment with another pleading look and Amand smiled at her.

"Let her, Amand. She's been a

Meanwhile I'm going to fuck her and bang against these beautifully redraw ass cheeks. It's going to sting a little but I have a feeling that Petal might enjoy the sensation."

Amand needed no further

good girl and good girls get to suck.

encouragement as he thrust his cock to the back of her throat. Domingo, meanwhile, rubbed himself up and down the entrance to Jenny's sex. Her lips had already parted prettily, eagerly awaiting his entry but he wanted Amand to get a good rhythm going before he joined in the party.

"Suck, petal, suck!" Amand had begun thrusting greedily into her little mouth and Jenny struggled to keep up. Although she was well lubricated, it wasn't the easiest task in the world to suck when the front of your mouth was prized open with a metal ring. She had to concentrate on using her jaw, rather than her lips to provide the tight sensation Good-Looking was after. Judging by the look on his face, he was reasonably pleased with her efforts. That was when things started to get a little difficult...

Domingo began to plunge his

cock inside her pussy, with sharp and powerful thrusts. Her backside, still smarting nastily after its previous treatment with the cane, howled in protest. She, however, did not. Armand was plugging her mouth far too quickly and far too thoroughly for even the slightest whisper to escape her lips. The pain of Domingo's body slamming into her backside was like a fourth of July firecracker to her body. She came alive and it was as if someone had plugged in all of the electrical circuits in her brain at once. Pound, slam, bang, slurp. Domingo grabbed a

handful of hair from the top of her

tight, Amand. You've got the wrong end," and with that he used her head as a leverage point to pound into her backside harder. *Dribble, pant, plunge, moan*.

"I don't think so," said Amand, who was struggling to breathe as he continued to bury himself in the

head and grazed her cheek with the stubble of his jaw as he banged into her once again. "Boy is this one

continued to bury himself in the depths of Petal's throat. The soft ring of her gag grazed the tender flesh of his cock beautifully and the cool rubber coupled with the warm of her mouth was his undoing.

Domingo's fingers worked the nipple clamps and chain on Petal's body, tugging and dragging at them until her poor little buds were straining and swollen. His body worked hers over like a freight train, so big and powerful that each thrust was as much maximum damage as it was pleasure. When his fingers finally dipped and reached for the pulsing nub of her clit, Jenny needed only the lightest of touches before she took the plunge over the edge of consciousness. Her body suffered paroxysms of the grandest order. Each further thrust from Domingo's loins sent another wave of sensation body was a riptide of turbulent emotions and for several seconds afterward she could barely breathe. Domingo cared not. He was concentrating on burying his massive member deep inside her.

Lifting Petal up by her inner

flowing through her and when Armand erupted in her mouth, she vocally gurgled out her pleasure. Her

Lifting Petal up by her inner thighs, Domingo angled her backside up towards him to get a better angle on his lunges. Having only managed to bury half of his cock inside her up to now, the improved position allowed him to go deeper and, that his pony was fairly gushing with her very own brand of 'enthusiasm.' His fingers found her clit and forced the poor, abused little root to stand to attention once more.

As Amand withdrew from her

thankfully, this was aided by the fact

lips, a thick gob of semen and saliva dribbled over the red ring and flowed down her cheek. She barely noticed the wet line of goo as it trailed downwards towards the floor. She was too intent on relishing the 'Domingo effect' and savouring the delicious sting as he slapped into her ass. When the gag was removed from Amand's face, she automatically opened her mouth to receive his. She had no idea why, the reaction was automatic and fuelled by lust. When his beautifully dark, long lashes swooped down and fluttered along her cheeks and his caramel eyes bored into hers she knew she was lost. Letting him drink his fill, she watched as Amand's soft lips vied with hers in order to drink his own essence. Her legs went weak and would have buckled had they not been held tight in restraints.

Domingo worked her over with

her mouth and in its place appeared

his confident stroke and more than competent fingers. They tugged, cajoled, rolled and flicked. Jenny loved it all. Mewling and crying into Amand's mouth, she could not believe it when her body was on the verge of yet another orgasm merely seconds after the first. Each little bell attached to her webbing and corset tinkled sweet music as her body quivered in desire. "OOoh," she moaned, but the sound was whipped away by the gentle pressure of lips and when his tongue began to war with hers, she was again roaring with need.

Amand finally pulled his lips away to murmur, "Beg for that orgasm, Petal. Let me see that sweet tongue, pretty Pet. Show me how much you want this."

Jenny tried to fight the instinct to do exactly as he asked. Her eyes were swimming with arousal and floating

around the room, watching the crowd as they got down to business themselves. Domingo's fingers were relentless in their pursuit, however. Already she was on the brink of release and she could feel her pussy stretched as never before, the

massive cock filling her and banging

into her with a frenzied rhythm that she could not control.

Armand traced his finger around her swollen lips and tilted his head to the side. "Show me that tongue, Pretty Pink Petals. Domingo won't let you have the goodies until you

do. He's very particular about such things." There was a knowing nod as he looked over Jenny to watch the powerful black man let loose an almighty roar of satisfaction. As his cock plied for admission at the entrance to her cervix Jenny

gurgled upon the last vestiges of

pooled semen in her mouth while her tongue snaked out of its own accord. Please, please, she begged silently. She felt Domingo's cock twitch and jerk spasmodically inside her as his fingernails bit into the flesh of her shoulders. Her eyes, still roaming the room, finally caught a glimpse of Mark who had buried himself in the shadows. Back against the wall, with his hands casually at his sides, he gave off a relaxed air until she ventured up to his dark, almost black, unfathomable eyes. His look of fury would be forever imprinted upon her brain as she screamed out the pleasure that released.

Domingo's fingers had finally

Buy Links:

Amazon Barnes and Noble Smashwords KOBO

About the Author:

Christina Mandara was born in the UK, but has spent most of her life travelling the world. She speaks three languages and has been chiefly employed in the fields of finance

and travel. Her favourite city is Sydney and her favourite holiday destination is the south of France.

She loves keeping fit and enjoys running, cycling and water sports. No, not those kinds of water sports; think surfing or sailing. That doesn't mean that she doesn't enjoy BDSM in all of its glorious forms, be that pony girls, bondage, edge play, orgasm denial or a damn good spanking. Her favourite item in the toy closet (a box simply isn't big enough) is her riding crop.

In her spare time she's usually

exploring the countryside or baking in the kitchen. In fact, she loves her kitchen so much she's one of few woman who wouldn't mind being tied to it! Her first and foremost love is writing, however, and more often than not you'll find her on a laptop spinning tales of romance, erotica or dark, paranormal fantasies.

cuddled up with a good book,

Those in the BDSM world might wonder whether Ms Mandara is a top or a bottom. Is she currently training a herd of pony boys or is she stabled up, in full leather tack, with the pony girls? It's a good question. Answers

on a postcard please or try and figure it out yourself by visiting Ms Mandara's blog: www.christinamandara.wordpress.com

Social Links:

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@cpmandara & @naughtynell101

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A CONTEMPORARY ROMANCE

HIDDEN A MIDNIGHT MOANING NOVELLA JUSTICE

CORA BLU



Cora Blu

Hidden Justice A Midnight Moaning Novella

Blurb:

T'kelah Sinclair, Art Insurer, leads a simple peaceful life living in the apartment above her friends coffee shoppe. When Imad El-Hashem, searching for the other half of a family painting collection, informs her their past is hidden in the

for one another theirs or from the couple in the painting? Imad's not the only person on the hunt for the paintings.

paintings. Is the attraction they feel

Excerpt:

South East Michigan, Early Fall Seven p.m.

Pink Oyster Restaurant She had to get out of there. This

guy, openly feasting on her from

to toe, made her uncomfortable. From the moment he walked in, he drank in her every move with those wicked brown soul The way his unblinking attention was trained on her from her sandy

searchers, most people called eyes.

brown hair to her four-inch stiletto boots peeking out from under the linen tablecloth made her anxious. T'kelah nervously flexed her ankle,

wanting to uncross her legs before

they'd gone into pins and needles mode, but that would only draw more of his attention if possible. Unable to look away, she put up with the tingling sensation moving down her legs.

His stubbled chin rested on his thumb while his knuckle repeatedly slid back and forth over his thin world, she could do better.

Those firm lips weren't thin, she noticed as he'd teased his bottom lip between his teeth, dragging the

pearly whites across the pink surface as he studied her. The restaurant and the soft sounds of a saxophone

bottom lip, catching her attention. T'kelah Sinclair rethought her complaint. To say his lips were thin had been a simplistic description of a sexy mouth. For someone in the art

faded around him the longer he studied her. Not studied, but digested her into his system. The Pink Oyster, the town's most elegant Middle Eastern restaurant, of every week, ever since her promotion to Arts Insurance Adjuster. She loved her job, adored its lavish perks—free entry to art shows and private showings—as it

provided a chance to slip on her

became her personal treat at the end

Since Brett's fatal car crash six months ago, she'd done many things alone. Including sleep. Especially sleep. Not that she hadn't been propositioned to end her drought. She just hadn't met anyone she wanted to spend more than twenty

wanted to spend more than twenty minutes with.

And this pervert wouldn't stop

To sit here, in this elegant restaurant, beside the fireplace,

staring at her.

under the heady Middle Eastern scents of lamb, garlic, and curry was her only wish for this evening. She swallowed, her mouth watering in

anticipation of the perfectly spiced halibut and tabbouleh dinner arriving soon. He'd spoiled it for her.

She shot him an angry glare and didn't blink when he leaned forward, dragging those shoulders into a contemptuous display. It didn't help that his chest stressed the lines of

his suit, causing the compressed line

of her mouth to part.

Don't smile it'll draw him to you.

That was impossible.

He wasn't bad on the eyes. To be honest, he was hard on her concentration as it was drifting with

languid abandon over his trim body. His black hair and the matching stubble accentuating the line of his strong jaw, gave peeks at his Middle Eastern kissed complexion.

Eastern kissed complexion. Somewhere down the family tree, those genes had mixed with those of an Anglo Saxon. It was in his painfully sharp nose. He reminded her of a pirate fresh out of a hot bath—clean—yet sensually dirty.

capture the waiter's attention. When she was sure she had it, she pulled a twenty from her purse.

"Are you ready to order, Ms. Sinclair? We have your favorite spiced halibut, caught fresh this morning."

She took a drink from the glass of

T'kelah refocused her gaze to

ice water he set in front of her.

"Asad, you know me too well.

Unfortunately, I'll have to pass on dinner this evening." Her concentration moved through the room, pausing on the man still

eyeing her mouth. Her face was submerged in a layer of heat when he winked, causing that same heat to spread down to her stocking toes in her boots. "I seemed to have lost my appetite."

"Miss?" Asad's voice separated her from the candy watching, across the

room. She shuddered. "I'll take two slices of coconut cake to go with my long weekend of number crunching, and a large pot of Carla's Zimbabwe coffee from the shope downstairs." Asad had been the person to introduce her to the coffee shop when she needed an apartment two years ago after moving to the quiet city. Carla quickly became a good T'kelah moved into her upstairs apartment. apartment. Vertical lines divided the skin

above Asad's nose, causing his olive eyes to be lost under his deeply

friend and her landlord, after

furrowed brows. "Is something wrong? You appear—upset—tonight. Is it my cousin that's got you flustered?" He refused the

twenty, sliding it toward her and in a voice lower than she'd ever heard he

stunned she'd missed the resemblance, T'kelah grabbed Asad by the arm, holding his attention.

"That man is your cousin? Then tell

dog an even older trick... Manners. I'll come back another day."

"My cousin's intense. Seldom seen in public, he's accustomed to getting whatever he sets his mind to."

Shrugging his shoulders, he added,

him staring is rude. And the last thing I want to do is teach an old

"Bitter since his fiancé left."

"Oh, you can forget that. I'm not looking to be someone's rub-off."

Stuttering, he responded, "Rub-off...what's that mean?" He set down

a fresh linen napkin on the table.

"The woman he rubs all of his old pain off on, before he moves on to the woman he treats with respect."

remember that, Ms. Sinclair. I have another cousin if ever you're in need of a chaperone. I could make a call and have him take you out tomorrow night."

He chuckled amused. "I'll have to

you.

She pat his shoulder. "I'll pass. I'll see you next week, minus your cousin the peeper."

Now I'm his project. No thank

She scanned the room. His cousin was no longer at the table. And nowhere to be found, which was

perfect. It was time to make her exit. "Ms. Sinclair, I insist on calling you a cab. Purple Pony will be here in three minutes." He dug in his pocket and pulled out a cell phone.

She touched his hand to repress

the urge to chuckle at the name of the local cab company started by two college guys that went big and had to keep the goofy name. It proved the old advice to think before you use a silly title for your company, held

old advice to think before you use a silly title for your company, held true.

Gathering her coat, T'kelah nodded to the waiter. "Asad, I'm

three blocks from here. A walk in the cool air will clear my head." Asad set down his note pad and

helped her on with her coat. Her purse appeared at her elbow.

Miss." A deeply rich voice filtered down over her body, leaving her lightly dazed. "Your purse. Forgive me if I've run you off admiring your

beauty, while I ate my dinner."

"You have sophisticated taste,

She whirled around to Mr. Brown Eyes. Not every day brown, which would've been fine, but Old World rusty brown eyes with a hint of gold flecks to mesmerize her the longer she stood there. "Thank you, and you were staring not admiring. It's rude," she corrected and educated him tucking her purse under her arm.

"Then my rude behavior stops

Imad El-Hashem. I'm terribly sorry if I offended you. You paint an intriguingly provocative picture. I can't believe I'm the only man staring —as you've labeled me—tonight."

T'kelah knew a player when she met him and Imad hit all the criteria. "You were staring, Mr. El-Hashem.

now. My name is, El-Hashem ...

Looking until the person becomes uncomfortable isn't admiring." They were drawing a crowd. "Good night." She started to walk off.

"I can be taught the difference if

"I can be taught the difference if you care to instruct me, Miss..." He insinuated his body in front of her, blocking the isle. "I'm a fast learner with the right teacher."

She rested back on her heels. "You don't quit do you?"

"I haven't started."

The dining room's ambience grew sexier. Firelight danced up the walls, making resisting him a trial. "I have

to go...my dinner plans were

severely altered by your rude behavior this evening." She backed away, touching the chairs as she maneuvered her way through the dining room full of faces watching them. "Don't worry about me. I'm going home to eat my bagel and drink my cup of tea. Think about

that while you're learning the

admiring a woman you don't know."

He circled the table separating them to clear the path for her

through the crowded room. "Then I

difference between staring and

insist you allow me to apologize for my actions. Dinner with me at my home. Admiration wasn't my entire agenda this evening. I wish to speak with you."

T'kelah gaped at the arrogant, narcissistic man offering to take her home. This had to be a joke. She untucked her sandy brown tresses from her collar and flipped it out down her back. She hooked her purse straps over one shoulder. After

the night."

Buy Links:

Amazon Barnes and Noble

About the Author:

An avid reader of most every genre,

Cora Blu writes from the heart.

Interracial to multicultural,

"I think you have me mistaken for an air head looking for a home for

buttoning her camel colored cashmere trench coat, T'kelah hurriedly cinched the belt as fast as she could, needing to get out of

there.

contemporary to underwater shifters to aliens, her stories include love, family, and that one family member you want to set the dog on the porch for each time you see their car pull up out front.

Her underwater series is like no other. From Africa American to Japanese to Russian, the heroines are as diverse as the shark shifters that love them.

You can read more of her work on her Amazon page and website. Sign up for her newsletter to stay current on releases and giveaways

http://www.amazon.com/Cora-

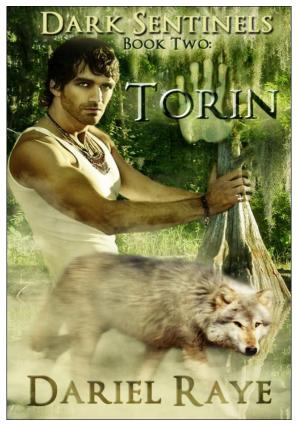
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Dariel Raye

Torin DARK SENTINELS: BOOK TWO

Blurb:

When greedy land developers set their sights on Dark Sentinel land, Torin turns to attorney Stephanie Bates for help, but she'll need his protection to stay alive long enough to save his land. Real estate lawyer, Stephanie Bates, has risen to the top of her field through meticulous sacrifice and goal setting. She has no time for distractions – and that includes pets, messy relationships, and loose ends.

Torin DuMont is a forensic scientist who chose the profession to avoid dealing with people as much as possible. Raised by a stepfather who hated him, he's been forced to live a life of solitude, fueled by anger and distrust. When wolves and shifters start turning up dead, Torin must battle an enemy bent on destroying those he was born to protect. His

greatest challenge, however, is Attorney Bates and the surprising effect she has on his heart.

Excerpt:

Torin didn't have to leave his spot against the wall to overhear Cindy and the unavailable Ms. Bates, despite the fact that they were intentionally speaking softly.

"...I tried to reschedule, but he

won't...and he won't leave either! Steph, you haven't seen him. He's huge, and he walked in looking pissed—not a good combination. I started to call for James to escort

him out of the office, but I like James, so..."

Both women shared a laugh. "No, no need for all that. You offered him

another appointment. If he chooses to wait, let him wait. I'll deal with him if he doesn't get tired and leave." She laughed again. "I keep

saying I need a peephole in this door. You've piqued my curiosity now. Wish I *could* work him in. I'm eager to meet one of these Wild Landers I keep hearing about but never seem

to run into any."

"For the most part, they pretty much keep to themselves, but believe me, you'll know when you see one."

out here and try to work while he's glaring at me. I doubt he's going anywhere, Steph. He seems like the stubborn type."

"Don't worry, Cindy. If he's still

Cindy sighed. "Guess I'll go back

there when it's time for you to leave, I'll speak to him myself and try to reschedule. In the meantime, just ignore him. Maybe he'll take the hint and leave."

* * *

Torin stepped outside several

times to stretch his long legs, finding fewer clients waiting for Ms. Bates on each return. He'd overheard everything the lawyer and her

she had said that bothered him; it was the timbre of her voice itself soft, smooth, and lilting—that elicited an immediate response. Puzzled by his own involuntary reaction, he wanted to hear more of it, like a cobra drawn helplessly and nonsensically to an oboe. He sensed the sun had gone down

receptionist said, but it wasn't what

He sensed the sun had gone down before he stepped over to the small window and looked out. Even in the complete darkness, his eyes did not fail him, and he saw the grounds as clearly as if daylight greeted him. Finally, one man remained in the waiting room with him, but it was well after six p.m.

He picked up the pleasant scent of mint, lemongrass, and lilies and

turned just in time to see shapely legs, a voluptuous body full of promise. The warm, mocha-colored

face wasn't bad either. Clearly, it was the owner of the musical voice. His wolf bristled beneath his skin, forcing an internal battle just to remain civilized. Confusion

increased his frustration. He'd never

reacted to a female this way before, and certainly not a human.

She glanced at the other client and headed straight for Torin, arm extended to shake his hand as she

home, Cindy. It's already late. No need for both of us to stay."

Cindy was out of the office in a flash, glancing back apprehensively

called over her shoulder, "Go on

as she closed the door.

"Mr. DuMont? I'm Ms. Bates,
Stephanie Bates."

Torin nodded and grasped her

hand but did not return her smile. He was far too busy trying to resist the crippling effect her melodious voice seemed to have on him. His

nerve endings sizzled as he attempted to manage the sensory overload. This isn't supposed to happen, he secretly seethed. What in the hell is

wrong with me? His sexual encounters had been quick, unemotional, and necessary for physical satisfaction only, and he'd never been overtaken

so--completely. Her scent intensified,

tinged with desire, as molten chocolate-colored eyes gazed at him confidently, only confusing him further. Desire?

Certain her reaction to him couldn't possibly be an invitation, he removed his hand from her grasp

and folded his arms across his chest. Social skills were definitely not his forte, but he couldn't remember his senses ever being so off-base before.

Stephanie cleared her throat

what to do with it. "I want to personally apologize for the appointment mix-up, but—" "There's been no mix-up. What I need will only take a few moments

before she continued, placing her hand on her hip as if she wasn't sure

"Unfortunately, was unexpectedly called in on another case this morning, so—" "Not my problem." He glowered

down at her, then turned to stare at the only other client in the office,

daring him to stick around.

of your time."

The other man, presumably a would-be client, averted his gaze, slid from his chair, and scurried through the exit.

Once they were alone, Torin

returned his gaze to Stephanie and

lifted a brow. "Looks like you've got a cancelation. I'm sure you can squeeze me in now."

Stephanie's smile disappeared, and her full lips formed a firm line of disapproval.

Good. Now she knows how I feel, being so...hard-pressed to control her own domain.

Stephanie turned and walked away from him without another word until she reached the phone. "Get out! Get out of my office, Mr. she hit a buzzer, then she spoke quickly but calmly into a speaker. "James, I know it's time for you to leave, but I need you to escort

DuMont." The words were spoken as

someone from my office before you go please."

Not wanting to involve anyone else, Torin sighed and left before James entered. He realized his

behavior was ridiculous and gritted his teeth out of regret. The thought of reporting to his stepfather that he'd failed to procure Ms. Bates's counsel made him want to howl—

and not in a good way.

He stepped off the elevator and

hesitant about leaving. The parking garage was nearly empty. He slid into the driver seat and tilted his head back against the headrest to think. Ms. Bates was relatively new in town,

walked slowly to his truck, still

but her reputation preceded her: She was the best in her field. If anyone could help save Wild Lands, she could.

What a fuck-up! he thought,

torturing himself further. As usual, he'd managed to win friends and influence others. He was so much better with crime scenes and dead people.

Stephanie pressed her hand over her heart in an attempt to slow it down. Torin DuMont had to be the rudest man she'd ever come in contact with, and she'd met her share of assholes. Thing was, Torin didn't even seem to realize—or at least care —how rude he was. Obviously, he was used to having his orders obeyed. He hadn't even given her a chance to finish a sentence and kept interrupting her with that deep, raspy voice of his that somehow reminded her of the rough leather her father used to sharpen his knives -strong, heavy, and used to

dominate.

ritzy town, she'd decided she would never allow another domineering man in her life, not even as a client. Sometimes that required drastic

measures.

Before her move to this small but

Something primal inside her responded to him instinctively though. His sandpaper voice, every word on the verge of a growl, sent tingles through her, and when he'd grasped her hand, she'd had to back away to keep from being sucked in; the latter was not an option. She'd fought too hard to crawl out from under her father's thumb, and she wasn't about to end up running from what kind of teeth were those? He had pearly whites, but they were all pointed, as if he'd had them filed down and sharpened.

"Want me to see you out, Ms. Bates?" James asked, interrupting her thoughts. He stood in the

her thoughts. He stood in the doorway, glancing around the office, a quizzical look on his weathered face.

"Uh, no. Thanks, James, but that won't be necessary." She smiled

won't be necessary." She smiled, attempting to put him at ease. She couldn't believe she'd allowed that controlling hooligan to upset her so easily. She also couldn't believe

Cindy had neglected to tell her Mr. DuMont was like hot sex on a big stick.

The moment she'd spotted him, she'd wanted to melt and climb up his big, hard body or climb him and then melt. Either way, climbing and melting would have been involved, and quite a bit of panting. He had dark hair, just a bit too long to be respectable, was nearly basketball star tall, and was equipped with shoulders made for clinging, if she'd been into that sort of thing. But it was his eyes that really did it for her —stormy, gray with impossible, sultry black lashes. Visions of

pouring rain, earth-rattling thunder, and her limbs wrapped around his powerful body flashed into consciousness.

How could someone who looked that good make me want to slap him so quickly? Nobody interrupts me! If Richard Bates hadn't taught her anything else, it was to command respect. Putting a potential client out of her office might have been a tad over the top, but at that moment, it was an act of self-preservation.

Buy Links:

Amazon Barnes and Noble

About the Author:

Dariel Raye writes powerful IR/MC (Interracial/Multi-cultural) paranormal romance and dark urban fantasy with alpha male heroes to die for and strong heroines worth

winning. Her stories tell of shifters, vamps, angels, demons, and fey (the Vodouin variety). In addition to Kushiel's Keep, Dariel is currently

writing four more series: "Dark Sentinels," (wolf shifters), "Lifegivers," (multi-shifters), and two

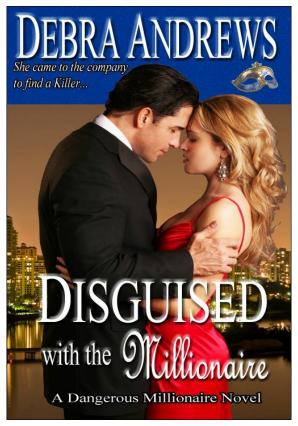
Vampire-like Nephilim series: "Orlosian Warriors" and "Cain's Progeny."

For more about Dariel, follow her blog or visit her website. She also publishes a new release newsletter. If you enjoyed this book, please post a review on Amazon.com, Barnes and Noble.com, Goodreads, or other review sites.

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Debra Andrews

Disguised with the Millionaire A Dangerous Millionaire Novel

Blurb:

Kate Meyers is grief stricken after the news of her brother's death at a construction site owned by wealthy Trent Farrington. After speculation of faulty equipment and clear his company. Not believing the results, Kate lands a job with the Florida Corporation to do her own investigation. When she meets Trent, Kate instantly dislikes the strikingly handsome millionaire and thinks he's involved. Her greatest pleasure would be to see him pay for what he's done—behind bars.

wrongdoing, the police eventually

Confirmed bachelor Trent
Farrington finds himself intrigued
by the company's newest employee,
but previous bad experiences with
women have taught him to be
cautious. However, he is drawn to

the alluring beauty, but he's puzzled that she seems to hate him for some unknown reason. He's used to women throwing themselves at him, and her attitude shocks him and is refreshing all at the same time.

While Kate searches for the evidence

to implicate Trent, she has to work closely with him. However, the information she uncovers isn't exactly adding up against her new boss. She dislikes how her traitorous body reacts whenever he is near, although he appears to enjoy her reaction immensely. She vows to leave the company as soon as she

collects the evidence, but soon learns nothing is as it seemed...

Standing outside the chain-link

Excerpt:

fence surrounding the Karger building, Kate tensed as jackhammers slammed concrete and blasted their deafening sounds. The smell of oil and diesel fumes wafted in the air all around the construction site, making Kate's stomach roil. Resolved to do this, she trudged on shaky legs through the entrance gate, determined to find and photograph some samples of the inferior products the company used.

Over the weekend, she had called Matt's friend, Bobby, wanting to have him meet her at the site, but he still hadn't answered the phone or returned her call.

She strode toward the nearest construction worker who stood beside a white work van. His back was to her and he wore a hard hat. A white t-shirt accentuated his broad shoulders and strong back, which tapered into a V toward a narrow waist. Tight blue jeans encased muscular, long legs and a sculpted Wow! If his rugged appearance

backside.

was any indication of the workers on the site, she'd better keep this to herself or Darcy would make a beeline over here to check out the guys.

"Excuse me, sir," Kate called out. "I need to ask you something."

Apparently, the man didn't hear her because he disappeared behind the open doors of the van.

Kate followed him. "Could you please tell me if Bobby Owens is working today...?" she asked as she rounded the corner, only to find the man had stripped off his t-shirt, revealing a muscular, toned back. He turned to answer her.

Trent Farrington! She gasped and stepped back.

He stood before her bare-chested with his grimy t-shirt bunched in his hands. His muscles gleamed in the sunlight. Every thought in her mind evaporated. She couldn't take her eyes off his chest, the smattering of dark hair there...

"Dr. Meyers?" he asked, surprise

in his voice. "I'm changing my shirt. What the hell are you doing here?"

Cringing that she'd have to come up with some excuse, she raised her gaze to his face. She hadn't seen him since the time he'd discovered her in his office. That day, there had been no doubt that a fiery attraction burned between them—unwanted on both sides.

Afterwards, whenever he had needed an employee's records, he'd sent Mrs. Nash. In turn, Kate had Darcy return the files to him.

Darcy return the files to him.

Now, here he was, stripped

wasn't the first time the words 'Greek god' rushed to her mind. Even with a sheen of perspiration coating him, he was incredibly sexy.

"Oh, Mr. Farrington, excuse me,"

she said, snapping to her senses.

practically naked before her eyes. It

Trent ran the shirt over his sweaty face and torso, all the while watching her face intently. "Did you say Bobby Owens? What is your concern with him?"

She grasped for a logical explanation. "Ah, just a question about his home number not being

on his records. It's no big deal."

Cleaning his safety glasses with his

t-shirt, Trent's eyes gleamed with ire. "Kind of a lame excuse. He's not a potential date, huh, doc? One would think someone like you would go for the English Professor types, not someone who gets sweaty and greasy for a living. Of course, then there is...Greg."

"Greg who?" she asked in a hoarse whisper. Why did he bring up Greg when Greg was the furthest thing from her mind? Her gaze raked down over Trent's muscular

on his hips...and toward a bulge that left little to the imagination. Heat curled around her insides and settled in her lower region.

He frowned. "Something wrong?

Or have you never seen a man

without a shirt before?"

shoulders and biceps, his chest, and the taut muscles of his abdomen. A sprinkling of dark hair disappeared into the snug blue jeans slung low

Her cheeks warmed. "None like you," she muttered truthfully. "Sorry, I mean, I'm used to seeing you in business attire." She whirled

to face the tall building. "Is it particularly hot today for October or what?"

"And growing hotter, Dr. Meyers? One would think seeing me shirtless unsettles you."

"Not at all." She raised her chin and turned to face him.

The gaze he flicked over her held simmering heat. "Are you sure?"

Remembering what he had said about only being available for warming her bed, she flushed from head to toe. She nodded. "I'm sure. Trent chuckled. "Right." He

It's only a warm day."

turned to leave.

pulled a clean t-shirt over his head and tucked it into his jeans. "If I see Bobby, I'll tell him to call you."

Panic swept through her. The last thing she wanted was for Trent to

mention her name to Bobby, who might in turn tell him she was Matt's sister and not a doctor at all. "That won't be necessary, Mr. Farrington.

I'll get in touch with him." She

"Wait. You are coming for a tour, aren't you?" Trent strode into her

path. "I don't believe you've been to the site. However, you must get a hard hat whenever you go through those gates—and safety glasses."

He replaced his own. Then he

strode over to the entry gate and picked up the items from a stack for her. He stepped in front of her and unceremoniously placed the hard hat on her head, then adjusted it. "Come on. I'll take you up in the elevator. You can see the entire city."

personal assistance from him. "I think I have something to do back at

Kate wrinkled her brow at this

"What's wrong?" he asked as they

the office."

about it."

strode onto the site and toward an elevator. "Are you afraid of heights...or of me?"

Feeling a little too ill to lie

completely, she nodded. "Heights bother me. You don't in the least. But I don't know about this... especially those open-cage elevators.

I feel a little queasy just thinking

"You'll do fine. It's perfectly safe. I'll be right beside you...

Buy Link: Amazon

About the Author:

writes "Glitzy, Sexy, Romances with a Dangerous Twist," with sexy alpha males and the women who fall in love with them. Her books include family drama, humor, danger, actionadventure, mystery, suspense, and always an emotional, knock-yoursocks-off romance. The heat level is

Debra Andrews has dabbled with fiction writing most of her life. She

Her current work is the romanticsuspense series DANGEROUS

MILLIONAIRES. The stories feature distant cousins from around

steamy.

the globe. All the men are bonded together as a family by their uncle and patriarch of the family—billionaire James Farrington. Share their adventures while they fall in love. DANGEROUS PARADISE was a National Readers' Choice Awards Finalist in Romantic

Suspense. WEEKEND WEDDING DECEPTION is an expected fall 2015 release. Check out her website

book and others in the series. (Books are standalones and can be read in any order.)

for more information about this

When she is not working, she is enjoying her life with her husband, family, and pets. She is a member of Romance Writers of America.

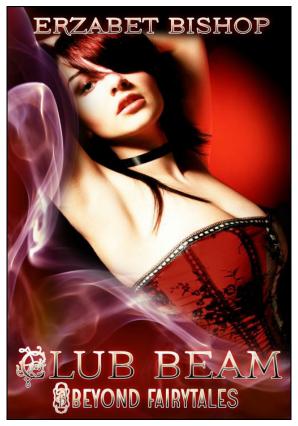
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Erzabet Bishop Club Beam

Club Beam Beyond Fairytales

Blurb:

In the Shadow World, nothing is as it seems.

Detective Sydney Marr is having a very bad day. Her boss is on the warpath, she's being treated for a werewolf bite, and her current case has hit a dead end. When her friend Erika talks Syd into going with her to Club Beam, she jumps at the

high-class vampire bar and fetish club, Club Beam is fantasy made real. Club owner and Dom Gideon

Raines spies the red-haired beauty

chance, even if it means spending an evening without her spell arsenal. A

and is transfixed. A fight against a skillful murderer brings war for fae and vampire alike. Sometimes when you play with monsters, the monsters play back.

Excerpt:

"Once upon a time...." Erika sang and waggled her eyebrows.

"Come on, Sydney. Live a little. This

club is smoking hot, and you'll love it."

Sydney grumbled under her breath and watched the club-goers

parade past, each dressed like a fairy-

tale character. The Little Mermaid trounced by in a see-through, diaphanous gown revealing too much in the way of personal attributes. Sleeping Beauty sashayed down the sidewalk with a leash around the neck of her Prince Charming. A woman in a way-tooshort Red Riding Hood outfit approached. Her arm was wrapped around a seductress dressed in wolf

ears, a tail, and a skimpy thong-style

handcuffs and a can of whipped cream, which she swung into Syd.

"Hey!"

The red-cloaked vixen sent her a wink and traipsed on by, joined by a near-pornographic version of the Red Queen from Alice in Wonderland. Any shorter and the

bikini. Red carried a basket full of what looked like pink fuzzy

Or maybe that was the plan.

Syd had just gotten off her day shift as a detective, and the last thing she wanted to do was be around more people. Especially people with more skin showing than on late-

skirt would show her naughty bits.

was pinching her toes. Erika's scant fairy costume hugged all her curves, her breasts bursting from the bodice. The skirt barely covered her backside, and the strappy silver sandals showed off her silver-glitter nail polish.

night cable shows. Her head hurt from the lights and the pulse of the music, and her stupid witch costume

The building loomed next to them. A giant warehouse-like structure, it was large enough to house all manner of mischief, and Syd was itching with the desire to get inside and find out just what was going on behind its doors. The

with twinkly white lights, adding an upscale ambiance to the area. What in the daylight looked like an industrial area gone to the dogs had been transformed into an attractive

and well-attended venue.

sidewalk was flagged by trees lit up

She didn't have the heart to tell Erika she'd been here once already today for the case she was working on, but the entrance had been sealed up tighter than a drum. Sydney's

recourse was to infiltrate Club Beam by night as a patron. Her sergeant, Debra, would kill her if she realized Syd had even considered going in without backup. So would her and, despite herself, Syd couldn't resist. To catch a vampire, you had to go out at night, and Club Beam was the hot spot. After last month's fuckup, she had to do this and do it

right, even if it killed her. James was on medical leave, and it remained up to her to get this guy before

partner, James. Erika had asked her to come so she wouldn't be alone,

someone else got killed or turned furry.

I will not think about becoming one of the terminally furry. It's over.

Move on. Take the pills the doctor

gave you and freaking pray.
"Oh look. I think I see Snow

White." Erika stood on her tiptoes and craned her head along the huge expanse of line they still had to navigate to get inside. Syd peered into the crowd and

grimaced. Hairy legs. More makeup than a Mac commercial. "Nope. That was a guy in drag."

Erika narrowed her eyes. "God, Syd. You're the world's biggest wet blanket ever."

Sydney shifted her weight and moved another two steps toward the door as the line inched forward. "I told you, I've had a hard day. We had

a homicide case come in, and I've been out beating the street. I want to go home and bury my head under my pillow. But, no. Out of the kindness of my heart, here I am standing in line at a vampire bar with a bunch of overgrown kids playing dress-up in fairy-tale fetish wear."

Gideon watched the undulating crowd with growing trepidation. The fairy-tale night was one of his most popular events. The array of scant costumes did not disappoint. Short skirts, deep cleavage, and the tantalizing hint of

lights pulsed, and the techno beat reverberated through the walls. Elbows up and hair flying, the guests were enjoying themselves. If he was in a better mood, he wouldn't mind sampling one or two. Hunger spiked through him, and his fangs itched to descend. Not now. His small observation room

an ass cheek or two spurred a distracted smile across his face. The

His small observation room seemed too small tonight. Screens, a table, and a chair were all he needed to monitor the club since his enforcers were peppered through the crowd with Miles, his more

personable partner, in the thick of the fray.

His day manager had reported

police nosing around the building

earlier in the afternoon. Not good. The murders in the neighborhood were going up, and several of the victims had been seen at his club. His numbers had been dropping with each instance, and the body count continued to get higher. This drama was one he didn't want or need at Club Beam. To be part owner of a vampire bar made him a big enough target. To have a serial killer targeting your clientele was

even worse.

"Are you sure he'll even take the bait with the invitation? And you're sure it's him?"

"I know it is. He won't be able to

resist. Every witch in the county will

be here for a chance at him. He'll need a new toy to play with." Miles closed the door behind them to the camera room and chuckled. He was a full-blooded fae, his energy crackling with wild magic. His hair trailed white and glistening down his back and shoulders, and the leather pants draped around his waist like a carnal invitation. The black button-down shirt hung open, revealing a muscular chest.

"I wish I could laugh, but this is getting to be a problem. They found last week's winner in an alley three blocks away."

"He's giving all vampires a bad

name." Miles pressed his lips together. "If you would allow me to give the order, we could contain this and the authorities need not be involved. You are the leader of the

Gideon ran his fingers through his hair and let out a frustrated sigh. "You realize the second we

clan. You have the power."

assassinate that bastard, the Caligari Clan would call for blood."

"Are they so intimidating that

your people and mine couldn't overcome them?" Miles's eyes glittered in the half-light. The fae lord never stepped down from a fight, making him one of Gideon's oldest and most formidable friends. "I don't want to risk it. With so much scrutiny it wouldn't be wise." "Did you invite some of them tonight?" "I did." Gideon walked to the wall of mirrored glass that looked out over the crowd. "If they see that what their favorite son is doing will

provoke a war, they may be less likely to seek retribution if his actions call

for such"

and Gideon had the sudden urge to smash it. Brown eyes and a chiseled face looked back at him. For a moment, it was like looking at a

His reflection shone in the glass,

stranger. This was his life, and the bastard was fucking with it tooth and nail. He curled his fingers into a fist. His fangs distended, and he had to breathe for a moment before he could retract them.

"If this doesn't work will you at

"If this doesn't work, will you at least consider my suggestion?" Miles brushed a length of silver hair from his ears, revealing the points at the tips. "The Fae have much to lose if this venture doesn't bear fruit." Gideon's lips twisted into a smile.
"You like your pain, don't you?"
"Indeed. Not since Fairy have I

found a place comfortable enough to host my particular...proclivities.

Now, I must go down and see what

fruits the men are finding amongst the trees this evening. So many witches with the potential to make our guest more than comfortable." "That's what I'm afraid of." Gideon watched the crowd, his gaze roaming over the mass of people.

Gideon watched the crowd, his gaze roaming over the mass of people. Red Riding Hoods, mermaids, fairy princesses, and more all wound around the stage waiting for the star of the show.

was a recipe for disaster, and he had the scars in his soul to prove it. **Buy Links:**

Amazon Barnes and Noble

Erzabet Bishop has been crafting

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About the Author:

How he longed for the quiet pain and pleasure behind the Red Door, but tonight it would not be possible. Tension held too much sway in the air, and he remained far too haunted by his last error in judgment. Taking a human woman behind those doors

on her parents' old typewriter. She is a contributing author to Demons Imps and Incubi, Sci Spanks 2014, Sci Spanks 2015, Spank or Treat 2014, Just Desserts, Lucky Stars, A Christmas To Remember, Taboo II, Forbidden Fruit, Gingerbread Dreams, Club Rook: The Series, Sweat, Bossy, When the Clock Strikes Thirteen, Unwrap these Presents, Wicked Things, Unbound Box, Corset Magazine: Sex Around the World Issue and Man vs. Machine: The Sex Toy Issue, Smut by the Sea Volume II, Hell Whore Volume II, Can't Get Enough, Slave Girls, The Big Book of Submission, Hungry for More, Gratis II, Anything

stories since she could pound keys

She Wants, Dirty Little Numbers, Kink-E magazine, Eternal Haunted Summer, Coming Together: Girl on Girl, Coming Together: For the Holidays, Shifters and Coming Together: Hungry for Love, Summer Love and Dirty Dates (upcoming 2015) among others. She is the author of Lipstick, Dinner Date, Holidays in Hell, Mallory's Mark (upcoming 2016), The Devil's Due (upcoming 2016), Charity Benshaw's Enchanted Paddle Emporium (upcoming 2015), Tethered, Sigil Fire, Glitter Lust (upcoming 2016), Written on Skin, Club Beam, Pomegranate (upcoming 2015), Fantasies in Red, Sweet Seductions: The Erzabet Bishop

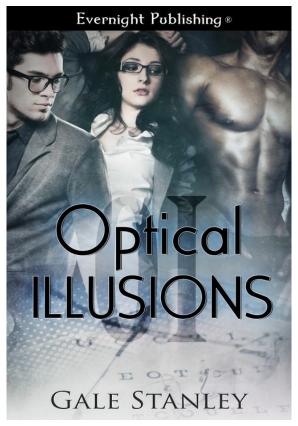
Collection, Holiday Cruise, Fetish Fair, Temptation Resorts: Jess, Temptation Resorts: Marnie, Taming the Beast, The Erotic Pagans Series: Beltane Fires, Samhain Shadows and Yuletide Temptation. Erzabet has been a finalist in the GCLS awards for 2014 and 2015. She lives in Texas with her husband, furry children and can often be found lurking in local bookstores. She loves to bake, make naughty crochet projects and watch monster movies. When she isn't writing, she loves to review music and books. Follow her reviews and posts on

Twitter @erzabetbishop.

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Gale Stanley

Optical Illusions

Maggie's troubled past makes her

Blurb:

seal off her heart. She shuts everyone out, and puts all her energy into work, but suddenly, she's having erotic fantasies about her two bosses. They're perfect. Good-looking, intelligent, caring... Everything a woman could want. But they only have eyes for each other.

Michael and Aaron have been a

missing from their relationship. They're bisexual and they miss having a woman in their lives.

Maggie would be the perfect addition to their family. She's

couple since college, but one thing is

beautiful, smart, compassionate... But they're sure she'll never accept their unconventional lifestyle.

Excerpt:

Aaron pours the wine, and the

men talk, mostly about The Yunk, and the new shop. They're so excited they hardly notice I'm not

rest of dinner goes by in a blur. The

and Aaron gets more. None of us wants dessert, so Michael suggests we take the bottle into the living room.

saying much. The wine disappears

Suddenly, I'm feeling a little dizzy. Is it the liquor or nerves? I take a step away from the table, my knees buckle, and I stumble.

I push my chair back and stand.

step away from the table, my knees buckle, and I stumble.

Michael is behind me, and his bands alose on my waist "Whee"

hands close on my waist. "Whoa." He whispers against my hair. "You okay?"

"Yes. Just the wine and these high heels."

"You should wear them more

often." Michael's grip on me tightens. "They showcase your great legs."

Whoa. What's going on here? Is Michael just being playful? Or is he

trying to grease the wheels of our working relationship because he wants the new shop so badly? I've never known him or Aaron to be manipulative. I tune out the nasty

me into the living room.

I sit on the couch. Michael and Aaron flank me like bookends, and their nearness is making me extremely horny. I can't sit still.

Crossing and uncrossing my legs

voice in my head and let him lead

does nothing to quiet the throbbing between my thighs.
"You sure you're okay?" Aaron

asks. "Maybe we should call it a night. All the excitement..."

"Yeah, right," Michael says.

"What excitement? All we did was talk business."

I wish I could tell them just how exciting I think they are. Both of

them. But it would be wrong on so many levels. "Please don't call a cab. I'm having fun, and I don't want to leave yet."

Michael's face lights up. His thumb traces my cheekbone. The gesture suggests more than friendly concern. "I'm glad you're staying, Maggie." "I am too," Aaron says. "But

don't be afraid of hurting our feelings. If you get tired, and want to split, tell us." He puts a hand over mine.

This is new territory for us, but

these men seem familiar with having a woman between them. I, on the other hand, am overwhelmed. Masculine body heat and tantalizing

Masculine body heat and tantalizing scents are doing a number on my hormones. Images of tangled limbs and sweaty bodies fill my head, and suddenly I need to get away.

"I will. Promise. I'm okay, just

need to use the restroom."

Michael points the way and I make a hurried escape. In the bathroom, I take care of business, wash my hands, and splash cold water on my flushed cheeks. I don't understand where this is going. Am I some kind of sexual experiment?

of vagina to prove something to themselves? Whatever the motivation, it's not fair. My personal life has always been troubled. I don't need the added

stress of being led on by two gay men I'm hopelessly in love with. I stare at my image in the mirror.

Are they messing about in the land

Now, it's harder for me to leave the safety of the powder room. I open the door and walk into the hallway,

There! I've said it. Yes, the L word.

but I stop, unable to face the men yet. I hear voices. Angry voices. "Damn it, Aaron, I know you're

uneasy about changing things, but we can't go on like this forever." My heart just about stops. It

sounds like Aaron is having second thoughts about expanding the business. I don't want to eavesdrop, but I can't help myself.

"I know, I know." Aaron's voice rises and Michael shushes him.

"Sorry. God knows I want her as

to a year."

"What's the point?" Michael asks. Every time I meet a new woman, I can't help comparing her to Maggie, and I always find her wanting."

"I don't want anyone else,

badly as you do. In case you've forgotten, we haven't dated in close

"Okay! So, we're on the same page. What's the problem?"

"I think it's too soon. I don't want to freak her out."

either."

"If we go on like this, we could lose her forever. I know too many men who'd like to get their hands players like Jack Eberhardt. One day she'll come to work with a ring on her finger and break our hearts." There's a few seconds of silence,

on our Maggie, and they're not all

Let's stick to the plan." I'm stunned. They know about

then Aaron says, "You're right.

Jack. And they want me. Are they straight?

Bisexual? I can't wrap my head around it. They want to change our

relationship. So do I, but I'm afraid. The confidence inspired by my

sexcapade is all but gone. I'm a vixen in my fantasies, but how do I know I'll set off fireworks with two

want to find out. I'm so tired of letting my past control my life. But one night of bad sex could ruin our working relationship and our friendship. My head is spinning, and there's no time to think this through. I'll let them take the lead and I'll do what feels right. Whatever happens, I'll deal with the consequences. I shut the door, and then open it, so they can hear me coming.

flesh and blood men? God knows I

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About the Author:

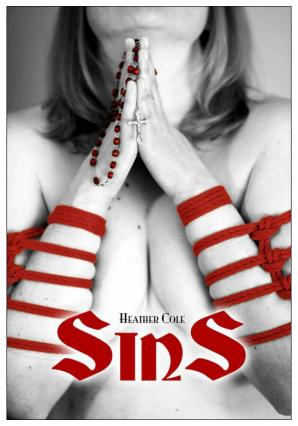
Gale Stanley was born and raised in Philadelphia PA. She was the kid who always had her nose in a book, her head in the clouds, and her hands on a pad and pencil. Some things never change.

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Heather Cole

Sins Come for the World Book 1

Blurb:

Within the walls of a secret Catholic sect known as the Order of the Inserere Immaculatas, lovers become worshipers, praising God with the euphoric plundering of a body's most intimate secrets. The Inserere offer up their sensual pleasures, these

intimate keys to heaven, giving any seeker the opportunity to receive a special divine ecstasy.

Confession of sins and penance are specialties of Serah, the Mother Priestess of the Order. When a novice, Lena, strays from their teachings in a moment of selfish passion, Serah must take swift action to save the penitent and the Order's reputation. Lena isn't the only member of the Order at fault, and Serah finds herself facing a dual punishment that must serve as an example for all. But how do you punish those who take pleasure in

pain, when your greatest tool is a mastery of pleasure?

It took a moment for her eyes to

Excerpt:

adjust to the dim lighting. Dozens of candles sat in metal sconces on the walls, and the air was heavy with the scent of beeswax and sweat. The room was nearly devoid of softness, giving it a medieval feel. Several wooden benches lined the back wall and were partitioned from the rest of the room by a screen of sheer fabric hanging from the ceiling. The novices had sat there to watch the scene unfold. A simple pallet lay to It was a room designed with one focus in mind: the confession and penance of sins.

one side opposite a cistern of water.

against the wooden floor, and she paused just inside the door to survey the situation. She nodded to the servant who stood silent in the

shadows but ignored the anxious

Serah's bare feet made no noise

looking novice in the middle of the room. It was the tall man lashed against the Saint Andrews Cross that drew her gaze with a magnetic pull that she felt deep in her bones. The cross took up most of one wall, birch rods of differing widths, two metal studded paddles, and a dagger hanging nearby. They hung like watchful dogs in black leather, ready to come to her hand when she called. Their bark was usually less than their bite. The closer she got to the cross,

though, the more certain she became that there was time to correct what had gone wrong. Rafael was a beautiful sight to behold, the masculine grace of his

body captured in a stasis of rope, wood and submission. He was bound to the cross with his chest pressed against the wood, his face half-hidden from her. Her breath

caught in her chest as she pondered

the petitioner begging for forgiveness and then granted absolution. In this place, he could confess in a scourge of pain and seek forgiveness in the holy union of sex. Such was the mystery of the divine, and thus, Serah saw the path laid out before her as if it had been etched

the best course to take. So much beauty and power held in balance;

on his flesh.

He had been tied spread-eagled, hemp rope binding each wrist and ankle to the oak frame. Beads of sweat peppered the broad expanse of his exposed back, but Serah couldn't see any marks left by the nip

of the flogger. His muscles were rigid from holding position but not from the exertion of accepting a flogging. She placed a hand on his shoulder as if she were quieting a floundering animal and moved to the side so that he could see her without straining his neck. Eye contact was the first step in establishing an energetic connection, and she thought that his brown eyes were some of the most beautiful that she had ever seen. It felt similar to falling, a bubbly feeling curling in her gut, when she looked into the warm, brown depths. Her hand came to rest on the meat of his shoulder, listened to his harsh breathing and then matched her breath to his, deliberately slowing their pace. "How are you feeling?" she asked

and she stroked his smooth skin. She

quietly. She understood that he was fine physically, but being bound in a way that left a person vulnerable and

exposed could prove more traumatic than an actual beating if the person was in psychological or emotional distress.

He nodded once, his eyes filled

with confusion. "I'm OK, but something isn't right. I don't feel..." His words faded away as his vocabulary failed to offer him the proper adjective. "This feels wrong. I want to leave." Serah gently caressed the angle of

his cheek. "I understand that this isn't what you expected, but I can aid you in completing your journey. I'll hear your confession and will help

you find what you seek. Do you

consent to this?" "Yes, Mother Priestess." Rafael offered her a small smile as relief

washed over his face. "Good. I'll need a moment to

prepare. Take this time to look inward. I'm reminded of a psalm: 'Have mercy upon me, O God,

according to thy loving kindness:

tender mercies blot out my transgressions.' And trust me, Rafael. I will render my tender mercies upon your fine flesh with respect and enthusiasm." A slow grin curved her lips when she felt him shiver beneath her hands. "Yes, Mother Priestess." Although she had never served as

according unto the multitude of thy

Although she had never served as his confessor before, she had seen Rafael often at chapel. He was good looking, with a welcoming smile, and she wanted to make this right for him. It was her duty to do so, but it was also a need within her. Serving the community was an honor and

fulfilled the divine urge that sang in her heart. After Rafael turned his face once

again to the cross, Serah stared at the novice standing at the center of the room.

There was no denying that Lena was beautiful. Her flaxen hair hung down past her waist, and her slim body and porcelain complexion gave her the appearance of an ethereal wood nymph, rather than a human of flesh and bone. Her shoulders slumped in defeat as Serah neared, and the Mother Priestess could see

tears gleaming at the corner of her eyes.

"I'm so sorry, Mother. I know I've made a holy mess of this. I thought I knew how to be dominant in this type of confession, but something went wrong with the flogger. I lost

momentum fumbling with it, and all of a sudden I didn't seem to be in control of anything at all."

Serah placed a finger against the young woman's lips to stop the flow

of words. "Hush. We will not discuss

this here."

Her first priority was to the penitent, second to the education of the foolish young woman standing before her. She seized Lena's upper

arm in a vice-like grip, making

certain to pinch the delicate skin underneath, and hauled her to a bench at the back of the room.

The bulk of the blame lay with

Brother Kyle; as an experienced member of the Inserere, he should have recognized that Lena had only begun to learn the boundaries of her sexual talents. Domination was a stretch for her under the best

circumstances, and she certainly wasn't ready to hear confession without supervision. Lena had played a part too, and had forgotten her purpose. It was natural to feel attracted to worshippers, but it was unprofessional to succumb to such

The confession had keeled off course to leave the supplicant stranded in a vulnerable position

which made Serah want to knock

facile lust, not to mention immoral.

Lena and Brother Kyle's heads together. It wasn't unusual for there to be romances between members of the Inserere although they were

admonished to keep them from interfering with their work. On occasions like this, Serah felt that her duties were those of a chaperone at a high school dance rather than

Mother Priestess of a Holy Order. "You will heed me well, novice.

This is the third session you have

botched, and I realize now, that I should have been paying more attention to you." Serah's voice was a throaty purr as she grabbed a handful of hair and yanked Lena's head back at a sharp angle. "You will observe how I help this man and salvage the scene you almost destroyed. You will ponder where you erred. Remember that we are all here to fulfill God's wishes, not the

selfish lusts of an immature chit
who has more hormones than good
sense."

Lena's face crumbled, and Serah
gave her hair another swift tug. "No
more crying. Sit. Observe. I'm not

finished with you yet."

Serah spun on her heel and went to wash herself and prepare for the

scene. She needed the familiar cleansing to re-center her thoughts.

With a few flicks of her fingers,

her dress fell into a puddle around

her feet, and she stepped out of the way so the servant could tend to it. A basin of warm water sat on a wooden pedestal, and she took the proffered washcloth to cleanse her face, hands, and genitals. It was a sacred ritual, and the silent prayers that accompanied the preparations served to prepare her mentally. This wasn't about her or what she wished

for Rafael, or even his hopes for their worship. The path that she would lead him down would reveal a piece of himself that he fought to hide, which he would then offer up to God. There would be penance for his sins and forgiveness, a way to experience the sublime through an arcane act that was the dominion of the Order. When Serah stood behind the bound form of Rafael once more, she understood that she had been training all her life for moments like these. Joy suffused her as divine intention melted with the desires of her soul.

Buy Links: <u>Amazon</u> <u>Amazon</u> <u>KU</u>

About the Author:

Heather Cole has spent most of her professional life being a Girl Friday in Corporate America. After spending several years ghost writing, Heather decided to write about her sexual awakening as a woman over 35. In 2011 she co-founded Vagina Antics, an award-winning sex blog, with her best friend and partner-incrime, Nikki Blue. Heather now writes BDSM erotic novels, a shapeshifter/paranormal erotic

series, historical romance, and lifestyle guides. Plus she's published regularly in the Kinklectic Erotic Anthologies.

Heather has written columns for Fearless Press (one about body image/fashion and the other about religion) and has been featured in Safeword Magazine. She can be found weekly at VaginaAntics.com talking about sex-positive and kinkpositive topics. She's currently hard at work on the third book in the Come for the World Trilogy,

ABSOLVED.

lively 5-year-old, and an enormous white cat named Catsquatch. When not writing spicy erotic adventures, she enjoys running, baking, sewing, taking photographs, and eating copious amounts of chocolate.

Heather lives in the south with her

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Jacintha Topaz



Purr Scent 1
The Meeting



Jacintha Topaz

Purr Scent 1 The Meeting

Blurb:

How billionaire CEO Clark Mannings met fledgling CEO Mariah Olsen. Business is Business, Personal is Personal

Hip young up-and-coming executive Mariah Olsen has mastered separating work ambitions from personal desires in her climb up the cut-throat corporate ladder. The one thing she didn't count on was being caught mixing the two when daydreaming in a board meeting with visiting executive Clark Mannings.

Self-made billionaire Clark

Mannings has had his eyes set on Mariah ever since she transformed the flailing FoodCom into the mega-earning Heartisan Foods. When he confronts her, tempers flare and handcuffs appear.

Excerpt:

utter perfection was Dream God. No other word sufficed to describe that delectable man. Even sitting at such a distance with their executive teams flanked on both sides of the table, the man exuded ruthless sex and raw power that sent a chill down her

spine.

Sitting across the boardroom in

The highlight of that morning, of the day, the whole quarter, was that she would see him again. Like clock work, their companies met four times a year to discuss business. After their first contract, she had looked forward to the next and the next and the next... beneath him? She'd never find out, because she just wasn't that kind of girl. Business was business. Personal was personal. While she liked fucking, she didn't like getting

God, what would it be like to be

and personal—was a plain invitation to getting fucked. No, thank you. She'd rather just date her vibrator. She'd have a good fucking and no

mess—just her mess—to clean up

fucked. Mixing the two-business

afterward. Yes, she and her vibrator would have a nice long date tonight. She shifted in her seat.

"What do you think, Ms. Olsen?"

The deep baritone voice of Dream God cut into her reverie.

No, not Dream God! Clark...Clark

Mannings. Business only.

Caught daydreaming across the

boardroom, Mariah blinked at the object of her reverie and saw the broad shoulders of the red-hot sexy self-made man in a navy tailored

three-piece suit. With black hair long enough to frame him as a pirate or a

rogue in another time and place, Mariah shuddered at the thought of being this man's enemy . . . or *captive*. She fought a blush from creeping

across her face.

Right now, even sitting at the head

sitting next to him. Didn't even matter that their executive teams were in the same room. As potentially partnering CEOs again, the command he held, the presence he had, the air he snuffed out of the room just by breathing and being all of that and more said a lot. A lot of what she did not need right now at the moment. His penetrating gaze almost unmanned her. Or unwomanned her.

Mariah's fleeting glance at the

Or whatever.

of the table across from him, she didn't feel any more safe—or any less wet—than she would have felt

skyline steeled her courage and she sat as erect as the Space Needle. No way would she ask the man to repeat the question. Nor would she back down. She braved a schooled smile and spoke in what she hoped was a

magnificent view of the Seattle

team will review these details and get back to you about the proposition." At the dismissal, their executive teams exited.

crisp and calm manner. "That shall be all for today, Mr. Mannings. My

She'd never sent him away emptyhanded, without verbal agreement or a signed contract. She'd probably have to pay for this later, but she'd both of her hands for her hot date tonight.

How did the air get even stuffier with less people? Perhaps because

rather keep her hand. She needed

there was only one occupant left besides her, the occupant that mattered.

Mariah didn't need to look up to

know that Clark was still in the room. She adjusted her taupe pencil skirt as she stood up and slowly collected her things to retreat to her office. As if even his presence wasn't enough, he guarded the exit like a bulldog ready to tear anyone apart who dared pass.

"What game are you playing, Ms. Olsen?" he hissed at her ear. His warm breath sent a tingle down her spine and her senses went on full

alert. So what if the man was edible? Survival instinct took over. *Show*

no weakness.

"Mr. Mannings, I believe you have overstayed your welcome." She shot

overstayed your welcome." She shot him a prim smile and proceeded to pass him. He grabbed her arm, stilling her

He grabbed her arm, stilling her resolve to leave him behind. "I've watched you negotiate for two years now. Where. Did. You. Go?"

Taken aback by his admission and the succeeding demand, Mariah call security." She glared at him and directed her gaze to the offending hand. He may be a frequent visitor in her erotic fantasies, but he was not welcome in real life. Good girls turned CEOs had to remain

pinnacles of upright standing all the more in a male-dominated world

pulled in a sharp intake of air. "Mr. Mannings, you must let go before I

intent on cut-throat competition.

"As you wish, Ms. Olsen." He dropped his hold and let her pass, muttering, "This isn't over."

Every hair at the back of her neck

stood on end as she carefully made her way to her office. Lunch couldn't have come sooner.

Clark eyed Mariah's retreating figure. Her champagne blond hair shifted ever so slightly at the sashay of her hips. He had seen how her tits pebbled under that white blouse, even smelled her faint arousal when he leaned in to speak to her. He would have mentioned it, too, to keep her on edge, but that little comment about security regarding harassment meant she might have trumped that up to sexual harassment.

That little minx.

He had already invested too much for her to escape like this without any promise of a future meeting. This meeting was supposed to grant

him a legitimate reason to build a plant here and expand his operations with the full support of his executive team. To wait another

quarter would actually cost them money in expanding their markets overseas. The timing was right and

made fiscal sense.

He eyed the sway of her hips and determined to make her sway

towards sealing the deal.

Although his headquarters was in

Michigan after the auto industry hightailed, he had slowly acquired more factories and had been planning for a plant closer to Seattle to be in her vicinity on a more frequent basis. More people in his team saw the value of expanding northwest. He won them over

Texas and his initial sights were to hire the unemployed in the economically depressed parts of

away and leaving him nothing. Fuck. Those legs. He couldn't peel his eyes away from her shapely form.

without arousing unnecessary suspicion, and now she was getting

Ever since she splashed into the

food science industry as the newest and youngest CEO voted in by her board, Clark had been following her career. Not only was she the youngest CEO in her company at the time, she was also the youngest in the science industry. Didn't even have her degree in marketing or business either—just English.

business either—just English.

Mariah's knack for branding and social media rebranded the flailing FoodCOM or some other scientific bleh of a company name into the illustrious hip new name and face of Heartisan Foods. Her efforts

produced desired results, tangible financial peaks, and her present her stuff, too, and she *had* to know—if she did her homework, and he knew she did—that *part* of what he delivered was the best in the food service packaging industry.

indisputably earned title. She knew

The *other* part of what he offered he could prove next. That sexy vixen had brains and he wanted to be the one to fuck them out.

No matter what she said to him up front, those furtive glances she thought he didn't notice during their past meetings told him of another story—one that made him the champ and her the prize. This game

of cat and mouse needed to stop

His eyes narrowed as he noted the office to which Mariah disappeared.

today, and he knew just the way.

You can walk away, but you can't hide.

Quickly, he withdrew his cell and called in.

"Heartisan Foods. Charlotte speaking. How may I help you?" The

high-pitch voice earned a one-inch buffer from his ear. "This is Mr. Mannings from

Mannings Industries. Ms. Olsen mentioned I can stop by after lunch and to call you about her availability."

He heard the flipping of paper and tapping of a keyboard before an answer. "Her next appointment is at three until end of day, sir."

"Thank you, Charlotte."

"Would you like me to schedule you in?"

"No, thank you. I need to go over some details with my team over lunch before confirming a time block." He thanked her again before cutting the call.

As he plotted his next move, his lips curved in a slow wicked way.

"Ms. Olsen, Mr. Mannings is here to see you," came Charlotte's shrill voice via intercom.

little to keep her stomach from flipflopping. Clark wasn't the kind of man anyone denied, even if he had no follow-up appointment in her calendar. Gulping, she hoped she didn't regret what she was about to say. "Thank you, Charlotte. You can send him in."

The lunch Mariah just had did

Within seconds, the door to her austere cream-colored office opened. As quietly as he opened the door, Clark also closed it with a definitive click. Did he just lock her in?

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About the Author:

Erotica Romance, devoted to F/F, M/M, LGBT, Menage and More kinky erotic romance reads. When not writing, she can be found indulging in cashews and kefir and her secret love of armchair gardening.

Purr Scent I: The Meeting is a 12,000-word Purr Billionaire

Jacintha Topaz is the author of Purr

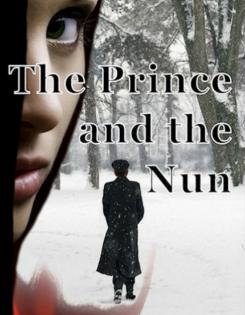
read has spanking, whipping, and dubious consent between two adults, male and female. The female will meet the other female in Part II: The Makeover. Parts I - V are out with Part 0: The Moment and Part VI: The Matrimony forthcoming. Sign up for her newsletter for release dates. For exclusive news on releases, sign up for her newsletter.

BDSM M/F/F (MFF or Malefemale-female) Menage Erotic Romance written in six parts by Purr Erotica Romance author Jacintha Topaz. This sexy delicious

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Jacqueline George



Jacqueline George The Prince and the Nun

Blurb:

It is war time and Sister Therese is torn between her vows and the people she loves. She is trying to keep the handsome Prince Mefist at arm's length and at the same time protecting her friends.

Villagers, partisans, refugees, and Jews all come to her for help and she cannot refuse. Only by cooperating running a bordello for the Army officers, then that is what she will do. But it is not easy to resist Mefist, and as the two of them struggle to hold back a violent world, he becomes a

with the Prince can she and the sisters survive. And if that means

Excerpt:

friend and more.

mirror. The stockings made her legs seem very long. The black of the stockings and lace stood out against the white of her skin, and the neat patch of dark hair that Wanda had left was framed by the straps of the

Therese looked again in the

pink frills peeping from it. She found the picture interesting. Did all ladies look like this under their dresses? Nuns certainly did not look like this under their habits. "Stop admiring yourself and put

suspender belt. Her hair did nothing to hide the furrow below and the

this on." Therese reddened and reached for the dress. As she pulled it over her

head, it seemed no more than unsewn scraps of silky material. She pulled the straps up onto her shoulders, and the dress hung loosely from her.

"Wait a minute." Wanda was

behind her and fumbling low on her hips. She found the zip and started to pull it up. The dress tightened; first around her hips, and then upwards. It squeezed her and tightened about her chest as Wanda clicked the zip home. The bodice of the dress trapped her breasts uncomfortably, and she reached into the décolletage to pull them into place. The effect shocked her. The dress was cut so low that her breasts were almost completely exposed. Worse still, they were lifted up and offered like two ripe fruits on a tray. She stared in horror at the mirror.

Wanda stood back and looked at

Especially at the front. Turn around!"

As she moved, she found her legs restricted by the tightness of the dress around her thighs. In the mirror she could see the shiny

her critically. "That's a very good fit.

blackness moulding her hips and thighs. A lacy flare reached down from her knees to her ankles. Her bottom looked big and obvious. Wanda clapped her hands and laughed. "Dear Serge! He loves a good dupka, though not usually female ones. He just can't help himself. I must get a photograph of you. He'll be so happy."

"But it's not like me...."

"Of course not. You used to be a

nun, but now...now it's perfect. If I looked like that I could be Queen of Vienna. Stop complaining and see if you can do your hair and makeup the way I showed you."

The room was dark when they entered, lit only by the lights behind the bar and a single bulb of the many in the chandelier. Mefist sat at a table at the edge of the dance

floor, and he stood to receive them. The table had glasses, a candle and a bottle of champagne. Wanda led her to him and twirled her around.

"Doesn't she look beautiful? Serge

deserves a medal, and he's never even seen her."

"My dear, you look wonderful,"

said Mefist, bowing to kiss her hand, "and you too, Wanda. If you were in Vienna together, your beauty would

set the world on fire. Sit down and we'll toast the future."

While Mefist filled their glasses,

Wanda put a record on the gramophone. American music, Cole Porter. The curtain over the entrance to the girls' rooms rattled aside, and

they danced into the room.

Therese was stunned. After seeing the girls dance naked for so long, seeing them in their new clothes

stockings they wore a colourful mix of underwear. Short slips, lacy brassieres, bustiers or transparent night dresses, all different. As they danced in the semi-darkness, they hinted at sex and wickedness. Therese had seen none of this

came as a shock. Not that any of them had dresses. They all wore stockings and heeled shoes, but none of them wore knickers. Above their

Moving carefully in her high shoes, Therese was passed from arm to arm as she danced. Suddenly she

"Dance with them," whispered

worldliness in them before.

Mefist. "They're your girls...."

Buy Links:

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Jacqueline lives in Far North Queensland, on the shore of the

her. They frightened her.

About the Author:

no longer knew these girls, these beautiful women with their erotic clothes and their naked, siren sexes. They were elegant and smooth in her arms. Their hair swayed as they moved, and their red lips smiled at writing books - some of which are far too naughty for her own good. You can find out more about Jacqueline and her books at

www.jacquelinegeorgewriter.com

Coral Sea. She keeps herself busy with her cats and garden, and by

Social Links:

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@JacquelineQPres

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WRONG



Jade West

Dirty Bad Wrong

Blurb:

They call him Masque.

I call him God.

The man I want to consume me, own me,

brook mo and corrup

with the mark of the

break me and corrupt me.

Yet I've never seen his face.

His body ripples like an Adonis, sculpted in steel and dripping in sin. His flesh is inked chimera - one body, two very different halves.

He plays hard.

He plays rough. He has no limits.

He's so fucking dirty bad wrong. But I love him for it.

Lydia Marsh is always the strong one. The girl who never breaks, and sure as hell never cries. She's got it all - the perfect little life in cosy suburbia, with her perfectly nice boyfriend, and their perfectly sufficient sex life. She's even got her perfect little career plan all wrapped up at Trial Run Software Group. But when it all falls apart, and Lydia's pretty, green eyes are fixed on a brutally sexual stranger - the man they call Masque - she comes to suspect that being strong isn't all it's

she's never wanted before...
And she wants Masque to give it to her.

For now Lydia wants something

cracked up to be.

Dirty Bad Wrong Quotes:

"People only see what they want to see, and they only do whatever they want to do. You can make excuses for them all you like, but you'll always be making excuses for them,"

"He doesn't know how, does he? Doesn't know how to fuck your little asshole raw... Doesn't know how to stretch you all the way open... until you're riding his fist like a wanton fucking whore and grunting for more... Ever had a tongue deep in your ass, Lydia Marsh? Ever had someone force their fist all the way inside you? Ever pissed down someone's throat while they tongue your greedy little slit? Have you ever Anyone ever fucked you up? Slapped your tight little cunt until you cry? Ever gagged on cock until you puke, Lydia Marsh? Ever seen your titties swell purple? Ever choked for breath until the world turns black? I'll make it feel good for you, Lydia, it'll feel so fucking good. I'll make you squirt all over my filthy fucking fingers."

been hurt, Lydia? Really hurt?

"Keep calm and carry the fuck on; smile through the pain like strong little Lydia always does."

"Lydia Marsh, I think we have us a pain slut. Maybe Cinderella shall go to the ball after all."

"You're mine in this place, Cat. Mine to command, mine to control, mine to protect. You will give yourself to me."

"But you can't save other people, no matter how much you want to. People will always walk their own path, dance with their own demons."

"A bigger deal to you than Lydia is, clearly," she snapped. "And that's the fucking saddest thing of all. Just leave her alone now, James, please.

You've fucking broken her."

"You like that?" I teased. "Like the way he fucks her mouth?" She nodded, so slightly it was almost unperceivable. "Ever had someone use you like that, Cat? Choke you up real fucking good?" She shook her head. "That's going to change real soon, my sweet little Cat's eyes, you're going to retch on my cock until you're fucking sick."

"You are so fucking beautiful, Cat," he hissed through gritted teeth. "So fucking beautiful."

— <u>Jade West</u>, <u>Dirty Bad Wrong</u>

Excerpt:

Maybe it was the drink. Maybe it was the tension in the room: the shadowy glimpses of couples making it all the way to last base without a care in the world for who saw them. Maybe it was the vicarious buzz from the people heading to the playrooms for more hardcore action. I can't say for sure what made me so excited when the spotlights on the main floor lit up, but my heart raced in my chest so damn hard I thought it would thump right out through my ribcage.

"Action," Raven said, giving me a

hefty nudge. "Let's go."

Alcohol made me brave enough to follow her lead, holding onto her for dear life as she wove her way amongst the spectators. Cara pressed in close behind, pointing out a spare pew in the shadows with a decent

view of the stage. My jelly legs were relieved to be seated, wedged

between my two guides to watch the action unfold. I dared to cast my eyes around the other viewers, but most were cloaked in darkness beyond the glare of the lights. I couldn't deny the adrenaline. The whole room was buzzing, and me along with it.

"Who's up?" Cara whispered to Raven behind my back. "No idea," she replied. "Maybe

Tyson and Dixie?"

"They're in playroom two," Cara

said. I saw Raven shrug, then turn her attention back to the floor as a woman took her position under the spotlights. She was pretty. Older

than any of us, maybe early forties. A shapely redhead with her hair piled high, trussed up tight in a simple black PVC dress. She was breathing deeply, staring out beyond the crowd at the darkness. There was a serenity to her; a calmness in her stance

despite her agitated breath. She

swayed gently in her own little trance, her arms graceful like a swan, oblivious to all around her.

A shadow appeared at her rear,

looming large through dark drapes. A man. A huge fucking man.

Electric nerves pulsed on sight of him, fear and excitement mashing into one heady concoction. A ripple went through the crowd, an excited murmur that fizzed up my spine.

The man was as toned as a gladiator, ripped and raw and ready to fight. My eyes bowed down to his feet on instinct, and slowly I worked my way back up. Heavy black boots. Tight black denim over sculpted legs,

hanging low enough to showcase the muscular V of his hips. His abs looked forged from steel, tense and tight under bronzed skin, and his chest, oh my God, his chest. My eyes widened in recognition. A huge tattoo in jet black, curling all the way around his ribs. A multi-headed beast, tribal and malevolent, dancing on his flesh as though it owned every part of him. So this was the man with the chimera: the design on Rebecca's wall, the design I'd looked at every fucking day since I moved in. My eyes shot to his face, searching for the identity of the man who wore such a mark, but there The man was masked, most of his features hidden behind black leather.

were no answers to be found there.

His eyes were only shadows, dark and sinister, and his hair was slicked back to his scalp, as dark as the rest of him.

I had no idea who the fuck this man was, but I'd never seen anyone so beautiful.

Cara broke my trance, leaning right across me to speak with Raven. "I thought you said he wasn't

Raven put a finger to her mouth to hush her submissive, and I caught a flash in her eyes that meant

coming?"

content to let the conversation drop, but me not so much. I leant into the silenced Cara, putting my mouth right to her ear. "Who is he?"

business. Cara sat back in position,

God here... seriously hardcore. He's so fucking dirty bad wrong."

"Masque," she whispered. "He's a

"Dirty bad wrong?"

She smiled at me. "Dirty. Bad.

Wrong. So wrong,... but so right."
Raven grabbed my elbow, pulled

my ear to her mouth. "We should go now."

My stomach lurched. "Why?"

"This isn't for you. We need to

go."

The words were out at lightning speed. "I want to stay."

"You don't know what you're getting into. This scene, here, right now, really isn't for you."

"I don't care. I want to stay."
We stared each other out for long

seconds, and I felt the uncomfortable urge to plead like a child. She looked away as the man known as Masque

made a move. He pressed up against his woman and she melted into him, relaxing her head against his shoulder in complete compliance to his will. He wrapped his arms

around her, tugging down the zip at

her breast. She was surprisingly heavy-chested, loose flesh hanging low against her ribs. I felt my cheeks burn as I watched the path of his hands. He took the zip all the way down, offering her naked body to a roomful of eyes. She was shaved, like Raven, and even from my position I could see how wet she was. I shifted in my seat, burning but fascinated. She looked so raw, so vulnerable in her nakedness before the crowd. Pinned bright in the spotlights, every part of her bared to the world. She looked so real, so authentic. She looked free. My mouth dried to paper.

leaving straight after. No arguments."

I nodded.

Masque tossed the woman's dress aside, then trailed his fingers down her arms. Her skin goose-pimpled,

Raven leant in again. "We're

and she let out a moan as he took hold of her wrists, raising them high above her head. She held them as instructed, not even flinching as he fastened her into the leather cuffs hanging from the ceiling. Her breathing quickened as he retreated to control the hoist; winching the chains up tight until her arms were stretched and spread above her. He returned to test the chains, pulling down on them to check their resilience. They took his weight easily. He pressed his lips against her ear, whispering words I couldn't hear. She spread her legs, giving more of her weight to the chains above, and he tapped his fingers against her thighs to indicate even wider. She did as he wished, gripping tight to the chains for support as she spread herself as far as her legs would go. He moved to her front, and she tilted her face up towards him, eyes still closed. Her lips parted in silent offering, and he moved in closer, teasing her mouth with the slightest touch of his. I heard a moan as she inched forward, straining for more. He gave her what she craved, a harsh, hungry kiss, all tongue and teeth. Her lipstick was smudged when he broke away, her lips full and puffy.

"He's a God, isn't he?" Cara whispered. I could only nod.

whispered. I could only nod. He took Red's breasts in rough hands, kneading her with brutal fingers. She had big nipples, dark and ripe, and huge areola, like chocolate saucers. She rocked into him, sucking in breath as he pinched her nipples. He twisted them, hard, and she flinched, biting down on her Finally she cried out and he lowered his head, sucking on her teat like a hungry baby. A hungry baby with teeth. She groaned and shifted in her chains, arching her back into him as

bottom lip as he twisted harder still.

"His teeth hurt so bad," Cara said. "He's a real biter." I felt her eyes on me as I shifted again in my seat.

he gobbled at her flesh.

"I... um... I'm not sure." I was lying and I knew it, a stranger to

lying and I knew it, a stranger to myself, compelled by alien desire.

"He'd do it to you you know I

"He'd do it to you, you know... I know he would," she smiled. "Do you want him? His pain feels so good."
Raven leant across, yanked at Cara's hair. "Enough," she hissed.

I focused back on the stage.

Masque retreated behind the drapes, returning with a long length of cord which he hung loosely around Red's neck. He took a breast in his hand, and proceeded to bind her, loops of cord cutting in until her soft flesh turned hard, swollen with blood. He repeated his efforts with the other, then bound them together where they turned darker still, jutting out

like two pink warheads. He grunted his approval, teasing and flicking her thickened nipples until Red was "That feels so good," Cara breathed. "You wouldn't believe how

twitching on the spot.

amazing he makes that feel. You can cum from that, you know, if it's done right. A nipple orgasm. He's done it to me."

"Cara!" Raven seethed. "One more word and I swear you'll be one fucking sorry bitch."

I heard soft squelches from a couple to our rear, the scent of sex heavy in my nose. Cara leant against my shoulder, positioning herself out of Raven's view. She whispered so

quietly I could hardly hear her. "Play with yourself if you like. Everyone She placed a hand on my knee and I clamped my legs shut instinctively, embarrassment burning my face.

Masque upped the ante on stage,

does... or we could do it for you."

brutalising Red's swollen breasts. He slapped them hard, and loud. Hard enough to make Red whimper. She jerked under his assault, her head

lolling back in pain, but she was

smiling. He ceased his attack long enough to slide his hand between her legs, and she moaned like a whore, grinding herself against him. He played her for long seconds, and

I saw his fingers disappear inside her, four of them. Four. I sucked in

her ear, then she was nodding. A smile. Deep breaths, her chest rising and falling in anticipation of something. He retreated once again behind the drapes. I strained for sight of him. "Here we go," Cara breathed again. When Masque returned, he came armed. A collection of implements like the ones I'd seen in Raven's room. I recognised some of them, a flogger and a horse whip, and some wooden paddles that looked as thick

as chopping boards. And a cane, a long, thick cane with a leather

breath at the sight. More words in

"The cane's his favourite," Cara murmured. "I can't take it though, hurts too much."

handle.

He brandished a flogger with long suede tails and knotted ends, flicking her back gently before starting up his momentum, big arcs over and over, building up speed until they connected. She moaned at the first hit, but relaxed into it, adjusting her weight to steady herself. I heard the swish as the tails hit, over and over. Sometimes they'd curl around her

body to lash at the soft skin on her ribcage. She'd jerk then and hiss out all her breath. She began to rock in He yanked her head back by her hair, his mouth at her ear. I caught his low bark, the most dangerous sound I'd ever heard.

"Your cunt is mine, Violet. Mine.

Don't you dare fucking hide from

Her name ricocheted around my brain. Violet. She spread her legs

the assault.

me."

wide again.

her chains, losing herself in the rhythm. She cried out as he changed target, whipping the flogger hard between her legs to bite at her pussy. She squealed when he caught her clit, clenching her legs tight against "I'm sorry, Master, I'm sorry."
"Good girl."

Another direct hit and this time she squealed like a banshee but didn't clench. Her knuckles turned white as she gripped the chains

above her head, taking everything he dished out. He landed a particularly nasty blow and she really wailed, gulping in air like a fish as her knees trembled underneath her. Still she

didn't shield herself from him.

I felt heady, dizzy, reeling at both the scene before me and the pulse between my thighs. My hands felt clammy. I felt clammy.

clammy. I felt clammy.

Finally he stepped forward

murmuring words I couldn't decipher. He asked her a question and she nodded.

"Please, Master. Please."

enough to soothe her with his fingers. She wheezed at his touch,

this time he ploughed her rough. She loved it, moaning for more as he stretched her open, and moaning

He buried his fingers inside and

harder still as his other hand strummed her clit at the same time. He stopped as she began to peak, and she wailed out a groan of

disappointment.
"Tears first Violet" he barked

"Tears first, Violet," he barked. "Cry for me."

My stomach turned over itself, and there underneath the nerves was a primal need I'd buried for years. I checked either side to find both Raven and Cara engrossed by the show, and then, slowly and ever so quietly, I slid my hand between my thighs.

Buy Links:

Amazon US Amazon UK Barnes and Noble iTunes KOBO

About the Author:

Jade West is as dirty bad wrong in real life as you would expect from

Her dirty mouth was developed through her natural interest in filth, and refined through a year-long stint as a sex chatline operator. Writing books isn't the first time she's made a living from horny talk, except this

time she's bringing it to a wider

her books. Dirty Bad Wrong is her first full-length erotic novel, but she cut her teeth writing filth on Live

Journal.

audience.

Jade is a real-life submissive, with a healthy interest in pornography, men in suits and taking a decent Outside of all things dirty, she enjoys reading, plotting world

domination and the odd spot of knitting.

Social Links:

beating with a cane.

Website Amazon Author Page Facebook Twitter Pinterest

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Jake Malden



The Jared Enigma



Jake Malden

The Jared Enigma

He's back, and he's as bad as you

Blurb:

remember - rock-and-roll rogue Jared Morgan, the small-town boy with big-city attitude and a cock to match. 'The Jared Enigma' takes the man you think you know to new heights of pleasure and depths of debauchery, all in the name of helping the women he meets embrace their wild side.

honesty. Gasp as he provides a curious young sweetheart with the full tour-van experience. Wonder as he shows a frustrated trophy wife the error of her ways.

But get ready for the big finale -

Watch as he disarms a cynical waitress with his breath-taking

But get ready for the big finale - when Jared's red-headed nemesis takes him on a crazy erotic trip he'll never forget (with a little help from her friends). 'The Jared Enigma' - think you've got the measure of this guy? Think again.

Excerpt:

He shafted her minutes longer sheer scary heaven, as her pussy learned to accommodate him all. Then he pulled out and threw her onto her hands and knees before she even knew what the hell was going on. "I want you to have a good view of your surroundings," was his explanation for the change, but maybe it was more so he could see her ass and back, or get a good grip on her. Whatever the reason, he wasted no time. Before she could squeak, he refitted himself and slammed into her cunt from behind.

restraint. Instinct and need drew her hand to her clit and she rubbed it in a fury consistent with that of Jared's fucking. Then as if his cock's insane thrusting wasn't enough, his palm smacked hard against her ass-cheek. "Fuck!" Damn him – what was he

trying to do, brand her with a

fucking hand print?

"Aaagh! Fuck, Jared, holy shit!" Her cries, however, were all but drowned out by her lover's animal grunting as he screwed her without

One set of fingers grappled her by the shoulder, securing her fast while his groin slapped soundly itself in her on each savage stroke. The other flexed hand rose and fell,

against her butt-cheeks, cock burying

landing on the same spot as before with equal ferocity. "Aaagh!" Her flesh shuddered as it absorbed the smack along with the persistent barrage of his fucking.

"How does that feel for you?"

"God, you fucking bastard!"

"That good, yeah?"

Rather than relent he spanked again, his other hand shoving her down with her face against the mattress. On he shafted, seemingly

strayed from her pussy despite his savage fucking and excitement was climbing towards its peak once more. How many would this one make? She was losing count. The battered old vehicle rattled around her. Don't come a-knockin' ... went the corny old phrase; Jared was rocking the hell out of her and the van. And then someone did come a-

knockin'. She thought she'd imagined the tapping on the van's back door,

oblivious to her muffled cries. Pain and pleasure combined to incendiary effect; Kareena's hand had not

but Jared slowed his thrusting and eased his grip so that she could look up. The blond-haired drummer from the band was standing slack-jawed, entranced by the pendular motion of her tits. He was as young as she remembered from the concert, positively gauche-looking compared to his older band-mates. The guy could have passed for a boy-band member as easily as a that of a rock ensemble and his look of amazement was as far from the bassist's leering interest as conceivable.

"Buddy!" Jared had slowed down,

but he sustained both rhythm and depth of penetration as he hailed his younger friend. "What's up?" "I ..." The drummer fought for

words, his gaze not leaving Kareena. "Sorry, I got beer all over me.

Drunk girl in the bar. I was going to change, but ... I can come back ... don't mean to interrupt ..." The guy's

t-shirt and jeans were indeed

splashed dark.

"Is he interrupting, baby?" From the way her cunt was still being stretched out, Jared didn't seem to be suffering too much disturbance. And

oddly she felt little concern that the

blond boy with the English accent could see her getting slammed.

"No," she said between her gasps. "Let him change."

"She says you can change," Jared told the drummer. "So get on with it. Then you can give us back our privacy."

"Ehhh – yeah, sure, thanks." The young guy scrambled on board and stumbled about beside the fornicating couple until he located a backpack.

"That's providing she still wants privacy while she fucks. Whadda you say, sweetheart?" Jared had a hold of her ass now, his cock still searching deep, however sedate the current pace.

"Doesn't much matter tonight," she managed, her new defiance giving her the presence of mind to articulate the basic notion. Close by the drummer was stripping off his t-shirt with haste, trying to keep his

eyes averted this time; he was a gymripped kind of skinny. "I don't care if he sees me," she elaborated. He paused in reaching for a fresh t-shirt and stared at her again, looking to Jared in his state of bafflement. The

was irresistibly cute.

"This is Robbie," Jared told her, and his voice had changed like he was picking up on some unconscious

contrast with the guitarist's bravado

cue she had given him. "He's all the way from England and he's a damn fine drummer. He's not used to this kinda crazy shit, though. Not yet ..."

"Hi Robbie," she said. "I'm Kareena." She'd never introduced herself to someone while being fucked before.

"Hi," the boy her own age said, his clean t-shirt dangling from his fingers. "It's ... I ... fuck, you're hot." "Isn't she?" Jared reached to grab one of her tits, she was sure for Robbie's entertainment. "She's a nice

girl, but she's getting' in touch with her slutty side tonight. I'm helping." "Don't be shy," Kareena told the

boy, biting her lip to rein in an overload of sensation. Just how slutty could a nice girl get in one evening? The desire to find out overtook her. "Stay and watch."

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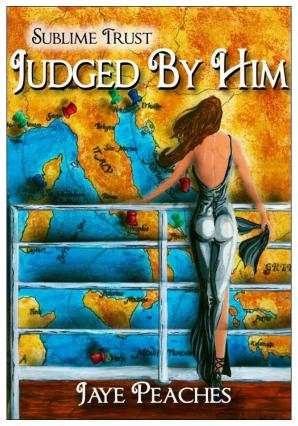
About the Author:

Jake Malden is a freelance journalist and writer based in London. He has been experimenting with erotica both on the page and off for some years and has a growing number of titles available. His interests, aside from the staringly obvious, are theatre, cinema, literature, fitnesstraining and travel (particularly back to his native Ireland). He is an enthusiast of juicing, in every possible sense.

Social Links:

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Judged By Him

Jaye Peaches

Blurb:

A life less ordinary, where kink and wealth combine to bring exotic opportunities.

Her future - an uncharted map of erotic pleasure.
His passion - to have her be his submissive all day, every day.

Three weeks cruising the Mediterranean Sea in a luxury yacht with her husband takes submissive Gemma into an opulent world she never could have envisioned before she met Jason Lucas.

A voyage to locations across

Southern Europe opens up new arenas of kinky sex for Gemma as her Dominant lover continues to educate her sexual being.

Unknown to the couple, several members of the crew are not who they appear to be. Both Gemma and Jason Lucas's lives will be turned upside down by their disclosures and Gemma's submission to her

Dominant will be tested.

Excerpt:

"I want to swim," stated Gemma as they moved away from the Spanish coast towards Africa.

Jason put down the binoculars. "That should be, *may I* go for a swim, and no, you may not. You can go below and take off your clothes. Wait for me in my stateroom in a suitable pose, something that will

He changed the inflection in his voice—easy to do—as if he triggered an internal switch. Her

please me. I have expectations."

backgammon buddy and tour guide had gone; her master had returned. Gemma hesitated long enough

chest and give her a hard blue stare. Why did she risk annoying him? The wind caught the hem of her dress, and her firm breasts lifted as she

for him to fold his arms across his

inhaled. While she had explained the rules of backgammon, he had listened attentively and given her a

smile of appreciation. Since he had beaten her at that game, he had wanted her beneath him, playing another. He beheld her gorgeous figure

braless, hair flowing in the breeze. Her skin slowly tanning even after one day and her green eyes dazzling.

attired in a skimpy summer dress,

Jason formulated plans for her delightful mammary glands. In the evening, off the coast of Africa, he would surprise her.

As they'd sailed past the Rock,

As they'd sailed past the Rock, his own hardness had become rock-like. Standing behind her, as she had leant over the railing watching the waves below, he had wanted to lift her dress and penetrate her flesh there and then. However, he had promised to show her the best sights, and he had to wait for them to pass

Gibraltar.
With the sightseeing opportunity

over and the afternoon drawing to a close, for the first time since they had boarded *Sublime*, he intended to play with her fully.

He moved a fraction towards her, and her seconds of hesitation were over. She left and headed down to the stateroom.

Gemma hovered in her bathroom, nervously fingering her hair and staring at her reflection in the mirror when Maria arrived and touched her arm.

"Can I help prepare you?" she murmured

"My hair.... I should bind it back for him." Gemma picked up a brush. "May I braid it?" Maria

suggested.
"Please."

Gemma waited patiently for her hair to be plaited and tied back. She

allowed Maria to lead her back into the stateroom and undress her Naked, Gemma took her position by an armchair and knelt, head bowed

and legs slightly parted.

"He will be so pleased with you, señora. You're so beautiful. Let him

you. Forget everything and be his." Maria's words calmed her, and she settled herself to wait for him.

When Jason and Enrique joined

enjoy you and find his pleasure in

him, too, but Jason declined. "I don't require you this time, Enrique. When *Sublime* comes to dock at the

them, Enrique offered to undress

Marina, knock on the door, don't enter."

Maria and Enrique withdrew.

Jason tugged her braid. "This is pretty. I like it," he commented, continuing to circle Gemma. "Did

continuing to circle Gen Maria do it for you?"
"Yes, Master." "She can do it every day. Kneel on the bed. Face the windows. You can watch us arrive in Ceuta."

erection pressed into her lower back. She started to bend forward to offer herself to him.

He fit snugly behind her. His

"I didn't ask you do that," he said quietly. "Lean back and keep your knees apart."

Taking her neck with his hand, fingers pressed under her chin, he drew her to his chest. His other hand found her sex, and with slow, circular movements, he began to stimulate her clitoris. Faster and faster his fingers worked, seeking out

the small organ and exposing it to his invigorating touch. She moaned, and he kissed her

shoulder, nibbling on her skin. He drove her, steered her towards an

inevitable climax. Jason had given Gemma the freedom to orgasm as she wished, but she had no control over his desire to force her to come for him. A victim of her own

voracious sex drive, she needed only minutes of stimulation to bring her

close to completion.

"Tell me when you start

coming," he whispered into her ear.

She twisted and writhed against his firm body; muscles stretched and

her back over his leg. Shifting his restraining arm, he pinned her down, pushing on her chest. Throughout, the tips of his fingers continued to

excite her sex.

flexed, as she warmed up. As she tilted, he eased her farther, arching

Gemma paid no heed to the view out of the window, the dimming sky and the lights of Ceuta growing closer and brighter.

closer and brighter.

"I'm coming." Her voice trembled.

A small rhythmic spasm began at the tip of her clitoris, and she concentrated on the actions of his hand to help her deliver her climax. fingers, raised his palm, and slapped her straight on her excited sex organ. His other hand smothered her cries as he spanked her. Teasing, sharp

As she came, Jason removed his

smacks, delivered with no relief between blows.

Gemma disappeared into the throes of one of the most painful

and exquisite climaxes of her life. Direct pain drove her nervous system wild with confused sensations. She had thought, with the first blow, he had scuppered her climax, effectively denying her the lasting sensation that made those orgasms so special and rewarding.

Instead, it rippled on and on. As she started to shake violently, he stopped the blows and released her mouth. She moaned and twisted around onto her belly. Jason stroked her back as she struggled to determine the end of her orgasm. Eventually, her body calmed, and it all came to strange post-coital end. For a few seconds, she fell asleep. Waking, she curled up on her side and wiped her nose.

"Gemma?" He forced her face to one side. A solitary tear trickled down her face, wetting her cheekbone.

"Why?" she asked.

may choose to come, but I will control them for my own purpose. If I wish to ruin them, then I shall.

"Your orgasms are mine. You

Pain or pleasure is mine to choose. Now, be honest. Was that not an

incredible orgasm I gave you?" He

lay next to her.

The tear was there for a clear reason in her mind, the part that didn't always submit rebelled and

kept reminding herself not to be a victim, not to be a hostage to her body's needs.

"Gemma?"

"I loved the orgasm, but I'm hating myself for it." She shuddered

"Babe?" He ran his finger down the side of her face and wiped away the tear. "I want you to thrive on what I can do to your body. The pleasure you take from being

controlled, not necessarily the pain. Such a thrill for me, knowing you can take what I throw at you and still

send yourself into your own world of submissive ecstasy and pleasure." Examining the crumpled sheets of the bed, Gemma pondered,

letting his words sink into her mind. "I'm a masochist. I get high on pain.

That is what you are telling me."

"Gem, why do you keep denying

you further and you continue to respond. I will make you a divine masochist, Gemma. A pain slut. A perfect match for me. The Dom and sub part nurtures us, the sadomasochism makes us complete. I'm not saying we should engage in more depraved sex or change our limits. They are as they should be. I'm not going back to where I came from. What we have available to us is sufficient. Yes?"

Gemma snuggled into his chest,

and he kissed her hair.

this to yourself? We've had this conversation many times, and yet, you are surprised every time I push "I love this braid, baby."
His diminished erection twitched against her thigh.

"I ruined your fuck," she said meekly. "I'm sorry. I'm ready for you,

Sir. I'm yours, always yours." She kissed his neck, where the collarbones met. "Fuck me hard, Master. Please fuck me."

Grabbing her braid, he pulled her up onto her knees and rose to face her. His eyes pierced hers, and she dropped her own.

"Slaves don't get to ask, do they?" He began playfully but, as he spoke, the stern tone returned. "I will fuck you hard, my needy one. I brightening, drawing closer. He reached for the remote control and entombed them from the outside world.

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through their windows, lights

reckon we have half an hour before reaching the marina. Half an hour

A world rapidly approaching

of fucking you senseless."

KOBO About the Author:

Exploring the world of BDSM and

passion of Jaye Peaches - to portray the desires beyond the erotic sexual encounters and unearth the personalities that lie beneath. Having written short stories and read many books, she issued a challenge to herself and decided to write her own novels of Domination and submission. By exploring the issues in a fictional context, whether in the bedroom or 24/7, now or in the past, she hopes to show how loving and fulfilling such relationships can be to those involved. When not writing, Jaye is busy

romantic kinky lifestyles has been a

enjoying music, sometimes composing or drawing and if the weather allows, gardening.

Jave lives in NW England.

spending time with her family,

Social Links:

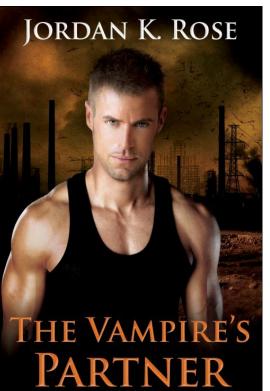
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A ROMANCE IN CENTRAL CITY, NOVELLA TWO



Jordan K. Rose

The Vampire's Partner

Blurb:

With Panthera Laboratories running again The Vampire Guard has no choice but to return to Central City. Pretending to be lovers Hunter and Alice are sent in to do reconnaissance. But pretending to be something they both wish was real

For more than twenty-five months Hunter and Alice have worked together, trained together, even saved

proves harder than they expect.

list of things to do. What they haven't done is sleep together.

As far as Alice can see there's no

homeless dogs together, though that last item was never high on Hunter's

point to mixing business with pleasure unless you're looking for a problem. Like every other girl who sees Hunter, she fantasizes about

up the one job that's managed to get her out of the pit called Central City by sleeping with her partner. In all his years Hunter had never

him. There's no way she's screwing

In all his years Hunter had never encountered anyone who could resist his vampire influence. Not until Alice. She's also the only human to woman has ever awakened these feelings and no woman has ever denied him. He'll do anything to persuade her to be his partner for life, love and eternity.

Excerpt:

Bright headlights lit the window seat of Central City Coffee. Alice

squinted. "What the hell with the high beams? Jeez." She glared at the

ever best him in a sparring match, but that was beginners luck and had nothing to do with the fact that he couldn't stop thinking of how he wished she would see him as more than just a partner at work. No passing car, grumbling about idiots and morons being allowed to drive. Hunter didn't mind the lights of

the passing cars so much, and not just because they were to his back, but more because her front was fully illuminated.

He reached for the half-filled jar

of coffee beans, turning it around in his hand and listening to the beans rattle. Dark roasted Sumatra beans had nothing on the color of Alice's eyes.

Hers were the darkest brown he'd ever seen, and over his many years he'd seen a lot of eyes. Mostly they'd been glazed over by the time he was done staring into them. But not Alice's.

"This was a stupid seat." She picked up her to-go cup and sipped

her Earl Grey tea, replacing it in the center of her perfectly folded napkin. "I knew better than to let you pick. This is not incognito."

He barely nodded. "By incognito you mean hiding in the back corner where no one would ever think to look for us." He gave her a full nod. "I thought I explained that being obvious is sometimes the best hiding place."

"I thought I explained that Central City is not the type of place She used air quotes for *sophisticated*. "The people of this town are a lot more basic than that."

to use your sophisticated theories."

The bells on the door jingled as another customer entered the shop. The scent of freshly ground coffee

beans swirled in the air.

"Which is why being right under

their noses will work." He replaced the jar of beans at the end of the table. "I know I'm the senior member of our team, but do I have

to teach you everything?" "Smart-ass."

Alice turned her head, watching the activity at the counter. Her black another passing vehicle, and Hunter saw one gray strand streaking through her bob.

It didn't curl under her chin like all the others. Instead, it stuck straight out as if it was screaming to

wavy hair caught the light of

be noticed. He bit back a laugh. She'd been making him pull unruly gray hairs for the last two months. Twentythree and going gray, she'd squawked. Apparently his partner came from a long line of early grayers, as she called them. Why she worried about the occasional strand was beyond him, but then most The lady at the counter ordered a coffee and a dozen donuts, then sat

things women did made no sense.

at a table in the back corner.

Alice watched the counter where

another customer placed an order.

He loved the face she made when

he annoyed her. Perfect eyebrows drew down. Her lashes twitched, and

her lips pulled tight over her teeth. It all served to make those dark brown eyes sparkle with ire. "Stop it." She looked out the

window. "I can feel you trying to get in my head."

"Come on." He reached across the table, taking her hand in his. "We're

When he walked into work tonight, he learned the rumors were

true. Panthera Corporation was up

supposed to be lovers."

and running again, and Raymond Tyrone was still at the helm, which meant only one thing. That evil prick was up to no good.

Alice tsked. "We're supposed to be working, pretending to be lovers, not real lovers."

Since it was a pretty fair bet that no one in Central City knew him it made the most sense for Hunter to help stake out the area. He'd been assigned to take Alice and to fit in.

assigned to take Alice and to fit in.
"Semantics. Either way people are

"And they will. They'll think we're having a spat." She rolled her eyes.

supposed to believe we're lovers."

He leaned forward. "That means makeup sex."

Just the thought of it made his gut tighten—his gut, his chest and another muscle, quite useful to lovers. He smiled. "Look at me, baby.

Don't make me beg."

"Shut up, Hunter." She pulled her hand from his. "If you weren't always trying to whammy me, we wouldn't always have to pretend to be *sparring* lovers."

The word *lovers* rolled off her tongue, and his fangs ached. His

them from dropping. Not an easy task when the object of your every desire sat three feet from you, unknowingly teasing you into a frenzy.

tongue pressed to the back of his teeth, trying like all hell to keep

"Are you saying that if I stop doing that..." He lowered his voice to a deep whisper, one he knew

worked quite well with other women.
"...we could be more intimate?"

Just the thought of it made his

Just the thought of it made his cock rub against his zipper. It was these moments when he wished he wore underwear.

wore underwear.

She whipped back to face him, her

lip curled up and those dark eyes narrowed to a venomous glare.

Hunter could hardly keep from clearing the table and taking her on

top of it. Her wild anger did things to him he couldn't quite explain. He reminded himself that getting arrested for public fornication definitely did not fall under the definition of incognito.

He smiled. "Is that a no?"

"A big fat no." She shifted in her seat, folding her arms over her chest, which he was fairly certain was a very comfortable stance for her,

considering how often she used it. Guarded, yet aggressive.

the aggressive part, but the fact that it pushed her breasts up and at him made it all that much more enticing.

He quite liked it, too. He loved

He reached down to make an adjustment.

"You know I love you, baby," he said in the same deep whisper, wagging his eyebrows at her.

She squeezed her red lips tight between her teeth, but the smile she was battling won out, and she

grinned. "You're an idiot."

"Yeah," he said, making sure to

"Yeah," he said, making sure to use his sexiest voice. "Say it again.

You know just what I like to hear."
He sat back, his legs extended out

hers. "Let me try one more time."

"Nope." She shook her head, and her gaze dropped from his face to his chest, a move she'd been using

under the table on either side of

for months.

He'd debated writing something on his chest like *look up* or *kiss here* or something to make her realize he knew exactly what she was doing.

But the idea of her looking

somewhere else because she'd been caught stopped him.

"It's for your own good. If your ability not to succumb to a vampire's gaze wanes or fails entirely, you're

screwed. It's best if we know when it

might be happening."

That was the absolute truth, without an iota of doubt. The fact

that he enjoyed trying to mesmerize her more than he enjoyed most other things was also true, but she didn't need to know that part.

She frowned. "A preventative measure?"

For as long as Hunter could

"Exactly."

remember, which was about ninetyeight years, seeing as he couldn't seem to remember anything before his teens, he always planned and prepared for the what-if scenario.

orepared for the what-1t scenar10.

What if robbers ransacked his

with no money, no food, no shelter? What if he lost everyone who meant anything to him?

home? What if he found himself

He'd learned the hard way to always prepare, and he always made sure everyone he respected did the same.

"You never know when your luck could run out. You don't want to find yourself at the whim of someone far more criminal than me."

Alice had proven to be not only mentally stronger than most humans with her ability to not be influenced by a vampire, but she was also in to hold her own in most fights with any human. That didn't mean she was safe when it came to vampires. "Doubt that could happen." She

superb physical condition, managing

watched a couple walk past the storefront window.

"People need to learn to be

responsible for themselves and not expect someone else to take care of them."

"Did you hear what you just said

to me?" Her tone was less than approving. "As I've demonstrated several times, I don't expect anyone to take care of me." She leaned forward and stared straight into his

eyes. "Least of all some vampire."

Deep within Hunter something rumbled. Just the thought of anyone

doing anything, good, bad or

indifferent, to Alice stoked the fires that fueled his rage. He had no claim to her other than their partnership, but he'd never been a man who liked to share.

He focused on her eyes, raising the intensity of his influence and directing it at her with all his strength. He centered every ounce

of his power into mesmerizing her. Relax. Listen to the beating of our hearts. Feel them move as one. He sent the commands to her in the same way

before. Her eyes softened. She blinked a slow, dreamy blink. Her lips parted. Her shoulders relaxed.

he'd done to thousands of women

He knew she couldn't possibly be immune to vampire powers. It just made no sense. He'd never met a

woman he couldn't handle. He leaned forward and whispered,

"That's right." She swayed a bit in her seat.

"Careful," he whispered and stroked his hand over hers. "Enjoy

the peacefulness." "I will, if you cut the crap." Her

right eyebrow shot upward and her

Buy Links: Amazon Barnes and

Noble iBooks KOBO Google Play About the Author:

eyes opened wide.

Jordan loves vampires. She also loves to laugh. And if you know anything about Jordan, you know her vampires will make you laugh.

A few years back Jordan received a copy of Twilight from her husband as part of her anniversary gift. By the end of that week she'd read the entire series and moved onto Anne

Rice's Vampire Chronicles. Eight weeks and eighteen vampire books later the idea for her first book came to her followed very quickly by Eva Prim.

The Eva Prim Series follows the night-to-night escapades of The Demon Mistress, a vampire with the inexplicable ability to call demons. With both full-length novels and short stories the series has a bit of something for everyone.

Jordan's newest project is a sexy short story series, Short Seductions. The Short Seductions Series is a romance short stories, each of roughly 8,000 words in length. These hot little love stories are short enough to enjoy on your lunch break, but long enough to satisfy any romance reader. Each sensual tale tells the romantic journey of a different hero and heroine.

collection of ten spicy paranormal

Anyone who signs up for my newsletter will receive the upcoming releases for free on release day! Sign up here: http://bit.ly/1G1Y903

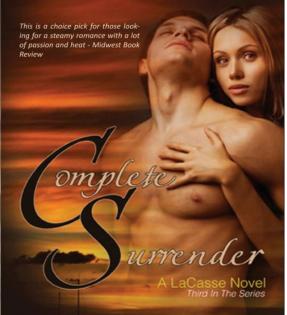
Jordan's other books include Black Magic Rose, book one of The Alliance Series, where the world is set in a hospital run by vampires and werewolves; and The Central City Romance Series, where members of The Vampire Guard one-by-one find love in the ruins of the city.

When she's not writing about one vampire or another Jordan enjoys spending time with her husband, Ken and their lovable Labrador, Dino on the beautiful beaches of New England.

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The much anticipated third installment in the LaCasse's series is here. If you thought Wolfe's story was sizzling, read Raymond's, the youngest male in the LaCasse's line. He's the youngest, but he has his own level of heat and his own style of delivering it. And boy, does he! – Readers' Choice

Ju Ephraime



Ju Ephraime

Complete Surrender

Blurb:

Raymond LaCasse had just completed his studies in Paris and was on his way home, to the French Caribbean island of Martinique, little did he know sharing a taxi with a beautiful stranger would change his life in ways he could have never imagined. His couldn't get the beautiful woman out of his mind, long after she had collected her belongs and left the taxi they'd

shared on the way to the airport. Who was this gorgeous woman? He wish the drive had been longer, so he could have spent a longer time in her company. He'd get his wish, but not in the way he'd imagined.

Gabrielle Descotte, a model by profession, had agreed to assist her brother in carrying out an illegal feat. She loved her brother dearly and would do anything for him, but when she met his intended target, Raymond LaCasse, she swiftly had a change of heart. She now had to choose, her brother or the man who occupies her every waking moment, to the exclusion of all else.

Divided by loyalties and bound by a desire that drives them into each other's arms, Raymond and Gabrielle find themselves in a convoluted web of deceit and danger that almost destroy their new-found love and tear them apart....

Excerpt:

Gabrielle was in a panic, she had been unsuccessful in getting her coat from Raymond. She needed to get the coat; otherwise, she'd be in deep suspect how important the coat was to her because then he'd go ripping it apart, and she couldn't have that. For one thing, she was beginning to like Raymond a lot.

He made her feel hot all over

when he was around her. When she'd

shit. But she didn't want him to

met him earlier today, she had chalked it up to nervousness about the coat, but she had felt that way again the minute he had walked into the lobby. She had been sitting with Jean Paul, the man who shared her table, together with the husband and wife, and she'd felt nothing—not even a tingle—but Raymond arrived, and she was on fire. She didn't bring any elaborate clothing with her because she was

not expecting to be going out on dates. It would have to be a pair of jeans. She had four pairs. She hoped if she paired it up with one of her

dressier tops and put her hair in an up-do it would do the trick. She took a quick bath and got into her jeans and top, but somehow

she didn't think it would pass for

semi-formal. She sat down on the bed, feeling foolish, and remembered this was a boutique hotel, so it has to

have one of those upscale boutiques.

Picking up the phone, she called

was a boutique and, if so, which floor it was on. She was told the boutique was on the second floor. Grabbing her purse and keys, she went down to the boutique and was immediately transported back home.

This was indeed a high-end boutique similar to any she would find in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré

the front desk to find out if there

district in Paris. She bought a snazzy red number with some strappy sandals and was even able to find an evening clutch to go with it. Taking the elevator back to her room, she was shocked to find she had spent a cool nine hundred Euros and had

allowed herself to get ready. Now she had to hurry if she wanted to be ready before he got back. Changing into her new outfit

used up almost all the time she had

lifted her mood immediately. Red was her favorite color; it complemented her. She kept the

same up-do and earrings, and she was ready—not a moment too soon.

As if on cue, her phone rang. It

was Raymond telling her he was coming up to her room. She'd just hung up the phone when there was a knock at her door. She opened it to find Raymond standing there

looking so deliciously handsome.

There was an animal magnetism about him that drew her in, even when she knew nothing would come of it. He had the longest eyelashes she'd ever seen on a man. His shoulders were so wide they practically filled the doorway. He was tall and all muscles. She was not a short woman, but he could still have

She felt him watching her with that same intensity she'd noticed in the airport. It was as though he was trying to decipher a puzzle. He leaned toward her, his steel-gray eyes holding her captive as he came within touching distance of her lips

eaten off her head if he wanted to.

she was intensely aware of him, the heat and solidity of him, and suddenly she had a mental image of him over her, touching her, filling her as she rose up to receive him, her hand stroking the firm muscles of his back. She felt her body's response between her thighs as it pulsated in anticipation. She wanted to die of mortification when she felt the resulting dampness in her panties. She stood there mesmerized as his nostrils flared, and he breathed in deep, and then his mouth was on hers. It was not a demanding kiss. It

and stopped, not touching her. Still,

wandering to the edge of her mouth, the corner of her lips, and back again. In between, he'd probe her mouth with his tongue then resume caressing her lips again.

was a seeking kind of kiss, his mouth

"Laisse-moi entrer, ma chérie. Let me in, sweetheart," he whispered, and the tip of his tongue returned to its probing against her mouth. She closed her eyes and opened to

She closed her eyes and opened to him—to a taste and feel that was addictive. He kissed her slowly, searching without demanding, while he brought up his hand to cradle the

side of her jaw. He touched her so gently, as if she was made of fine porcelain. His gentleness disarmed her. She allowed her body to relax into

his, and then the tone of the kiss changed. He searched more deeply, probing, caressing, still with that

maddening restraint, until her body began to make demands of its own. She pressed against him, against the

massive erection she could feel through the layers of fabric between them. His cock was hitting her directly on her most sensitive spot,

and she heard herself making a

mewing sound in her throat. Swinging her around, he closed

the door and placing her back

mouth off hers long enough to explore the column of her neck and the pulse beating at the base of her neck. By the time he returned to her mouth, she was pressing into him for all she was worth. Her fingers sought to grip the solid surface of his back, but there was no give in the firm flesh. With a soft mutter, he took her wrists and drew them around his

against the closed door, he took his

shoulders. By then every muscle in her body was straining to get closer.

He held her firmly, anchoring her against the door with the hard framework of his body, and took her mouth again. This time his kisses

stiffened his tongue, using it to mimic coitus movements in and out, in and out of her mouth, as if he was already inside her. The kisses were greedy with teeth, tongue, lips, of unbearable pleasure that made her want to do things with him she had no business doing. She clung to him, moaning and grinding against him without shame. His hands moved to her butt and brought her closer to the hard,

jutting pressure between them. It felt so good that desire flooded her body, and all sense of self-

were no longer exploring, but deeper, longer, all-consuming as he something fierce. She wanted him to take her right there on the hotel floor. She wanted him to do anything and everything to her. His mouth continued to eat at her, licking deep and raw. Every thought and impulse dissolved into white heat, raw pleasure consuming her,

preservation fled. She wanted him

demanding release. She was on fire.

She completely lost it when she felt his hand weighing her breast before applying pressure to the nipple that was sensitive and hurting. She arched her back in desperate welcome, offering him her body to

do with as he would.

Then his cellphone rang.

The unexpected interruption caused them to move apart. He

raised heavy-lidded eyes to her face, and she quickly turned away and walked to the bathroom to get herself under control. She was

throbbing in every part of her body, but especially between her thighs. She was shocked at her response to this man whom she hardly knew. The burn for him was electrifying, pure erotic fire.

She heard him answer the phone and say something in his native Créole. It was so quick she was not able to catch what he was saying, but evidently talking to his brother.

She quickly freshened up her lipstick and was pleased to see her hair was still in her up-do. It wasn't

she did hear him say Wolfe. He was

neat, but she liked the slightly disheveled look. There was nothing she could do about her mouth. It was swollen and appeared even more pouty than usual.

She hastily emerged from the bathroom and went to get her bag off the bed where she had placed it when she answered the door what seemed like eons ago.

Raymond was standing, very tense, in the same location next to

the door, frustration coming off him in waves.

"I'm ready now." She tried her

best to sound as normal as possible, as if her whole entire world hadn't

just gone through a seismic shift. Her whole perspective on kissing had changed forever. Never would she settle for just a kiss. This man

"That was Wolfe telling me I was running late. Let's get out of here while I still can," he said, giving her a sheepish grin.

had taken kissing to an art form.

He was so beautiful. She had to avert her gaze as she answered him. "I'm ready," she said. Meanwhile, her body was screaming, Liar, liar, you know you'd like nothing better than to have that man take you into the bedroom and have his way with you. But she kept walking in the direction of the door, one foot in front of the other. Had he said halt, she would have halted in a minute, but he took her hand and

walked out of the room with her.

She didn't know how far away the place was, but, unless it was the next block, there was no way they'd be getting there on time.

"By the way," he said, "I forgot to tell you, you look sensational." "Why, thanks," was all she could think of at the moment.

She was too engrossed looking at him from the corner of her eye, a trick she had learned at modeling school. She used to think it was underhanded and silly, but now she found it very useful as she pretended to be staring straight ahead while her eyes looked at him from the side. He was wearing a rust-colored, long-sleeved shirt and dark blue dress pants. She couldn't see his feet, but his hands appeared perfectly manicured with short, square nails. His hair was a bit tousled, and she wondered if it was a result of her running her hand through it or whether that was the way he wore it. but then, she could barely remember her name when he had his mouth on her.

She liked the tousled look on him.

She couldn't recall touching his hair,

His long lashes were like fans against his cheeks, and he had a deep dimple visible in the center of his chin.

"Do I pass muster?" he asked, shocking her into awareness of what she had been doing.

"Why do you ask?" she wanted to know.

"You have been examining me from head to toe from the minute you opened the door. I just wanted to know if I measured up."

"I wasn't trying to measure you up, as you put it. I'm sorry I was not aware I was being so obvious. How soon do we get to your brother's

place?"

"No reason, I just wondered."

"We'll be there soon."

They had exited the hotel and

"In less than ten minutes. Why?"

were walking through the parking lot to where he'd parked his car.

It was a beautiful day, with big

fluffy white clouds in the bright blue sky. There was a kaleidoscope of color everywhere she looked. It was like what she envisioned paradise would be like. "The scenery here is so beautiful. I can see why the native Indians named this place island of flowers.

Everywhere I look, there are flowers growing in a riot of colors, as far as my eyes can see."

"Yes, the soil here is unique. That's why, no matter where I travel, this is always home. There is

something about the very air here

that fills you with a sense of belonging."

"Funny you should say that. I felt it the minute I stepped off the plane yesterday. I put it down to the

it the minute I stepped off the plane yesterday. I put it down to the people. They are so friendly and easygoing, and everything is so clean and pristine; although, the same could be said for Paris. It was just a bit more personal here."

"Yes, that's just what it is, more

personal."

Soon he got off the freeway and

took a local side street. He drove a short distance, and the buildings and landscape changed, becoming more commercialized with auto

dealerships, supermarkets, and restaurants. Every restaurant you could name was juxtaposed on this long wide boulevard.

He stopped in front of a huge restaurant where a line was already forming outside. If this was his ordinary restaurant. Petits Pois was almost like a hotel with two levels and valet parking. Walking over to her side of the vehicle, he opened

the door for her. She liked the

brother's restaurant, Petits Pois, his brother must be loaded. This was no

special attention he gave her. She felt like a queen. Stepping out of the vehicle, he escorted her through a door marked, Private.

Buy Links: Amazon Barnes and

Noble iTunes

About the Author:

Ju Ephraime began writing professionally at age 19; at that time, she wrote short stories for the local radio station in her home town. She gave up writing to pursue her education and has since earned several degrees, including two Masters and a Doctorate in Higher Education Administration from Northeastern University in Boston. During the course of her schooling, she wrote and published a working curriculum for a career school, a business manual and its answer key, as well as other literary work. In 2010 she revisited her first love, writing for fun and enjoyment. She

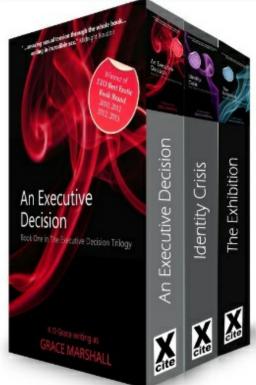
writes high heat, steamy, romance novels. The first was, State of Ecstasy in the LaCasse series, which was soon followed by, Temptation to Sin, Loving Therèse, #2 in the LaCasse series. Ju has gone on to write several more books, including, The Odor of Violet, on tour this month, Complete Surrender, #3 in the LaCasse series; as well as, a Christmas Novella, Footsteps in the Sand and her award winning paranormal, White Magic Woman, Quarterfinalist in Amazon Breakthrough Novel Contest, 2013, out of over 10,000 entrants.

Ju lives in Connecticut, where she is very active in her community.

Social Links: Website Blog

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KD Grace

Executive Decision Box Set

Blurb:

The Executive Decision Box Set is a binge reading must for those who like an intense, fast-paced story with hot romance between characters who are more than up for the task.

An Executive Decision – Book One in The Executive Decision

Series

Overworked CEO Ellison Thorne has no time for sex, let alone romance. The only answer, at least where his retiring business partner Beverly is concerned, is a no-strings sex clause in her replacement's contract, designed to make Ellis' busy life easier – and hotter. But she's joking, right? When Dee Henning takes over Beverly's job, sparks fly between her and Ellis, but work takes priority in driven Dee's life too. Can one night of passion in a Paris hotel room

prove Beverly's Sex Clause is their secret to success in the boardroom

and the bedroom, and what will happen if that private clause becomes public knowledge?

Identity Crisis – Book Two in The Executive Decision Series This romantic suspense novel is recommended to hopeless romantics who know love triumphs over all. Tess Delaney is the hottest property in romantic fiction, but the reclusive Tess has a secret – she's really the alter ego of Garrett Thorne, bad boy brother of business tycoon Ellison Thorne. When Tess is nominated for the Golden Kiss Award, Garrett recruits PR

specialist, Kendra Davis, to keep his secret and be Tess for the awards despite their mutual animosity. Hatred turns to scorching passion, but when Tess is stalked by a rabid fan, an identity crisis is eclipsed by a battle for survival. It seems Tess, the woman who doesn't exist, just might understand Kendra and Garrett's hearts better than they do.

The Exhibition – Book Three in The Executive Decision Series Successful NYC gallery owner, Stacie Emerson, is ex-fiancée to one Thorne brother and ex-wife to the other. Though the three have made

peace, Ellison Thorne's friend, wildlife photographer, Harris Walker, still doesn't like her. When Stacie convinces Harris to exhibit his work for the opening of her new gallery she never intended to include him in her other more hazardous plans. But when those plans draw the attention of dangerous business tycoon, Terrance Jamison, Harris comes to her aid. In the shadow of a threat only Stacie understands, can she dare let Harris into her life and make room for love?

Excerpt:

Excerpt
At last Ellis pushed his chair back and looked up at her.

An Executive Decision Book 1:

'Marston refused the proposal.'
'I'm sorry,' Dee said again.

'Not that it was a huge

surprise, but I could have done nicely without him berating me for hiring someone incompetent and irresponsible to take

Beverly's place. That didn't

exactly make my day. What the hell happened?'
She felt the heat rising up her spine and onto her ears. 'I

overslept.' She forced the words

'Yes.' She nodded imperceptibly, feeling the scrutiny of his glare.
For a long moment he just

stared at her. She forced herself to meet his gaze and held her

out into the chilled room.

'You overslept?'

tongue, afraid if she tried to say anything she'd burst into tears, and she despised women who cried.

'That's it, then? You overslept.'
She nodded again, swallowing hard.
'Well that's a relief.' He leaned

forward in his chair and rose

to leap over the desk and pounce. The tension in his body was palpable. 'I was afraid you were

lying on the freeway somewhere

almost as though he were going

in a pool of blood. I'm so relieved that it was nothing so dire, and that you simply overslept.' With each word, his voice grew louder until he wasn't exactly yelling,

but neither was there any way she could miss his message as each word drove her deeper into her chair until she felt as trapped as if she had been tied there. 'I'm sorry,' she forced a whisper through the roadblock

behind her eyes warned that a swift exit would be necessary if she were to avoid the flood. 'Sorry? You're sorry? Tally had to pick up the slack. Do you have any idea how that looked? Just when I was starting to make progress with Marston, just when the man was beginning to

in her throat, but the stinging

when the man was beginning to listen to reason, you oversleep. You made Jamison's deal seem all the sweeter, that's what you did. Now, tell me what the hell's going on.'

'Pardon?'

He moved from behind his

desk and paced the carpet in front of her like a bull ready to charge. 'You're supposed to be working to shore up the situation with Scribal. I told you up front that's your major concern at the moment, then not only do you oversleep and miss an important meeting, but I find out you've been working on something else behind my back.' Before she could respond, he turned on her. 'Is Trouvères what you've been staying up half the night and missing meetings for? When I hired you, I never thought you, of all people, would neglect your responsibilities.'

'I'm not neglecting anything. If you would just -'

He interrupted her. 'Don't

think just because I gave you this job, you suddenly know it all. I took a big risk hiring you.' He stopped pacing and rooted himself in front of her, close

enough that she had to strain her neck to look up at him. 'You want to do something; you bring it to me first. You're not ready to make that kind of decision on your own. You don't have the experience it takes to...to... You're not Beverly.'

felt more than heard above the roar in her ears. She wasn't sure the ragged breathing her brain finally registered in the chasm of silence that followed his tirade was his or her own.

The phone rang into the

His words were a hard slap,

charged atmosphere and Ellis jerked it from its cradle in a strangle hold. 'This had better be good, Lynn. Wade? What the hell does he want? Can't it wait? We're not finished yet. I can what?' He heaved a sigh of resignation and slammed the receiver back down. 'Wade wants

can get back to you on this, and believe me, I intend to.' He nodded toward the door. 'Well, go on, at least don't keep him waiting. Pick up the notes on the meeting from Sandra.' She stood on trembling legs and turned to go. As she reached for the door, he called to her. 'Dee, I strongly suggest you make

to see you right now. He says I

no more attempts to prove Marston right about you.'

Sandra joined her in the hall. 'I have the meeting notes for you.'

have the meeting notes for you.'

'Just put them on my desk.
Wade wants to see me.'

Sandra nodded. 'Yes, I know. I told him he did. And I told him to give you a few minutes in the ladies to freshen up first.' She offered a reassuring smile and turned on her heels.

Still breathing like a freight train, Ellis watched Dee disappear shutting the door behind her. He grabbed up the phone and called his secretary.

'Lynn, hold all my calls. I don't want to be disturbed. How long? Until I say otherwise, that's how down, snapped his laptop shut and stormed down the hall to the lounge.

He shoved his way out of his jacket and tossed it across the

wingback chair, then practically strangled himself in his efforts to

long.' He slammed the receiver

loosen his tie. From the coffee table he grabbed up the remote and plunged the room into the wild raucous ride of the third movement of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. Then he dropped onto the sofa struggling to breath, struggling to regain control, struggling to figure out

All through the meeting, when Dee didn't show up, he was terrified that something horrible had happened, terrified that he would lose Dee the same way he

what the hell had just happened.

had lost Beverly. And the relief he felt at seeing her. Jesus, the relief was like nothing he's ever felt before.

If Lynn hadn't called, if Wade hadn't demanded Dee's presence

... If Ellis had had one more second with her, he would have yanked her up from the chair and fucked her senseless right there in the middle of the day with all

of Pneuma Inc just outside his door, fucked her as though he might never get another chance, fucked her as though his life depended on it, and that's exactly how it felt. He wiped cold sweat from his forehead and struggled to breathe. If he'd lost her, Jesus! He couldn't even bear the thought. Christ, he couldn't go on like this. It felt like he was always either avoiding her or jerking off thinking about her. And damn if he wasn't thinking about her all the time; the shape of her, the feel of her, the sass of her. He'd And then ... and then she screws up so royally that all he wanted to do was punish her, to turn her over his knee for giving him such a scare, to ... to ... to fuck her until she couldn't walk.

never wanted anything so badly.

Buy Links:

Amazon US Amazon UK Amazon AU Amazon CA

About the Author:

Voted ETO Best Erotic Author of 2014, and a proud member of The Brit Babes, K D Grace/Grace

Marshall believes Freud was right. In the end, it really IS all about sex, well sex and love. And nobody's happier about that than she is, otherwise, what would she write about? When she's not writing, K D is veg

gardening. When she's not gardening, she's walking. She walks her stories, and she's serious about it. She and her husband have walked Coast to Coast across England, along with several other long-distance routes. For her, inspiration is directly proportionate to how quickly she wears out a pair of walking boots.

She also enjoys martial arts, reading, watching the birds and anything that gets her outdoors.

KD has erotica published with

SourceBooks, Xcite Books, Harper Collins Mischief Books, Mammoth,

Cleis Press, Black Lace, Erotic
Review, Ravenous Romance,
Sweetmeats Press and others.

K D's critically acclaimed erotic
romance novels include, *The Initiation*of Ms Holly, Fulfilling the Contract, To

Rome with Lust, and The Pet Shop. Her

<u>Temperature and Rising</u>, the first book of her Lakeland Witches trilogy, was

paranormal erotic novel, <u>Body</u>

Violet Blue's Top 12 Sex Books for 2011. Books two and three, *Riding the Ether*, and *Elemental Fire*, are now also available.

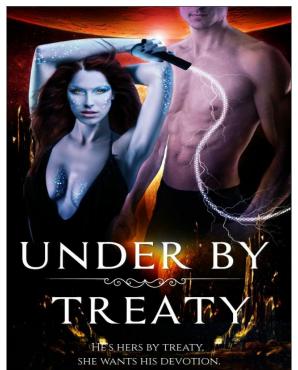
listed as honorable mention on

K D Grace also writes hot romance as <u>Grace Marshall</u>. <u>An Executive</u> <u>Decision</u>, <u>Identity Crisis</u>, <u>The Exhibition</u>, <u>Interviewing Wade</u> are all available.

Social Links:

Website The Brit Babes Amazon
Author Page Facebook Twitter
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KAYLA STONOR



Kayla Stonor

Under By Treaty

Blurb:

He's hers by treaty. She wants his devotion.

General Jaden is a thorn in the Qui's side. Ambassador Sonil is on Earth to extract him by treaty. When Jaden is stripped naked then caged, he gets a taste of how far she will go to ensure he is worthy of serving the Qui Empress. Her training is ruthless and alien rules apply. Failure

is not an option; saving Earth from annihilation requires Jaden's complete surrender. But Sonil demands more than obedience. She wants his devotion.

Under By Treaty is a bold, fast-paced

adventure of femdom romance, with a strong alpha hero who must submit to an alien temptress to save the human race from decimation by the conquering might of the Qui Empire. This futuristic romance space opera novel containing BDSM themes is an intense saga that inspired a sexy alien shapeshifter romance series, the Qui Treaty Collection.

Excerpt:

Make love to me, she had said.

Jaden carried Sonil into the bedroom and laid her on the bed. Her arms fell above her head, her fingers curled up. Her back arched. Her lips parted.

Jaden watched mesmerized. This woman who had terrorized him for weeks was turning into a sex kitten before him. His glance dropped to the folds of material covering her swelling breasts. Her chest rose and fell with her every breath. He fought

any fastenings. Crap's sake. He was a general in Earth's UR defense force, and he was terrified of ripping a dress off a female lizard begging to be fucked.

He studied the line of vertebra leading down to her tight, pert ass, then leaned down and touched his

down a rising panic; he couldn't see

lips to the throbbing pulse in her throat. Her whimper had a dramatic effect on his cock. Suddenly, his need turned urgent. He gently rolled her towards him, drinking in the soft curve of her breasts. She allowed him to slide the dress down her legs

and off her feet. He threw the

skimpy material to the floor.

She lay there, awaiting his next move.

Jaden climbed onto the huge bed

and leaned over her. Her expression exuded anticipation. His lips twitched. He liked this Sonil. She

groaned when his head dipped down

to her breast and he began to trust his instincts. His lips captured her nipple and she bucked towards him, granting him permission to tease the hard bud with his teeth. He swirled his tongue over its sensitive top,

expecting her slightly-scaled skin with its diamond shaped ridges to be rough. Instead it was oiled and languorous moan enticed him to bestow the same attention on her other breast.

Strong hands clenched his ass and directed his cock towards the top of her inner thighs.

"Slowly," he whispered, moving

smooth. A spicy tang exploded in his mouth. The taste as much as her

his lips to her neck and then to her mouth.

He hesitated, but then her lips parted. The pressure on his ass eased

parted. The pressure on his ass eased off. He rewarded her patience with a flicker of his tongue. Now her hands roamed up his body to his neck and then into his hair. He kissed her,

exploring her mouth.

Sweet cherries mixed with the spice aftertaste.

The thought occurred to him then that he could not detect that drugged sensation he'd come to recognize as her peculiar brand of

manipulation. No pheromones – his reactions all his own. At the back of his mind, he considered the potential for disabling her, perhaps

permanently, but deep down, he

knew he wouldn't. He would fail.

It would invite the might of the Qui Galactic Empire down on Earth.

It would be madness.

Instead his cock nuzzled her entrance and found her moist and

slippery, not too warm. He slid in, moving away when she tried to thrust her hips against him.

She growled.

He held his distance. "Patience,

Sonil."

Her hands abandoned her

exploration of his hair and moved down. She wanted to force him in.

He grabbed her right wrist and raised it above her head. She didn't resist. He pulled her left hand from his butt and brought that one above

her head, too then pinned both

wrists in one hand. He eased his lips from hers and rose above her. Her eyes gleamed, her body

arched towards him. She appeared content to let him take the lead – this creature who could toss him

around like a rag doll let him hold

her down and fuck her.

His cock felt like it would burst.

He thrust deeper into her. Muscular ridges rubbed against him,

setting his nerve ends on fire. He

wouldn't hold out. She rose to meet him. A need to possess her filled him. He pulled out then pushed in again. She tried to free her hands,

but it was a half-hearted effort, and

his strength had returned to him in full measure with his passion. Jaden discovered he could support

his weight and imprison both her wrists with one hand. His left hand found her side, and then fondled her breast. Her skin was slippery and

smooth, just a hint of scales so tiny they were like shimmering glitter. He rubbed the tiny ridges the wrong way and she gasped. Her eyes closed shut.

She was his for the taking. He should be killing her right now, choking the life out of her.

He needed this one simple release.

God, how he wanted her.

Jaden stabbed into her, forced his throbbing cock past the tight muscles contracting around him until his pelvis ground against hers. She held her breath. Unsure. He stilled, giving her time to adjust to the fullness of him inside her, felt her relax. He pulled out slightly and watched her eyes, waiting for a sign and saw the moment her huge pupils glazed over. She thrust up and he countered the movement. She moaned. The sound set his pulse racing. He kept up with the rhythm she set. Soon she was

bucking. Her legs parted and her heels dug into his ass, pushing him He tightened his grip around her wrists, and began to gyrate his hips,

deeper. She needed more.

opening her wider. Then he pulled right out, before slamming back into her. She cried out. Still she allowed

him to hold her prisoner. Her willingness to give him control almost undid him.

He continued to pound into her

He continued to pound into her until she was a bundle of quivering contradiction; desperate for him to bury his cock into her, terrified at the same time. He plunged into her faster, nipping her neck with his teeth then moving up to nibble her earlobe.

split her in two. She held him there effortlessly. Her strength overpowered his ability to withdraw. Her muscles contracted violently around him.

Unable to resist the powerful

She screamed. Her heels kicked

him in so deep he thought he would

forces massaging his blood-engorged erection, he exploded inside her. She shuddered beneath him as his cock pumped its load. His orgasm left him weak and he collapsed on top of her.

She rolled him over with ease, not losing contact with his body for a second. Her lips kissed his throat,

her fingers entwined with his, pinned his right arm down. He caressed her buttock with his free hand. "You are very good at making

love," Sonil whispered, obviously sated and happy with the experience.

"I suspected you would be. It's partly why I chose you." Jaden stilled.

A memory of Zubarev's voice

murmured at the back of his mind. "You realize that crash was no

accident, General? She intercepted your flight. Deliberately!"

"When did you choose me?" he

said quietly. Sonil rose above him, high selected you on the journey to Earth. The Qui requires a tribute whose sacrifice on behalf of their world has meaning. The loss of your

parents has driven every choice you've made. Your thirst for

enough to search his eyes. The gold in her irises glittered at him. "I

vengeance fuelled your fight against the Qui's Empire and forged an exemplary warrior in the process." The blood drained from Jaden's face. A dark void opened inside him. His hand formed a fist and her

response.

When he spoke, his voice came

fingers tightened around his wrist in

remarkably well-informed."

"Don't be angry, Jaden." A clear warning threaded her tone.

out a harsh whisper.

"Nothing has changed and now you have accepted the attraction between us your training will progress more rapidly. Culmination involves sexual intercourse and you need to

Suddenly Jaden felt dirty. Used. "Sex won't help me surrender my

overcome your resistance to physical

intimacy with a Qui."

heart to your Empress," he grated out.

Sonil's grip on his wrist relaxed. Her cheek nestled into the crook of his shoulder. "You can salvage your pride another time. I intend to sleep." Her murmur tickled his neck. "I suggest you do, too. Tomorrow, you must study." Jaden was happy to simmer in silence - too many contradictory thoughts whirled in his head. His breathing slowed as his cock retreated from her warmth, his body as disconnected from his head as ever. He wasn't in pain, or restrained, or subject to her agonizing brand of

discipline, but right now he could do with the distraction. All he could think about was that she'd practically ordered him to make love to her, had on Earth because of his history. She had judged he'd be a difficult man to subdue, a challenge she had met and won.

pre-selected him before her arrival

won.

Worse, the next time she asked him to make love he'd be unable to deny his desire to ravage her

saw through the most innocent lie with a radar-like sensor for duplicity. He had to face the truth. His pride had abandoned him. He had

glorious body, again and again. Sonil

become her love-slave.

Buy Links: Amazon

Smashwords Amazon

About the Author:

Kayla Stonor is an author of dark, edgy, erotic romance featuring alpha males who submit to the women they grow to love. Kayla's writings are not the usual romantic fluff. Her novels often skate the edge of consent, with thrilling violence and dramatic relationships between powerful alpha males and dominant women. In her real life, Kayla lives in the UK and is happily married with two children.

Social Links:

Amazon Author Page Facebook Twitter Blog Kayla Stonor's Newsletter Goodreads Google+

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Kiki Howell

What Lies Within Us

Blurb:

Amazon Top 100 Bestseller in Gothic Fiction & Occult Horror

After receiving a letter from an aunt she never knew existed, Kyna Hughes travels to Ireland only to find out that her whole life has been a series of well-orchestrated lies. Suddenly, this poor girl from the foothills of the Alleghany

Mountains is thrust into a life of not only the wealthy and affluent, but of dark magic and secret societies. As Kyna learns of the magic hidden inside her, purposefully stunted as she grew up for her protection, she must now battle mystical hauntings which are the result of curses while getting a crash course in utilizing her powers. Kidnappings and satanic weddings become her daily events as she struggles not to lose her heart to one of two men—a former Navy SEAL hired to protect her or a wizard hired to train her. Soon she will realize just how true it is that "What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us."

Excerpt:

Ominous fanfare for her arrival in County Monaghan, lightning shred the fall of dusk. As a grisly storm surrounded the car she rode in, her every nerve vibrated with electricity. The well-read letter in her hand trembled in the heat of her clenched fist. Her last minute research of this part of Northern Ireland had not done the place justice. Beauty, that of a rolling and majestic nature even in the dark downpour, stole her The thousand slices of light tearing through the sky reflected in the grey water beside the road. The

black shadows cast by the trees, Kyna perceived as decrepit, arthritic fingers that reached out for her from

already shallow breath.

the heavy flowing stream. A resounding flood of sound, deep rolling thunder, made her body curl in on itself as she angled away from the car window. The squall so violent, she imagined the glass would

shatter. Never one to cower, she swore in a whisper to herself. Ever since she'd landed in Ireland, a someone or a something, specifically followed her. Sure, it made no sense, but she couldn't tell her over stimulated brain and racing heart that.

Trying to swallow despite the

an indescribable dark presence,

dryness in her mouth, looking straight ahead, she sought a moment's peace. Deep breathing exercises had yet to award her any. This unexpected turn in her life over the past few days propelled her toward her wits end. From the

moment she'd taken the letter from her mailbox, every part of her being had been altered in some way. From bursts of indefinable energy making unbidden ideas reminiscent of familiar dreams, to a feeling of having a sixth sense that warned of impending danger, she warred within herself to keep some semblance of composure. She didn't understand her own body anymore, but had not the time or the mental capacity to analyze the abrupt changes as she traveled.

her want to run a marathon, to

Erratic thought patterns plagued her instead, a barrage of unanswered questions. Prior to that fateful letter, she'd just been a girl from the foothills of the Alleghany Mountains, having lived her whole Virginia. Her mother's confession of her true heritage came when confronted with the letter, the damned letter, scrolled in a shaky hand, from an aunt from Ireland she never knew existed. Apparently, Kyna was more Irish than she knew, as in born in Ireland and adopted through the Irish Mafia into the United States. The father

life in White Sulfur Springs, West

into the United States. The father she barely remembered, a man who'd died in a mining accident when she'd been barely five years old, had ties to the organization. She'd been a black market baby, for the love of all that is holy! The adoption had born

her adoption stood a deal breaker punishable by death. None of these random facts brought about feelings of safety and security as she traveled abroad to meet her aunt on her biological mother's side.

conditions. Telling the poor child of

The letter, the freaking destroy-asimple-life letter, ranted on for two pages a heartbreaking tale. Her birth mother, Alana O'Riagain, had passed away a few years ago. Her aunt,

Saoirse O'Riagain, now desperately wanted to meet her only living relative. Kyna's birth father and his family were all long ago buried, so whatever perceived danger her

mother had given her away to protect her from had passed away with them. Maybe her tired eyes played her for a fool, but even now, Kyna swore that words following danger on the paper in her hand appeared written in an even shakier scroll. Rain assaulted the car window with the unrelenting onslaught of gunfire. Her pulse beat as if under attack. Another round of multiple lightning strikes, the ones that cross the distance of the sky to the ground, brought Kyna out of her murky thoughts of a re-written past to a clearly foreboding present. Just aunt's home in Armaugh appeared and disappeared in brief glimpses granted by the windshield wipers and the lightning. Her breath caught at the vast size

ahead, the first glimpses of her

of what resembled a castle on a hill. A steep incline of land seemed formed to hold up the formidable three storey stone façade. The structure consisted of several three-

four-storey tower to the right side. On the tower hung corner bartizans. These came into view as they made the steep climb closer to her ancestral home. These rounded

sided bays stuck together and one

her sense of being watched, that some sinister being stood sentinel over her, taking in her every move. Crazy. All of it. She'd lost it, and

turrets cut with windows multiplied

she had to get it back in the immediate future. Tough, a fighter in an impoverished world, surely she

could handle whatever this display of wealth held for her. But, little made sense. Her past lay in a shamble of lies around her feet. Her future looked, well, scary. She had a lot to sort out, and planned to get right to it once she met her aunt.

Her mouth had remained parched and her shoulders tense since she'd

betrayed her in various other ways as well. Strange sensations of heat in her core coupled with flashes of what she could only refer to as static electricity along her limbs, made her

feel a foreigner in her own skin.

landed in this country. Her body

As her driver grunted and got out, Kyna took advantage of another long streak of lightning to gaze upon this veritable castle of a house.

The bays had mullioned windows, curvilinear gables and tall chimneys. While she guessed the stone a light grey in the day, it accosted her with looming shades of smoke, as if old and charred, from her storm-

The metallic shriek of her door opening sent a wave of panic

shielded, misty view.

crashing over her. From her teeth set on a painful edge to that cold slither of fear down her spine, she forced herself to ignore each physical sensation, each body betrayal.

Looking toward her driver, a streak of lightning silhouetted him, made him a dark outline like that of a large monster-figure looming over her. He had several inches on her as

large monster-figure looming over her. He had several inches on her as well as a bulky, full-muscled build one could only achieve with hours in a gym or steroids she supposed. As he reached for her hand, the strength of his grip intensified to painful when an explosion of thunder rolled over them seconds later.

Buy Links: Amazon Barnes and Noble

About the Author:

Ever since she was young, Kiki Howell has loved to listen to a wellwoven tale with real characters, inspired plots, and delightful resolutions. Kiki could spend hours lost in a book, and soon she knew that creating lives, loves, and losses with just words had to be the greatest thing that she could do. To that end, she pursued her study of literature and writing, earning a bachelor's degree in English. She then followed in a Master's program in Creative Writing.

published between eleven different publishers. She could not be more thrilled or grateful to see her creations polished and out in the real world. In May, 2011, Kiki was chosen as an Ohioana Book Festival author for her novel, Torn

Asunder. She's also had three flash

She has now had over forty stories

fiction stories win writing contests. In the fall of 2013, her novel, Hidden Salem, made the Amazon Top 100 Bestsellers Lists in Paranormal, Suspense and Ghosts; and in the fall of 2014, her novel. What Lies Within Us, made the Amazon Top 100 Best Sellers Lists in Gothic Fiction and Occult Horror.

You can find out more about Kiki by following any of the links below.

Social Links:

Website Blog FaceBook

FaceBook Page Twitter Amazon Author Page

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Kim Carmichael

On the Dotted Line

Blurb:

A signature can change everything...

Rather than silver, Randolph Van Ayers III was born with a platinum spoon in his mouth and plenty of strings attached. Faced with a list of specific goals he must achieve in order to earn control of his family's banking empire, he's accomplished each task and triumphed. One item

married for one year. However, when his so-called fiancée leaves him on the courtroom steps only hours before his deadline, he realizes he might lose for the first time in his life, and a Van Ayers

never fails.

remains on his list. He must marry by his thirty-third birthday and stay

Taught to rely on the universe for answers, Willow Day has always struggled in the material world, specifically her lack of material. With her small holistic store near foreclosure and without a home, she must do anything within her power

care of the woman who raised her. When the rude, yet gorgeous, Randolph the Third offers to fix all her troubles in exchange for one year of her life, she opens her mind and takes a chance.

to make the business work and take

On The Dotted Line is a full-length (90,000 + Words) stand alone novel. It's the battle of the mystical over the money. Between a hidden pet who looks more like a cotton ball, performance artists with wings, and a woman who spouts advice like a living fortune cookie, everything from restaurant reservations to a trip to celebrate the winter solstice create clashes for the couple as they learn how to fit into each other's worlds.

With both their futures at stake, they

must learn to accept reality, what the fates have dealt them and the consequences of falling in love from the moment they decided to sign on the dotted line.

Excerpt:

"You can't walk through Hollywood at night thinking nothing will happen, you can't not have permits no matter how badly you don't want the inspectors there." He needed to make her understand.

"Why did you have to break the spell? I don't know what I expected.

Can't you be the artist?" She went to

insurance praying no one slips and falls in your store, you still need

her door and opened it without using a key and walked inside.

"You didn't lock the door!" He ran after her. "This whole time your store was completely open!"

She stopped short and spun toward him. At the movement, the chimes throughout the space clinked out their supposedly soothing sounds. "It's my store."

Before colliding with her, he caught her by the shoulders. "Then

With a huff, she pushed him aside and walked toward the front of her store.

act like you care about it."

He dragged his supplies inside, shut and locked the back door and sprinted to join her. Exactly like any other deal, once his opponent got riled he would win. "Willow!"

Rather than yelling, she held her palm up, closed her eyes and took a breath. Once she opened her eyes she turned, picked up a candle and with slow steps headed toward the "Where are you going? We need to go home." He dashed ahead of

stairs.

her, blocking her way.

"We only need to be together by

midnight." She swept her hand around the room. "Well, here we are, and if you want to keep to the contract, here you will remain. You can watch the paint dry."

He refused to allow her to dismiss him like one of their house staff and stared right at her as he put his arm across the passageway, blocking her way.

Her eyes widened and she pressed her lips together. He stood up straighter, tightening his grip on the wood trim.

The color in her perfectly pink

lips and her surreal blue eyes stood out against her pale complexion, but she didn't move. In fact, she

remained absolutely still.

He ground his teeth together. "I said we can't stay here."

"Why not?" she whispered. "If we

couldn't stay in a different place, we would have been in breach of our contract the very first night." Something had to make her react,

break her calm and centered façade.

"If you want to go to a hotel, I am more than happy to accommodate."

here. If the place burns down, we don't have any insurance if we get hurt."

He cleared his throat. "We can't stay

"How is this possible?" She threw the candle down. At last she cracked and he fought

a smile. "How is what possible?"

She hit her fist into her leg. "How is it possible that a man who is as

passionate, creative and gorgeous as you, be you!" The second the words left her mouth she turned away.

"I suppose the same way a woman

"I suppose the same way a woman as utterly breathtaking and ethereal as you is you." He closed the distance between them and took her shoulders. "I know what my problem is."

Her muscles tensed against his

hold, but she didn't back away. Instead, she glanced at him. "What?" "I spend the better part of my

existence thinking about how bad I want you." He inched their faces close together, slid the strap of her

dress down and kissed her on the junction between her neck and shoulder. "The whole time I painted I was thinking about you."

She gasped.

No way would he let up. While his tongue trailed over her skin, lapping up her sweet taste, he pulled the other strap down.

Her breath quickened and she braced herself on the wall.

He nipped at her collarbone and down over her shoulder. With both hands, he kneaded her breasts, her already hard nipples scraping against his palms.

"Damn it!" She twisted her hand in his hair.

He reached behind her and pulled down the zipper to her dress. With no straps to support the garment, it pooled at her feet between them

pooled at her feet between them. The site of his wife's nude body caused his erection to throb. "Something wrong?" In an attempt

to show her how everything would go down, he unknotted his tie. She jutted her jaw out, took hold

of his shirt and pulled. The buttons popping off starting from the center and working their way up to his collar and down to his belt. "Is

something wrong with you?" She snuck her fingers inside his shirt, scratching her nails across his chest.

"Nothing we can't fix." He pushed her hand down to the front of his pants.

She stared into his eyes and gave him quite a squeeze. "I thought you didn't want to stay here." Keeping her hold she slid her hand down his Turnabout was fair play. He cupped his hand between her legs.

erection.

"Yeah, well I thought you said we weren't having sex."

"Who says we're having sex?" She

betrayed her own words by bucking her hips. With no resistance, he slid a finger

inside her. "You tell me." He added a second.

second.

"Damn it." She closed her eyes and bit her lip.

The sight of her writhing beneath his touch was all he could stand. "Tell me you love the way I touch you." He continued to dole out his pants, she wrapped her hand around him and returned the favor.

"Tell me." He put his arm around her waist and sped up, wanting to bring her close.

Her body shook. "Oh, God."

"Tell me you want me inside you."

She held her breath. Any second

He prodded her some more.

he could make her come.

pleasure and using only one hand practically tore himself out of the

"Randolph." Once free of his

rest of his clothes.

In an abrupt move, he stopped. "Ah!" Her knees went weak and she held on to him. "Now,

Randolph."

At her plea, he held her to him, laid her down on the floor and

entered her. Warm and wet, she encompassed him, a metaphor for every second they had been together.

She sucked in her breath, and let out a little whimper.

Though he wanted to continue the torture, tease her to show her what he could do to her, he couldn't

Hard thrusts shooting needed pleasure though him.

An active lover, she kept up with

resist and instead drove into her.

An active lover, she kept up with him, her hips meeting his with every stroke, their bodies colliding "All week I couldn't stop thinking about you." He hooked his arm around one of her legs, pulling it up

together. "Like that."

and back, giving into his own primal urge to be deep inside her. Damn if he didn't want to ravish her.

"Don't stop." She grasped his shoulders. "Randolph."

"Do you need to come?" His own desire accelerated, he sped up his strokes.

"Randolph!"

He got his answer by how she screamed his name, how her body froze, but her core rippled around him. Never had he felt a woman around him only served to edge him on. "Like that, baby."

Unable to slow down, he lowered

orgasm like his wife, her pulses

his face to her neck, closed his eyes and relished in the buildup. His breath ragged, he fought to inhale as his body climbed. He was almost

out into a sweat. "Damn."

She wrapped her arms around him. "Let go."

there. Almost. "Willow." He broke

Her breathy request was the last bit he needed. He propelled into her one last time. "Yes!" Wracked with the first flood of release, his body went rigid.

"Come on." She held him tighter and continued to coax him on.

Another wave hit, and another,

ecstasy and satisfaction took over as his climax continued. His tight muscles went weak, his body still

resonating with the ultimate

"Randolph." "I need a moment." He didn't

pleasure.

want to be apart from her, didn't want to move. All he wanted to do hard wooden floor of Willow's shop.

was be right here. Right here on the "Take your time." She combed her fingers through his hair. "Learn to take your time."

He let out a laugh.
"Tell me something about your art. Something no one knows." Her

whisper sent chills through him.

"You already know more than anyone." He panted. "You tell me something about you."

"I can tell you that you can trust me that I will never say a word. Tell me something that's only mine."

He paused, concentrated on how he felt her heart beat. "One day I was driving and got turned around and I began driving through some poorer neighborhoods and noticed how some tried to make their area nicer with art. Then I saw a school in strength finding him, he lifted his head. "I couldn't get it out of my head and I came back that night and made them a garden to look at instead." "Thank you for telling me and thank you for my art." She ran her fingers over his chin and shook her head. "Promise that one day you'll let me see you create something." "Come here." He turned over and put her on top of him.

"Promise." She pushed herself up. No one ever took an interest in anything about him but his money.

a rundown area and thought it needed that touch." With a little "I promise."

Her body melded into his and her hair fell around him. She lowered

her head to his chest. He closed his eyes and traced the outline of her ear with his fingertip.

"Willow."

She moaned.

"Yes." She shivered.

He found his suit jacket and draped it over her. "I hated going home and not finding you there."

"Did you miss me or were you scared I would foil your plans?"

"I started out thinking the worst."

He shrugged. "Every bad scenario."

She raised her head. "And?"

"I never came home to someone before. I don't know." He looked up at the ceiling, noticing the fluorescent stars she must have stuck on the ceiling. "We can stay here tonight, whatever you want." She stared down at him. The stars

behind her fit her to a tee. Unable to

resist, he leaned up and brushed his lips against hers. A soft kiss, the one he should have given her before when she first came walking through the alley instead of talking about insurance. "Don't walk alone again, please. Call me and I'll get you." Nothing he wanted to say would

leave his mouth.

"You can't always look out for me." She sat up. "I think we should go back to the house."

He propped himself up on his elbows. "Why?"

"Though I would love to sleep

knowing my art is right here, Nan and Jeb are there, we have a shower there, and our bed is really

comfortable." She stood and gathered up their clothes.

"That's not what I asked." He

"That's not what I asked." He joined her and held his hand out stopping her dressing. "Who said I couldn't look out for you?"

She handed him his shirt. "Our contract."

Buy Links:

Amazon

About the Author:

Kim Carmichael began writing nine years ago when her love of happy endings inspired her to create her own.

A Southern California native, Kim's contemporary romance combines Hollywood magic with pop culture to create quirky characters set against some of most unique and colorful settings in the world.

With a weakness for designer purses, bad boys and techno geeks, Kim married her own computer whiz after he proved he could keep her all her gadgets running and finally admitted handbags were an investment.

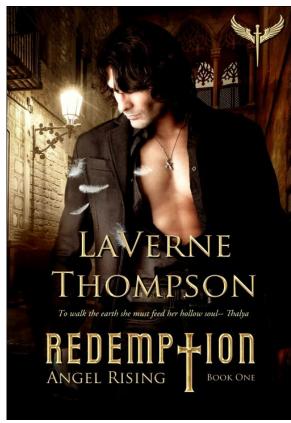
A multi-published author, Kim is a PAN member of the Romance Writers of America, as well as some small specialty chapters.

When not writing, she can usually be found slathered in sunscreen trolling Los Angeles and helping top doctors build their practices.

Social Links:

Website Blog Amazon Author Page Twitter Facebook Chargge

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LaVerne Thompson

Angel Rising - Redemption

Blurb:

To walk the earth she must feed her hollow soul.

Some of the most beautiful people in the world are not human. They have no soul, feel no emotion and are pure evil. You can tell by the color of their dark, dead eyes.

all the son of a human mother and soulless father. He is, half human and a hunter of the soulless. He is also in love with one who cannot love him back. Thalya is a soulless creature, but unlike others of her kind, she does not kill to feed her hollow soul. She hungers only for emotion and above all she hungers for Samuel's love. Her enemy. Her redemption. And she's willing to kill for it.

Samuel Glaus knows this. He is after

Excerpt:

time of the modern year. The onset of depression. The time mortals realize they've spent way too much of the money they did not have over the holidays and now owed more than they could afford. Then, maybe they have gained twenty pounds during those holidays on top of the

Winter boasted her most fulfilling

overweight. Or how about the woman, who at thirty, not only didn't get an engagement ring for Christmas, but also by New Year's, she no longer has a boyfriend?

twenty already making them

she no longer has a boyfriend?

To walk the earth she must feed her hollow soul. Yes, this time of

emotion. The kind she craved. Mortals were so ripe for plucking. Hunger had her licking her full cranberry-colored lips in anticipation...the void within would soon be filled.

Opening up her senses, she sniffed

year kept the void inside her full of

out the most depressed in the city block around her. While she had no human sense of smell, the scents of emotions to her were as potent, as humans would say a bouquet of freshly cut roses. She could have gone out and canvassed a wider area but her favorite show, Being Human would start in a half hour. She never liked recording the program if she could help it, so she tried not to miss an episode.

Thalya preferred to live in the

moment, because she'd had enough

of the past. Besides, she didn't have to go far, plenty of depression existed right around her. Why, right across the street a man entered the park. The scent of his depression

rode right to her on the wind. Hot, potent and yummy, she would feed on it for a few days. There were no others of her kind in the area, so she wouldn't have to warn anyone off. Although, quite a few soulless resided in New York, the size of the

area ensured she didn't run into others if she didn't want to, which she usually didn't. Going back inside her penthouse

condo, she walked across thick sandcolored carpet. Her artist friend, Franklin, would have both loved and

hated the great room. Loved it for the cool colors—reds, beiges, and golds. Those had been his favorites, but then she'd stuck a long, extrawide black leather sofa smack in the center of it. He hated leather and

black. Franklin, long gone...just another from her past.

She changed her mind about

recording her show and headed for her entertainment control pad sitting on the low side table. The pad came with the flat TV. Picking up the control, she programmed it. Just in case. A long, dark chocolate colored leather coat lay over the arm of the sofa. She grabbed the coat, put it on and headed for her private elevator. She didn't need it but she wanted to blend in. No jumping from her balcony or moving too fast for any mortal eyes to see. Tonight she would act normal. Normal, at least for a human. As an additional benefit, when she walked through her lobby to get to the street, she immediate surroundings, sampling a taste of surface emotions as she passed by. A nice appetizer before her main course. Not all of her kind could suck out

would open her senses to her

olden, one from a time long past and more powerful than most, she could. But other things also set her apart from those like her. She did not need

emotion without touch but as an

to kill her providers or have them kill others to satisfy her needs. Draining humans of their depression, her emotion of choice, more than satisfied her. Why, she didn't even have to cause it. Humans

afterwards, they usually woke up feeling less depressed. Hers represented a more symbiotic relationship. She actually helped people, much like a psychiatrist would. Only, instead of talking them out of their depression, she drained it right out of them.

had it in abundance. She merely put her providers to sleep and

The elevator door opened and she got on.

This hotel where she lived also

This hotel where she lived also housed private residences, but a few guest milled around the lobby for the evening. Just enough people around with some serious issues to make her grin and tremble within her ankle-length leather coat. "Delicious," she purred, savoring her version of oysters on a half

shell. Red knee high stiletto boots clicked as she crossed the polished marble floor. She ignored the

appreciative looks of the men and

women as she glided among them, intentionally projecting a do not approach compulsion. Look but don't touch, unless she was the one doing the touching.

The doorman opened the door

for her and smiled. "Good evening. Cold one tonight." Bundled in layers and with a wool cap on his head, he

stood directly beneath a heating vent to stay warm. He always spoke. She rarely did

and tonight, she didn't. She flashed him some teeth in the semblance of a smile. At least she hoped it looked like a smile and not a grimace. Happiness. It rolled off him in waves. She'd never tried draining

that emotion from her providers, although over the centuries she'd met a few of her kind who preferred it. Anything to fill the void in the soulless place. But stealing someone else's happiness always seemed unnecessary to her. Depression worked just fine.

man she'd sensed beckoned her to follow him. After crossing the street, Thalya entered the park. It didn't take long to find him.

He sat on a bench at the other end of the park, leaning over with his

head in his hands.

Out on the sidewalk, the scent hit her again. Like a shining point of light in dark woods, the depressed

thoughts until she actually touched him. No matter, she sensed his depression.

He'd picked a bench away from the lighted path, but they didn't have

complete privacy. A few people

She wouldn't be able to read his

end and they weren't far from the street. Still, she could not resist. No more than the moth could fight being drawn to a roaring flame. They were secluded enough for her

walked through the park at the other

in their direction any time, but no one would see anything alarming. Just a beautiful woman sitting with a man. Even if they did notice, it wouldn't prevent her from doing

purpose. Besides, anyone could look

She sat on the bench next to him; he didn't even bother to look up. Thalya placed her hand on his

what she must. Her survival

demanded it.

shoulder and her inner feminine muscles contracted to the point, she almost had an orgasm.

Depression, and so potent.

"Mmm, good," she murmured.

At her touch, he raised red-

rimmed eyes in her direction.

Finally, she had his attention.

He pulled back slightly, some form of self-preservation kicking in.

"Who—are you?"

"Shhh. It will be all right. I

promise," she whispered.

The man sat up and she wrapped

her arms around him.
Unable to help himself, he let her.

Unable to help himself, he let her. Hmm, handsome. She always Well, hardly ever. She nuzzled the side of his neck. Under the alcohol he'd indulged in, he had a nice clear human scent. Given his emotional state, she'd expected the scent of alcohol to be stronger. Surprisingly

she only caught a slight whiff. No more than a beer. Maybe he just started on his drinking for the

seemed to gravitate toward the young, good-looking ones, although she'd never sleep with any of them.

evening. Didn't matter. Whatever he'd ingested, she didn't care about. "What—?"

She didn't give him a chance to say more. Instead, she made her way

to his mouth, which opened as soon as she pressed her lips against his. Unleashing her powers, she inhaled his depression into the starving

emptiness that should have housed her soul, and at the same time, began to read his memories.

Poor thing. Karl, yes...Karl Hammer. He'd recently lost his job and his wife, pregnant with their first

child, someone didn't know about it. He'd swallowed his pride and asked his blood uncle of sorts for help. Except Karl hadn't spoken to his uncle in years. Mmm, interesting. She probed for the reason why.

Samuel and the others like him

master hunter of the soulless and Karl, merely...bait. "What the hell?" Thalya pulled away from the man who now slumped against her shoulder. She'd drained him of his depression and swallowed his more recent memories in seconds, but his last thought had her trembling. The soulless did not

lived a dangerous life. Samuel, a

know fear, but throughout the ages, a small secret group of humans would appear who were aware of their existence. Well trained in combating her kind, they made it their life's work to hunt and destroy every soulless. But—that happened a long, long time ago, when the soulless killed more openly and much less discretely.

Didn't it?

Buy Links: Amazon Barnes and Noble

About the Author:

LaVerne Thompson is an award winning, best-selling, multi-published author, an avid reader and a writer of contemporary, fantasy, and sci/fi sensual romances. She also writes romantic suspense and new adult romance under the pen name

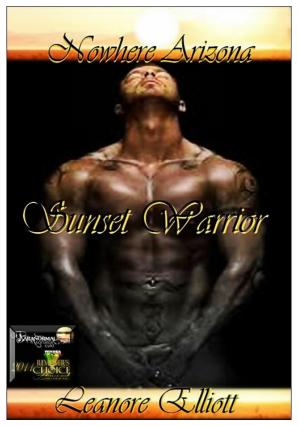
Ursula Sinclair.

She is currently working on several projects. Both of her daughters are now away at college. However, she and her husband don't like the term empty nester. She's added a cat to the household to keep the dog of the house company. Hopefully, writing will keep her sane.

Social Links: Website Blog Amazon Author Page Facebook Twitter

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Leanore Elliott

Nowhere Arizona

Blurb:

Can A Myth Change Your Life?
Paranormal Romance with a Native
American Myth Twist...

Madeline Sayers finds herself in the middle of nowhere. Nowhere, Arizona, that is. Out of the blistering heat of the sun, she sees Devon. Although, in her eyes he is truly magnificent, she fears him. Will he make her tear down the walls that

she had built around herself? The seduction is hot and the colors are bright in Nowhere Arizona.

Excerpt:

The Skywalk Lodge appeared crowded. People milled around, and a large tour group traveled through the lower floor. Madeline wore her light-green sundress, made her slow descent on the stairs, and didn't care about the tourists or the beautiful view of the sky bridge through the high-arched windows. Thinking only about only one motivation: to see Devon, and she'd for him.
Outside, the sun shone bright, and

spent a half an hour already, looking

Madeline shaded her newly-healed eyes with her hand. Where am I supposed to go?

A magnificent black stallion

galloped straight toward the entrance, while tourists on the sidewalk gaped and stepped to the side. Shirtless and wearing traditional Indian leather pants, along with his stunning smile, Devon rode right to the door and lifted her onto his lap. Madeline laughed with pure abandon and joy at his swift, spontaneous maneuver. Tourists gawked at the sight and spoke quietly to each other, while the Hualapai People all stood with their heads bowed in reverence.

Madeline wrapped her arms around his neck, and her laughter drifted along the hushed, crowded sidewalk. They rode straight up a rocky path, and she could hear the Indians let out cheers and wild guttural calls from the walk behind them. His People were right; they knew he would come for me. She grinned.

She peered at the narrow, treacherous path, aware of its steep danger and felt no fear, but only

Devon again. She chose to spend her time and exhilarated energy kissing his neck the entire ride on the canyon-rimmed path. Oh, he tastes so good! The intoxicating flavor of his skin enhanced the excitement of the wild ride. I could fill my mouth with this flavor for

experienced elation at being with

The path plummeted downwards, and finally they came to the bottom as the horse fell into a stately gallop at the side of the river. With her long suckling of his neck, Devon's wicked smile edged at his lips as he navigated the horse.

the rest of my life!

Reluctantly, she removed her mouth from his neck and surveyed the colorful canyon walls rising above them.

They rode in the shade from the canyon walls and the horse slowed as the terrain became smoother. Devon whistled loudly and the horse instantly adjusted to a slow walk. Madeline looked out over the widening river. The sun sparkled on it and glittered upon the small swirls in the flowing current. "How beautiful "

"Yes, you certainly are." Devon reached around, placed his hands over her breasts, and held one in

"Um..." She swallowed heavily as her body responded.

He leaned in close to her ear. "I instructed them to give you only the

each hand as he flicked her nipples

with his thumbs.

dress, no underwear or bra."

She shivered. "So, you planned to—?"

"Yes, Maddy. To ravish you in the very dress you wore the day I met you." His mouth lowered to her neck and he kissed her skin.

Her heart pounded in her chest as she remembered she'd contemplated going back to Malibu, and would've never felt this glorious again. Her her downfall list, a luxury to avoid at all costs. That ugly, self-centered Madeline nearly cost her the most important deal of her life.

pride now existed as something on

A realization of Phoebe and Rick's sad story dawned on her, and she finally understood what everything meant. When you get your chance, don't mess it up, because you may never find it again.

Interrupting her musings, Devon removed his mouth from her neck. "I am gonna lift your dress,

Maddy." He smiled to her cheek. "I figure you know me well enough by

now."

Madeline felt his voice and breath on her cheek, and her body

pulsated with anticipation while he tugged her dress to her waist. Breathless with the ride, his body rubbing along hers, and the brilliant colors of the rock cliffs dazzling her eyes, she could smell the sweet pine scent of him. Nervously breathing in through her nose, Madeline had never felt so alive

Abruptly, Devon removed both hands for a moment and she clutched at the horse's mane to keep steady. "What are you doing?" His

and warm.

her hips, lifting her as she drew in a sharp, flabbergasted breath. With a strong but swift motion, he scooted her body back toward him.

Astonishment rushed over her as

hands returned and he took hold of

Astonishment rushed over her as she realized what Devon meant to do. "You're not going to—do this here, are you?"

He tugged her hips down onto his lap and entered her, leaning close to her ear again. "What? You've never ridden before?" His wicked voice taunted her.

Madeline shuddered and felt herself go instantly wet around his cock as it slid high inside of her. The motion of the horse's gait caused her body to bounce up and down on him as she grasped the horse's mane. "Oh," The rhythmic sliding helped by Devon's hold on her hips. His hand came around under her sundress, pinching her nipples with his warm fingers. Never before had Madeline envisioned anything as erotic as

this! This rhythmic riding of his cock in such a penetrating way jolted her insides, and a climax overwhelmed her almost immediately. "Oh, no," she exclaimed frantically as her orgasm peaked.

"Ride, Madeline, ride," he breathed into her ear with a throaty growl.

Her body writhed ferociously with a sensual spasm, and she let go of the mane. "Ahh!" Her shout echoed through the canyon, and in embarrassment, she bit down on her lip to quiet herself.

Helpless to control her body's reactions, she leaned heavily back against Devon's sleek chest, as he remained inside of her. Her body pulsed and little tremors ran through her as she struggled for air. He pulsated hard inside of her, as the horse continued its path beside the

Devon laugh quietly in her ear, and she shook her head to clear it.

The horse's rhythm kept jostling her, and she moaned with amazed gratification. Devon continued to hold her to him while he grasped her hips.

"No more," she breathlessly

pleaded.
"It's gonna be a long ride, Maddy

girl."

She gulped heavily as her body

vibrated with building need again, while his fingers found her pulsing clit.

"Yes, a hard ride before we get

to the planned destination." Devon rubbed her tender, wet skin with a relentless caress.

"No, Dev, I can't stand it!"
Rubbing her faster and harder,

his fingers slipped through the moisture as it seeped from her and abruptly, he gave out a loud whistle.

Madeline jumped at the blaring whistle in her ear, and he held her tighter with his arm around her waist as the horse went into a trot. "No, Dev!" she begged.

The trotting caused his cock thrusting to increase in force. "Unh---unh," she breathed out with a helpless desperation as her body

rose and descended on his lap.

"Mmm," he moaned into her ear, and at the sensuous moan, her body peaked again.

"One more whistle?" he teased.

Madeline fought for air, while her body begged for release she couldn't speak, and shook her head.

Devon held an amused expression on his face as he let out the dreaded whistle. The horse escalated to a run, and the river rose past its legs as the water

splashed over on them.

Madeline screamed while trapped in enthralling rapture.

With a strong grip, he held her

hips in place and allowed the impelling thrusts to pound inside of her. Devon lifted her as the surface of the desert floor changed and rocks appeared on the path below them, and when it smoothed out, he would ease her back down on his waiting cock.

An exquisite ecstasy flowed through her as she felt his cock throb and swell inside of her. She could hear his slight groan in her ear while the heat of his cum flowed into her. Clenching her thighs, Madeline was overwhelmed by the powerful sensations. A splendid wonder of such an erotic

ride spread through her being as she even felt the tip of him touch her deep inside.

The muscles of her inner thighs

twitched helplessly, and she tried to keep from screaming her euphoria aloud.

Panting in her ear, Devon laughed with wicked approval. "Mmm, yes, what a ride!" Her body grew rigid as the tightening took hold of her, and she could not eatch her breath as the rapturous feeling ran all the way up her torso.

He whistled again, and the horse slowed back down to a walk.

Madeline fell forward with an

enormous, rasping breath.

Devon held onto her, clicking his tongue at the horse with a strange,

tongue at the horse with a strange, guttural snapping sound. The horse halted, and he raised her limp body to his chest.

Hyperventilating, she couldn't speak as the sunlight swirled before her vision and the sparkling water spun around her.

Buy Link: Amazon

About the Author:

LEANORE ELLIOTT lives books, so much so, her obsession has

their books published. So far, in the last 4 years, she has edited over 300 books, made 300 Kindle books, about 200 ePUBs, created 55 covers and designed 30 book trailers. She's made 95 books into prints. By other authors, Leanore has been called: The Book Fairy, The Goddess

led to helping other authors to get

she's been called by her nickname of, 'Wicked'.
She has now written 35 of her own works as well.

Shimmering Armor, A Book Queen,

The Book Angel. But more often,

of Editing, A Knightess in

Series, Full of Hot Cowboys and their Sassy Women...

I write as the Wicked Muse, delivering hot, unique types of romance. From Contemporary Erotica For Women and BBW Erotica, all the way to the Erotic Paranormal. I have also wrote in,

Author of the Best Selling Velvet

Anthology Collections.
On Amazon, we have given away
55,000 of her books in free
promotion. Wicked Leanore's
Thirty-sixth novel will be finished in
June 2015. Find the author at her fan
page that a loving group of fans

edited and designed 6 Romance

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LILY HARLEM



Lily Harlem

In Expert Hands

Blurb:

Imogen White has it all—a high-flying career, a prestigious London home and friends she knows will fight her corner. She's going up, and she's in control, she's also got the hots for one very important, very sexy client.

Kane Ward is a self-made billionaire whose determination to be the best

has everything money can buy, yachts, jets, and villas in all four corners of the globe, but even he can't buy time to suit his needs.

of the best has left him alone. He

And his needs are very specific, his desires a particular shade of kink and his tastes anything but vanilla. So when he sets his sights on Imogen it's a given that things are going to get dark, that pleasure will be laced with pain and determining his success will be measured by her blushes and gasps and cries of delight. But Imogen doesn't need to worry, she's in expert hands and her every fantasy is about to come true—and then some she'd never imagined even in her wildest dreams.

Excerpt:

Imogen groaned and pressed her palms over his knuckles. She'd been on the edge for what felt like hours and now she needed more, so much more. "I agree, it's been a long day."

"I'm not talking about today." He kissed up her neck, to the shell of her ear.

"You're not?"

"No, I've been waiting for this for months. Waiting to get my hands on you, touch you, learn everything about you."

She shut her eyes and let those

words settle. Damn, it was exactly how she felt too. "Kane."
"Yes?"

"Fuck me."
He chuckled and grazed his teeth

over her ear lobe. "I always knew there was a bad girl in there."

"Yes, well, I think you've tempted her out to play." Her voice was

breathy.

Suddenly he spun her to face him.

She gasped. Her chest mashed against his shirt and his cock strained at her belly as he pulled her

"Be careful, baby, you're playing with a Dom." He rammed his mouth

close.

down on hers. His tongue probed between her lips, and as he slanted his head to get a better angle it went deeper, sweeping into her mouth.

Imogen clung to his shoulders and gave as good as she got. She'd been waiting so long for this kiss.

This hot, hard, desperate kiss with Kane. The man of her fantasies, the man who was now holding her as if he would never let go.

He stooped and cupped her ass.

Imogen was lifted into the air. Instinctively, she wrapped her legs his neck. She clung to him. Their kiss didn't break as he strode toward her bedroom.

The thin strip of material

around his waist and her arms about

covering her pussy was damp and pressing onto Kane's clothing. She wanted him naked. So many times she'd imagined his bare torso, and now here she was with barely a stitch on and he was fully dressed. She reached for the top fastened button on his shirt and one handedly undid it. Time to rectify the situation.

He kept on walking as she undid the next and the next. Once in the bedroom, he tipped her onto the by her legs still curled about his waist. She pulled at the material on his shirt and yanked it from the waistband of his trousers. With another tug she had it up his back and sliding over his head.

Finally she had a chance to admire Kane's body. Even though the room

bed. He hovered over her, trapped

was in semi-darkness, she could see that his skin was tanned and his pecs and abs defined. He had a good coating of body hair, which she'd expect as he was so dark and his facial stubble so thick. What she hadn't expected were three small tattoos just below his right collarbone—small stars, like the ones on his jacket at the club.

She slid her hands over him,

caught his nipples beneath her fingers then smoothed round to his shoulders.

He released a small moan. "Imogen."
"Mmm?"

"While I still have some rational thought in my head, I should ask..."

He paused and looked down at her breasts.

"What?"

"Should I? Do I need to wear a condom?" He glanced back up at her face. "I'm clean."

a few months ago."

"And..." He pressed his groin against her pussy and the hard length of his cock rubbed over her panties. "Are we in danger of making any

little Kane and Imogens?" His lips twitched, as if he were holding in a

It hadn't been what she'd been expecting him to ask. She let her legs slip from the tight grip she had on his waist. "I er...no. I had full check

smile.

She caught her breath. "No, no that's covered. Pill." But damn, the thought of having his babies...

"In that case, we should get this show on the road."

"Yes, take the bull by the horns," she added.
"Excellent analogy." He dropped

his head and kissed her. As he did so, he maneuvered them both up the

bed until her head was on the pillow.

Imogen ran her hands over his buttocks, touching him through his

trousers. Damn, why was he still wearing clothes? "Take these off," she said. "Now."

"Bossy little thing, aren't you," he said, ducking and taking her right nipple into his mouth. He massaged her other breast, tweaking and teasing, scooping the flesh into his palm

hands over his hair. So many times she'd dreamed of touching him, having him touch her, and now it was happening.

Imogen shut her eyes and ran her

He spread his kisses downward, over her navel and to her lower abdomen, his hands spanning her waist, his thumbs stroking her skin.

She fisted the sheet and watched as he kissed her mound over her panties. He lingered and breathed deep, as though taking in her aroused scent.

"Kane..."

"You have no idea what you do to me," he said, slipping his fingers into "Fuck. I just want to fuck. Take you to places you haven't been before."

"So do it. Take me."

He shut his eyes for a moment and shook his head. "Give me strength." He pulled at her knickers

the elastic of her underwear. "Or

how difficult this is for me." "What do you mean?"

exposing her thin strip of pubic hair and her pussy.

He moved quickly and efficiently, tugged them over her feet then

He loomed large through the shadows. He was breathing fast, his

stood from the bed.

and undid it, slowly drawing the leather through the loops.

She swallowed and watched it slide free.

He twisted the buckle end around

his fist, twice.

wide shoulders shifting up and down. He reached for his belt buckle

Imogen stared at the leather held tight in his hand and the dangling strip that hung down past his knee. Damn, that looked like a pretty good flogging implement.

Is that what he's going to do?

She clenched her buttocks.

Butterflies of nerves alighted in her

stomach. He'd said vanilla—had he

changed his mind? Was he going to make her ass red and sore then fuck her?

He was staring at her, just staring

at her.

She felt sacrificial, vulnerable...

she felt like his.
"Damn it," he muttered, dropping

the belt suddenly. He undid his fly and his trousers loosened. He pushed them off then slipped his black boxer briefs down his legs.

Imogen wished the lights in the room were on, that she had more than just the glow from the New York skyline. She wanted to see him, all of him.

He stepped to the side of the bed, and she saw his cock in silhouette, jutting up and out from a mass of groin hair.

Fuck, the guy was big, but again, she'd expected that.

As if guessing her thoughts about light, he flicked on the side lamp. A warm radiance filled the room.

"I need to see you," he said,

climbing onto the bed next to her. "Every bit of you."

Imogen nodded and reached for him. She dragged his warm body

him. She dragged his warm body close and breathed in the scent of his skin.

He kissed her, his cock nudging

upper body. "I need to know," he murmured, "what you liked and didn't like at the club." "Is this business talk?" She pulled back and traced her finger over his

against her hip as he stroked her

jawline. "You want to know if I liked the color of the walls?" "No," he growled. "I want to know what turned you on. Made you

wet..." His caress traveled to her pussy. "Here." He dipped his finger between her lips and pressed her clit, just lightly.

"Mmm..." Imogen said, "that turns me on."

"I mean the spanking you saw.

spoke onto her cheek then kissed up to her temple.

"Hot, sexy, I...liked it."

He eased through her pussy and

How did that make you feel?" he

found her entrance.

Imogen spread her legs wider,
wanting to feel him there needing

wanting to feel him there, needing penetration. "Oh..." she said on a sigh. "Yes...more..."

sigh. "Yes...more..."

"Talk and I'll give you more."

Talk, yes, she could do that. "I liked watching the flogging, the woman on the bench, that turned me on. Seeing her strapped down, fucked like that."

"At the club you said *but*. I asked

you said yes *but...*" He smoothed around her pussy, teasing by not going near her clit or inside her.

"But." Fuck, she struggled to remember now. Kane touching her was pretty distracting. She shifted

her hips, hoping for more.

if you'd like to be that woman and

against her ear. "Tell me, but what?"
Ah, now she recalled the words that had been in her head. "But, but I wanted it to be you, Kane, not Master Zen behind me, flogging me, fucking me. I would only do that with you."

"Oh, perfect answer." He pushed

"What was the but ...?" he asked

internal muscles around the invasion.

"Jesus, you're so hot and tight," he said, propping onto his elbow and looking down at her.

Imogen moaned and clenched her

into her—two long, firm fingers.

"And you've got me ready to beg for it," she managed, reaching for his cock. It was time to get serious. "Ah, ah, ah..." He shifted away

and gave a devilish grin. "Not yet, you must tell me more."

"About what?" She pouted.

"The club" He withdrew from

"The club." He withdrew from her pussy then pushed back in, a slow finger fuck. "Tell me about the cross," he said.
"Would you like to be tied to that with me paddling your sexy ass until it's red and sore?"
"Yes. Yes, I'd try it." Just the

thought sent more moisture to her

The heel of his hand connected

hot.

pussy.

Imogen gripped his forearm and felt his muscles tense beneath the skin as he moved. Damn, the guy was hot, a tease for sure, but really

with her clit and produced the dense pressure she'd been craving. She moaned and clutched him tighter. "And the butt plug?" he said, "Have you ever tried one?"
"No...never."

He set up a steady rhythm, in and out of her pussy, riding over her clit. An orgasm was buried deep, but his

ministrations were tempting it to the surface. She groaned and squirmed; the soft, moist sounds of him easing into her dampness turned her on all

the more.
"So you're an anal virgin?" he

whispered.

"Er, yes, I suppose so." She'd

never really thought about anal sex. Never been with anyone who'd

suggested trying it.

"How delicious," he whispered. "To have all that pleasure to come."

"What about bondage?" he asked, upping the pace of his hand.

"Oh, God." Imogen tensed her thighs and closed her eyes. He was getting it just right, mounting up the

pressure. "Imogen," he said sternly. "Bondage. You ever been tied up?"

"Er no, I mean, yes, once, with a scarf, messing about...not like that..." She paused. An orgasm was approaching.

"Not like what?"

"So seriously, ropes, benches...

ah...fuck, I'm going to..." "You've never been strapped down with ropes and handcuffs."

"No, no... I, God, please, I'm coming..."

"Yes, you may come, come now."

He ratcheted it up a level, fingering her G-spot and rubbing her clit. "Come, baby. I need to see you

come." "I'm coming now." She opened her eyes and stared up at him.

He was looking at her with wild intensity, his shoulder shifting as he pumped his fingers into her hard and fast.

Her abdomen tensed and she

She gasped as release overtook her. She dug her fingernails into his forearm as pleasure shot from her pussy. Her skin tingled, her cunt

curled forward, pressing onto him.

spasmed. Still he kept on dragging out her bliss.

"So fucking beautiful," he said, "I knew you would be."

"Oh... Kane..." She pushed at his hand—it was so much, too much. "That's it, please. I need to

catch...my breath."

He slipped his hand from her and she flopped backward and drew her legs together. Aftershocks rippled through her pussy and she moaned He caught her face in his damp hand and kissed her, his stubble catching on her chin.

with each one.

After a moment she pulled back. "You play dirty," she said, smiling. "What? Me?" He tweaked her

right nipple and drew it to a point. "Yes you, Mr Ward."

He smiled. "I just have ways and means of getting what I want." "And you wanted to find out

about my sexual experience to date."

"I've only just scratched the

surface of what I want to find out about you, and only just started on the experiences I want to give you." between his teeth. He bit gently then tugged, pulling it to a long, stretched point.

Imogen let out a juddering sigh;

He leaned down and took her nipple

the discomfort held dark pleasure. She wanted him to stop but wanted more.

Kane released her nipple then applied the same treatment to the other one.

Again she tensed at the pain, but then relaxed into it, let it spread over her breast.

He stopped and a slow smile tugged his lips wide. "It's time to fuck," he said.

"Yes." Her heart was beating wildly—she was desperate to feel him inside her.

She reached for him as he slid

over her, his body weight pressing

into her slightly. He was all she could see, smell, feel. Had she ever been so overtaken by a man before? His cock nudged up against her

His cock nudged up against her entrance and she spread her legs wider.

"I want you to come again," he said, his lips brushing hers as he spoke. "I want to feel you come around my dick."

Buy Links:

Amazon US Amazon UK

About the Author:

an award-winning, multi-published author of contemporary erotic romance. She writes for publishers on both sides of the Atlantic including HarperCollins, Totally Bound, Xcite, Ellora's Cave and

Sweetmeats Press. Her Hot Ice series

Lily Harlem lives in the UK and is

regularly receives high praise and industry nominations.

Before turning her hand to writing Lily Harlem worked as a trauma

nurse and her latest HarperCollins

experiences while nursing in London. Lily also self-publishes and The Silk Tie, The Glass Knot, In Expert Hands and Scored have been blessed with many 5* reviews since their release.

release, <u>Confessions of a Naughty</u> <u>Night Nurse</u> draws on her many

Lily writes MF, MM and ménage a trois, her books regularly hit the #1 spot on Amazon Best Seller lists and Breathe You In was named a USA

Today Reviewer's Recommended Read of 2014. Her latest MM novel is <u>Dark Warrior</u>.

Dae and publishes under the name Harlem Dae - check out the Sexy as Hell Box Set available exclusively on Amazon - The Novice, The Player

Lily also co-authors with Natalie

and The Vixen - and That Filthy Book which has been hailed as a novel 'every woman should read'.

One thing you can be sure of, whatever book you pick up by Ms Harlem, is it will be wildly romantic and down-and-dirty sexy. Enjoy!

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Lola St Vil

The Noru Book 1: Blue Rose

Blurb:

to late.

ever lived. He's a dangerous demon with a violent path, And the only one who can save her. Love found them. Now this demon will have to guide his angel out of hell before it's

She's the most powerful angel that

Excerpt:

of trying to ditch my babysitters. So, I set out to do the two things I had become amazingly good at: drinking and fighting. Actually I had become good at another thing: sleeping around. It turns out girls are turned on by twisted, pissed off, self-destructed half demons. But it wasn't really about sex. After being at The Center I found it impossible to be alone. When I tried to Recharge, the flashes would come. I didn't even know angels could have nightmares but that's the only way I

The night I met Ruin, I was tired

could describe what was happening to me. I'd jump out of bed terrified I was back in The Center again. I'd shake for several minutes and my powers would be out of whack. When I turned over and saw someone in bed alongside me, it helped to know that I wasn't alone. I know it sounds like I used the girls, hell maybe I did. But they used me too. Mostly they slept with me because they wanted to know what it was like to sleep with "Silver." They'd ask about my powers, what it was like to be Rage's son, and a thousand other stupid questions. Ever since The Center, my life became a series of regrettable one-night stands and empty encounters. The sad part is no amount of drinking I did could take away the two memories I long to forget: The Center and Pryor. The fact is, even if I didn't make the deal I made with The Center, I still couldn't be with Pryor. She'd never accept me knowing what I've become: A worthless screw-up. Ever since I was born there were mass debates about whether I would be good or evil. Some angels believe that because my mother was the second in command, that I would inherit her power, soul, and

her sense of right and wrong. Other angels focused on the fact that Rage, my dad, was the top-ranking demon and that I was surely going to follow in his footsteps. Yes, my father ended up joining with good and saving humanity, but angels are quick to forget that. It's simple: once a demon, always a demon. Well maybe they're right. Maybe I will also be rotten to my very soul. In that case staying away from Pryor really is the best possible thing. The night I met Ruin, I had just beaten the hell out of some demons and managed to ditch the Para babysitters, at least for the the most comfortable: the nearest demon bar. I was drinking my fourth or maybe fifth bottle of Coy. Angel alcohol really is the best thing Omnis ever allowed to be created. I was inspecting the bloody gash just below my eye, courtesy of my latest brawl, when I heard someone address me from behind. "You're in my seat," he says in a dark tone. I don't turn around to find out who's talking because I don't care. I just shook my head and continue to drink the Coy silently. "Did you hear me you half-angel bastard, get the hell up," the being demands. I

time being. I went to the place I felt

right, get your ass up." I step aside and allow him to take my seat at the bar. He makes himself comfortable and addresses the rest of the bar. "You see? That Noru shit is crap. This kid can't take us on. Hell, he'd be nothing without his daddy to protect him," the demon says. They all began to laugh. He drank the rest of my Coy."Hope you don't mind," he says sardonically. "I think it's only fair," I tell him. "What the hell are you talking about?" he asks.

put down my Coy mug and stood up slowly. Then I turned to face the demon that addressed me. "That's one last drink before they die," I replied.
"Bullshit, you can't—"
Before the demon could finish

"I think everyone should have

his thought, I bashed him in the head with the heavy glass mug he was drinking from. Blood squirted out

from the side of his face and he fell to the floor. The other demons inched closer as if they are about to attack. I formed a massive silver

all the demons in the bar.

They stepped back; I got on top

"Is he worth dying for?" I asked

Powerball in the palm of my hand.

of the disrespectful asshole and

beat the crap of out him. I was going to leave it at that but he hurled a Powerball at me just as I was getting up. It flew just past me. Pissed, I picked him up with both hands, hurl him into the wall, and forced a mini Powerball down his mouth. He imploded and it rained down demon flesh. Furious, a demon aimed his Powerball at me. I ducked just in time, and it killed a female demon behind me. The demon, realizing his girl was dead, tackled the demon that threw the Powerball. Soon it was an all-out bar fight. Everyone was out of control; everyone but her. She stood in the corner, wearing a long black body-hugging dress, with a slit that started from her upper thigh down to the floor. The only thing more shocking than her revealing dress was her calm demeanor. She wasn't fazed by the violence around us. In fact she seemed to welcome it. She had black hair, pouty apple red lips, long eyelashes, and curves that could bring down an empire. Our eyes locked. She slowly sauntered over to me, without the slightest concern for the deadly Powerballs that were flying around her. When she got closer, she signaled for me to look down at her dress; there's a tiny speck of blood on it. She leaned in and whispered to me in a raspy, primal voice. "You owe me a new dress," she said simply. Before I could reply she turned and started to head up the stairs to the rooms above the bar. Intrigued, I followed. I found one of her black six-inch heels on the first step. I went up a few more steps and found the other heel. By the time I got to the landing, I had picked up her dress, bra and her panties. There were three rooms on the first floor; her room was the one with the door that's slightly ajar. It's her brazen and confident nature that excites me the most. I'm about to make a mistake but I don't care. I walk in and find her standing stark naked in front of the window, facing away from me as she puts her hair up in a high ponytail. From her demeanor I could tell she was expecting me to be impressed and submit to her. She didn't bother to turn towards me; it's almost as if she was bored with the whole thing. I don't know what she was expecting but it certainly wasn't what happened. I headed for the nightstand and found what usually came in dive places like these: maps to the nearest Seller shop, mini bottles of Coy, and Tam girls could drink the Tam but it's since been improved and guys can take it as well. I swallowed the small vial of protection and turned

(liquid condoms). In the past only

my focus back to the girl at the window. I marched over to her; grab a fistful of her hair and pulled; hard.

She gasped and her eyes widen

she gasped and her eyes widen in shock. Her back is now arched and her nipples stand hard atop full breasts. She flared her arms wildly, trying to gain control. "Be still," I

breasts. She flared her arms wildly, trying to gain control. "Be still," I commanded. She looked back at me defiantly and continued to move against my wishes. I whipped out

cutting through the air caused her to shiver slightly. Then she stopped moving altogether. "Good girl," I replied. I instructed her to open her legs, lean forward, and place her hands against the window. She paused for a moment and

my belt. The sound of the leather

considered defying me. To discourage any disobedience, I brushed the tip of my belt along her inner thigh. She moans softly and does what I say--places her hands against the glass.

"Do not take your hands down

for any reason," I ordered. I knew even before I started that she'll try

feeling. So I was determined to overload her with sensations that made it impossible for her to keep her hands on the glass.

Buy Links:

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to control the situation by not giving in to whatever pleasure she was

About the Author:

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Lola StVil is a New York Times and USA Today bestselling author living in California. She enjoys spending time with her family and staying in touch with her readers.

Social Links:

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"When dream jobs come with dream men... what's not to enjoy? Stately Pleasures, highly recommended." - Lily Harlem



STATELY Pleasures



Lucy Felthouse



Lucy Felthouse Stately Pleasures

Blurb:

Is it possible to have it all?

Alice Brown has just landed her dream job as property manager at Davenport Manor, a British stately home. It's only a nine-month contract to cover maternity leave, but it's the boost up the career ladder she needs.

Security at Davenport Manor, turn the situation around and give her an ultimatum. Faced with the possibility of losing her job, Alice agrees to

their indecent proposal.

On her first day, Alice finds her boss,

compromising position. Jeremy and his best friend Ethan Hayes, Head of

Jeremy Davenport, in

When the dust settles and Alice has time to think, she realises perhaps it isn't such a bad thing after all. But what happens when Alice thinks she's falling for both men?

Excerpt:

Alice took a deep breath, in through her nose and out through her mouth. Repeated the process once more.

Then, realising she could sit there all day doing it and not feel any calmer, she forced herself to step out of the car and close and lock the door.

She bent to peer into the wing mirror of the vehicle and checked her hair and make-up. Satisfied, she straightened, then turned on her heel and walked quickly across the driveway to the great house before her nerve failed her.

Davenport Manor was currently

through the front door and was met by a smiling elderly lady. 'Can I help you?' the woman asked

open for visitors, so she walked in

kindly.

'Yes, please.' Alice twisted her

hands together nervously. T'm here to see Mr Davenport. I'm here for an interview for the property manager's role'

interview for the property manager's role.'

'Yes, of course,' the woman replied, 'that's today, isn't it? Follow

me; I'll take you to Mr Davenport's office. But just hang on one second.'

She ducked through the doorway into the next room and spoke with her colleague. Alice guessed she was

gone for a few minutes. A few seconds later, she was back. 'OK, follow me, Miss ...'
'Brown,' Alice said, then fell in

letting her co-worker know she'd be

behind the other woman as she led her to Mr Davenport's office, and the interview that could change her life for ever. It was hardly surprising that she was shaking like a leaf.

Alice quickly felt lost as their journey took several twists and turns along dim corridors – their blinds drawn to protect paintings, tapestries, and furniture from the sunlight – and up a flight of stairs.

She had a few seconds to worry

lucky enough to get the job, then, suddenly, her guide stopped outside a door and turned around.

about finding her way if she was

'Here you go, Miss Brown. Mr Davenport's office. Good luck with your interview.' Alice smiled and thanked the

elderly woman, then smoothed down her skirt, which also conveniently helped wipe the nervous sweat off her hands. She stood up straight, gave herself a mental pep talk about being more than qualified for the role, and knocked on the door.

Enter.

Alice knew that voice could only

"enter" instead of "come in", screamed money and an upper-class upbringing. Alice was suddenly nervous of her broad Midlands accent and lowly background, despite the fact she'd worked her backside off to get into a decent university in order to gain a Bachelor of Arts degree and then a Master's degree. No matter what she sounded like, or what her past was, she had all the skills necessary to do the job she was about to be interviewed for. Suddenly, she realised that she'd

belong to Jeremy Davenport. The posh accent, and the fact he'd said

handle before the occupants of the room thought they were about to interview some kind of simpleton who couldn't follow a simple instruction.

Fixing a polite – but hopefully not inane – smile onto her face, Alice stepped into Jeremy Davenport's

left rather a long pause before opening the door, and she turned the

office. Her first thought – which certainly did nothing to help her nerves – was good God, he's hot.

Jeremy sat behind a desk, with a heavily pregnant woman sitting beside it. Alice barely noticed the woman. All she saw was him. A man

with cropped dark brown hair, hazel/green eyes, a jawline you could cut bread with, and lips that looked capable of doing incredibly wicked, sexual things to a woman. Or a man. Alice had no idea what his sexuality was, but she found herself hoping he liked women. She chastised herself. Even if he did like women, he wouldn't go for someone like her. A Plain Jane, with mousy brown shoulder-length hair, blue eyes, average height and above average weight. Alice had always known she'd never be a supermodel, so she'd worked extra hard academically, and here she

was. About to be interviewed for her dream job.

Buy Links:

http://lucyfelthouse.co.uk/publis works/stately-pleasures/

About the Author:

Lucy Felthouse is a very busy woman! She writes erotica and erotic romance in a variety of subgenres and pairings, and has over 100 publications to her name, with many more in the pipeline. These include several editions of Best Bondage Erotica, Best Women's Erotica 2013

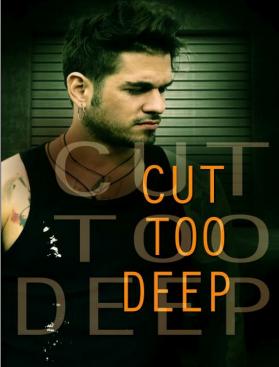
and Best Erotic Romance 2014. Another string to her bow is editing, and she has edited and co-edited a number of anthologies, and also edits for a small publishing house.

She owns **Erotica For All**, is book editor for **Cliterati**, and is one eighth of **The Brit Babes**.

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MARISSA FARRAR



Marissa Farrar

Cut Too Deep

Blurb:

Guys like Ryker Russo don't notice girls like Jenna Armstrong.

Constantly on the move, Jenna doesn't want to settle down anywhere. As long as her latest motel room has a television, wi-fi, and a vending machine, she will make do. It isn't just Jenna's curves that make her self conscious. Beneath her

clothes she hides a secret, one she is running from.

But when her car breaks down,

leaving her without a mode of transport to get to the next town, mechanic Ryker seems to show an

interest in her. With his muscles, tattoos, and piercings, Ryker has trouble literally written all over him. Jenna can't understand why he would want to be seen with a fat girl like her, and besides, she needs to keep moving.

Time is running out and she's

terrified if she stays in one place, her

past will catch up to her.

Excerpt:

He kissed her, deep and hard and hungry. She returned his fervor, her arms around his neck, their tongues dancing and breath fast and heated. Ryker's hands reached down, cupping her ample backside and pressing her harder against him. Excitement spiked inside her, making her heart race. She could feel that he wanted her, the hard length of his arousal pressed into the soft folds of her stomach, and she stood on tiptoes, wanting to feel him against the softest, most intimate part of trying to do and lifted her higher, so they ground together as they kissed, like two horny teenagers. One of his hands left her bottom and slipped beneath her t-shirt,

reaching upward to cup her breast,

her. Ryker sensed what she was

his thumb skirting over the laceencased nipple. Jenna gasped, her body responding, her nipple tightening and crinkling, sending a jolt of pleasure downward, between her thighs. It had been a long time since anyone had touched her there and it ignited a fire inside her, a deep need, a craving to be with him. She fought at his t-shirt, lifting it up and pulling it over his head, amazed at her own brazenness. At the sight of his naked torso, she wanted to weep. Where Garrett had always been strong, but pale and wiry, Ryker had the sort of body she fantasized about. The sleeves of tattoos that ran up both arms stopped at his shoulders. His perfectly formed chest was naked from tattoos with the exception of a pair of birds which flew from his left pectoral. Nubs of silver were embedded in both of his nipples and with a moment of dizziness, she realized his nipples were pierced. Her gaze dropped lower, down the lines of his disappeared beneath the band of his jeans. The jeans sat dangerously low on his hips and she could see the jut of his hip bones protruding from the top and the dark shadows of more tattoos.

Holy hell. Ryker Russo was sexy.

Not only was he sexy, he was

abdominals, to the dip of his navel and the line of dark hair which

kissing her.

Losing the ability to think rationally, she reached for the button of his jeans, wanting them off his body so she could reach the prize that had become so obvious beneath the material. He did the same,

they continued to kiss, tasting, biting, nibbling, as if they wanted to devour each other.

Her jeans were tight, so she

helped him pull them down, and then toed the item off and onto the

popping the button on her jeans as

floor. His jeans also hit the floor, leaving him wearing only a tight pair of black Jockey shorts that left very little to the imagination.

He reached behind her back and unclipped her bra, then tried to pull

her shirt up, lifting the material over

Instantly, she snapped back to reality. She reached down and

her stomach.

Ryker blinked in surprise. "What's wrong? I thought you wanted this?"

pushed his hand away.

She looked at his almost-naked body, the flush of heat high in his cheeks, the fullness of his lips from

them kissing for so long. "I do. I want it more than anything." She

glanced away, feeling stupid standing there, half-dressed, but with no other choice. If he saw what was beneath her shirt, he'd run a mile. "I just want to keep my shirt on."

He stared at her, his brow furrowed. "Why would you want to

do that?" She shrugged, but her cheeks burned with shame. "I'm not confident with my body. I thought you knew that."

He stepped in, closing the gap

between them again. He reached out and touched her cheek. "Jenna, I have no idea what you see when you look in the mirror, but it certainly

"You don't know what you're talking about."

"I'm talking about the incredibly

isn't the same thing I see."

"I'm talking about the incredibly beautiful, sexy woman who is currently half-naked in my bedroom, and who I would really like to get fully naked so I can get her into my bed." inside of her shirt. She flinched, wondering if he could feel the change in texture of her skin as his hand slid higher. Her bra was still undone, and hung from her breasts. Ryker's hand easily slid beneath the wire and lace, to cup her breast. He gently pinched her nipple between his thumb and forefinger and squeezed. Jenna couldn't help herself. She let out a moan and dropped her forehead to his shoulder. She wanted him so badly, and he seemed to want her, but she didn't know what to do. With his other hand, he tugged at her shirt. "Let me take it off. You're

His hand slipped back up the

gorgeous. Every part of you. You have no need to hide yourself."

Pulling his hand away from her

breast, she repeated, "You don't know what you're talking about."

She had two choices: Tell him the truth, or walk out of here now.

She couldn't bring herself to walk out. If he wanted to leave, she'd at least give him that choice

least give him that choice.

Jenna took his hand and pulled

Jenna took his hand and pulled him to sit on the bed. She lifted her feet onto the mattress, her arms wrapped around her shins as she hugged herself, creating a type of subconscious barrier between them. Ryker twisted to face her, concern etched across his expression. She took a deep breath and began.

"You know I told you Garrett was put in jail because he'd been drunkdriving?"

She continued, "I was in the car

Ryker nodded.

that night. I didn't want to get in. I tried to stop him from driving. I offered to drive us home because I knew he'd had too much to drink, but he got mad and pushed me inside and drove off. He was going

too fast, and a deer ran out in front of us. Somehow Garrett managed to keep control of the car, but we skidded into the opposite lane. A just as we came to a standstill, and it didn't see Garrett's car in time. It ploughed right into the side of us."

Ryker was staring at her, his blue

massive truck came around the bend

eyes wide. He reached out and took her hand, giving it a squeeze. "Jesus Christ, Jenna. You must have been

terrified." She nodded. "When Garrett forced me into the car and was

driving too fast, yes, I was terrified. But I don't remember much after the accident. I didn't regain

consciousness for three days. I needed to have four different operations, the first to remove the

to repair, one of my kidneys, my spleen, and one of my ovaries. After that, I had another couple of operations to try to repair the skin and tissue. The metal of the car door basically sliced me in two, and there wasn't enough savable skin to stitch me back together, so I needed grafts from other parts of my body." She wanted to cry. Ryker was looking at her with a pale face,

organs that were too badly damaged

tension in his neck and jaw. She thought he might be about to throw her out, but instead he got fully up onto the bed with her, knelt in front of her and pulled her into his arms.

against his bare chest, her arms around his waist, while he held her and kissed the top of her head. He released her and sat back on

She found herself with her cheek

his haunches. His eyes were glassy with unshed tears, and she realized with a jolt that he was upset for her.

"I'm so sorry you had to go through that," he said, his voice tight. "I hate that you had to experience such pain. It makes me furious, especially knowing the

asshole who did that to you is out there somewhere, still making you afraid."

"It's the reason I'm so paranoid about germs," she admitted. "It's not because I'm OCD—or at least, it didn't start that way, though I probably have a touch of it now. It's because it's dangerous for me to get ill. With only one kidney and no spleen, I'd end up back in the hospital if I got sick." Ryker nodded. "I understand." He lifted an eyebrow. "Is this also the

reason you won't let me take off your top?"

She bit her lower lip and nodded, casting her eyes down in shame. "I have scars from the accident. They're

horrible and I don't want you to see

them."

When he eventually spoke he did so softly. "Jenna, if you want to keep your t-shirt on because it makes you feel better, then that's fine with me.

I'll take you, clothes or no clothes. I'm just happy to be with you. But if

He looked at her intently, obviously considering his words.

you think you're comfortable enough with me to stay here in my bed and have sex with me, I would really love it if you let me see your scars. They're a part of you now, and no part of you could ever be ugly."

Buy Links:

Amazon US Amazon UK Barnes and Noble Apple

About the Author:

Marissa Farrar has always been in love with being in love. But since she's been married for many years and has three young daughters, she's conducted her love affairs with multiple gorgeous men of the fictional persuasion.

The author of fifteen novels and numerous short stories, she has been a full time author for the last five years. She predominantly

writes paranormal romance and urban fantasy, but has branched into contemporary fiction as well.

If you would like to know more about Marissa, you can usually find her hanging out on her facebook page https://www.facebook.com/marissa.

You can also tweet her at

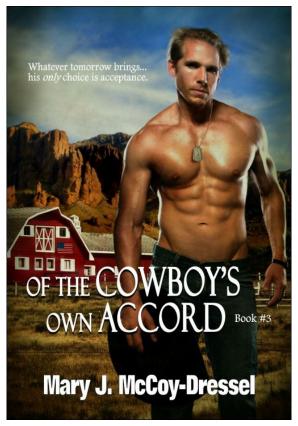
She loves to hear from readers and can be emailed at marissafarrar@hotmail.co.uk.

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Mary J. McCoy-Dressel

Of the Cowboy's
Own Accord
Double Dutch Ranch
Series:
Love at First Sight #3

Blurb:

Army Ranger Dane Carlson never means to fall in love before leaving

Little does he know he isn't the only one making decisions. His first priority is to rekindle the flame after losing communication with Gracelyn Clark. The woman who owns his heart and has since the moment their gaze connects. But now, nothing is the same as when they met. The first round of news is surprise enough, yet Gracelyn continues to release shocking information

for another tour of duty, but unexpectedly, he does. While deployed, he finds himself being sent home early to the family ranch to make a heartrending decision. make it work after so few days together seven months ago? Adjusting to many new things in his life isn't easy as it is, so to pull himself back to the man he's

become, could be the biggest test of

detrimental to their future. Can they

all—in order to protect his own.

Challenges abound even as Dane and Gracelyn come to terms with the decisions they've made. Whatever tomorrow brings, their only choice is

acceptance—to take one day at a

time and face life as it comes.

Excerpt:

newly erected barn. "We have to paint this whole thing?" She popped the top off the paint can and gave a cocky grin. "Blue? Barns are supposed to be red."

"I like to be different. Didn't I tell you I wasn't like most people?" He knelt at the paint can with no intention of painting today. Dane

Gracelyn and Dane stood beside a

turned a minute to peer into the barn. Fresh hay filled the loft. "Wait. Put the lid back on the can." Her left hand went to her hip and

she huffed, then said, "Make up your

"Let's get this thing sprayed

mind, rancher. Paint or not?"

today, and he went into his head a minute... Life mellowed for the most part—the horrors of their short past were dealt with even though it'd take a while to be forgotten. Talking to someone had helped him immensely, and her, too. He knew before long, his old self

instead." Her image melted his heart

would return. The world was right here in front of him...waiting.

Peering at her caused a rousing to rush over his body. "You're looking hot in those jeans, your cute little

top. Cowboy boots...and hat. Your braids are pleasantly stimulating."

Dane dropped his paint roller.

fingers over his jaw. "What shall I do about this?" One more glance into the barn was all it took. His gaze did a slow crawl up her body and it was enough to fuel the need burning inside. "We're out here all alone."

Contemplating, he rubbed his

"Indeed, we are." Gracelyn set her roller in the paint pan. "Start by removing your t-shirt. The way you're staring at *my* goods, I want to do the same to you. Strip it off."

"Be careful what you wish for, darlin'." Dane removed his hat and proceeded to slowly pull his shirt over his head "You man like this?"

over his head. "You mean like this?"
He tossed his shirt at her then bent

his hat against his thigh and peered at her as if she were a sweet treat. "I'm all pumped up from loading that hay up there. It shows, don't it...Mama."

"Who you kidding? You loaded it hours ago." Her gaze flicked toward

his arms to flex his biceps. He held

the barn door and she smiled.

"This must be natural then.

Hmm? What do you think?"

Hmm? What do you think?"
"Of course." In a seductive promenade to where he stood, she

promenade to where he stood, she ran her fingertips down his chest, gingerly tracing the scars on his abdomen and side, tickling him in the process. She pulled on his dog bottom lip as she winked, "You healed up nicely. Got your strength back, too. Are you suggesting something?" She undid the button on his jeans and slid her hand down the front of him "I mmm you're so

tags. One finger pressed against her

the front of him. "Ummm, you're so sexy like this." A step in, she whispered, "Shall we sneak back home?"

His breath hitched when she touched him. "No. Come on." They entered the barn hand in hand. The

entered the barn hand in hand. The ladder to the loft stood before them. "I always wanted to do this with a hot babe. You make me feel like a good o' boy. Step up there, lady."

She pushed her Stetson back. Her eves widened, and her hands fisted at her hips. "You're joking. The hayloft?" Gracelyn rubbed her behind. "Ouch on my tender skin." Peering down at himself, Dane took her hand and placed it over him. "Does it feel like I'm jokin'?" He smirked and his eyes narrowed. "The ladder. One foot in front of the other. I'll be right behind you." He patted her ass when she stepped up. "I want some of that." Swatting his hand away, she said, "You're being rebellious, rancher."

"You're being rebellious, rancher."
Gracelyn headed up. "Either way,
I'm looking forward to your little,

rowdy adventure."

You have no idea. "I'll be right there." Dane went to the tack room to get a couple new horse pads. At

the bottom of the ladder he tossed them up before climbing the ladder. "Incoming. Watch out." At the top

Gracelyn threw down the two blankets over the hay covered floor. Her movements were slow,

seductive, a sight he admired. When finished, she dropped to her knees and held her arms out.

"Whoa-oh, damn, girl. I'm

senseless when you get like this." Dane lowered his zipper, stepped out of his jeans and tossed his hat

aside. "Your turn. Strip, rancher."

"What if somebody comes?"

Gracelyn stretched her neck to peer over the side to the lower barn.

"This will be so embarrassing."

Dane took her hands to pull her up and backed her against a support post. "Someone *is* going to come." He circled his arm around her waist

as if to do a dance dip, but he lifted her and took her down right there, landing atop her. "I guarantee it." Scooting off her a little bit, he lifted her top over her head. "I love your lingerie. Thanks for wearing it to paint the barn." Squeezing her

breasts, he pressed his lips, tongue

against her cleavage and licked his way to her neck. "Mm, sexy bra in the hayloft. A country song—"
"You've always liked my

suggestive lingerie so how could I

break the habit." Lifting her back from the hay, she mumbled, yet had a bit of a grin on her face, "This is scratchy."

"The hay's good for you." Dane observed her pink bra while tracing the lace outline that sat low, barely covering half a breast. "Your lingerie wasn't *this* sexy the first time I saw

covering half a breast. "Your lingerie wasn't *this* sexy the first time I saw you get out of your clothes." Dane kissed her ear, whispering before he removed his lips, "Still desirous as

hell. I liked the white bikini panties for the short time you had them on once we opened your door." "My traveling underwear."

Gracelyn wrapped her leg around his hip and eased closer to him. "That was before I met you—before I knew how excited you'd get with silk

and lace." She took his face between her hands, and her voice trembled, "I'm so in love with you. I want you even in the *rough* hay. It's been too long."

"And I want you *rough* in the hay. Unhook your button for me, sweetheart." When she did, he lowered the zipper and smoothed his hand over her flat abdomen. Taking it slow, he lowered his fingers to the inside of her waistband. "Lacy panties. All right." His fingers went lower, caressing her with feather-like touches until she purred and

removing them, her jeans were tossed aside. "Come here on my lap." He moved back to lean against a bale of hay. "Remember this position in Las Vegas?"

"Tell me no one's coming over..."

squirmed beside him. Slowly

She slipped out of her panties and straddled him, leaned forward to kiss his tattoo, but moved lower to his nipple to flick her tongue against it. interrupted."

"Listen to you." Dane writhed while trying to get away. "You know I like your tongue other places.

"Because I don't want to be

Please, darlin', put it there." He took her hair up into his hand to hold her head, and he held her in that

position. Her narrowed eyes scorched his with a heated stare, and it excited him like crazy when she tried to be demanding. "Woman, you're asking for trouble by licking my nipples when you know I don't like it."

"You do like it but don't know how to handle it. I can tell you like it because I'm sitting on top of you, and I bet that's not a flashlight." Dane laughed. "You're bold."

Before she knew what happened, he had her pinned to the hay beneath him. His lips went to her breasts, suckling licking, playing, teasing the

way she teased him. "You're getting it all right back." "Good." She screeched when he gingerly bit her nipple, then kissed with warm lips so gentle against her

stinging flesh. "You awaken my sexual prowess, soldier boy." There she goes with the boy again!

Dane clasped her hands and pressed them against the hay. He spread her yet that I'm *not* a boy." He took pleasure in her leg wrapped around his waist, giving full access to her charms.

Clawing at his back and out of

thighs with his legs. "Not convinced

Clawing at his back and out of breath, she yelled, "This is what happens when I call you boy, boy?" Dane stilled right there and lowered his head to her chest. He found himself unable to hold in a chuckle. "You're my kind of woman, and I love your playfulness, but please, not now."

Buy Links:

Amazon Barnes and Noble Apple iBooks KOBO Smashwords

About the Author:

Early days of reading romance novels and women's fiction laid the groundwork for Mary to take up the pen and write her own memorable love stories where love always wins. In her books, whether contemporary, historical, or paranormal, you can expect a twist and turn along the way, maybe a tear, a laugh, definitely arousal, and even a little suspense. Her novels are emotional and compelling, and characters don't

have an easy time getting what they want, but their reward is sexy and sweet. In a lighter style Mary prefers to write more romantic and sensual love stories. She loves to write stories with strong family ties, lasting friendships, gentlemen heroes with a touch of bad, and feisty women who know how to handle them.

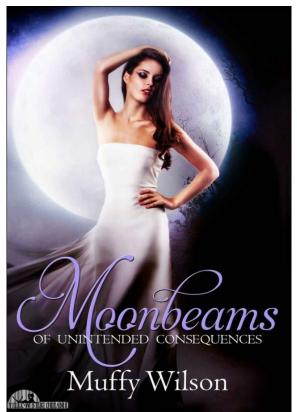
She lives in the Great Lake Basin area of the USA. Two grown sons and an Australian Shepherd fur-baby dog complete her family. Mary loves communicating with readers and friends. She also has a mailing list for readers who want to be notified of

new releases and important book updates. Visit her website for more information. Mary is a member of Romance Writers of America.

Social Links:

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Muffy Wilson

Moonbeams of Unintended Consequences

Blurb:

THAT night...

substance—wore a flowing, form-fitted white gown that tumbled in silken folds and revealed her breath in the soft rise of her alabaster breasts. Her eyes reflected an

SHE, young, educated—a woman of

of her auburn curls, announced her arrival as she glided elegantly to her aisle and settled, like a dove, into her center seat.

HE, a towering self-assured giant of a black man, chest broad and arms outstretched in opulent black leather,

was mesmerizing. Dark mahogany eyes locked irresistibly onto her and declared his desire. His full baritone filled the opera house with harmony

and the musical seduction began.

emerald depth as her heartbeat declared the rhythm of her life in her temples. The fragrance of a white gardenia, nestled in the curves His hypnotic gaze met her heated blush with hunger. THAT insatiable night wove them

irretrievably together locked in a magnetic embrace riding moonbeams of passion and ribbons of desire. Would the seeds of love planted that night, a decade earlier, prove strong enough to bear her life

Would the only man she could turn to help, as the secrets of the past revealed her betrayal?

Excerpt:

and death struggle?

looked to the streets below. Her eyes narrowed to the image in the window. She crossed her legs, and saw her reflection in the flickering black glass. Her skin looked so pale, her eyes uncolored and dark --deeply intense, her lips ruby red, her hair the muted auburn of a bottomless red hue, and the gardenia corsage in her hair was a brilliant white, screaming in all its contrast for attention. She felt like that corsage and knew full well she would get exactly what she wanted. Moments later, she heard a slight rap at the door and the door swung

She turned to the window and

He blocked out the light, he looked so big.

An onyx giant, she thought

open.

immediately. She smelled his musk as the door swept open and announced his entrance. She held the odor of his body in her breast as he

and all composure threatened to leave her at his touch.

He was wearing an opera cape as black as he, red silk lined. He shed it

approached. Her heart had stopped

black as he, red silk lined. He shed it to the easy chair and crossed the room in three long strides. He cupped her left cheek in his right palm, magically raised her to her feet of champagne in his left hand and set it on the table. He wrapped his left arm around her waist and pulled her into him and off her feet with a kiss and she melted to his will,

in one fluid motion, clasped her flute

She thought she had died in his embrace, time so seemed to arrest. And in some ways, she did die. She

sharing it beyond measure.

relinquished all that was she, opened herself to him and him alone in ways she had never before done or felt. She was electrified by his touch, magnetized by his kiss — destined to be his.

No, she did not die in his embrace

but came alive in his arms.

This huge giant of a man, as black a man as black could ever be,

withdrew from her arms. He pulled back and looked into Jordan's deeply emerald hazel eyes. "You are magnificent, a beauty

that captivated me the moment I went onstage tonight. You glowed like a vision, put before me as though you were a destiny of sorts, I

though you were a destiny, of sorts, I should never refuse. You looked like a dream, a virginal iridescent lily, petals open — beckoning — in a sea of thorns placed before me, to enrich my life, somehow."

"Mason," stunned by his romantic

greeting, his name fell from her lips in a honeyed slow whisper. He ran the back of his fingers

along the soft curve of her neck at her jaw from her earlobe to her chin where he stopped and placed his thumb on her ruby lower lip. He slipped his thumb into her mouth,

parted her lips then pulled her tightly to him and kissed her deeply pushing his tongue between her lips. He withdrew his thumb and left the hot wet digit on her cheek as he kissed her magically in a new beginning. He ran his palm to the spaghetti strap of her gown on her naked shoulder, hooked it with his

His lips, in a journey of discovery, trailed down her neck and planted a kiss on the rise of her bare shoulder.

thumb and dropped the strap over

her shoulder.

A deep throaty quiet undertone carried his words.

"I hope I can show you how I feel, how profoundly I need you." Her auburn hair fell away from

her face baring naked the object of his yearning. She felt her fevered cheek blush at having heard his soulful desire.

The flutter of thousands of wings exploded in her heart and her breath seized. Her palms grew damp, her eyes now cast to the floor, her eager body betrayed her paralyzed passions.

Her breast tightened around a stifled scream, allowing but a

nervous in anticipation. Even with

whimpered "...please" escape and fill the room with her heat. She reached out with an impatience she had never known before. Her arms opened without her willing; she reached for him and wrapped him in her impatience. He pressed responsively against her. His body, his scent, the slight glistening of his perspiration on her cheek, weakened her resolve and Jordan's knees her desire. She sighed into his chest as he caught her falling body. In the trail of his scorching touch, Jordan's skin came alive with hunger. Mason slipped the second strap from her shoulder and the gown, heavy in satin eagerness, slipped to

buckled under the heady weight of

the floor. It settled around her feet in a fluid puddle of white innocence. She stood before him, nervous, facing his need with a hunger of her own. She wore nothing but a laced thong and white satin heeled slippers. He ran his hand down the soft elegance of her arm to her hand and helped her step out of the gathered satin surrounding her feet. "Don't move," he smiled at her as he began to remove his black tux. He

dropped each cast off article on the floor next to Jordan's gown. Their eyes, locked in a magnetic fiery hold,

swam in a pool of shared molten desire. Mason spoke to Jordan as he continued to undress.

We cannot deny the strength of our

desires,

For we are the ones who seek the

pleasure of the truth

And when our bodies burn for one

another

We cannot turn away, But fly into the center of the heat For if we are burned, it will be because

we sought

All that was real and strong and good

Because we knew the power of

attraction and how we felt

As our flesh grew and yearned as one So do not fear that which we know is special

And do not turn or run from lust or love so pure and true

That would deny the essence of our

That would deny the essence of our beings

And keep us from the fire of truth we build

"I wrote that for you. I didn't know it at the time but, since writing it, I have never recited that passage to anyone before you, ever. You are my Fire of Truth, Miss Jordan Taylor, and I am your destiny."

Pushed up against the wall of the hotel suite, and before he had taken her with nothing but raw need, she felt the girth of insistent cock against her belly, tormenting her

with anticipation. It was every bit as much about his cock, now, as it was him. She hungered to feel him inside, filling her with his black mystical magic. A powerful fire from within made her flatten her spine against the wall and raise her hips to meet him while he impaled her with his engorged cock. The fire, burning deeply inside, melted their flesh into one impatient cauldron of fiery passion. He had her legs parted and her hips pressed against the wall. He bent his knees just slightly and rammed the full length of his cock up inside Jordan and she was so fucking wet, it slid to the hilt. He was balls deep against her deliciously hungry pussy and he held it there; oh yes, right there; yes, there, for a few precious, magical and stunning moments balanced on the precipice, the brink, before he begin the thrusting, the pushing, the long and rhythmic in and out — in and out motions of enchantment.

The magic of the fire of truth grew.

Jordan was burning with a fever

so hot she was sure it scorched his cock as he pushed as far up and into her as he could and then back again slower. The slick fat purple head of

his cock just brushed the outer velvet folds of her pussy...before he slammed up, inside her again and again. Jordan screamed in silence and — and oh, fucking god again! —

Please, again, again, again...

Mason... so deep inside her core, it felt as if the total of his manhood and engorged balls were up inside of

it felt as if the total of his manhood and engorged balls were up inside of her, too. He was huge, intense, and insistent. They are sticky, sharing their excitement — slickly wet; covered with their juices that streamed between them in a river of molten fervor. Over and over, Mason literally dove into her, held her up and into him by the pale white satin orbs of her quivering ass. His face had become a distant mask of passion; here — yet not here as he hovered above the precipice. Jordan was in another dimension. She rode his stiff plunging black cock like a Valkyrie. His grip, iron on her hips, commanded her, lifted her up then dropped her back down

upon his steely shaft. His jaw

loud as a cannon roar — and panted, moaned, came up from his lungs and what escaped was a deep guttural

roar.

slacked, his breathing loud — as

And Jordan's husky voice whispered his name into the room filled with their scent...

Mason, Mason...more, deeper, harder. I want you to burn inside me forever

Mason just as clearly wanted to be there forever too, to stay, to live there; to burn from inside with his cock absolutely buried up inside her center; at her core, with Jordan's

heart — burning within their

Suspended...suspended by love.

essence.

And then, there was no turning back, nor did they wish to — nor could they stop. They both began to

cum — to fire, to launch, to leave the earth and leave their feet, their bodies a single rocket that screamed for release.

His cock, deep, deep into Jordan, wracked, lurched and shuddered as he came in tidal waves of scorching orgasm. He gave himself to her in two, three, four long unrelenting streams of his hot eager seed up and up and up into Jordan as he buried his face in the auburn curls which

framed her face and fell like an embrace along her shoulders.

Jordan felt his fluid heat ignite the

path to her heart, to her very essence and she was pinned to the wall, suspended, unable to do anything but ride out this cataclysmic rush of

fire and ice; love and lust.

And the fire of truth was.... Oh God, Jordan shuddered, trembled and felt the torrents begin in mounting rolling contractions, I am

your arms.

They were awash in their own juices which pooled — yes, pooled

going to cum forever and ever in

juices which pooled — yes, pooled — at their feet as it joined and ran

down their legs in the dim glow of the moonlight in that hotel room. Oh MY GOD, Oh yes, oh yes, oh

no, don't ever... ever... ever... stop.

But they did stop — to breathe, to wonder, hearts pounding as one, still against the wall.

Mason pulled away, slowly, from Jordan and looked into her justopening eyes. They did not speak. He tenderly moved her wet, tangled

curls from her face flushed with perspiration and eased his cock from her now clenched pussy. He slid slowly down her body, hands exploring every curve and knelt before Jordan at the fleshy alter of

slowly, up the insides of her thighs, taking the proof of their love into his mouth. He held her tipped hips with his thumbs as he cupped the soft pale orbs of her ass. He continued his journey up to Jordan's still parted, engorged and inflamed ruby red lips inside the tender mound nestled between her thighs. He looked up at her, smiled, then opened her further with his tongue and sucked what remained of their mingled juices as he kissed her intimately — deeply — tenderly. He drank deeply from Jordan of their love and it slid around his

their pooled juices. Mason licked

eager, hungry lips. Mason rose to his feet and kissed Jordan deeply, so deeply the evidence of their love, their cum, passed between their lips from his mouth to hers and back again as their tongues teased in a tight tango. Both their mouths feasted upon their love, as lips savored flavor and eyes memorized every exchanged nuance. Their tongues locked and entwined, again, in a slippery, fervent feral dance. He pushed up against her, kissed her through eternity and they were alive. They were there, together as one... and he was hard yet again. Mason lifted Jordan in his arms and carried her to the bed, laid her down and settled heavily between her legs. Her world changed in unforeseen

and unintended directions from that lustful moment forward.

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About the Author:

Muffy, author of erotic, romantic stories about love, sex, hope and passion, was born in San Antonio, Texas, to traditional parents. was surrounded by love, stimulation, and pets. Her father was a career Colonel and pilot in the U.S. Air Force which required the family to travel extensively. Muffy spent her formative years in Europe and came of age in France. Returning France with her family, she attended the University of California. Muffy entered the work force, with a fierce

work ethic, and retired at 39 from

Director in the Real Estate and Construction Division. She and her husband moved to a small Island in northern Wisconsin where they owned a historic tavern, restaurant and resort. They now live a charmed life by the water in SW Florida where Muffy indulges her private interest writing sumptuous, sensual literotica.

IBM as a Mid-West Regional

literotica.

"Wilson's descriptive prose paints a scene like an artist paints a landscape, as if Jane Austen or one of the Bronte sisters had written erotic romance". By Lovemuffins, Amazon Fan

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Review | Manic Readers







Natasha Knight

Deviant

Blurb:

I'm a hit man, an assassin. A deviant by all accounts. I never pretended to be the good guy.

She was the opposite.

But the minute she pulled the curtains back and saw my face, watched me screwing the blonde who happened to be my next mark, she sealed her own fate.

There could be no witnesses, ever.

I let it go on a few days though.

Never closed the curtains, gave her one hell of a show. I liked it, liked seeing her get all hot and bothered.

Her face so innocent, so... corruptible. And all that time she was watching, she had no idea I'd seen her, that I was watching her too.

But all good things must come to an end.

Imagine my surprise when I turned up to take care of her only to find

weapons in hand.

Turned out she had a price on her head. Her stepbrother wanted her

two goons breaking down her door,

and he wanted her alive. I'd never been one to pass up an opportunity to collect the kind of money he was offering, especially if I could have some fun while I was at it.

It just never occurred to me she'd be anything more than my next mark.

Excerpt:

Julien

I'd been watching her for the last three days. I didn't know what it was I found

so appealing about the girl. She was a sneaky little peeping Tom. Maybe it was her pretty green eyes, or how wide they grew at the things she watched us do. At the things I made the girl whose ass I was currently

sealed the moment she pushed the curtains aside and saw my face.

No witnesses, no matter what. That was rule number one. It had to be.

fucking do. Regardless, her fate was

She hadn't yet realized I'd seen her, that she was being watched as saw her mouth open, her little pink tongue dart out to lick those full lips, her throat work as she swallowed hard, her cheeks flushing a deep red. Her face imprinted on my mind.

I'd recognize her anywhere now. It was one of the things I was so good at — a blessing and a curse all at

she herself was doing the watching. Her attention was fully absorbed by the fucking. But I studied her face,

once. Never forget a face. Never forget their eyes, how they change when they realize what's happening, when terror grips them.

Forgetting was a gift. People spent their lives chasing the past, trying to

Desperate to remember. Me? I wished I could forget.

It had been three days since she'd first seen us. I was sure it was by accident, or at least it had been the first time. Her room was situated

hold on to something long gone.

directly across the courtyard of the cheap little hotel. She'd pulled the curtains apart to open her window when she'd stumbled upon the sight of us fucking. I'd ducked my head out of sight, and wouldn't have thought much of it, but when, a moment later, the small hand pulled the curtains just a little wider, just wide enough to see, my curiosity had gotten the best of me.

It had been her face. It was just so innocent, so... corruptible.

Irresistible to a man like me. I always liked to play with them first, fuck

with them a little. It was cruel, reprehensible, really. I knew it, but it didn't make me enjoy it any less.

The blonde began to squirm beneath me, almost stealing my

attention from the woman in the window. I glanced down at her, at the mass of dyed hair spilling over her back, mascara smeared across her face, her mouth open. I looked at her ass, at my cock disappearing inside it. She'd been a good fuck, but this

was long enough. I had a job to do, after all, and the girl in the window would already delay me. I couldn't exactly assassinate my mark in front of her. She'd freak out, and that was more attention than I needed. Gripping the blonde's hair tightly, I tugged hard, giving her a grin she likely thought a smile before pushing her face into the mattress to shut her up. She mewled and I rubbed her clit with my free hand, turning that

would be the last time. Three days

her face into the mattress to shut her up. She mewled and I rubbed her clit with my free hand, turning that sound into something else. Pain and pleasure, pleasure and pain. They never knew which it was; there was never any clear line for them.

voyeur. She was still there, still 8
watching — but her hand had disappeared into her pants. I'd make her show me just what those fingers were doing when the time came. That made me grin, but when she looked up and her green gaze met

mine, I could almost hear her gasp at the shock of being caught. It was then my grin widened into

With the blonde's face buried in the blankets, I studied my little

something else, something meant to scare.

I gripped the blonde's hips, all while daring the woman who watched to draw the curtains closed,

before me then, really fucked her, and just before I came inside that tight ass, my little voyeur blinked as if coming out of a trance, her face going bright red before she pulled the curtains closed.

My low growl made the blonde

to turn away. I fucked the woman

look over her shoulder. I met her gaze, my own hardening as I forced myself to remember who she was, the things she'd done, and the job I still had to do. That part always made my cock harder. Any person with morals would probably worry about that, about liking this sort of work, but I had never claimed to they'd been beaten out of me years ago. That was what made me so good at my job.

I looked down at her asshole, at

have any of those. Or if I had,

my cock as it plunged deep, knowing I hurt and gave pleasure at once, not caring which was the dominant of

the two as I exploded inside her. But when I closed my eyes, it was the

voyeur's eyes I saw, not the woman who had my cock buried inside her.

If only the bitch before me knew how lucky she was. She'd just been granted an extra day to live.

Buy Links:

Amazon Barnes and Noble

About the Author:

Natasha Knight is the author of several BDSM and spanking erotic romances all of which explore the mind of the Dominant male and the submissive female, discovering just beneath the surface of each story that key element of love. Her characters are as human as she: powerful but vulnerable, flawed, perhaps damaged but with an incredible capacity to love.

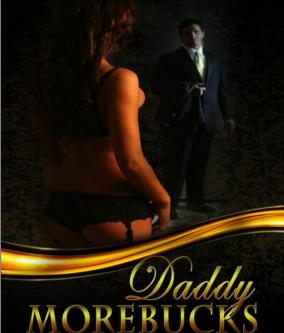
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Normandie Alleman



THE Baddy's Girl SERIES, BOOK ONE



Normandie Alleman Daddy Morebucks

Blurb:

upon him, Marley knew in her heart that James was not just another client, and the difference wasn't even the large sum of money he offered in return for a single night of submission. No, what set him apart was the fact that when she called James "daddy", it was her

From the moment she laid eyes

own heart which beat faster and her own body which ached with need. After that night, Marley does her

best to put all thought of him behind

her, using the huge payday he provided to get on her feet again and start over... until James knocks on her door and walks right back into her life. He makes her a simple offer: if she will live with him and

submit to him whenever he wishes, he will provide for her every

Even before she accepts his offer, Marley knows that what she truly

desire.

longs for is a daddy who will give his little girl what she really needs... a daddy who will spank her bare bottom when she is naughty, tie her up and take her any way he pleases, and then cuddle her until she falls asleep in his arms.

Can she dare to hope that James

wants is not money or clothing or even a fancy new car. What she

Excerpt:

will be that daddy?

The door swung open. Behind it stood one of the most attractive men Marley had ever seen. His hair was black as midnight, like hers, but rich cup of coffee. The man dripped wealth and privilege from every pore. "Hello. Won't you please come

his eyes were the color of a deep,

inside?" he said with a tight smile, looking sharp in a well-cut navy blue suit. "Thank you," Marley said and

gave him one of her sweetest looks. "Milton, I will text you when she

needs a ride."

"Yes, Sir." Milton nodded and stared at Marley, beseeching her to remember everything they'd

discussed. "Bye." Marley dismissed Milton with a wave and wandered inside the penthouse.

"You may call me Sir. What shall I call you?"

"Marley." His eyes slid over her

body, inspecting the merchandise. She was used to this part of the

transaction. It didn't bother her anymore.

"Have you been informed of my particular requirements?"

"Yes, Sir," she lied. She wasn't sure exactly what he meant, but she was going to fake it.

He seemed satisfied. "Good. Let's have some dinner, shall we?"

Jackpot again! A meal. Marley hadn't

grits she ate early that morning at the shelter, and her belly rumbled. "Yes, that sounds lovely, Sir." He led her to the dining room, where sumptuous blue and green draperies framed the Dallas skyline, the city lights making it look like a Texas fairyland. The table was set

eaten anything since the bowl of

with fine china, elegant crystal, and golden flatware. Their plates had warmers over the top of them. Ah, he's let the help go. It's only the two of us. Marley made it a habit to know how many people were around. From a safety perspective, knowledge was power.

He held the chair out for her. "Thank you, Sir," she said and sat down.

Taking his seat across from her, he said, "I hope you aren't a vegetarian."

"Oh, no. I love meat." She raised

He ignored the double entendre.
Famished, she opened the

covering atop the food to peek at what was underneath it.

"Marley did I say you could look

"Marley, did I say you could look at your food?"

Was he serious? "No, Sir."

an eyebrow suggestively.

"You will wait until I tell you to remove the cover."

"Okay, sorry," she grumbled.

benefactor and you will do as I say. Is that clear?" His dark eyes stared into hers.

"Yes, Sir."

"Good. I prefer to say grace before we eat if that doesn't offend

"For tonight, I am your

you." He reached for her hand. "No, that's fine, Sir." She liked the feel of his clean, warm hand and the smell of his cologne. Though he appeared to be around thirty years old, the man had a commanding presence and she liked the way he took charge. It made her feel as though she could relax, a rarity for her.

not only when working, but in every aspect of her life. She was guarded with people. Friendly on the outside, but wary on the inside. That was the only way to survive.

Usually Marley had to be vigilant,

"Lord, bless this food and bless Marley in her endeavors this evening. Amen."

Marley found it odd that a religious man would have a prostitute over and that he would pray over the situation. It was kinda

slightly.

He leaned gracefully across the table and removed her plate cover to

cute though, and she warmed to him

"I'm glad you eat meat. I don't have much patience for salads myself, and you look like you could

reveal a delicious-smelling meal.

use a good meal." He has no idea.

"You may go ahead."

"Thank you, Sir." She dove in, starting with the meat, trying to remain ladylike even though she felt like a famished farm hand.

They ate their meal in silence, the only noises being the clinks of silverware on their plates.

"Do you care for any wine?" he

asked. Remembering what Milton had said about him not liking his girls to drink alcohol, she shook her head no. "No, Sir," he corrected her.

She finished her bite and dutifully

answered, "No, Sir."

"Well, I'm going to have a glass of merlot, though I do like to keep

my head about me during a scene. You should too."

"I'm fine, though I did have some

drinks earlier."
"You did?"

"Yeah, but don't worry. Milton told me you don't like your girls drunk, and this food sopped up all

the alcohol in my system, so no

worries, Sir."

He sat quietly sipping his wine.

Marley finished her dinner and leaned back in her chair. "Thank you,

Sir. That was delicious."

Unable to read him, Marley

decided it was time to get the show

on the road. The sooner he was finished with her, the sooner she could get some sleep. The different noises and random commotion that went on during the night at the shelter kept her awake. If she was lucky she could crash here and find a new place tomorrow.

Locking eyes with his, she slipped out of her chair onto the floor and around to his side of the table. Setting her hands on his knee, she attempted to push back his chair. But it didn't go as smoothly as she

crawled on her hands and knees

budge.

"What are you doing?" He wore a

had planned. The chair wouldn't

bemused expression.
"I was going to ask you if I could

please worship your cock, Daddy."
"Sir," he corrected. "And I will be
the one to tell you what to do, young

lady. You're out of line."

Marley sat back on her heels,

deflated. "Oh. Sorry, Sir."

"My, my. You are a little slut. I

that little stunt. Come up here and lie across my lap." Obediently, Marley draped herself

think you've earned a spanking for

over his lap, her bottom over his knee.

Slowly, he pulled her dress up around her waist and yanked her panties down to just above her knees.

"Marley, do you know why I'm disciplining you?"

"Yes, Sir. Because I was naughty."

"It is because you are to do what I ask of you, not take the initiative."

"Yes, Sir. I'm sorry, Sir."

"The rules were explained to you

"Yes, Sir," she lied. She didn't have any idea she wasn't supposed to do

before you got here?"

whatever was to come.

that. Hell, she thought he would like what she did. But she'd endure a spanking for five G's. "Then you have earned

punishment for your impudence. Do vou understand?" "Yes, Sir." She steeled herself for

His bare hand slammed down on her naked rear end, and she flinched. Another blow rained down, eliciting

a cry from her lips. She clenched her muscles.

"Don't tense up. Relax. Ease into

the pain. It will make it easier."
"Yes, Sir." Her voice a whimper.

More swats landed on her ass, which must be getting red by now.

He was right. Not resisting was helpful. Embracing the sting helped her ride the wave of pain as he smacked her posterior.

She moaned under his hand and was grateful when he ceased the spanking and began rubbing her aching cheeks. Gently, he slid his

hands over her skin, massaging her hot globes, easing her distress. "Mmm, thank you, Sir," she purred, disheveled and drunk with

purred, disheveled and drunk with endorphins.

"You're welcome," he said quietly.

His fingers dipped down and

brushed across her pussy lips. She strained, wanting him to touch her. When he inserted a finger into her opening, she was surprised that her

cunt was so slick and welcoming.

"You must have liked your spanking, little girl. I can feel how your your are."

wet you are."

Fucking her with one finger, then two, he pressed his thumb inside her asshole. Discomfort followed by

unfiltered ecstasy overtook her, and Marley gave in to the experience.

What was the point of holding back? She was here to get fucked; she

might as well enjoy it.

Writhing on his lap, she could smell her own desire in the air.

"Take the rest of your clothes off," he ordered her.

Dizzy, she took care not to fall over as she hurriedly pulled her dress over her head and removed her panties.

panties.

As she stood before him, undressed while he was completely clothed, reality sunk in. She was vulnerable in a way that went beyond

vulnerable in a way that went beyond the fact that she was naked and he wasn't. He took control of her in a way no man ever had. She had interacted with doms before, but her, the way he commanded her with merely his voice. She couldn't wait for him to have his way with her. Her cool persona melted away and

never like this. There was something about this man, the way he looked at

"Good girl. Now come over here and turn your back to me so I may bind your hands."

left her a quaking puddle of need.

Buy Links:

Amazon Barnes and Noble Smashwords KOBO

About the Author:

A former psychologist, Normandie has always been fascinated by human behavior. She loves writing quirky characters that are all too human. Fiber arts, baking, and Pinterest are a few of her favorite pastimes. She lives on a farm with a passel of kids, an adorable husband, and a pet pig who's crazy for Red Bull. If you'd like up to the minute new release info on Normandie's books text

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A Vhampier's Forbidden

Wolf

Paranormal Bad Boys

Are

Sexy, Wild.

And

Full Of

Suspense!

Romancing Shifters Paranormal Fantasy

P.T. Macias



P.T. Macias

A Vhampier's Forbidden Wolf

Blurb:

A spoiled, sexy and wild young wolf loves the chase. She loves to stir it up and watch the fireworks. She comes to a complete stop when she meets a vhampier that rocks her world.

The mature vhampier, the royal

assassin, falls under her spell. He goes against the supernatural council, family, and royal decree.

The unexpected threat to their lives bring them together, exposing their love.

Note To Reader: My books contain hot steamy sex (it will arouse), adult content, descriptive sex scenes (protagonists may talk dirty), and action. The books don't contain violence. If this is not the type of stories that you like to read, please skip this book. However, if you like dirty, sexy, hot scorching sex with growling

domineering alpha males and sexy curvy sassy girls, then this is your cup of tea. Enjoy!

Excerpt:

You need to meet Prince Viktor Bach Vlastimir, aka Demise. He's the royal assassin.

Enjoy a shifters bite!

Yeah, Amber and Ruby are fucking crazy! Hell, my pack thinks that I am, geeze. I only want to have fun. Amber is the one that's messing around with a V hampier Prince. Ruby loves to tease the demons. Hell, I only want to have fun until I meet

my mate. I'm only nineteen, well almost

twenty, geeze.

I don't plan on finishing school anytime
soon. I have plenty of time to decide on a

soon. I have plenty of time to decide on a career. I would love to apply to be on the World's Enforcers team but my Mom wants me to pick another career. She states that I'm too smart to just do something for fun. Yeah, like my doppelganger, Todd did. I know that she wouldn't go for me being a model. What the hell! We live like forever! A girl has a right to have fun before she mates.

"Sometimes I wonder why she's so adamant on me finishing school and having a career. My Mom was a human model before she was turned by my dad. I think that she always wanted to have a career but has been devoted to my Dad and her pups."

"Hmm....Cindi, maybe she wants you to go to school because it's her dream?" Nicole nods, and smiles at her. She then shrugs her feminine shoulders.

"She doesn't want you to have too much time on your hands because she knows that you're crazy!"

Angelique grins at her, she moves her hand to pull her hair and throw it behind her shoulder. She glances over at Jared. head and shakes out her long, golden-brown wavy hair. She moves her hands up to pull up her hair from her shoulders.

Fucking hell, it's hot in here! I'm burning

Cynthia grins, she throws back her

up!

Her beautiful firm breasts lift up, the soft silky red material clings to her breasts and firm nipples. The material moves up exposing her firm soft stomach. The diamond belly ring sparkles as she moves.

Cynthia moans, she tries to zoom in to the source of the heat.

"Damn, I can feel my mate, and I can feel his heat essence. I know that he's looking at me, and I feel his need."

Fucking hell, my nipples are aching, and I'm so turned on. My body is reacting to my mate, but I can't figure it out. I know that my mate is not in here. Hell I haven't meet him. It's so confusing because I know all the wolves in the club and I know that not one is my mate.

Sweet deity, it can't be the vhampiers or the other entities in here because we can't mate. I can't figure it out but I always get hot, and my blood boils. I feel him, I feel my mate. I can't stand it. Hell I'm going to

have to leave soon before I go insane. I need to locate him. His stare is burning into my soul.

She starts to scan the room, she slowly moves her gaze to the right, and across the room pinpointing where she feels the heat is coming from. Her supersensitive senses zone into the heated stare.

Viktor leans against the pillar with one hand in his black slack pocket and other hand is holding a glass of whiskey. He takes a drink of his whiskey, he swishes the whiskey in his mouth, and narrows his eyes to look at her tight nipples, then swallows.

Damn it, I can't resist her for some
fucking reason. Her hard nipples are
driving me insane. I know that she's a

driving me insane. I know that she's a werewolf so what's the fucking deal. I feel a strong need to claim her as mine and to fuck her senseless. I don't get it. My cock is so fucking hard that it's painful. I want to taste her spicy rose blood as I fuck her pussy.

He moves to adjust his cock, he closes his eyes. The image of her hard nipples burn in his mind. He opens his eyes and looks right into her beautiful glowing blue eyes.

Fuck, look at her beautiful blue eyes and I

His gaze moves down to look at her firm breasts. He clenches his jaw to

love her full red lips. Yeah, I want her.

control his groan. He looks down and stares at her firm smooth stomach.

Fuck, she's sinfully sexy. I love that belly button ring.

He moves his gaze back up to look at her beautiful face. Their eyes lock, he slowly smiles flashing his sexy smile, and his even white teeth.

Hell, she's looking at me and she knows that I've been watching her.

Cynthia slowly smiles, she looks into

his beautiful glowing green eyes that have golden specks that sparkle. Her eyes move down his straight nose and to his full red lips.

"Oh yeah, his goatee is awesome, and those lips are sinfully delicious. He looks sexy and wicked."

She looks at his shoulder length dark, silky hair. Her eyes trace his wide shoulders, then she looks down to his black slacks, and bites her lower lip?

Oh hell, he's so turned on. She grins, looks up into his eyes, and nods at him. She watches him push off from the pillar and start to walk towards

her without breaking eye contact. Cynthia continues to sway to the music as she watches him approach

her. Her hands are still up holding her hair up. Her nipples are hard, extra sensitive, and aching. She bites her lip as she gazes into his beautiful green eyes, where the golden specks sparkle. "Hi"

She says softly, almost a whisper. She inhales deeply, her body shudders into a delicious burn. She blinks rapidly, surprised at her reaction. What the fuck, he's a vhampier and my body is so turned on.

He stops in front of her and takes a drink of his whiskey.

"Hey."

His eyes roam her face memorizing her beautiful features. He gazes at her full pouty red lips. Slowly, his gaze moves down her long creamy neck and stops to watch her jugular vein beat erratically.

He inhales deeply, her spicy rose scent saturates his entire being, and he closes his eyes to hide his burning passions.

He opens his eyes to gaze into hers. He sees her shudder and recognizes her burning need. He looks down at her swollen breasts and hard nipples. He nods, swallows hard, and takes another drink.

"What's your name? Hell, you're a vhampier!" She watches his eyes watch her nipples and she licks her lower lip, moaning.

He looks up when he hears her moan, his extra sensitive hearing allows him to hear her even with the noise in the club.

"Viktor Bach, and you're wolf. What's your name?"

Cynthia shudders when she feels a

"Cynthia McKenzie."

"Yeah, McKenzie?"

delicious chill run over her body.

He gazes into her eyes and smiles a sexy little smile. His trimmed goatee frames his beautiful red lips.

frames his beautiful red lips.
"Would you care to have dinner?"

her lip. "Hell, yeah!"
She looks up into his eyes, blinking

rapidly.

Cynthia looks at his lips and bites

He nods, and takes her hand. He walks towards the elevators with Cynthia. They stop at the elevators waiting for the door to open.

She leans into his side and runs her hand up his back grinning, looking up into his heated eyes.

"Hey, what took you so long?"
He narrows his eyes, and watches her

beautiful blue eyes expand, and twinkle.

"The truth?"

She turns slightly to stand in front of him and wraps her arms around his waist. She stops grinning, she raises her right eyebrow, and nods.

"Yeah, I always want the truth. Promise me that you will always tell me the truth." He pulls her a little closer and leans down to whisper in her ear.

"Yeah, I promise. I'm scared of these income feelings I leaves are always."

insane feelings. I know you're a young wolf and I'm not sure if it would work. You're young, wild, and a wolf."

He pulls back to look at her. He

Watches her wide eyes burn. He watches her sexy smile light up her entire face.

"Viktor, you're not that old. I still have a lot of life to live and enjoy. I want to enjoy you and I don't see why I shouldn't. I feel a burning need that you have roused in me the

last few weeks. I've been looking for you, but your vanilla spicy scent, and aura would disappear."

She moves her hand up his back feeling him tremble. She slowly grins up at him.

"Yeah, I would leave before I lost my control, and cave into this wild need to approach you." He slowly smiles down at her.

The elevator doors open and they walk inside. He pushes the button and turns to look at her next to him.

She stands close. What the hell, he's fucking gorgeous. I know that he feels the

same wild hunger that I do.

"Yeah?"

He nods slightly and squints at her.

"I don't see what the issue is Viktor."

"I do."

"What?"

"This is not going to go anywhere."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"I don't see the problem." She grins at him and moves in closer to him.

The elevator doors open. He looks down at her and wraps his arm

around her small waist. "Let's have some dinner."

"Ok."

They walk into the lobby and up to the host. The host takes them to the table in the corner with windows looking over the city and into the ocean.

The waiter waits at the side of the table for them to take a seat.

Viktor looks at Cynthia. "Please order." He sits back watching her order dinner.

The waiter turns to look at Viktor to take his order. "I'll have the same."

The waiter nods and walks away.

Cynthia slides her chair over, closer to him. She takes his hand in hers

and plays with his fingers. She bites her lower lip and gazes up into his eyes.

"What do you do? I mean where do you work?"

"I work for my family business. I

handle security for my uncle."

"Oh, that sounds really exciting. Tell

"Oh, that sounds really exciting. Tell me, how old are you?"

She laces her fingers with his. She waits for his response, anxious to learn all about him.

"Cyn, you're incredibly young compared to me. I'm sixty-five years old." He grins at her surprised face.

"Yeah, well, I'm a grown woman. I'm going to turn twenty in a few months."

The waiter returns with their meal and drinks. "Wow, I'm starving. I didn't realize that I was until I smelled these delicious steaks."

She grins and releases his hand to cut up the steak to take a bite.

Viktor smiles, he turns to cut his steak. He takes a bite, nodding at the exquisite steak.

They eat their meal for the following minutes. He turns to her to watch her eat.

"I see that you are hungry. Cyn, tell me about you. What do you do? What are your dreams?"

Cynthia winks, and slowly chews her steak. When she's done, she grins at him, and leans in close to him.

"My dream is to fuck you silly."

He grins at her and leans in close to her ear. He whispers and nibbles her ear.

"Yeah, that's my dream too. What other dreams do you have?"

Hell, she's driving me insane. She's full of life, sexy as hell, and has taken my soul.

Buy Links: Amazon Barnes and

Noble iTunes Smashwords KOBO

About the Author:

Sacramento, California with her loving husband, children, and family. She adores her four beautiful grandchildren. She was born and raised in San Jose, California.

P.T. Macias (Patricia), resides in

Patricia loves going on cruises, concerts, white peaches, pistachio ice cream, and margaritas. She's an avid reader and enjoys reading romance Patricia loves the paranormal genre. She finds this genre an exciting challenge and enjoys writing

about the sexy vhampiers, werewolves, dragons, and other entities. Her greatest thrill in writing the paranormal genre is the limitless

intrigue

suspense

paranormal

thrillers.

range of characteristics, powers, and weaknesses available to develop my characters' and entities' realms.

Paranormal bad boys are hot,

Paranormal bad boys are hot, wild, and full of suspense! These sexy men will seize your soul and your heart.

You will LOVE these amazing

paranormal hot tales that are packed with suspense, intrigue, and a delightful dose of sensual romance.

These sexy stories will leave you

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PABLO MICHAELS EGII BEGINTER



Pablo Michaels

Blood, Sweat, & Black Leather

Blurb:

to his parent's house after they were killed in an automobile accident. A rare typhoon is poised to strike the

Damien Lieberman has moved back

San Francisco Bay Area on All Hallow's Eve. Damien wants to return to the city to rekindle his relationship with David Wilder after but Damien has lost his job. After continuous rejections from David, Damien seeks love with a new man, futilely, while gay men are dying from a new disease, AIDS.

breaking their vow of monogamy,

While Damien observes the approaching storm from the terrace of the house, dwelling on his past failures and current woes, a man, from Damien's past, balances magically on the railing of the fence and jumps to the deck next to Damien. He recognizes this stranger

as a man he pursued, while David was building a new relationship with

beauty and strength for a man equal in age to himself, Damien fails to notice - Gabriel Tivoli's paranormal powers. Damien has not only lost his youthful physical appearance but he has lost optimism and his "Peter Pan" personality, something Gabriel loved when they first met. Gabriel promises to restore Damien's youth, beauty and love eternally, if

he promises to love him in return. When Gabriel asks Damien to meet him in the nearby cemetery at midnight on Halloween, Damien

another man. It was Gabriel. Overwhelmed with his youthful love. But will the aging gay man attempt to restore his relationship with David? Or will he have faith in Gabriel Tivoli? Will he discover the meaning of the living dead? Will he abuse his paranormal powers and be sentenced to death by the elders?

sees Gabriel as his new chance at

Excerpt:

At midnight, Damien anxiously departed the house, leaving the door unlocked. The heavy rain swept over him, the blustery winds trying to hold him back as he trudged up the street. All was dark with no humans

or animals in sight. Even the birds sought refuge from the typhoon. Walking up the lane slowly, the trees bending... almost ready to come crashing down, he crossed to the side street which led to the entrance of Lone Oak Cemetery. The pedestrian gate was unlocked, and he entered without having to scale the fence. He crept past the reception offices, the first mausoleum, and headstones bordering the narrow asphalt roadway. He listened. Hearing wailing chants from the graves, he didn't know if his mind was tricking him or if it was the sound of the wind whistling through

the headstones. He knew exactly where to go; the oldest, darkest deserted burial grounds hidden in the depths of aging tombstones next to Sulfur Creek where the eucalyptus trees reeked with the scent of death. Trying to pick up his pace, he heard the cries of what he imagined were the departed, screeching out, "Help! Help!" "Are these voices the wind weeping for the dead?" Damien asked the defiant wind as it whistled through the trees. When he reached the paved circle where the oldest graves sat around the old bubbling fountain, the wind and rain ceased briefly, and the voices silenced.

Beneath an aging oak tree, he sat on a marble bench with his feet sinking into the saturated lawn. Focusing on the names inscribed on the tombstones and trying to decipher the engravings, he read, "Caesar and Ramana Tivoli rest here. May you find peace from the hell you brought?" As Damien continued to read, he discovered they had both died on October 31, 1852. A streak of lightning flashed nearby, followed by a booming clap of thunder, but the wind and rain still diminished. Instantly, he remembered Gabriel's last name. Yes, you are Gabriel Tivoli. Is this your family plot? This

appears too eerie. Maybe I shouldn't have come. Is this all a joke? Will you even show up? A bolt of fire struck a nearby headstone, the pounding roar echoing through the canyon. Jumping in fright, he looked above, viewing a perfect, orange, full moon illuminating his surroundings. He glanced at the flowers on the graves, all wilting, except those on the Tivoli family plot. Damien called out, "Gabriel, are you part of this family tree lying in these graves?" The clouds covered the glow of the moon, the winds picked up velocity, and the rain became heavy again. He inhaled the scent of hormones he

recognized from sexual encounters with men from his past. Another gust of wind almost blew him off the bench, even though he held tightly to the marble seat. The rain poured down; he sensed something spectacular ready to boil the blood in his veins. Feeling weak, he closed his eyes momentarily. Awakening, he saw Gabriel standing nearly naked, clothed only in a scant leather thong, his dick bulging big and hard beneath the pouch. Towering over him, those brilliant green eyes radiated intense fire. Gabriel dripped with rain, illuminated by an aura of desire. His black hair lay over his

"I want you here... tonight." Gabriel commanded. "I want you too, but I'm weak. I can't move to touch you." "That frequently happens once you've become one of us. I'll restore your strength." Gabriel knelt on his

shoulders, glistening wet and shiny.

knees with his lips ready for
Damien's mouth. He kissed him
forcefully, his curled tongue shooting
through his lips. "Suck my nipple,
either right or left. Clamp down with
your teeth and bite, hard. I'll give
you the sweet nectar you need to live
and thrive."

When Damien hesitated, Gabriel pulled his head down to his right

breast and pleaded, "Now suck with those tight lips; bite with all your strength. I've something special you crave." His new lover waffled at first, only gently sucking, until Gabriel bit him on his neck, piercing his tender flesh, ingesting the small amount of blood he had remaining. Damien swooned in pleasure with his initial desperate bite, almost falling off the bench. After indulging in the first few drops of blood, it became a sweet aphrodisiac, tasting like a fine, aged Scotch. Then the resulting potent kick shot electricity throughout his body, blinding him and heightening his sense of touch,

leading to a momentary orgasm. Realizing the power infused in Gabriel's blood, he sucked ferociously, needing more of this pleasure with a voracious hunger. He continued to quench his thirst as he regained his strength. He surpassed a plateau of powerful energy, delving into a euphoria he never imagined. Gabriel's eyes lit up with flames. "Yes, do me!" As Damien released his teeth and mouth, he fell from the marble slab onto the grass, feeling exalted pleasure, his cock growing erect, hard and gleaming with precum. "I love you, Gabriel Tivoli!" "Not so fast. We're not done yet. We

need to explore each other in the true bond of love, not like those mortal men from your past." When Gabriel removed his black, leather thong and knelt down farther, Damien watched in awe at his friend's long, erect shaft dripping with cum. "I'm going to do you now, more than you or I ever fantasized." He knelt down farther to thrust his dick into Damien's thirsty lips. Damien pushed him away momentarily to take off his shoes and remove his pants. He glanced at his own dick, swollen, the acorn tip oozing. Sitting up, he grabbed Gabriel by the hips, urging him to

thrust his dick into his mouth. "I thirst for your cum more than when I first met you, more than I could ever imagine." Damien opened his mouth, surprised by the size of the bulbous crown of Gabriel's dick. His tongue and lips tasted the sweat where Gabriel's leather thong once was. He waited to clasp it between his lips, letting his tongue sponge the moisture from his rock hard cock. "Give it to me now!" "Quit teasing me," Gabriel demanded. "Bite down hard. I need to know you want me." He forced his cock deeper down Damien's throat. Gently, Damien clasped down with his front upper

teeth, hoping not to cause discomfort. "Harder! I know you can please me. You'll become my companion for eternity. Now grind those incisors like you're ready to pierce the veins on my shaft." Gabriel's cock throbbed, as it jerked back and forth between Damien's loose opened lips. "You can satisfy us both." Damien bit harder, while his lips clamped together like a vice. Squirming with pleasure, Gabriel enjoyed the tight lock and friction. Thrusting his dick faster, he begged, "Tighter." But Damien was preoccupied with the taste of Gabriel's flesh; a flavor only a man's

distinguish to satisfy his thirst for his partner's amorous juices. He was no longer afraid to punish the man he'd wanted for many years. He wants me to do it harder now, and faster, but I'm going to tease him and tease him again, until he begs me to bring him to orgasm. He slapped Gabriel's firm

need for another man could

in his hands and arms.

Gabriel thrust his hips up and down, beginning to wail, his exhilaration heard above the deafening winds. Damien tasted and swallowed the blood streaming down his throat into his veins, his

ass with the newly acquired strength

own penis stiffening as the blood fed him. A rush of euphoria raced to his heart, as he gasped for air through his nostrils. He had never felt this level of excitement before. His blood boiled for more, sending waves of arousal throughout his body. He wanted more and more of this man who had rejected him in the past. "This feels so good." Damien stopped. "I've never been so turned on by sucking a man's dick before." "Don't stop now. I'm ready to explode inside of you, giving you my very soul." Gabriel shrieked with panic. "If you want to live life eternal, I beg you to continue."

Damien choked as he swallowed, removing his grip, and lifted his head. "No!" Gabriel bellowed, echoing throughout the canyon, silencing the roar of the waters in the creek below. He lifted his head to once again pierce the skin on Damien's neck. Damien's head went down again. From that mere contact, Damien felt the arousal of another orgasm. He held off cumming as long as he could while their mouths drank the tonic they both needed to survive, until his body could not contain the eruption. Amid the sound of their orgasms resounding throughout the cemetery, their new

onto the soggy slope beneath the lone, creaking oak tree. With the rain pelting down harder, both breathing heavily, they were reborn. Damien glanced at Gabriel's cock, still maintaining its erection. Then, looking up, he noticed the fire from his dark emerald green eyes radiating brightly. The skin on his face quivered.

love exploded until they collapsed

"Now it's my turn," Gabriel spoke.

Buy Links:

Amazon Barnes and Noble

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About the Author:

Pablo Michaels disguised himself as a shy, friendly heterosexual during his adolescence, fantasizing other males. Falling in love with another man his first year in college, he followed him to another university to maintain their platonic love, while he continued in his in studies. When he had his first sexual encounter with another man, just before turning twenty-one, he exploded into gay life with lust and anger. He attempted to live his new life

naturally, seeking love, ignoring the statistics of the books he read on homosexuality in high school, and proving what he had read was wrong.

He wrote poetry and stories since

third grade. When he turned twentyone, he moved to San Francisco to work and write, experiencing more of gay life. In the 1980's he wrote every chance he had, trying and failing miserably at publishing mainstream fiction. He published his first story in 1986 in a literary magazine.

After writing plays, short stories,

poetry, and two novels, he began writing gay genre stories, since he had more knowledge and experience with gay lifestyle. Trying to publish, he went to a library seminar hosted by two published authors. Inspired by the gay writer, Scott Kemble he connected with him on the internet site for The San Francisco Bay Area Literary Arts Newsletter and Review, which published four of Pablo's

Feverously writing since 2004, he published his first e-book, "Pagan Knights of Cambria" with Life of Riley Productions in London. Soon

short stories.

Comes Marching Home Again Hooray", published also. In 2012 Pablo self-published his first novel, "Catnip, Rosemary, Rage and Time", combining mystery and humor in a gay, erotic romance. He continues to write more episodes in his next novel, The Deer in the Forest The plot spreads over several decades, about a man's attempts to adapt to the world he lives, all with love, heartache, history and survival at no cost.

a mainstream story, "When Johnny

His latest article, Why Gay Men Retire to Palm Springs, was just SimplySxy.com online magazine. You can read the insightful article here. http://simplysxy.com/articles/2015/gay-men-retire-to-palm-springs/

Pablo retired from gardening and

published in the very popular

landscaping to devote his energy to write fiction. As a gay man he wishes to promote his writing in the fictional, gay genre to help others understand the necessity for equal rights for LGBT people and comprehend that love between a man and a man, people of the same sex, is as natural as love between a man and a woman. Throughout his

battle of achieving acceptance. He has searched for a committed relationship with another man. He has loved his partner for eighteen years. They were married legally in front of Harvey Milk's bust in the rotunda of San Francisco City Hall by a judge, in 2008. Although their marriage remained legal after the passage of Proposition 8, they continued to work to repeal DOMA and Prop. 8. Throughout his life he has attempted to live and practice peace as a process for living. His book, Blood, Sweat and Black

lifetime he has experienced the long

Dreams in January 2015. His Latest book, Affairs of Men's Hearts, published in May 2015 by Yellow Silk Dreams is an anthology of four stories connected by the themes of gay men seeking love with another

man, from wishful thinking male to

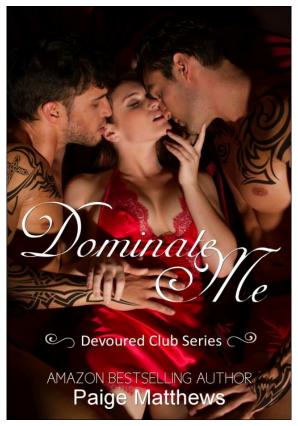
male romances to gay marriage.

Leather, a gay paranormal romance, was published by Yellow Silk

Social Links: Website Amazon Author Page Facebook Twitter Google+

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Paige Matthews

Dominate Me A Devoured Club Novel

Blurb:

Devlin Fitzpatrick is a man of few words. Usually. An expert in surveillance and security, and a Dominant at Devoured, Devlin is known for his authoritative ways. After making the decision to observe rather than participate, and hiding from feelings and desires only few

know about, Devlin throws himself into his work, and away from the practice of the lifestyle - that is, until he meets Ally. A chance encounter sets a new fire burning inside of Devlin – one that, up until then, has been absent. But, just as their relationship flares, a face from Devlin's past returns, re-igniting long-subdued desires. Ally O'Conner was not looking for a man especially one like Devlin. Yet, the mysterious, gorgeous, and dominant stranger becomes the one person Ally didn't know she was seeking. As Devlin opens Ally's world up to hidden emotions and uncharted desires, Ally quickly finds herself falling, even though she knows Devlin is hiding something from her: desires or needs she is unsure of. When a stranger calls, looking for Devlin's help, Ally begins to fear the worst as he begins to pull away. Aiden MacCarrick has spent the last few years bouncing from place to place - drumming up work wherever he can. After a job gone wrong, Aiden finds himself on the wrong side of the bullet. With no other choice, Aiden reaches out to the one person he knows can help him. As Devlin works to clear Aiden of a misunderstanding, and save his life entwined in a foreign world of deep desires, unbidden wants and uncharted feelings. Can they find a happy resolution to their desperate situation, or will their emotions dominate them?

in the process, the three of them are

Excerpt:

(from Ally's Point of View)

I had spent a lot of time thinking

about it, enjoying the play. From that first time together, we had done a scene in the spare room, and also had a few other sessions, involving the three of us. As Devlin had few times. Surprisingly, I didn't mind as much as I'd thought I would. It felt good, normal. "What's on your mind?" Devlin asked, as we lay curled together in his bed. We were all leaving in a few hours, hopefully for only a week or so. The thought of being away from Devlin for more than a week had my

promised, he hadn't touched Aiden, although Aiden had touched me a

stomach in knots. My brain was another issue. Everything that I tried to hold out on, the strong girl act was just that...an act. I'd wanted him to be honest with me, share his secrets, and when he hadn't, I'd left.

I'd lost about ten pounds, and was worried sick. Now that he had come clean, and told me he loved me, my heart ached to be near him, with or

But those two weeks were torture.

without Aiden. "How much I'm going to worry about you. How much I don't want you to leave." I let a tear drop roll

down my cheek. I turned to face him, my eyes filled with more tears.

"I'm coming back, pumpkin. Nothing will keep me from being with you. Nothing. You are my life now, Ally. Don't you see that? I am

nothing without you." I couldn't keep the tears back. They streamed down my face. "What about Aiden?" I asked.
"What about him?" Devlin asked,

wiping away the moisture from my face.

"Devlin, be honest with me. That's all I ask. What about Aiden? I see the way you are around each other."

"Ally, as much as I am trying to wrap my head around that situation, deal with the feelings I have long subdued, you are all that matters to me."

"But you are not being true to yourself." I took his face in my hands. "I may be new to this lifestyle, but I'm not blind. You still have

Devlin bent and kissed my mouth; a sweet and sensual kiss. "That is

feelings for him, and he for you."

why I love you. As much as I try to hide myself, you see me."
"Yes, I do, and I see the way he

makes you feel; the look in your eye when he's around. It's the same as when you look at me. I am not sure that you will be completely fulfilled without him."

"It was a long time ago, but yes, I still have unresolved feelings, ones that I don't want to ruin what I have with you. I can live without Aiden, but I cannot live without you."

"I can't live with knowing that you

here. I want us to have some time before you leave. I want you and him to have some time." I watched as the recognition crossed his face, his

are not fully happy. Bring him in

"Are you sure you want to see that? Are you sure you are ready?" I nodded. I needed him to know

body tightened.

that his desires were also mine. I had realized that over the last few days being here.

"Aiden!" Devlin yelled from our

position on the bed. I heard a few footsteps, and watched as Aiden's tattooed body filled the doorway. I

took a moment to look him over.

although Devlin had an inch or two on him. His chest and arms were covered in tattoos, his muscles defined all the way to the V. Currently, his sweatpants hung low on his waist.

His body mirrored Devlin's,

"Come here and lay behind Ally,"
Devlin ordered, his hands dancing
over my hip.
I watched as Aiden walked over to

"Yes?"

my side of the bed and lay next to me, his cock laying between my ass cheeks. I closed my eyes as my stomach flipped. I'd asked for this.

I'd asked to watch them together, for

over my ass and up to meet Devlin's hand on my hip. I was now between two men, hot as hell, as I watched their fingers entwine. Devlin

us to be together. Aiden's hand came

and I felt Aiden do the same.

"Ally wants a little more today.

Let's give that to her, to each other,

propped himself up on his elbow,

before we leave."

I turned my head to see Aiden nod. It was settled. No going back

now.

Devlin grasped Aiden's head and pulled him in, parting Aiden's lips with his tongue. The kiss was rough, passionate, and feral in a sense. I

could feel the emotion between the both of them, and felt the effect on my ass. Aiden's cock hardened immediately, sending waves of pleasure through me. I heard one of them growl as they broke the kiss. "Are you sure you're ready for this, pumpkin?" Devlin asked. I could only nod. I felt Aiden's dick twitch against me again, as Devlin pushed his into my stomach. My eyes rolled back in my head. Devlin's hands caressed the base of my breasts as Aiden ran his hands over my thigh. Devlin placed his lips to mine, slowly seducing my mouth open as his tongue delved deep inside me. Before I knew it, we had all switched places. I was now sitting against the headboard of the bed, while Aiden and Devlin were kneeling facing each other. Devlin pulled Aiden in for

another kiss, and I felt myself stir.

The sight was erotic, more than I'd thought it would be. Aiden's arms wrapped around Devlin's waist as Devlin pulled him closer. I sat back and watched the interaction between the two of them; the placement of

their hands, the grinding of their crotches. I watched as Devlin pushed Aiden's pants to his knees, freeing his erection. Devlin's hand moved south, was in front of him. I shifted as I felt myself get wetter.
"Pumpkin, come here," Devlin growled as Aiden's hands rubbed his

gently massaging the hardness that

cock on the outside of his own sweatpants. I came closer, being grabbed by Devlin. My shirt was removed promptly, and the men turned their attention to my breasts; each one of them taking a nipple into their mouths. The alternating sucking and biting set my skin on fire. This was definitely more pleasurable than I had thought it

would be.
"Touch each other," I said as they

looked at each other, then back to me, and then back to each other. Devlin moved to release himself, his sweatpants flying across the room. Aiden's followed. The three of us were now naked on the bed. I moved away, allowing them room to touch one another. "Please, I want to

released my tits. I waited as they

one another. "Please, I want to watch."

Devlin's eyes darkened. I could see Aiden's breath quicken. The moisture between my legs continued to increase. Aiden bent it hard to

take him all the way in. Devlin's hands gripped the sides of Aiden's head, his fingers entwined around moved his mouth up and down Devlin's shaft, his fingers massaging his master's balls. I positioned myself, reaching to

the loose hair. I watched as Aiden

take Aiden's cock in my own hand, stroking in the opposite rhythm as he worked Devlin. I heard Aiden groan as I spread the pre-come over the head of his cock. I felt another hand grip my ass, the fingers running down over my virgin hole, and straight to my core. I looked over my shoulder to see Devlin grinning. He continued south, running his fingers on either side of my core, flicking my clit. A circular through my body as his fingers danced across my wetness. I continued to stroke Aiden, his mouth still situated around Devlin's

cock.

motion began, shocks streaming

to kill me. I don't want to come in your mouth. I want to be buried inside your ass." The rawness of Devlin's words hit me hard. His fingers pumped into my core as I felt

"Jesus, sub...that suction is going

starting. I felt Aiden move, his dick slipping from my hands. "And I want to be inside her when I blow," I heard him say as he took

the beginnings of my own orgasm

sped up the speed of his fingers, his other hand coming around to focus on my clit. Aiden grabbed both nipples this time, twisting them as my body contracted, the sensations overtaking me as my orgasm ripped through my body. I didn't know what

one of my nipples between his fingers, twisting and pulling. Devlin

to focus on, Aiden's fingers or Devlin's. As I came down, Devlin pulled his fingers out and sucked them dry. "You taste amazing, pumpkin."

I smiled and fell onto my stomach, still breathing heavily. I watched as Devlin moved to the side condoms and a bottle of lube. A shiver ran down my body at the thought of what was to come next. I watched as Devlin positioned Aiden on his knees, wrapping his own hand around Aiden's cock. Devlin began to stroke him slowly as he bit different areas of Aiden's shoulder. Aiden arched his body back into Devlin, closing any distance between them. I could see the ecstasy in his

of the bed and retrieved two

them. I could see the ecstasy in his face; in the way his mouth formed words that couldn't be spoken. His body rocked with the rhythm established by Devlin; the two of them in tune with one another. It

was different to watch, but at the same time very erotic.

"Pumpkin, position yourself on

your back in front of Aiden."

I did as I was told. Moving myself

toward him, settling my legs around

his thighs, opening myself up to him. I watched as Devlin tore open one of the condoms and rolled it onto Aiden's prick. He then pushed Aiden closer to me, and I turned my

foil packet and roll the condom onto himself.

Devlin grabbed the bottle of lube and squirted a generous amount on

Aiden's ass. I could see Devlin

head to watch him open the other

massaging it in, although I couldn't see exactly what he was doing. I figured it was something good at the moan that escaped from Aiden. I smiled at the thought. Before I knew it, Aiden's cock was lined up against my core. I could see the lust in his eyes as he looked down at me, his mouth hovering over my breasts again. "Easy into Ally as I prepare you," Devlin instructed as Aiden's cock

Devlin instructed as Aiden's cock slid into me. It felt amazing; the thickness of him filling me. I pulled his head to me and kissed him deeply. As he broke away I could hear his panting, and a groan escape

Devlin's hands grasped Aiden's hips, pushing him further into me, then pulling him out as Devlin slammed into Aiden. A rhythm was established and solely controlled by Devlin alone.

from Devlin's mouth. I assumed

I don't know how long we fucked like that. I lost myself in the motions, the sensations pulsing through my body. I could feel myself building again, the familiar tension in my body. "Sir, I am close to coming."

"Don't come, pumpkin. I didn't give you permission." The roughness

apparent in his voice.

"Please, sir. I can't hold out much longer," I pleaded. I was thinking of

everything I could to not come. But the rocking of the two men above me, the thrust of Aiden into me, was too much to handle. "Please, sir..."

"Oh God. I'm close too," Aiden added. The speed intensified, and I barely heard Devlin's command as my body exploded around Aiden's dick, gripping him in fits as I came hard again. I heard a few more grunts, and watched as Aiden's body stilled, his head thrown back. "Oh

my God."

Devlin was still moving in and out

watched his body convulse with pleasure. The animalistic grunts, the slew of incomprehensible words that filtered out, before we all collapsed on the bed.

Buy Links: Amazon Barnes and

of Aiden, thrusting hard until I

Noble Smashwords About the Author:

Paige Matthews grew up in a small town in Western Connecticut. After receiving a BA and MA in Literature and writing, Paige

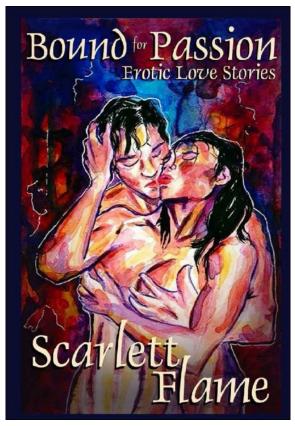
began to focus on writing her own style of fiction. Paige focuses on the emotional aspects of the D/s relationship and writes primarily with Raven's Seduction Press. When Paige is not writing, or working her full time job, she can be found watching hockey, reading and

BDSM fiction. In 2015, Paige signed

enjoying time with her family. Paige currently lives in Western CT with her husband, two children and dog.

Social Links: Website Amazon
Author Page Facebook Twitter
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Scarlett Flame

Bound for Passion Erotic Love Stories

Blurb:

the hospital chapel, the last encounter she expects is a fervent entanglement with an otherworldly being, as passions increase she learns for the first time in her life the true meaning of out of this world. In the second, Sarah meets a new lover

When Vivienne sits inconsolable in

And, the final story concerns the journey a young woman takes, as a Dominant offers to show her the

after telling him all her intimate fantasies in an internet chat room.

ropes, in exchange for her submission via BDSM. Individually these stories are hot, but together they are sizzling

Excerpt from The Visit:

We had mot on the internet Vo

We had met on the internet. You know, in a chat room, and arranged to meet up.

The plane had just landed and I was extremely nervous, but excited.

had made my heart race, so many fantasies that we had both had. Now that we were meeting up, maybe, hopefully, some of those fantasies would be fulfilled.

I stood waiting at the luggage

The things we had discussed online

carousel until I spotted my suitcase. The red satin ribbon I'd tied on the handle now seemed like a little flag. I'd dressed in a slim fitting black pencil skirt, scarlet top and scarlet suede high heel shoes. My underwear was especially chosen with him in mind. A black lacy bra, a new black lacy thong, finished off with stockings and suspenders. A short black leather jacket over the top created the look. Even when I'd retrieved my case, I

loitered a few minutes longer by the carousel, wondering what would happen when we met. Would I even recognise him? We had seen pictures

voice. I knew he was over six foot tall, and he knew I was a little over five foot five inches, so he would be taller than me.

of each other, and he'd heard my

My hands were sweating a little now, and my legs were shaking too. Would I be able to go through with this? Would he? I nipped to the toilets, my nervousness making me reapplied my make up, staring at my reflection.

I left the toilets, making my way

slowly through the double doors in

need a pee. I brushed my hair and

to the airport foyer, with my eyes firmly trained on my feet, worrying that I might trip, or fall, or do something stupid. Suddenly, I felt his gaze, and I just knew it was him. When I raised my head, and our eyes met, I spotted him straight away. There he was. Tall, dark, and handsome, and headed my way. It might have been cliché, but it was true, and he was mine, for the entire

weekend.

My throat hurt now, and my heart stuttered in my chest. I stood stock still. As if my feet were suddenly encased in concrete, I couldn't move. He didn't falter, but instead gathered me up in his arms, then he was

kissing me. A long, lingering kiss. The sort of kiss you never want to end. I dropped my bag and let go of my suitcase, oblivious to any one who may have been watching.

When he began to speak I

detected the amazing Irish lilt I knew he would have and I just melted, well it felt that way to me. He picked up my suitcase and took my hand saying "I'm so glad you are

off at the hotel we are staying at. Come on, I can't wait for us to be alone."

We left the airport hand in hand

here. My friend is going to drop us

and walked to the short stay car park. I could see a little white fiesta with a blonde haired guy in the driver's seat. Paul waved, and the guy got out and opened the boot. Paul

put my suitcase in, next to a large

holdall, and we both climbed in to the back of the car. We sat there, not speaking, just holding hands, staring out of the window. The town was lovely and quaint, with the houses painted all drifting back to Paul. He began to speak immediately, "We're almost there now. This is Michael, by the way. We're meeting up with him and a few other friends later on tonight." Michael glanced over his shoulder at me and added "Hi, nice to meet you" Paul inched a little closer, our

different colours, but my eyes kept

thighs touching now. I could feel the heat of his body through his jeans.

Michael pulled the car up to the front of a fairly nondescript hotel, called The Mermaid. Paul and I got

front of a fairly nondescript hotel, called The Mermaid. Paul and I got out, he retrieved the suitcase and holdall, and we said our goodbyes to Michael.

began to think about the first fantasy we had discussed and could feel my face begin to flush. We approached the front desk and signed in, picking up our keys in the process. The Concierge enquired whether we needed some one to show us to our room. Paul replied, "No, thanks, we can manage," and we headed toward

As we walked in to the hotel, I

the lifts, opposite the desk. When he turned to me, his smile was more of a grin. "You ready to take the lift, Sarah?"

I gulped, and nodded. My mouth was too dry to speak now, as if it

was full of sand. We got into the lift,

and the doors closed with a whoosh.

Immediately Paul had me pinned against the side wall of the lift,

indicating over his shoulder to the camera blinking in the corner. "You remember what we discussed?" Before I could respond he leaned in

to me, kissing me deeply, ferociously. His hands wandered down toward the hem of my skirt and continued their journey up the inside of my

thigh.

By now my new thong was wet, as
I remembered exactly what our

"discussion" had been about. Discussion about a fantasy involving a lift, and what we would do there.

With his free hand he pressed the "stop" button for the lift. Reaching his fingers into either side of my panties, he eased them slowly down, until he was knelt at my feet, and I was able to step out of them. He brought them up to his nose, sniffed deeply, and slipped them in to his jeans pocket, all the time making sure that the camera was recording everything. I was aroused, and embarrassed at the same time. Once again his hands travelled up the inside of my thigh. This time he inserted two fingers and gasped. "So wet, I knew you would love this. Just wait till we get to the room. I will rock your world."

Paul pressed the button again and the lift continued its ascent, with his

fingers pumping in to me. When lift came to a stop and the doors began to open, he looked in my eyes, placed his fingers in his mouth, and licked

them. Then, as if nothing had happened, he picked up the bags,

with me still leaning against the wall, a little stunned. Adjusting my skirt, I followed him.

We found room thirty-nine easily.

Paul put down the luggage outside the door, then moved so quickly I didn't have time to react. Once again he had me pressed up against the when he kissed me I parted my lips a little, allowing his tongue to thrust into my mouth. He pulled my skirt up from behind and began to caress my bottom, kneading the flesh with his fingers. After a few minutes he

wall, next to the door, this time

pulled away and looked me in the eve saying, "Come on, Let's go in now." We picked up our luggage and hurried into the room.

The room was fairly nice, with a king size bed directly opposite the door and a bathroom to the right hand side. There were two large bay windows with heavy drapes to the floor. A little coffee table was placed upholstered chair either side. A large Edwardian wardrobe dominated the left hand wall. We dropped our bags on the floor

to the left of the bed, with an

and Paul moved the "Do not disturb" sign from the door knob, and placed it on the handle outside the door. I was acutely aware of the very large bulge in his jeans, straining the cloth to its limits. He walked over and pushed my jacket off my shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. His eyes moved up and down my body, checking me out, his huge smile leaving me knowing how much he liked what he saw.

slowly undid my buttons, then he reached around my waist to undo my skirt zip and my skirt fell, pooling around my ankles.

I was stood now in just my black

Stepping closer, one by one, he

lacy bra, stockings and suspenders wearing my high heels. He knelt down, pushing me gently on to the bed and licked his bottom lip, saying, "Leave the high heels on, they turn me on. The bra though, will have to

bra, and my breasts were exposed to the cool, air conditioned air. My nipples instantly hardened, invitingly. He wasted no time and reached over,

go." He dexterously unhooked my

with his teeth. I shuddered and felt myself grow even wetter. His hands were once again caressing my inner thigh, and before long he had inserted a finger into me. He pushed in a few times, then he used two fingers moving in and out of me, and suckling my clit. I was moving,

sucking my clit and gently nibbling it

time in increasing the two fingers to three.

He moved and began to place little kisses on the skin of my inner thigh, nipping and tugging. Moving up and up my body until he reached

my breasts. He took my right nipple

encouraging him, and he wasted no

in his mouth, and gently bit it and started to suck. I was moving my pelvis up and down to the rhythm of his fingers now. Unable to stop, breathing faster now, panting a little too. I gasped and moved my hands around his neck and pulled him toward me, kissing him deeply and nibbling on his bottom lip a little. He pulled away so he could look at me. "Mmm you like that don't

you? I am going to finger fuck you, and suck your nipples until you come now. Then, the fun will really begin. When I have finished with you, you'll have difficulty walking. Then we are going to fuck

time, harder than before and I gasped out loud. His hand now was pumping in and out of me like a piston, with no respite. I could feel myself dripping. Unable to control myself, fucking his fingers with no restraint, I could feel myself getting closer and closer to an orgasm. Paul whispered to me, "Come for me

some more." He moved his mouth once more to my nipples and bit this

fingers.

He didn't stop, he just carried on until I cried out, "Oh my God!! I

Sarah, come hard." I arched my back and felt myself shudder and my muscles clenched hard around his Laughing, he said, "By the time I finish with you tonight you will be begging me to stop. That is when I

shall just carry on, so that you can't

can't take this any more Stop.!""

take any more. Have you ever heard of rolling orgasms Sarah?" I managed to shake my head a little. "Well, after your first orgasm, if we continue you will get stronger orgasms. So, little lady, tonight's the night for your first rolling orgasms. But I promise you they won't be

night for your first rolling orgasms. But I promise you they won't be your last. We have all tonight, tomorrow and the morning after for that."

I could feel overwhelming

convulse around his fingers. I shuddered through wave after wave until he finally stopped, pulling his fingers very slowly out. Every movement made me shiver. He lay next to me and held me close then until I finally lay still, although my rhythmic contractions continued to beset my body. All I could I think was how heaven could also feel a little bit like hell too. But such magnificent hell. I lay there some time until I felt able to stand. I knew then it was

time for me to "Rock his world" for

contractions starting again, with my body once more beginning to amazing sensations I had experienced, by giving Paul some of his own. **Buy Links:**

him too. I had to reciprocate the

Amazon US Amazon UK

About the Author:

and take a seat. My name is Scarlett Flame and this is my author page.

I am an avid reader and writer, and share my reviews of books, gigs and my adventures (when I have them) on my Blog. So, please visit often.

Well hello there, and come on in

I live in Manchester, England and love to listen to live music, especially Indie. I have written stories and poems all my life, but only seriously, recently.

I am passionate about writing, and write about passion.

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SHYLA COLT SHYLA COLT



Shyla Colt Spun

Blurb:

Born to a King of Chaos patch holder with a case of wanderlust and a self-centered mother, twenty-oneyear-old Nevada Weber is used to taking care of herself. She's spent her life skating by on her wits and pure determination. When she lands in a situation, she can't haggle her way out of, she's forced to rely on another brother for help.

over the years. Icy and numb on the inside, he walks around in a prison of his making. When the bright green-eyed girl he helped raise winds up unclaimed and in need of protection he steps in seeking redemption.

In a life where destruction lurks

Club enforcer Gage "Wizard" Carmody has done his job too well

In a life where destruction lurks around the corner, they discover something with the potential to bring healing and happiness. But when you live in Chaos nothing goes as planned.

Excerpt:

Clueless people like to say bullshit like, Life only happens to you if you let it.' Those are the ones who have had the luxury of a good life and caring parents. The entitlement kids they drone on about on television. Born with a set of rosecolored glasses, they can't even fathom what life without choice would be like. Truth is, we're all born into situations. Most can change the path their life takes. They can leave, escape and shape themselves into whatever they wish. For people like me, that isn't possible. I was born who only cared when it was convenient and a mother who never wanted the title.

Don't get me wrong. They weren't the worst parents in the world. I didn't get beaten, starved, or bartered out for cash. I've seen all those things happen in our life. I always had a roof over my head, clothes on my back, and food in my gut. In their minds, that is where their parental duties ended. I learned at a young age, abuse comes in many flavors. Their spice of choice was neglect. Completely uninvolved, they allowed anyone who was willing to raise me.

Kings always came first, and as much as the others tried to pick up

much as the others tried to pick up the slack, the shit stung. Being passed from house to house like a communal piece of property, dented

my self-esteem like a can dropped on the floor of a grocery store. I'm grateful for my Chaos family. I just wish my folks gave two shits—then I

wouldn't be in my current position.

The pounding continues on the door of the tiny bedroom I stay in at the back of the house.

I'm lucky Mel took me in. I know it. Still doesn't change the fact that I can't stand her old man, Fuse. I back from each paycheck and cringe. Nearly everything went to the club and got doled out as needed. I had

enough to approach our President

mentally count the money I've held

and ask to live on my own, then my mother stole it and took a trip out of town on my dime. It damn near broke my spirit. That's when I decided to stay out of the house permanently.

I've gathered up enough money and courage to go to our President, Stone, and argue my case for real this time. The club likes its women to stay together. It's much safer that

It took me three more years, but

'cause I'm sick of being shuffled from house to house and left to the mercy of the head of each household. I need stability and a

chance to feel like I'm worth

something.

bullshit.

way. I get that, but it doesn't matter,

The latch lock on the top of the door jiggles under the force of Fuse's fist. The hotheaded fucker is upping my timetable with his

Technically, I'm unclaimed and that puts me in a dangerous situation. My father doesn't care enough to look out for me the way

he should. Everyone knows it, and

this bottom feeder is now trying to use it to his advantage.
"You in there, Nevy?" Fuse asks.

The sound of his raspy voice sends chills up my spine. You know I

am, dick.

A sleazy, false quality about him always makes my skin crawl. He has a wandering eye. I don't know how

Melanie puts up with him. I wouldn't. He doesn't even keep the dirt he does a secret. It's a blatant

dirt he does a secret. It's a blatant insult. At least most of the men who cheat keep it from their old ladies.

No one's stupid in this life. Monogamy is rare. In a lifestyle all about freedom and no restraints, that Fuse's crazy filled dark eyes lingering on me more and more. "Yeah," I call. I glance around my room taking in the child's white

isn't a shocker. Lately, I've noticed

dresser, small twin bed with white bedding, and the full-length mirror attached to the back of my door. Fuck, I wish I had a window big

enough to climb out of. The three

rectangular windows that sit high on the ceiling won't allow anyone bigger than a five-year-old to fit through. Plus, I'd need a ladder to reach them in the first place. I'm five-foot

eight and on the skinny side. So, I'm not too proud to make an exit when

"Come out a minute. I need a favor," he purrs. Slippery as oil, he's an ink stain darkening souls one at a

I sense trouble brewing.

time.

Fuse's voice is laced with an intention I don't want to examine.

The hair on the back of my neck stands up. "With what? I'm busy," I say, careful to keep my tone light and steady. He's a predator. If I show fear, he'll go in for the kill.

"Doing what?"

I gnash my teeth together. Like the old school mafia, men run shit. That's the double-edged sword in the outlaw biker life. I'm in his house percent of bikers engage in criminal activity, but that black diamond with the one percent places you in a whole new world. The difference between happiness and hell is the

make of the man you choose. It's

and I owe him respect. Blowing him off isn't an option. Less than one-

why I have no interest in becoming an old lady. People make nice until they have you. Then their true colors come out. "I'm going over some things for work. Can't Mel do it?" I lie through

work. Can't Mel do it?" I lie through my teeth. He knows better than to dick with the cash flow coming in. We have a number of businesses going around town. I suspect they are more to launder money than they are to bring money in, but that's none of my concern. I usually work wherever they need me. Right now, that position is at our strip club, Golden. Technically, I'm a waitress with managerial duties. I don't handle all the day-to-day operations, but I sure as hell count out at the end of every night. Chaos doesn't trust outsiders with their green unless they have to. As a club kid, I've played the role of reliable worker since I was old enough to hire.

"She's not here right now. You

are."

Shit. Shuffling to the door, I

inhale and study myself in the mirror. I'm not dressed for work yet, so my body is covered. I'm rocking a pair of long sweat pants and a worn

KOC T-shirt. It should make me feel safe from his piercing gaze, but I know it won't. I open the door and find Fuse's massive frame blocking my exit.

A smirk lines his thin lips. He

A smirk lines his thin lips. He should be attractive. His skin is a flawless olive tone that accentuates the masculine beauty of his angular face. Almond-shaped brown eyes, which are so dark they're almost

I feel dirty. It's like he can see beneath my clothing. Determined

black, scan me from head to toe.

not to show weakness, I straighten to my full height and return his stare. Fear is an emotion men like him will

exploit. "What can I help you with,

"I think you know, Nev," he drawls, and licks his lips.

Fuse?"

My stomach rolls. Grinding my teeth I bite back the comments running through my head. "I wouldn't ask you if I did," I say,

playing dumb.

"You got a smart mouth on you, always have." He rubs his lips with

"I am my father's daughter." I subtly remind him of his brother in arms. They don't call my daddy Hulk

his thumb.

for nothing. If I tell him his brother is coming on to me, words will be had. I'd prefer to avoid the entire situation.

"Maybe, but Daddy's a long way from here now, isn't he?" The reminder of my father's

absence is a dagger to the gut. Since Mom disappeared, the old man hasn't been around the club much. He's been out and about for a straight year of visiting sister chapters and taking missions on the

whiff of that tight, little pussy."

I clench my jaw and bite my tongue, hard. The metallic tinge of blood fills my mouth.

Buy Links: Amazon US Amazon

road. "I'm a lucky girl to have so

"Is that what you think?" Fuse snorts. "Those old fucks are sniffing around you hoping to get a

many uncles then, aren't I?"

About the Author:

UK

Shyla Colt grew up in Cincinnati, Ohio, but has lived a variety of wanderlust, interesting careers, and marriage to a United States Marine. She's always loved books and wrote her very first novel at the age of fifteen. She keeps a copy of her first submission letter on her desk for

different places thanks to her

inspiration.

After a lifetime of traveling, she settled down and knew her time had come to write. Diving into her new career like she does everything else, with enthusiasm, research and a lot of prayers, she had her first book

published in June of 2011. As a fulltime writer, stay at home mother, and wife, there's never a dull moment in her household.

She weaves her tales in spare

moments and the evenings with a cup of coffee or tea at her side and the characters in her head for company. A self-professed rebel with a pen. Her goal is to diversify romance as she continues to genre hop, and offer up strong female

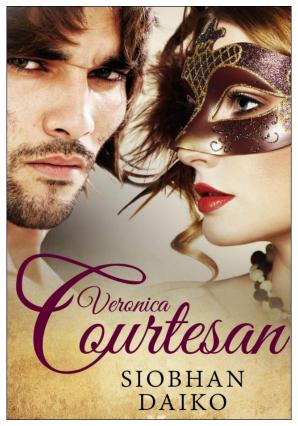
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characters.







Siobhan Daiko

Veronica Courtesan

Blurb:

I watch him watching us, imagining how he would take me.

I send him the message with my eyes.

This is who I am.

I am Veronica Franco.

I am a COURTESAN.

I court the cultural elite for fame and fortune, giving my body to many.
And I'm good. So very good. After all, I was taught by my mother, and

mother always knows best.

How else to please the future King of France than with the imaginative use of Murano glass? How else to fulfill the desires of all yet keep my sense of self-worth?

But when disaster strikes and my life begins to unravel, I'll have to ask myself one question: Is it too late to give my heart to just

Is it too late to give my heart to just one man?
Set in Venice 16th Century.

Advisory: seriously, sumptuously, sensuously erotic.

Excerpt:

I open my arms and he comes into them, his bristly beard against my cheek. 'My darling Andrew, how wonderful that you are here.' We kiss, an achingly tender kiss, slow and gentle. There is great affection between us. His calloused palms catch the undersides of my breasts and cup them. His murmur of pleasure rumbles against my chest. I put my hands on his shoulders and run them down his back to curl around his buttocks. He presses into me, crushing his erect shaft between I wrap the fingers of one hand around his prick, the other hand cupping his sack. Then I caress his

us.

length until I reach his tip, smiling as the first beads of moisture leak from him. Kneeling in front of him, I take him in both hands, pushing my hands down on him in a hand-over-

hand cycle. When his breath starts to come in gasps, I lean forward and suck him into my mouth.

I have to stretch my jaw wide. He

smells and tastes clean: musky, slick and smooth. Careful not to graze him with my teeth, I bob my head up and down, wrapping my lips around hair. One hand pumping him at the base, I slip the other one underneath to stroke the stretch of skin behind his balls. He pushes up with his hips and I lower my head to take him deeper. His body tenses as I work him with my hand and suck so hard my cheeks hollow. He gasps a shuddering breath, arches his back, and tightens his grip on my hair as he shoots a spurt of viscous saltiness against the back of my throat. 'Ah, Veronica, tesoro. How I've dreamt of this for many a night while I've pumped myself and

thought of you.'

him. He tangles his fingers in my

'And I of you.'
'Except you weren't without love, were you?'

dearest Andrew.' And 'tis true. Andrew is a hero, a god, and I really do adore him.

There's no love like yours, my

'Lie back, Veronica. Let me enjoy you and give you pleasure.' He moves with agonizing

slowness over my body, kissing me from the tips of my toes, up the length of my calves, across my hips, to arrive at my breasts. My nipples tingle and stiffen as he caresses one and sucks the other. Wetness soaks

my figa, and I want to feel his mouth

there.

I spread my legs apart, willing him to put his tongue inside me, but he

runs it up my inner thigh instead, just outside my labia, then across my belly and down the other thigh. *Ob*,

please, put it in! No such delight. He kisses behind my knees instead, then the soles of my feet. He runs his hands up my legs ahead of his kisses, touching his lips to my hipbones again, and finally, at last, to my core. Just a kiss, though, his lips stroking

my entrance, then a single shallow lap of his tongue. I'm moaning and writhing in desperation. Ah, finally.

His tongue flicks against my nub.

I groan and pull his head against me. He sucks on my pearl as he pushes his thumb into me, curling it to stroke my figa walls. His pace is still slow and he pauses once to spit into his other hand, smearing the saliva against my culo. His finger works its way in until I feel his knuckles against me. My breathing is a long-drawn, high-pitched moan, rising into a panting whimper as my joy approaches. I claw the bed and don't even try to quieten my squeals. My figa muscles clench around his thumb and my arsehole clamps his finger as he moves both hands together. I twist in paroxysms of pleasure. Finally he takes his hands from me, and I'm as limp as a ragdoll.

Andrew gets to his feet, washes his hands in the basin (like I have

taught him), and goes to the wine and biscotti he knows are on the table. He returns to the bed with them, then dunks a biscuit in the sweet *vino* and feeds it to me. I lie on

my side, every bone in my body relaxed. Some wine has dribbled between my breasts. He licks it up and progresses to swirl his tongue around my nipples. They harden and a thrill of desire travels down to my figa. We kiss, our tongues laced

He rolls me over and his weight descends on me. I feel a new

pressure probing my entrance, but

together, our lips pulsing.

he doesn't enter me. Oh, how I want to beg him! Except, I won't. His pleasure before mine, always. He pushes the tip in, grips himself in his hand and moves in circles inside me, brushing my pearl. I suck in a ragged breath. And then he pulls away. *Oh, Dio!* His lips find one

Without warning, he thrusts into me with one push, driving to the hilt, hard. My eyes fly open and I

breast, and his fingers the other. Oh,

santo cielo!

to the root, our hips grinding together. I try to move against him, but he holds my hips down with one hand. I can feel my joy building; I want him to move, need him to thrust.

'Please...' I can't help myself.

He grazes his teeth on my

breathe out a gasp. His mouth remains on my nipple, and he doesn't thrust again, just stays there, buried

other. His hand holds me down, keeping me from rolling my hips. 'Andrew, please!' I want him deep, want to feel his length sliding inside me.

stiffened nipple, then moves to the

'Please fuck me.'
'Hard, or soft?' He pulls out slowly then thrusts in hard.

He withdraws bit by bit, until only

He chuckles. 'Please what?'

'Dio, yes! Like that.'

the very tip of his prick is left inside me, and he hesitates there, stopping the flutter of my hips with his hand before crashing back into me. Again, and again, slow out, fast in. Deep

'Don't stop!'

thrusts. Hard into me.

He settles his weight on me, forearms planted underneath my neck, his lips crushing mine in hungry kisses. I wrap myself around

me, faster now. He moans his joy, and the hot liquid of his seed fills me and tips me over the edge. Stars burst behind my eyes so intense is my climax. I let out a shriek. And still he thrusts into me, pushing me beyond joy into an intensity of pleasure so powerful it hurts. Finally he slows and strokes my face with trembling fingers. That was unbelievable, Veronica. You have bewitched me.'

him, holding him as he drives into

Buy Links:

Amazon UK Amazon US

About the Author:

Siobhan Daiko is an author of romantic historical fiction and a new series of erotic novellas featuring famous courtesans – strong women who held their own in a man's world. A lover of all things Italian, Siobhan lives in the Veneto region of northern Italy with her husband and two cats.

After a life of romance and adventure in Hong Kong, Australia and the UK she now spends her time, when she isn't writing, enjoying

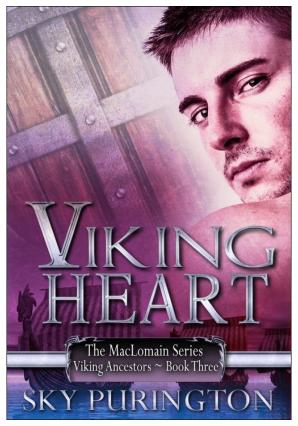
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Sky Purington Viking Heart

Blurb:

because of a pact made between three ninth century Viking brothers and Mt. Galdhøpiggen's seers, her sisters have vanished into the distant past. Struggling with grief, she leans on her part-time fling Sean until even he is torn away. Or so it seems.

Amber is heartbroken. Supposedly

Of dragon blood and brother to the king, Kol Sigdir 'the lucky' has been determined to avoid his fate since future. He adores all women and it's no easy thing knowing he has to eventually pledge his heart to just one...until he meets Amber. A spirited artist and musician, she captivates him. When she offers him

the moment he promised himself, sight unseen, to a woman from the

captivates him. When she offers him a soul-deep glimpse at what was missing from his life, he soon wonders how he will ever be able to let her go.

As Kol and Amber grow closer, they face multiple threats Fager for

As Kol and Amber grow closer, they face multiple threats. Eager for revenge, King Alrek declares war. To make matters worse, he has an ally

determined to see everything come to an end.

Hearts struggle, rip apart, and then

are rebuilt when the laws of time are

nobody could have anticipated. One

tossed aside. A thousand years means nothing when two star-crossed souls are meant to connect. Even so, will the strength of love be enough to withstand a powerful enemy and bridge a gap across time already closed?

Excerpt:

Kol cocked a brow at his older

then? Invite Amber onto my lap or pull up a chair beside me?" Naðr was about to respond, but Kol interrupted. "Because though I was told otherwise, it seems I have no choice in my own fate."

brother. "What's your next request

"You always have that." Kjar plunked down beside him. "The problem is you do not tend to make good decisions when it comes to women."

women."

Kol polished off his ale and stretched. "I think just about every woman I've been with would disagree with you, cousin."

Kjar snorted.

ale, Kol leaned back and eyed Amber with amusement as she stopped in front of the men playing bodhran drums. Unlike her sisters, she seemed to be embracing their society right

away or so said the slow sway of her hips. Fortunately, the fires kept it

After receiving another horn of

warm enough that she'd removed her cloak, giving him and every other man a pleasurable view of her backside. And just like him, there was

He didn't recognize the low growl in his chest and had no idea he was heading in her direction until he was

nothing but lust in their eyes.

halfway there. Her sisters might be a solid wall of protection around Amber, but far too many men were contemplating a way past them. And even with the potential wrath of the king and Raknar coming down on them, several clearly thought the loot well worth the punishment. She must have said something about the instrument because Kol had nearly reached Amber when one of the men stopped playing his drum and handed it to her. Red dragon haze skirted the corners of his vision when the musician wrapped his arms around her from behind. Though he was only Kol also knew he was just as aroused as the men now forming a circle around her.

A dagger at the ready, he stopped

showing her how to use the drum,

beside her sisters and glared at any man willing to meet his eyes...which were few. No, they weren't just lusting but downright enchanted by

Amber. Even his eyes were snagged from protecting her when warm laughter bubbled up from her chest. She tossed her hair over a shoulder

and winked at the man behind her. Arms crossed over his chest, Kol was impressed with how smoothly she kept the musician from pressing like it.

From a woman that is.

Amber maneuvered a man nearly as well as Kol maneuvered a woman.

And that's precisely what they did.

too close while simultaneously making him feel like the world

He had never seen anything quite

revolved around him.

Made the opposite sex feel special until they tired and moved on to the next. But Kol would bet that like him, she rarely left a man lacking. If anything, she left them happier than they were before.

"I knew it wouldn't take her long

to make herself at home," Megan

murmured and bumped shoulders with him. "Put away the dagger, Champ. She'll be all right." "I'm sure she will." But he didn't

put away the dagger. Better that his fellowmen see his intentions...or at least that she was under his protection. Yet even as he tried to keep his attention on the bastards

around her, he soon became as enamored as the rest when she held the crossbar beneath with expertise and started playing the drum. She had a way of moving her hand in such a way that the sound made the listener feel the passion within her. Incredible passion.

The woman possessed a natural eroticism that simmered beneath the

surface of every move she made. Kol watched the speed and roll of her hand, imagining that same hand playing his body with as much talent

Blatant sensuality.

and hunger. Because there was a definite hunger in the sound she created. One that originated in the depths of her soul. A soul that felt things far more deeply than most.

Though Kol narrowed his eyes at the man behind her, he didn't need to. Amber was handling him

perfectly as she pulled away and nodded her thanks. Then her eyes met the women playing the pipes and she offered a dazzling smile as they caught her beat. Captivated, he couldn't decide

which part of her he wanted to eye more. Her animated face, the way her hand deftly worked the instrument or the sway of her lovely hips as she moved in synchronization to the beat she

Her eyes flashed as the low, inviting beat increased ever so slowly. He couldn't stop his arousal if he wanted to. Not when he sensed the rhythm of sex. After all, he knew it better than most. Eager to taste

created.

thighs, he licked his lips. Though it almost seemed calculated, he knew it wasn't when her eyes met his and her lips fell open a fraction.

Yet she didn't miss a beat.

Instead, her hand moved faster and he curled up the corner of his lips. He'd never had a woman show

what lay between those talented

lips. He'd never had a woman show her interest, her desire, through music. It aroused him so thoroughly that not only did his erection strain almost painfully against his leather pants but a slow burn was working its way up his spine. And damn if she didn't know precisely what she was doing to him.

Two could play at that game.

He sheathed his blade, pulled off his tunic and winked.

"Oh, *please*." Veronica held her lower back and rested a hand on her

belly as she shook her head and eyed him. "You're as bad as she is, show off."

"She's a little tease." Kol shrugged and kept his crooked grin in place as he enjoyed Amber's response. "I'm just giving some back."

Veronica fanned herself as Raknar came behind her and wrapped his arms around her until his hands rested over hers on her stomach. She might be running hotter than clearly affecting everyone as his brother nuzzled the side of her neck and Veronica's eyes drifted shut. Meanwhile, Amber's hand was

normal, but Amber's music was

moving faster as her eyes ran the length of Kol and a blush tinted her cheeks. If he didn't know better, he would say she was working herself toward where he wanted her.

In his bed.

Buy Link:

Amazon

About the Author:

author of seventeen novels and several novellas. A New Englander born and bred, Sky was raised hearing stories of folklore, myth and legend. When combined with a love for nature, romance and time-travel, elements from the stories of her vouth found release in her books. Purington loves to hear from readers

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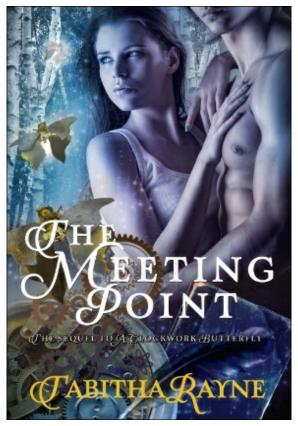
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Tabitha Rayne The Meeting Point

Blurb:

A story of love, freedom, and the future of mankind.

Deborah Regan has broken free from the prison where she's been unjustly held for the past eight years. The scale of the devastation to the land outside is overwhelming. Toxins have taken hold, and the planet is dying. Deborah vows to find her lover Marcus and flee to the safety of the hills where their story first began.

Marcus is one of the few remaining

men left on earth, and Deborah finds him held captive at a pleasure farm where he is kept to service rich and powerful women. Escape for him is complex and dangerous. They can only hope that the trio who helped Deborah before will come to their aid. Marcus has heard from his clients over the years of a mythical place with its own microclimate that toxin clouds seem to miss. He is sure they can find it and will be able to Mae, Lena, and Angelo feel compelled to find Deborah and Marcus who they know have a

build a future together.

special connection that might prove essential to their survival. They make haste to track the couple and realize the plan they have chosen is fraught with danger and conflict.

Will they make it to the utopia

Marcus dreams of?

Content Warning: contains graphic sex scenes with multiple partners, including m/f and f/f sexual interaction, strong language, and end

of the world shenanigans.

*The explosive climax to Taking Flight and A Clockwork Butterfly.

Excerpt:

Deborah addressed the woman behind her, but kept her gaze ahead. The land seemed to stretch out forever. Grasses, trees, and moorland filled the view until it sloped gently into the horizon. It humbled her in a way that made her want to fall to her knees in both grief and joy.

"You never did what I didn't need,

"I'm sorry if I treated you badly."

companion hit her in the back like tiny darts, reminding her of her actions. She turned. "I am no longer your Mistress,

Chervl."

Mistress." The words of Deborah's

"If you say so, ma'am." Cheryl's voice threw Deborah. She spoke with the defiance she had been cultivating over the past few months.

Deborah actually felt sad when she saw how her submissive had changed. She knew there had never been a spiritual intimacy between them, but there had been a strange companionship and understanding. That seemed to have vanished "You may go your own way now, Cheryl." The prison building loomed at their backs and Deborah was anxious to get moving—anxious to find her true love. The other horse drew up, shoulder to shoulder with

recently and a real disdain had

grown.

hers.

"Would you mind if I rode with you for a while?" Cheryl said softly, with a hint of what used to pass between them. "No," Deborah said gently. "I wouldn't mind at all." And with a

flick of her heel, she kicked the great beast between her thighs into action. speed as the hooves that carried her. Adrenalin coursed through her and a lump of excited emotion grew in her

Her heart thundered at the same

throat as she smiled into the wind that lashed her face.

It was exhilarating to finally feel freedom, and she let out a whoop of joy, unashamed and untethered.

Casting a quick glance over to her ex-assistant, Deborah was expecting

disapproval, but was pleased to see the woman smiling too, her face shining in the afternoon sun. They galloped until the galloping slowed, then they cantered until the

canter became a trot, then trot

altogether unpleasant. They picked their way slowly to the edge of a forest near the brow of a hill. They'd been riding for what felt like hours and Deborah was suddenly tired and

became walk. The horses were exhausted and Deborah's backside was aching in that numb way—not

"Let's tie them here and get our bearings." A small stream quenched the

cold.

foursome's thirst and they caught their breath. Deborah felt the pull of the farm and Marcus as if it were a physical thing drawing her on.

"I'm going on alone from here,"

she told Cheryl as they soothed the sweating horses, catching damp fur in their fingers. "Will you be all right?"

Cheryl nodded and finally looked

up at Deborah. "I will miss you," she said seriously and reached out to press her palm into Deborah's cheek. "Me too."

Cheryl's hand smelled of thick, hot horse and it heated Deborah's bones. It fell slowly to her chest and Deborah resisted the urge to slap it away. It was the first time that Cheryl had been so bold and they were both shaking. The trembling in Cheryl's fingertips filtered through

and the fluttering caused her nipple to peak. Deborah's mouth began to water as arousal swept through her. She was remembering the fucking Lena had given her with the strapon, weeks before while Cheryl had assisted. It had been hard, fast, and angry, and she'd come quickly around the thick rubber shaft. The image played over and over as Cheryl grew braver, rolling her thumb over the tip of Deborah's nipple. "Stop," Deborah whispered with

no intent. She was softening, her body liquefying at the thought of

the cloth covering Deborah's breast,

surrender. She'd been the dominant for too long. She needed this. Her knees buckled slightly as Cheryl brought her other hand up, kneading both of Deborah's breasts. Fingers squeezed the nipples softly at first then more insistently until sharp pain buzzed through her flesh, settling as pleasure between her legs. Blood surged into Deborah's riding-numb buttocks and she quivered anew at the pleasure-pain sensation. Cheryl's eyes were dark and determined. Deborah suspected she'd long wanted to do this to her Mistress and now she had the chance —the permission—free from any of Pushing Deborah roughly until she stumbled into a tree, Cheryl continued her seduction. She reached down, grabbing at Deborah's robes, sliding fabric filled fists between her legs, and balled

them up into her crotch. Deborah spread her thighs as the woman clutched her hands together and

the consequences set up at the

prison.

rubbed her pussy hard with the material.

It was hot and erotic, and the dry fabric pulled and puckered her dampening folds, roughly and crudely riding her sex. She caught

horny and Deborah felt herself fall into that slick channel of darkness just as Cheryl almost lifted her off her feet and she came, convulsing and clutching around the hands and robes. Just as abruptly as it started, it stopped, leaving Deborah cold and

the glint of lust and hatred in Cheryl's eye—or was it just lust? Whatever it was, it was making her

"I'll be going then," said Cheryl, and Deborah couldn't read her tone at all.

"Where?"

empty.

"I'm not sure. I might start with my old home, see if anyone's still Deborah felt a pang of sadness for them both—for everyone on this poisoned planet. Who knew what

there."

either of them would find in this barren, toxin-riddled land? "Well, good luck then, Cheryl." The woman slowly picked up the

reins and untied them, bowing her head into the beast's nose and breathing hard, sharing a moment. She rested her head gently on the

"Goodbye, Mistress."

Deborah nodded once to Cheryl

horse's before turning to Deborah.

then watched her spring up into the saddle and ride off into the woods

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About the Author:

without a backward glance.

Tabitha Rayne has been told she is quirky, lovely and kinky – not necessarily in that order or by the same person. She writes erotic romance and as long as there's a love scene, she'll explore any genre.

She also has a passion for painting nudes.

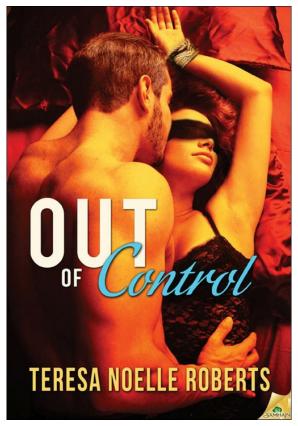
Her novels are with Beachwalk Press and her short stories are included in anthologies from Xcite, Oysters &

Chocolate, Cleis Press, Ravenous

Romance, Burning Books Press, Velvet Books and House of Erotica.

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Teresa Noelle Roberts

Out of Control

Blurb:

He's got her tied up, but she's got him out of control.

Glass artist Jen Kessler has hit the jackpot—a cheap apartment in a charming Victorian house, complete with a sexy, intense, buttoned-down

landlord...who may or may not have a riding crop in his bedroom. She's not looking for a lover, but

when her innocent, impulsive hug sparks kisses as hot a molten glass, it leads to bondage, spankings, and more naughtiness that, up to now, she had only tasted.

more naughtiness that, up to now, she had only tasted.

His new tenant may have wild, dyed hair and an unconventional job, but Cornell math professor Drake Matthews admires the work ethic that got her out of debt. Then he's stunned at how quickly she destroys

decades of his carefully cultivated

Soon their sexual and emotional passions push them to the edge—and beyond. But it's not all good, dirty fun. As Drake takes more and more control of Jen in the bedroom,

her deeply ingrained independent streak pushes back. And it'll take more than a shared penchant for

self control.

ropes, paddling, and coffee to overcome pasts that could unravel their relationship before it begins.

Warning: Contains kinky sex, molten glass, geeky higher mathematics, family secrets, and

irresponsible consumption of coffee.

Drake stepped closer, not letting

Excerpt:

go of her hand, close enough she could feel the heat of his body. A shudder ran through her, made up of equal parts of desire and confusion. She felt paralyzed. Jen's normal impulse would be to kiss this man, who seemed like he wanted desperately to kiss her but was holding back. At least pull him into a hug, make it clear she was interested. Yet she couldn't move, trapped by his serious gray eyes, the heat of his touch, the set of his mouth under that tidy beard.

"You confound me," he said, his voice harsh, dark. "Jen, Jen, Jen, what am I going to do with you?"

"I have a few ideas."

"So do I. Problem is, while we'd

both enjoy these ideas, I'm not sure they're smart." Jen froze, unable even to breathe. At least they were on the same page about wanting each other. She wanted to ask him if he truly cared if it was a bad idea, to make it clear she was all about the good-bad ideas, say she even had a clue what those ideas might entail, but she couldn't speak. "The hell with it. Smart is overrated." Drake's voice came out as a growl, nothing Jen could imagine in a civilized Cornell classroom but could definitely imagine in a bedroom. He reeled her in, pulled her against his hard body. She felt small and soft. Normally that would make her want to demonstrate her strength—which, thanks to her active life, was surprising for someone who looked more like the petite-flower type. But she liked feeling small and soft in Drake's arms, with Drake's mouth crashing down onto hers.

toward the unmade bed. My God, what did this man do for a workout? This mathematician had muscles like a cowboy. Holding her with one arm, he swept piles and bags of clothes off the bed onto the floor. She saw a wince cross his face as he did it, as if it offended the sense of order she'd seen reflected in his side of the

He lifted her up effortlessly, not breaking the kiss, and carried her

"Not for much longer," she thought he said. She would have puzzled at the words, except Drake

house. "Don't worry," she joked, "my clothes are used to spending time on

the floor."

distracted her by pulling her T-shirt off with one decisive motion. She had accidentally packed all her bras last night. At the moment, this seemed like the best accident ever. Drake studied her bared curves, running his big hands along her sides. She purred and arched up. His hands moved to her nipples, began caressing in a gentle, exploratory way, not what she would have expected from his earlier fierceness. Lovely but too light for her taste, it teased and tickled as much as it aroused. She squealed and tried to squirm away at the same time she arched her hips up to meet his, pain, in the right circumstances and with the right person, could be pleasurable.

"Too much?"

"Too little. I like it rougher." Not

something she'd admit to most guys this soon, for fear they'd take it too far, but Avi's words inspired

turned on and tormented at same time. The pleasure was almost painful, in the same paradoxical way

confidence. The woman wrote about safe BDSM practices for a living, after all, and she'd said Drake was all right.

Drake chuckled. "Good." Her

brain was whirling like cotton candy

in one of those machines at the county fair and felt just about as pink and fluffy, but his tone registered. Evil glee, definitely. She was in trouble, but it was the kind of trouble she loved. With one hand, he began pinching first one nipple, then the other, tugging and kneading. Delicious pleasure and equally delicious pain seared through her. "Good girl. Put your arms over your head." She obeyed. She couldn't help herself. She didn't want to help herself. Why wouldn't she play along? This was the best thing that had happened to her in a long, long, long time that didn't involve making art.He grabbed her wrists with his

other hand, his grip viselike,

unbreakable. Heat pooled in her belly, and she couldn't help whimpering.
"Do you enjoy restraint, Jen?"
She nodded. "Oh yeah." She felt like she should say something more

like she should say something more, something about their mutual friend, even, but the time for intelligent dialogue was either past or yet to come, at least on her end. Drake was talking just fine, but maybe it took longer for hormones to shut down his extra-smart brain.

restraint? Rope bondage, maybe?" She nodded again, unable to speak. Her eyes felt like they were as wide as a cartoon character's, taking

up her whole face. Avi had

"Would you enjoy a lot of

experimented on her with rope back in college—just practicing a few ties on her, nothing more—and she'd gotten a kick out of it. With Drake in charge, and actual sex involved, it

would be heaven. "Excellent." Drake chuckled, and it was the kind of chuckle you'd expect from a supervillain whose evil

plan was coming together. Maybe she was in a bit over her Hurray! Over your head was fun.

head.

And she had it on good authority that he was an ethical perv, not an ax murderer.

"Right now," he said, "I think we're both feeling too impatient for rope. Which means we should do it anyway, once we've gotten a few

things out of our system. You need to learn patience and order. Luckily, I'm here to help you."

Jen's head spun. She knew how to sprinkle kink into sex, like a touch of brilliant color to set off clear glass. Still, beyond playful spanking and casual bandana-and-stocking charge in bed on a particular night, she hadn't explored very far since rooming with Avi in college. She'd looked at Web sites, especially ones Avi had recommended on her own

site, and she'd listened to a few erotica audiobooks, but she was

bondage, beyond flipping a coin to see who'd take tongue-in-cheek

definitely a beginner.

Drake wasn't. Even if she wasn't already clued in, she could guess. It was in the way he'd been touching her ever since she'd told him she liked a firmer touch, but more than

that, it was in his voice. In his eyes.

She strove for words, tried to say

You're a dom. Not just a guy who liked to dabble in kink once in a while, but a serious dom. But she couldn't make the words come out.

And wouldn't she sound like a weirdo stalker if she admitted she'd checked him out with Avi?

the words that hovered on her lips:

Then he was kissing her, holding her in place with his weight, his strength, while he alternately pinched and caressed her nipples, and even if she could have found words, talking was no longer an option, not the way he knew just when to go from a light, teasing touch to a sweetly painful one and straddling hers.

Tall as he was, he didn't have any trouble keeping her hands restrained as he moved from her mouth to her breasts. His lips were hot on her nipples, his teeth sharp as he nibbled

and bit on the nipple and the tender curve on the underside. His hand

back again. She writhed against him, pinned down by his big hand braceleting her wrists, his body

continued its insidious, wonderful work on the other breast.

He was hard, and she was already so wet that her underpants were history, and they were both wearing far too much clothing—hell, he still

discarded hers as soon as they were done unloading. She wanted to rush, to get his focus off her breasts, blissful as that was, and onto the rest of her.

Hell, she wanted to get the focus

had sneakers on, though she'd

onto him. His body felt divine against hers, and she wanted to explore it, to sculpt it with her hands, to enjoy every hard inch of it. She tried to wiggle a hand free. Drake's grip tightened. He raised his lips from hers long enough to ask, "Are your hands falling asleep? Need to move?"

"Need to touch you."

grin. "And you will, when I say it's the right time. Meanwhile, let go. I'm in charge. And I think you like it that way."

"I do." Her voice came out very small.

"I know." He grinned a vulpine

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About the Author:

Teresa Noelle Roberts started writing stories in kindergarten and

published poet and fantasy writer—but hot paranormals and BDSM-spiced contemporaries used to be her favorites. Then she discovered that SF romance offers new possibilities for wild sex and imaginative adventure, so she's added that subgenre to her repertoire.

she hasn't stopped yet. A prolific author of short erotica, she's also a

Teresa is a crunchy-granola girl who enjoys belly dance, yoga, medieval recreation; playing in the ocean, cooking and growing more vegetables than she and her husband can possibly eat. She'd enjoy sleeping

too. She thinks. But it takes so much time!
She shares her home in southern

Massachusetts with her husband, a Leo in law enforcement, and two overstuffed cats. She and her husband often plan vacations around food, history and/or proximity to water.

Find out more about Teresa at www.teresanoelleroberts.com. If you'd rather be conversational, find her on Twitter at www.twitter.com/TeresNoeRoberts or become a Facebook fan at www.facebook.com/AuthorTeresaNoeRoberts

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Travis Luedke

Angel 6.0 Concubine

Blurb:

Kidnapped & enslaved as concubine to ferocious alien Cats...

THIS IS EPISODE 1 OF A STEAMY HOT SERIAL SCIFI ADVENTURE

Angel 6.0 Concubine, a space opera romance series from NYT and USA Today bestseller Travis Luedke. All My name is Angel, and I live on Nugene Station. My days are filled with doctor's tests, but I spend my

nights dancing in zero G, or in the arms of my secret lover, Carver

Episodes available on Kindle

Unlimited.

Liddell.

Nugene is the sole outpost orbiting Jupiter where specially engineered human clones are bred for sale to the Gran, a fierce alien race of Cats. The treaty between humanity and the Cats guarantees a constant supply of worker drones.

I am not a worker drone. I am something else. I am the untapped potential of the human genome – the next step in human evolution.

The Cats finally noticed me, they

know I am special. Now they want to breed me. Silly Cats, don't they know clones are sterile?

Nugene is only the beginning of my story.

Excerpt:

Dancing in zero G is like virgin sex – scary, exhilarating, nauseating, awkward, yet liberating. I only

white coats are sleeping. They don't like to be reminded of how different I am, and I don't want them reminded.

danced during lights-out when the

Ear buds turned all the way up, I moved with the flow of my music. Fast, I spun, twirled and leapt off the crossbeams. Slow, I glided into the gradual sensation of gravity at the outer edge of the station's central hub. The edges of the two hundred meter hub cylinder had a mild one quarter G. Zero G is only at the exact center of the hub, absent the

centripetal spin of the station. Only

seventy

kilometer-per-hour

in the center am I truly free, nothing to hold me back.

D'Anton has tried to stop me

from dancing several times in the last two years. He complains that people were not meant for zero G. But I'm not like other people. He says

it affects his readings on my biorhythms and blood chemistry. I say that if I always dance at lightsout his test results would be the

same every morning. Doctor

D'Anton Pascal doesn't like to lose arguments, although it's been happening more frequently. I had appealed to Carver, the

Liaison to the Gran. Carver struts

station. At first he agreed with D'Anton that 'I shouldn't be flying all up and down the hub like a maniac." After I showed him what I'd learned to do with my tongue, he agreed I should have a little freedom

around like he owns the whole

After a year of dancing without incident, D'Anton stopped complaining.

My music hit a grungy bass and I

to dance when I wanted.

dived through the centripetal gravity well and flipped between the girders and cross beams, faster, harder and faster still. The hollow plastisteel thrummed with my impacts as my drum. I launched off the last beam into dead-center zero G, and let my momentum carry me to the gravity well on the other side. The trick was

compensating for the opposite direction spin. I'd been doing it so long it was second nature, but not at first. I never told anyone about the time I broke my arm on a

hands and feet slapped in time like a

crossbeam. Nothing major – I was back in form by the next evening at lights-out.

All my attention focused on my music, and the wondrous euphoria of flying free as a bird, I didn't

immediately notice my audience. It

animal scents that I saw them watching me from the catwalk below. *The Gran*.

days - must have arrived early. By

wasn't until I smelled their musky

They weren't due for three more

the time I saw the three Cats led by Carver, they were already pointing at me, halfway across the catwalk, thudding along in their magboots. I floated through the air and touched down on the other side of the hub. I turned off my music to better hear them as the tallest Cat gestured to me a second time and vipped a question to Carver.

D'Anton would be furious they

access hallway and let gravity take me into a full slide away from the hub. D'Anton and Carver had warned me repeatedly to stay out of

sight when the Gran were on tour of the station. They said I was too

attract *unwanted* attention. Though Carver pretended he was the man in

that

I dropped straight down the

had seen me.

different,

charge of the station, he couldn't hide his fear of the Gran from me. Everyone feared the Gran.

The path of my fall brought me to another access corridor and my

maglatch caught the edge of the

opening in the steel wall long enough to send me swinging hard into the narrow passage. I demagged and sailed through the side corridor like a bullet. Not much room to maneuver, but I'd done it a million times. I slid off the smooth wall, letting the friction slow me enough to land on my feet. On touchdown, I broke into a full run and dived left down another access point. This was my playground. The maintenance passageways intersected across every level of the station. I had memorized the tunnels and their varying directions of grav-spin since year one.

Finally I found them, coming off the catwalk into the hallway leading to the elevators. I settled in quietly and focused on slowing my heartrate and respiration to a quiet stillness. I

needed to hear every detail. The vertical slats of the air vents let me see the Gran as they walked past. The tall, slimmer Cat sounded agitated, growling and yelping loudly. "I will have to report this breach to my commanders! This is an outrage! We demand the highest quality and performance from our workers, in accordance with the treaty!"

I had learned to speak Gran in the

sociology files on The Gran Empire. He hardly noticed the tablet was missing before I put it back in his

three days that I borrowed Carver's personal tab and memorized all his

quarters.

A look of fear passed over
Carver's eyes and I heard his heart
beat pounding hard and fast. "Not

what you think. The subject is ... expedient, not for sale." Carver was only moderately fluent in the

growl-click-snapping language of the Gran. I knew he meant to say the subject is an experiment.

When I'm in the room, D'Anton and the other white coats avoided

'experiment.' They tried not to make me uncomfortable about what I am. Carver Liddell, Liaison to the Gran Traders Guild, was less tactful. If he knew I was listening, if he knew I understood what he said, he might

distasteful words like 'subject' and

have spoken differently. Many people speak differently when they know I'm listening.

The tall warrior's clawed hand settled on Carver's shoulder and

pulled their procession to a halt. Sharp teeth bared, he hissed down at Carver with disapproval. Over two meters tall, with carmel and black

striped fur, fingers and toes tipped

with nasty, sharp claws, the Gran gave the impression of slim, angular cats standing upright. Unlike the cheetahs and mountain lions I'd seen in holovid archives from Earthside, the Gran had an unmistakable intelligence in their eyes and an array of facial expressions. The Cat smiled at Carver. The Gran do not smile from pleasure – it's a predatory show of teeth.

Carver's heart rate jumped higher and I heard him swallow. The poor guy was sweating hard under the scrutiny of the Gran. One of the many complaints about these cat-like

creatures was their tendency for

Cat was doing it now to Carver. He stared intimidatingly, expecting submission. Carver should have nodded, in acceptance of dominance – but he was holding the Cat's gaze

domination stare-down contests. The

like an outright challenge.

I could see Carver found it disconcerting, and it put a smile on

my face. I doubted they would eat him for dinner. The Cat was simply pushing for control, or acknowledgement of status. Carver

started stammering, and his Gran speech devolved into gibberish.

The Cat cut him off "An

The Cat cut him off. "An experiment of this potential should

be discussed openly. This stock is far more capable. I want her. I want to sample this stock." Carver pumped up his chest full

of Liaison authority. "Captain

Cronin, she ... unique. She not production model. She not designed for serve Gran Empire. Her body, her mind, not to Gran specifications. She not suitable for work requirements. She rare, expensive ...

medical research." Carver waved his arm out towards the catwalk leading across the hub. "You see, she not easily controlled. Not programmed docile. Not accept work orders. Fail Gran standards." He put on a good

and breakneck pace of his heart told the truth. I wondered if the Cats could see his fear as readily as I did. Supposedly their senses are more

front and had a smooth line of bravado, but the quiver of his hands

Captain Cronin's talons never left Carver's shoulder as he leaned in close, blowing Cat-breath in his face. "The Gran Trading Guild will decide which stock is suitable. You are to provide the highest quality labor stock you can produce."

Buy Links: Amazon

developed than ours.

About the Author:

USA Today bestselling author of urban fantasy and paranormal romance, best known for his violently sexy NIGHTLIFE SERIES. Travis can be found catching a third degree sunburn in San Antonio, Texas, while plotting world domination through erotic paranormal badassery. Most famous for his Nightlife Series

Travis Luedke is a NY Times &

novels, Travis lives vicariously through his writings. He invites you to enjoy his macabre flights of fancy, but be warned: The Nightlife Series is violent, sexy, and occasionally violently sexy.

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You can email me anytime at Muffy@MuffyWilson.com and I will be happy to answer or let you know when the next edition of *Tease to Please* will be released. Thank you

again for having some fun with us and "peeking up our skirts". We love entertaining you. Bye for now!

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AK Michaels

AR Von

<u>Arla Dahl</u>

Ashen White

Athena Marie

Bernard Foong

Blak Rayne

Carole Gill

Chantel Rhondeau

Charity Parkerson

Chloe Thurlow

Christina Mandara

Cora Blu **Dariel Rave** Debra Andrews Erzabet Bishop Gale Stanley Heather Cole <u>Iacintha Topaz</u> <u>**Iacqueline George**</u> **Jade West** <u>Jake Malden</u> **Jave Peaches** <u>Iordan K. Rose</u> <u>Iu Ephraime</u> K. D. Grace Kayla Stonor Kiki Howell Kim Carmichael

<u>LaVerne Thompson</u> Leanore Elliott Lily Harlem Lola St Vil **Lucy Felthouse** Marissa Ferrar Mary J. McCov-Dressel Muffy Wilson Natasha Knight Normandie Allerman P. T. Macias Pablo Michaels Paige Matthews Scarlett Flame Shyla Colt Siobhan Daiko

Sky Purington

Tabitha Rayne Teresa Noelle Roberts Travis Luedke

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