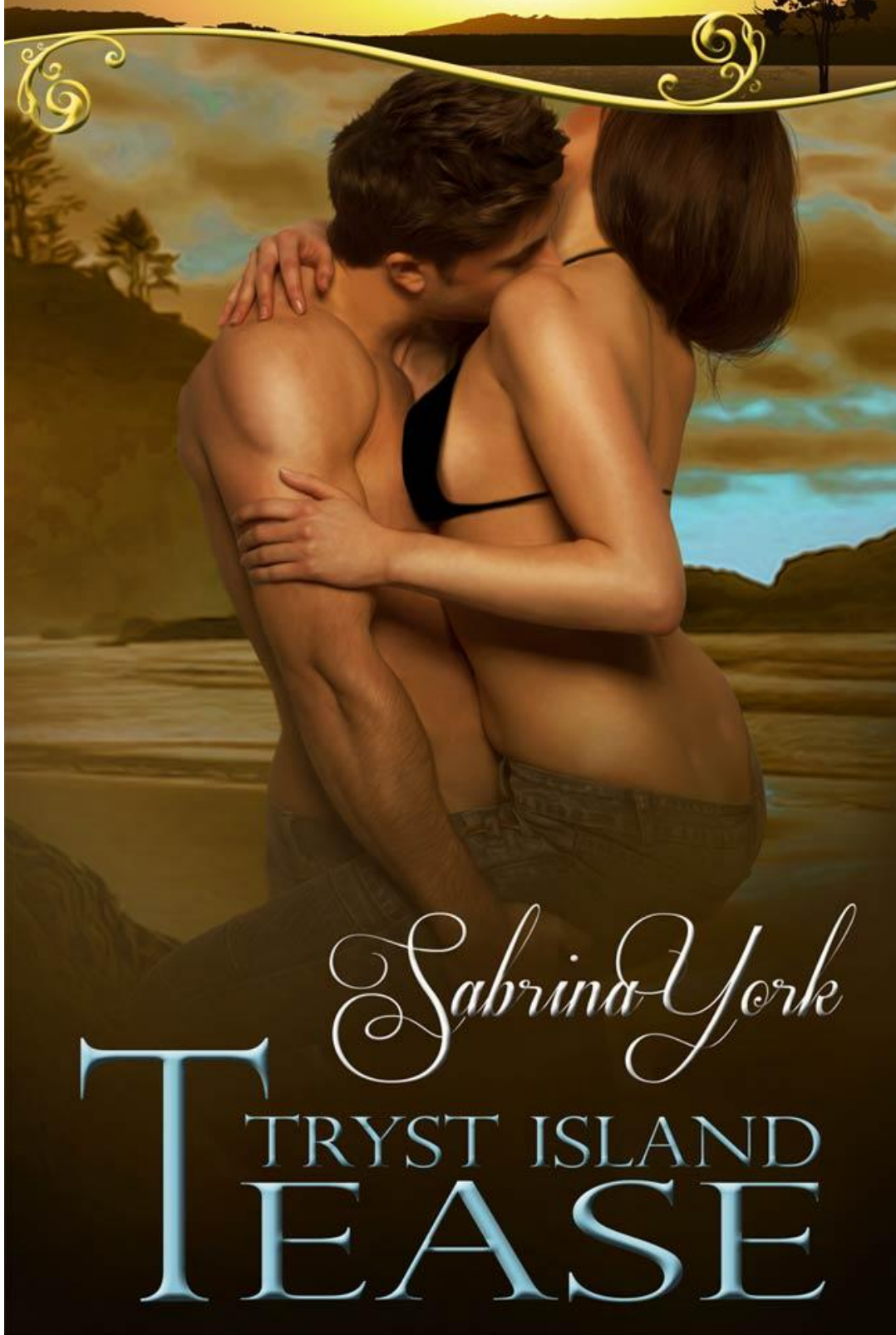


A TRYST ISLAND EROTIC ROMANCE



Sabrina York

TRYST ISLAND
TEASE

TRYST ISLAND TEASER BOOK

By Sabrina York

Award Winning Erotic Author

Teasers from her hottest books
in the Tryst Island Series

**READER ADVISORY: Contains Adult Language and
Situations. You must be 18 to continue reading.**

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About Sabrina York

Her Royal Hotness, Sabrina York, is the New York Times and USA Today Bestselling author of hot, humorous stories for smart and sexy readers. Her [titles](#) range from sweet & sexy to scorching erotic romance. Connect with her on twitter [@sabrina_york](#), on [Facebook](#) or on [Pinterest](#).

Visit her webpage at www.sabrinayork.com to check out her books, excerpts and contests. Free Teaser Book: <http://sabrinayork.com/home-2/sabrina-yorks-teaser-book/> And don't forget to enter to [win the royal tiara!](#)



TRYST ISLAND SERIES FROM SABRINA YORK

Fall in Love on Tryst Island
When a group of friends share a vacation house, wild hijinks, unexpected hook-ups and steamy sex ensue. And true love. Did I mention they all find true love?

Each book in the series is a stand-alone story.

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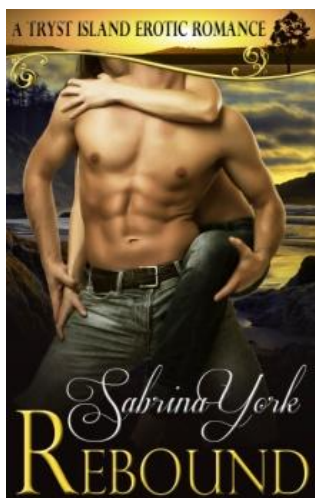
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[Book 1: Rebound](#)

Kristi Cross has had the hots for her friend, Cameron Jackson as long as she can remember, but she knows she's not his type. She's nothing like the women he dates. So when he suggests they play for a kiss over a game of Hearts, Kristi can't resist. Even if she loses, she wins. Because she's finally going to *taste* him.

Of course, one kiss can quickly become something altogether steamier, especially when both parties are on the rebound...

Amazon Erotic Romance #1 Bestseller May 2013
2014 RONE Award Nominee

An Excerpt From: REBOUND

Cam nodded and dealt the cards. They were halfway through the first hand when he broke the silence.

“I can't remember a time when we were both single.”

“What?” Thank God she hadn't just taken a sip of beer—she would have spewed it across the table for sure.

“Think about it. Since the day we met, one of us was always in a relationship.”

Usually him.

She didn't respond. She didn't know what to say.

He winced as he took a trick. “I just think it's interesting. That's all.”

“What’s... interesting?” It took everything in her not to mangle her cards.

“You know. That we’re both available. Both here. Alone.”

Oh. Yeah.

All uncertainty wafted away. That was definitely interest simmering in those steely blue orbs.

Kristi’s heart went into rapid fire mode. Her breath hitched. Heat lashed through her body.

“I...ah... W-what’s your p-point?” She tried to act all blasé, but the stuttering probably ruined it.

He grinned at her, investing his expression with an extremely seductive thread. “I was thinking we could play...for something.”

“S-something?”

“A kiss, maybe?”

Brain freeze. Oh yeah. Every thought fled. Every rational cogent inkling spun out of reach. She could only feel. Stare at him in shock. Ache for him.

His tongue came out, dabbing at his lips. She fixated on it, imagining that tongue, what it could do. The havoc it could cause in various parts of her trembling body—

“A kiss?” A squeak. “We’ve never k-kissed before.”

He leaned closer. His voice dropped an octave. “I’m aware of that.”

“But-but... I thought... We’re just f-friends.”

He studied her over his cards, stroking them slowly. “Are you saying you don’t want to kiss me, Kristi?”

“I... No! I just... We’ve always... It’s probably...”

Amusement—twined with certainty—softened his intensity. “What are you trying to say, Kristi?”

She meticulously rearranged her cards. “I just... I didn’t think you found me attractive. That’s all.”

He boggled. “Are you crazy? You’re gorgeous.”

A little thrill flickered up her spine. “I’m not.” She ignored his frown at that, and plowed on with her reasoning. “Besides, in all these years, none of us... well, none of us have.”

“Lane and Lucy did.”

She snorted. “And look how well that worked out.”

He drew in a breath. “I’m suggesting a kiss, Kristi. Just a kiss. Be honest. Haven’t you ever wondered what it could be like between us?”

A hot tide crawled up her cheeks. Oh, he didn’t miss it. He couldn’t. Her face was neon red. Like a well-cooked lobster.

His features tightened. A muscle ticked in his cheek. “You have. Haven’t you? Imagined it?” The hint, the thread of uncertainty in his tone struck her to the core.

He was uncertain? He was nervous? Holy Hannah.

“I...” She plucked at the label on her beer again. It was becoming quite mangled. “Maybe.” A whisper.

“Well. So have I. Often.”

She gaped at him. “Often?”

“Very often.”

“But...”

“What?”

“Carmen was perfect.”

“She was.” Her heart dipped at that. “But when she smiled?”

“Yeah?”

“She didn’t smile with her whole face. Not the way you do. She didn’t embrace life. She just kind of clung to the edges. You toss yourself in.” He fondled the neck of his bottle. “It’s an attractive quality, Kris. A man can’t help wondering...”

“Wondering what?”

“If you make love that way too.”

Ooh. Those words skimmed over the air between them, smooth and silky and oh so seductive.

Not that he needed to seduce her.

Hell, all he had to do was breathe and she wanted him. Still...

“Are you drunk?”

He grinned. “Not in the slightest.”

“This is probably a bad idea.”

His smile broadened.

“Cam, we’re both on the rebound.”

He shifted, as though something was making his position uncomfortable. “Sometimes you score the winning point off a rebound.”

“A basketball analogy? Really?” He knew she was a football fan.

“If the shoe fits.” He reached across the table and took her hand in his. His heat enveloped her, sank in and made her want to weep. She could only imagine how good he would feel touching her all over. Pressing her down into a soft mattress. Entering her in a hard, hot thrust...

Yeah. She could imagine it. So well, her body was already preparing for it. A slick dampness eased between her legs. Her nipples pebbled. Her womb clenched in hunger.

“What would the others think?”

“Why would we tell them?” His smile was far too charming.
“It’s only a kiss.”

“One kiss?”

“Yeah. One kiss. A forfeit. If you win the hand, I kiss you. If I win, you kiss me.”

She glanced at his lips. Strong. Powerful. Perfectly formed. She’d wanted to feel them, taste them, have them since the day they’d met. Why was she dithering? What was she afraid of?

Well, other than heartbreak.

But she’d long ago learned that heartbreak could come whether you were careful or reckless.

Might as well be reckless.

She would rather enjoy a sliver of decadent fudgy brownie than suffer through a lifetime of dusty rice cakes.

“Okay. Let’s do it.”

He stared at her. The tension between them mounted, hummed. His Adam’s apple made the slow journey up and back down his throat. Then he picked up the cards, shuffled once and quickly dealt out a new hand.

Kristi’s pulse raced. Her mind whirled. Her body trembled.

She was going to do it. After all these years.

She was going to kiss Cam Jackson.

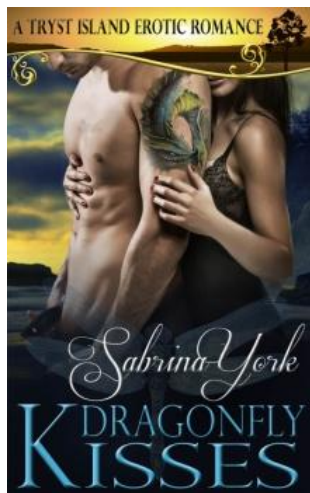
PRAISE FOR REBOUND:

“You can't go wrong with a Sabrina York story. You'll want to take the hero home with you and keep him forever. And the sex? More than you ever dreamed. Get this book today.” *Desiree Holt*

“Rebound had some serious SIZZLE to it. I LOVED it! It hit just about every romantic cord in my body...it totally rocked my face off.” *Insightful Minds Reviews*

“Although it was short I did really enjoy it, remember ladies size doesn't matter it is what you can do it with it that counts! This was a good quick read, sexy and fun and I look forward to the next book in the series.” *Under the Covers Book Blog*

“Characters with clever conversations, a few mix-ups with ‘who wants who’, and some starkly sensual steamy scenes, this is a great introduction to this group of friends set in the Pacific Northwest.” *The Jeep Diva*



Book 2: Dragonfly Kisses

Dylan Deveney has no interest in a wild fling. He simply wants a quiet place where he can try to forget a painful past and, barring that, drink himself to death. But when he catches a glimpse of his exquisite neighbor—in the buff—his passion for life reignites.

Cassie French can't resist Dylan's allure. From his scruffy beard to his earring to his intriguing dragonfly tattoo, she's crazy about him. And sex between them is scorching. Everything seems perfect...until a tragedy from Dylan's past threatens to ruin everything.

An Excerpt From: DRAGONFLY KISSES

When they finished eating and bantering, a crackling silence fell. Cassie licked her finger and blotted up her crumbs. "Well," she said. "I should probably be going." She moved to stand.

"Don't."

One word, sharp, with a tinge of panic, froze her in place. She glanced at him.

"Please stay. I've...enjoyed talking to you."

She forced a smile. "Lucy will be worried."

"About me?"

She laughed. "About me. Poaching. We have rules about poaching, you see."

“Poaching only counts on things you own. Lucy doesn’t own me.”

Cassie cleared her throat. “She wants to. And she has dibbs.”

He snorted a laugh. “Sounds like third grade. And, by the way, I thought Bella had dibbs.”

“They’re dueling over you.”

His expression sobered. “Do I get a say in this?”

She tipped her head to the side. “Have you met them? They can be rather...adamant.”

“So can I. When I want something.”

Her heart flipped. “You, ah, want something?”

“You know I do.”

Holy heaven. His gaze was steamy. It left no doubt about exactly what he wanted. But she had to ask. “W-what?”

He stood, balancing on one foot. “Come here.”

The thread of command, of yearning, in his tone snared her. She couldn’t ignore it. She rounded the table and looked up at him. This close, he was even more mesmerizing. And he smelled...he smelled delicious. His cologne teased her nostrils. Musky and woody and manly.

She stilled as he threaded his fingers through her hair and cupped her cheeks. And then his head descended.

His lips brushed hers. Just a soft, sweet buss, but it held a skein of promise, a hint of hunger and a tinge of desperation.

At her moan, he deepened the kiss, opening his mouth, pressing against her, consuming her. His taste, his essence, flooded her. Desire, wild and wanton, lashed her. Unbidden, a moan rose in her throat. He took it, swallowed it, gave it back.

He pulled her closer, flush against him. His body was hard and hot. Demanding. A trill of excitement rippled through her as she nudged the thick wedge of his erection.

Oh, she shouldn't be doing this, kissing, consuming a man she barely knew like a lust-crazed wanton, but she couldn't stop. And she kind of was. A lust-crazed wanton.

Something about this man curled around her sanity, her core, and sank in with needy claws. She'd kissed a lot of men in her life. But never a kiss like this.

He slanted his lips and took her from a new direction, molding his mouth over hers, teasing, nibbling, licking. She shuddered as his tongue dipped in. She met it with her own, then, unable to resist, gently sucked.

He reared back and stared at her. His eyes were rimmed with red, burned with desire. "God, Cassie," he groaned, but didn't finish the thought. As though he couldn't resist, he kissed her again, but this time with a fiercer passion, one that made her muscles lock, her heart thud, her body melt.

She wrapped her arms around his neck, stroked his hair, then scored his scalp in a rake of need.

His fingers began to rove over her back, up to her nape, down her flank. He squeezed her buttocks. The pressure sent shudders through her.

And then, as he held her tight with one hand, the other skated to her breast, gauging her reaction as he gently cupped her. When she didn't resist, when she wriggled impatiently in his embrace, he swept a thumb over her nipple.

Her body seized. Rivulets of pleasure washed through her, sending pings of absolute delight straight to her tingling clit. She couldn't help it. She ground that nub against his hardness.

He growled.

Like the Highlander he was, he growled.

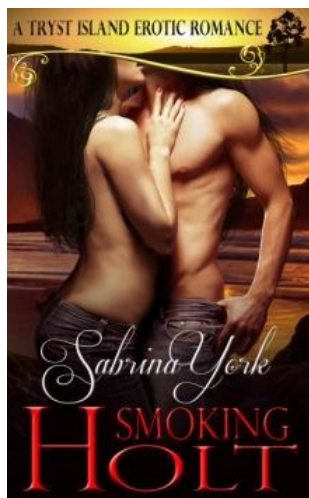
PRAISE FOR DRAGONFLY KISSES:

Night Owl Reviews TOP PICK! “I loved the laugh-out-loud, humorous moments. Dragonfly Kisses has the right amount of wit, tear-jerking emotion, and steaminess to make a terrific read.”

Night Owl Reviews

5 STARS “While the sex is amazing, what stands out is the characters and their stories, and mixed with clever dialogue, some bacon-laced bribery and an emotional fragility and rawness that demands tears.” *The Jeep Diva*

“The story was sweet, steamy, and heartbreaking all at the same time. I really enjoyed this one.” *Book Chick*



[Book 3: Smoking Holt](#)

Bella Cross has had a thing for Holt Lamm since college, but his scorching dominant energy scares her to death. And his list of conquests annoys her. But when Holt catches her smoking, and offers her something else to fixate on—if only for a night—she simply cannot resist.

An Excerpt From: SMOKING HOLT

“One would think you would know a little more about the lifestyle, considering the clientele you serve.”

Her frown became a glower. “What the fuck is that supposed to mean?”

“I’ve been to your shop. I’ve seen your ‘BDSM section’.”

She frowned. “Why do you say it like that?” With air quotes?

“It’s hardly comprehensive.”

Her lips flapped. “It’s perfectly comprehensive.”

But he just snorted. “At any rate, it’s pretty clear you don’t understand a thing about the life, if you think it’s about a man bullying a woman. In fact, the Dom is not the one in control,” he said. “Not in a truly healthy D/s relationship. The sub calls the shots. Draws the lines. It’s a partnership, Bella, but the sub controls everything.”

She crossed her arms over her chest. “That is hard to believe.”

“I’d be happy to give you a demonstration.” The way he said it, with that quirk of his dark brow, the glint in his eyes, sent a sizzle of annoyance—and something else—through her.

“Fuck you, Holt.”

He grinned. “Okay.”

Goddamn it. She wasn't sure which annoyed her more. His simmering sensuality or his goddamn teasing. Both were nearly irresistible. She hated that her lips tweaked in a smile. He would take a smile as encouragement, she was certain of it.

Sure enough, he took that last, lethal step and yanked her into his arms, sealing them together. His was hot, hard, huge. She tipped up her chin and glared at him, opened her mouth to say something else, something pithy and snarly. Something that would drive him away and give her room to fucking breathe—

But he didn't give her time. No time to think of something pithy. No time to prepare. No time to shore up her defenses.

His mouth took hers. There was no other way to describe it. He covered her, smothered her, soaked her with his taste and his scent, suffused her with sensation. The rub of his lips over hers, the nibbles, the nips, the bold forays of his tongue, all scrambled her brain. His hands cupped her ass, rubbing her against his body, dragging her groin over his. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she was aware that he was guiding her, moving her, walking her backwards in a relentless drive to crawl inside her.

And then she hit the wall.

Literally.

He backed her up against the wood paneling of the great room and pressed against her, hard. His cock was like a stone. A fat, throbbing stone. Almost painful against the tender flesh of her belly.

A flash of pure, unadulterated lust snarled through her. Because he was hard. For her.

Oh sure, he'd probably be hard if he was mouth fucking Kristi here against the wood paneling. Or Emily. Or Lucy.

Or Lassie.

But this one was for her.

She knew she should push him away. As goddamn aggressive as he was, Holt would respect a “No” from a woman he didn’t have a contract with. But something deep within her soul howled at the prospect of ending this. Just yet.

It was too fucking thrilling.

A chance like this would never come again. Not in a million years.

She could fuck him tonight. Have a crazy, dirty, sweaty fuckfest tonight and then tomorrow, blame it on the whiskey.

His lips released hers, but only so he could move to her neck, to work her, suckle her, nibble on the sensitive screaming skin there. Bella threw back her head so he had better access. She lifted her leg and wrapped it around his waist, plastering her slit against the monstrosity bulging at the juncture of his thighs.

“Shit,” he growled, undulating against her. Sizzles of delight washed through her in waves, concentric, fucking phenomenal waves. She scored his scalp in a rake of need.

“You’re not tying me up,” she grunted.

He lifted his head. His scorching gaze slammed through her, making her clit throb, her pussy clench. A warm wetness dampened her inner thighs. Her panties were soaked. “You’re in charge here, Bella,” he said, his voice breaking on the words. “You make the rules.”

“And no fucking whips and chains.” He chuckled. She hated that he chuckled, so she fisted his hair and yanked. “And no goddamn nipple clamps.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

As though she'd reminded him she did, in fact, have nipples, he cupped her breasts and thumbed them, then brought his fingers together. Tightly. The pinch made her knees go weak. She hissed a noise, something between a sigh and a feral groan.

"You like that? You like it a little rough?" His voice was silky and smooth. Practiced. As though he'd said these words before. To thousands of women.

"Fuck you, Holt." She glared at him. When he grinned, laughed at her vehemence, she sank her nails into his scalp and wrenched him closer. This time she took his mouth. Ravaged his mouth. Fucked his mouth. She thrust in her tongue, explored, dominated him.

Yeah. He'd fucked legions. But he would remember her. He would fucking remember her.

She'd make damn sure of it.

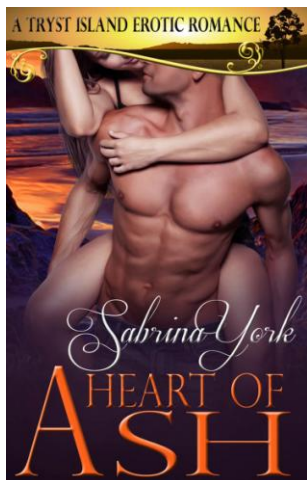
PRAISE FOR SMOKING HOLT:

5 STARS "Smoking Holt is...SMOKING!" *Three Girls and a Book Obsession*

"I love this series and it just keeps getting better and better!"
Goodreads Reviewer

"Smoking Holt is, well... SMOKING!" *Amazon Reviewer*

5 STARS *The Jeep Diva*



Book 4: Heart of Ash

When Emily Donahue sets eyes on Ash Bristol, she is convinced he's the one she'd been waiting for, her Prince Charming. But wealthy playboy Ash Bristol' has been burned. He's sworn off relationships, vowing to have nothing more than a series of steamy one night stands. So when he meets Emily, the most beautiful woman he's ever seen, he resolves to seduce her, possess her...and walk away.

The passion that ignites between them has him questioning his decision. He begins to suspect he just tossed away the best thing that's ever happened to him...and vows to win her back. Can he survive the erotic punishment she—and her friends—devise?

An Excerpt From: HEART OF ASH

“Are you ready for our mystery date?”

“And how. Where are we going?” he asked as he held the door for her.

Her wicked expression shocked him to the core. “We’re staying here.”

Gooseflesh prickled on his nape. He blinked at her. Several times. “Alone?” Was that a hint of panic in his voice? Definitely. Panic.

He didn't think he could do that. Be alone with her and keep his hands to himself. It had been way too long since he'd had her.

A month was far too long.

He was weak. Vulnerable.

Hungry.

“Emily, I don’t think you understand—”

She cut him off. “Did you mean what you said? About making it up to me?”

“I did. I’ve been trying...” But hell. How was he supposed to control himself in her living room? Her kitchen? Her freaking foyer?

Doubt flickered over her expression. He hated it, so he forced a smile. “Yes. Yes. Emily. I meant it.”

“Anything I want?”

He gulped. “Anything.”

Her response was a gamine grin. How a woman with such a sweet innocent mien could appear so evil was beyond him.

“Then we’re having dinner here.”

His heart ker-chunked. They were utterly alone.

And they would not be disturbed.

Holt would not be glaring at them from across the room.

There would be no crowds to shoulder through. No waiters or waitresses to interrupt with an offer of coffee.

How on earth was he going to survive this?

He swallowed heavily. And nodded. “Okay.”

As she showed him into the dining room, where an elegant, romantic, table was set, he took in the details of her home. While it wasn’t a large house, it was perched on a hill overlooking Seattle. The décor was classy, elegant, simple. Chopin played in the background, masking the muted barking of her neighbor’s dogs.

The view from her bay window was stunning, the city lights reflecting off the waters of the Sound.

It was so...her.

Perfect for a girl who liked to stare at water.

Despite his trepidation, dinner was delightful. They talked and laughed through the meal, both of them completely at ease. Well, perhaps not completely.

Every once in a while he would remember how alone they were. How close she was, how very eager she was, the lilt of her eyes when she came...and a simmering unrest would ferment in his bowels.

She seemed similarly effected...every once in a while. She would shoot him a glance and a flush would creep up her cheeks and she would lower her lashes and nibble her lower lip and, occasionally, lace her fingers together. He assumed it was nervousness.

Hell, he was nervous.

He didn't seem to have any trouble devouring the meal though, a delicious standing roast with Yorkshire Pudding. And then she brought out an incredible burnt crème. If he hadn't thought her the perfect woman before, he surely did now.

When he'd finished the last bite, he tossed his napkin on the table, gusted a sigh and looked at her. And froze.

Her expression made him restless.

“Emily?”

“Did you enjoy your dinner, Ash?” A shy smile.

“Yes.”

“Are you ready for...dessert?”

He glanced at the burnt crème. Or what remained of the custard he'd inhaled.

"I...ah... Yes?"

A flush crept up her cheeks. Her lashes fluttered. She cleared her throat. "Good. Because there is...something I'd like to try."

The tone of her voice set his nerves humming.

"Wh-what is it?"

"Do you trust me?"

He stared at her. Did he trust her? Yes. But she was a woman scorned. God only knew what she had in mind. And he had invited her to punish him...

Hell. It didn't matter, did it? He'd agree to anything she offered. Anything at all to be with her.

"Yes."

"Excellent." The glint in her eye sent a raging wildfire through him. And then his heart skittered to a halt. Because she pulled out a pair of handcuffs.

Oh, they were covered with fur and all pink and shit, but they scared him to death.

Holy God.

His pulse pounded. Sweat beaded his brow. His cock rose.

"What-what are those for?"

"I think you know."

Shit. He did.

He wasn't sure if he should be excited as hell—or run.

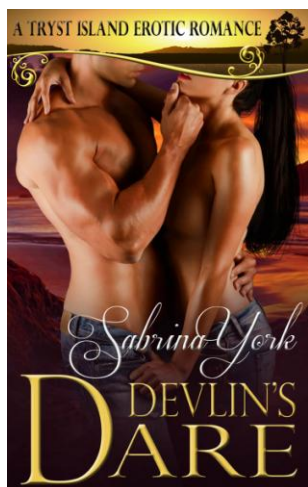
PRAISE FOR HEART OF ASH:

“I have enjoyed all the books in the Tryst Island series thus far. But, Heart of Ash is my absolute favorite.” *Book Chick*

“Whether you want a reformed trying to be bad boy, a wounded neophyte to the game of love, steamy sex or a story that is sure to bring a smile, this book will not disappoint.” *Gaele, Top 1000 Amazon Reviewer*

“Heart of Ash is the first book I’ve read in the Tryst Island series. It certainly will not be the last.” *The Jeep Diva*

“I absolutely adored this book.” *Amazon Reviewer*



[Book 5: Devlin's Dare](#)

Devlin Fox has always been a player. A horny bee flitting from flower to flower. He has no idea why the sexy minx he meets on the way to Tryst Island affects him the way she does. Arousal—for her—hits him like a fist to the gut and he can't stop thinking about her.

But Tara Romano doesn't "do" commitments. For good reason. When she proposes they be "friends with benefits," Devlin can't figure out why the idea annoys him so much. It should be the perfect scenario. A gorgeous, alluring woman who only wants him for his body... He wants, needs, more from Tara, so he hits upon a plan to turn their no-strings-attached into something lasting. A series of tantalizing dares—dares Tara cannot resist.

An Excerpt From: DEVLIN'S DARE

"That's Devlin Fox?"

Tara stared at the group of guys carousing at the table on the other side of the bar. It wasn't bad enough that the gorgeous guy she ran into on the ferry turned out to be friends with the douche in the ascot she'd been running from. No.

He had to be her worst enemy too.

Damn. Damn, damn.

"You know him?" Bella asked.

"He writes a Foodie Blog." She glared around the table. "He gave Stud Muffin a bad review."

“What?”

“Why did he do that?”

She crossed her arms over her chest. She’d spent her life learning her craft. Spent her life savings opening her own bakery. Spent years building clientele. And then, with one crappy review, business had tanked. It was unfair for one man to have so much power. “Because I don’t have gluten free.” And then, under her breath, “Big baby.”

Still, gluten free was a big deal in Seattle. She’d spent the past week working up recipes.

“What are you thinking?” Kaitlin asked in a whisper.

Tara froze. It didn’t do to think around Kaitlin. Not that she read minds, or at least she insisted she didn’t. But she seemed to know things regardless.

“Nothing.”

Kaitlin’s face ruffled, as though she smelled something nasty. Like a lie.

But hell. Tara couldn’t tell Kaitlin what she was really thinking about because Kaitlin—the sweet, innocent soul that she was—would try to talk her out of it. Ramble on about Karma and shit.

No, Tara couldn’t tell anyone what she was really thinking about.

Because she was plotting revenge.

She was going to get Devlin Fox back. And she was going to get him good.

“Hi there.”

Devlin turned on the barstool, his trademark smile plastered on his face. Everything within him froze. It was her. That little slice of

heaven from the ferry. Damn. She was just as hot as he remembered.

She sidled up next to him. Interest—and something else—rose.
“Well hello there.”

He liked her scent, something floral and light. He liked her heat as she pressed against his side. She lowered her long lush lashes and peeped up at him through the fringe. Damn, that was sexy. She licked her lips. That was sexy too. “I never got to thank you,” she purred.

“Th-Thank me?” Was that her hand? On his thigh?

Shit yeah.

“For saving me.” She smiled. Her fingers flexed. “I would have tumbled to my death if you hadn’t grabbed me.”

“I doubt you would have tumbled to your death. Disfigurement, perhaps. Dire injury. But not death. Don’t exaggerate.”

She laughed, a low chortle. “Still. Thank you.” She leaned closer and whispered, “Can I buy you a drink?”

Devlin blinked. He’d been hit on in bars before, but no woman had ever offered to buy him a drink.

She might just be a perfect woman. “Sure.”

“What’s your poison?”

“Whiskey sour.”

She signaled to the bartender.

“So...I’m Devlin.”

“Devlin.” She cooed. Actually cooed.

“And you are...?”

“Interested.”

He jumped a little as her hand skated up his thigh. His pulse skipped. “I...ah...yes. But what can I call you?” He had a pretty good idea where this was headed, and he wanted to know what to bleat as he sank into her steamy depths. It was only polite to know a woman’s name at a moment like that.

She pursed her lips, as though she were thinking it over. Or thinking about something else. Her thumb snaked up. Nudged his balls, just ever so lightly, and through thick denim, but he felt it like an electrical charge. “Call me Sugar.”

“Sugar.” Oh yeah. She was sweet. “Would you...like to go for a walk?”

“A walk?” His cock lurched.

“It’s a beautiful night...”

She glanced over her shoulder and then threaded her fingers in his, leading him toward the back of the bar. He didn’t know why they weren’t heading for the front door, but didn’t much care.

She was a beautiful woman. She wanted him. And he was just drunk enough to follow her anywhere she led.

He shot a glance at Parker who took in the scene in a glance and sent him a thumbs up.

They barely made it out the back door of the bar before she kissed him. Damn. Backed him up against the wall and threaded her fingers in his hair and pulled his head down and took his mouth.

And damn, she was a good kisser. She ate him with heat and passion and carnivorous zeal. He responded in kind, thrusting his tongue into her mouth. He nearly passed out when she sucked on

it, nibbled it, toyed with it. He couldn't help imagining her doing the same to his cock.

Her palm roved over his chest and made its way down to his hips. He held his breath as she slowly teased the band of his jeans. She pulled back and held his gaze as she popped the snap.

“Mmm.” She rumbled, reaching in. He hissed in a breath as she molded his length. Squeezed. “Such a big boy.” She licked her lips and his brain short-circuited.

When she went to her knees before him and blew a hot breath on him through the cotton of his briefs, he nearly lost consciousness. “I want to suck you,” she said. “Take off your pants.”

Holy God. Yes.

In a frenzy, he kicked off his shoes, and ripped off his jeans, hopping from one foot to the other. He held still, frozen in place, as she hooked her thumbs in his briefs and eased them down. His cock sprang free. She dragged his underwear down until they pooled at his ankles.

He heard the catch of her breath. Felt the trace of a warm finger around his swollen head and down to the base. He shuddered.

“Ah. Yes,” she said, coming close. Her breath skated over him. His knees knocked. She fisted him. Pumped. Once. Twice. Blood pounded at his temples. Thrummed in his cock. She bent closer. Her damp breath kissed the head. “Such a big dick,” she said.

If he'd been in his right mind, her tone would have warned him, but he wasn't in his right mind. He was a little drunk and a lot horny and there was a gorgeous woman on her knees before him with his cock in her fist. And her mouth hovered just over the tip. Yes. Yes. Just a little more...

She released him and stood up in a rush. Her beautiful, seductive expression morphed into something bitter. He gaped at her, stunned.

“Yeah,” she said, propping her fists on her hips. “You, Devlin Fox, are a big dick.”

And then she whirled on her heel and left. Left him standing there, half-naked, leaning against the grimy brick wall behind a grungy little bar.

And she took his jeans.

PRAISE FOR DEVLIN’S DARE:

“If you enjoy a fun, really hot & steamy read, then you should check out this series.”—*Reviews by Crystal*

5 STARS—*The Jeep Diva*

5 STARS—*Romance Junkies Reviews*

5 STARS—*The Romance Reviews*

TOP PICK—*Night Owl Reviews*



Book 6: Parker's Passion

Scarred by a long-ago crime of passion, Parker Rieth has dedicated himself to a cold, emotionless existence as a divorce lawyer. He is utterly unprepared for the effect Kaitlin Stringer has on his heart, mind and soul. Beautiful, ethereal and irresistible, she touches him in a way no other woman has. Though he has vowed to avoid her, he is drawn toward her.

Psychic healer Kaitlin is just what Parker needs to reconcile his past, to finally set old ghosts to rest, and to claim his destiny. Can he find the courage to step into Kaitlin's embrace? Does she have what it takes to awaken his sleeping passion?

An Excerpt From: **PARKER'S PASSION**

“First aid kit?” she asked in a no nonsense voice.

“In the bathroom. Under the sink.” He nodded in that direction.

When she took off to find it, he carefully peeled back his shirt and frowned. The cut was nasty, but not too deep. He wouldn't need stitches, but it would have to be wrapped and he'd probably need to go see Doctor Marks first thing on Monday. Maybe get a rabies shot or something.

A gasp from the doorway shot through him like a bullet. He yanked his shirt down but it was too late; he could tell by the expression on her face, she'd seen. “It's not bad,” he said in a light voice.

She snorted and dumped gauze, peroxide, antiseptic and tape on the bed.

And then she dropped to her knees before him.

Holy Jesus God. She dropped to her knees before him. In his bedroom.

His mortification that she'd seen his scars was swept away by a devastating lust. He nearly lost consciousness. Despite the fact he was in pain, his cock rose.

What was it about this woman?

On her knees before him?

"It needs tending," she said, ripping open a package of gauze and setting it aside. "Lift your shirt."

He cringed.

Lift his shirt?

On purpose?

In front of a woman?

A woman he wanted to—

"Lift. Your. Shirt." Her tone brooked no refusal.

"Kaitlin..." He should warn her. She'd seen it, but maybe she hadn't really seen it.

"Parker, I need to get some peroxide on it and quickly. Please. Lift your shirt."

Well hell.

It had been a nice fantasy, while it lasted. Once she saw, she'd run screeching the other way. They all did. Or, if they didn't screech, their noses would curl up and their faces would go all cold. And then they'd quietly run away.

Slowly, he pulled up the hem.

And hell. Yes. Her nose wrinkled.

But she didn't run.

She touched him. She touched his scars—mottled and discolored and ugly—thumbing them gently. “Hmm,” she said, turning away to open the bottle of hydrogen peroxide and soaking the gauze with it. She met his gaze saying, “This will be cold,” before daubing it on his cut.

He flinched when she touched him.

“Sorry,” she muttered. “Did that hurt?”

“No.” It didn't hurt. But then, it wouldn't.

Most of the nerves there were dead. The only place it burned was on the sides, where his scars weren't quite so thick.

She gently dabbed at him, making sure to get the antiseptic over the whole cut. “I'm going to cover this, but I need to wrap it around your waist,” she said. “It will be easier if you take off your shirt.”

God. No.

His belly was bad enough. But the rest of him?

“Kaitlin...”

“I need to do your arm too.”

“I can do my arm.”

She sent him a mocking pout. “Parker, let me help you. You helped me last night. It would be my honor to return the favor.”

God bless her. She was so damn sincere and genuine. How could he explain?

“I don't like taking off my shirt,” he said. Well, that didn't explain much. Then again, it explained everything. “These scars...” He waved to his exposed stomach. Hell he could barely stand to

look at it himself. He hated the way he looked. Had since he was five.

“Yes?”

He sucked in a breath, steeling his spine. “I have them...all over.”

She set her hand on his knee. Her jaw went slack. Her eyes glazed over. “Wow,” she said after a long moment. She cleared her throat. “That must have hurt a lot.”

He cracked a grin. He did not know why. “Yes. Yes it did.”

“Okay. Now take off your shirt.”

“Kaitlin...”

“Just do it, Parker. Let me wrap this up and then you can put your armor back on.” This she said gently, with no discernible derision. It was horrifying how she seemed to see right through to his soul. Then again, it was comforting as well.

Which was probably why he did it...why he took the hem of his shirt in his hands and pulled it off. Exposing himself to another human—not in the medical profession—for the first time in years.

PRAISE FOR PARKER’S PASSION

TOP PICK—*Night Owl Reviews*

“I would give this book 10 stars if I could. It seriously had it all -- love, passion, romance, drama, and intrigue. The story has moments of sweet intensity that will leave you biting your nails and feeling breathless. Absolutely BRILLIANT!”—*The Book Chick*

“This story serves up all of the heat that I've come to associate with anything Sabrina writes, as well as, witty dialogue and a heartbreaking past to overcome.”--*Riverina Romantics*

“Slow and sweet, hot and passionate, this love story has it all.”—*Wicked Reads*

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