

COWBOY 12 PACK

TWELVE
SMOKIN' HOT
COWBOY BOOKS

Including
NYT & USA Today Bestselling Authors

CYNTHIA D'ALBA
PAIGE TYLER
ELLE JAMES
DONNA MICHAELS
SHOSHANNA EVERS
RANDI ALEXANDER

CORA SETON
BETH WILLIAMSON
SABRINA YORK
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LEXI POST
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A COWBOY'S SEDUCTION

Sparks fly when an exhausted cowboy, on a forced tropical vacation, meets an uptight accountant in a bikini. As the seduction game begins, two weeks never looked so short.

An Excerpt:

The next couple of songs were fast but as soon as the slow tempo of Let's Make Love started, they moved together as though drawn by magnets. As they wrapped arms around each other, he danced her off into an area with less light-ing. Her head rested on his shoulder, her breaths puffing soft caresses of air on his neck. He wanted to kiss her. Hell, needed to kiss her, but he wasn't sure how she would react.

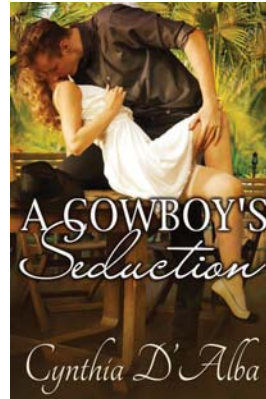
Nonetheless, as they reached a shadowed spot, he lifted her chin until their gazes met. Her breath caught as she looked into his eyes. He leaned forward and gave her a soft kiss. When she didn't pull away, he went back for a second and then a third taste of her mouth. As their lips met for the third time, she moved closer and her mouth opened slightly. Brock took advantage to sweep his tongue through the opening and into the heat of her mouth. They shared breaths as the kiss got deeper and wetter until he finally pulled away and rested his forehead on hers.

"Damn, woman." His heart kicked like a mule against his chest. "Your mouth is like a drug. I can't get enough."

He wrapped his hand around the back of her neck, threaded his fingers in-to her satiny hair and sealed his lips to hers again. At the same time, he walked her backwards, deeper into the dark niche he'd found for them.

Natalie's legs quaked with nervous sexual attraction, so weak she feared they wouldn't hold her upright. Brock Wade's kisses were like sin and heaven rolled into one. His tongue slipped into her mouth to stroke and taste everywhere. Their tongues twisted together, their individual tastes mingled until Natalie wasn't sure where she stopped and Brock started.

She let him back her into a dark corner, fully aware of what she was do-ing. Fun Natalie was in control now, completely shutting down any possible pro-tests from Accountant Natalie. The area between her thighs grew hot and swol-len with unresolved



Biography:

Award-winning author Cynthia D'Alba started writing on a challenge from her husband in 2006 and discovered having imaginary sex with lots of hunky men was fun. She was born and raised in a small Arkansas town. After being gone for a number of years, she's thrilled to be making her home back in Arkansas living in a vine-covered cottage on the banks of an eight-thousand acre lake. When she's not reading or writing or plotting, she's doorman for her two dogs, cook, house-keeper and chief bottle washer for her husband and slave to a noisy, messy parrot. She loves to chat online with friends and fans.

arousal. A whirl of heavy-duty lust spun in her gut and she pressed her achy sex against his hard cock. Finally, sanity forced its way to her brain's forefront. What was she doing? She barely knew this guy and yet her body burned with need for him. She hadn't had sex since her divorce two years ago. She wanted sex. She missed it. Craved it. Wasn't that what she promised herself? A wild and crazy time? But she didn't know this guy. Her body didn't seem to mind that fact, but still... She lost her train of thought as he ran the tip of his tongue around the rim of her ear, then down the large tendon in her neck. He worked his way back up with kisses and nibbles. Chills marched down her spine, as fire leapt from nerve ending to nerve ending. Grabbing his ass with both hands, she pulled his hardness against her. His butt was tight and firm and, heavens, she wanted to touch the flesh there.

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SADIE AND HER COWBOY

A beautiful ranch owner hires an infamous gunslinger to protect her against a ruthless cattle baron, but risks losing everything when she falls for the sexy hired gun.

An Excerpt:

"I didn't know you were going to follow me. I expected you to be at the ranch doing woman's work."

Sadie's eyes narrowed. "Woman's work? You mean like sewing quilts and washing clothes?"

"Exactly."

Chauvinist pig. "Because those are the only things a woman can do, right?" She tried to rein in her temper, but it was quickly nearing its boiling point again. "I'll have you know I've been doing a lot more than sewing quilts and washing clothes out at the ranch since my father died, Mr. Wagner."

"Maybe that's why you're in the predicament you're in."

The words cut Sadie more deeply than she wanted to admit, maybe because she'd often wondered if she was partly to blame for making the ranch such an easy target. But she'd be damned if she was going to let a gunslinger like Jake Wagner take her to task for it. Before she even realized what she was doing, she lifted her hand and slapped him hard across the face.

The sound of it echoed in the stable, but Sadie barely heard it. Instead, she stood there, shocked by what she'd just done. She'd never hit anyone in her life.

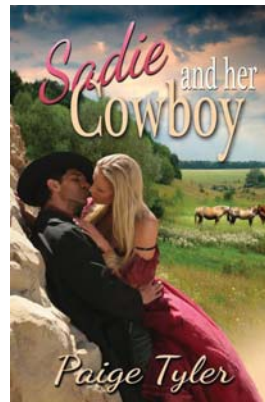
There was no way Jake could have expected her to slap him, and yet he didn't seem surprised by her show of violence. He did look angry, though. His jaw was clenched so tightly she thought it might crack.

She'd never been one to run from a fight, but the strange glint in his eye made her think it was time to make her escape. Mumbling something about wanting to get back to the ranch before it got dark, Sadie started to back away, but Jake caught her wrist.

Without a word, he strode across the enclosure, dragging her with him. The fury she'd felt earlier gave way to fear.

"Wh-what are you doing?" she stammered.

He stopped and turned to face her. "Doing what someone should



Biography:

Paige Tyler is a USA Today Bestselling Author of sexy, romantic fiction. She and her very own military hero (also known as her husband) live on the beautiful Florida coast with their adorable fur baby (also known as their dog). Paige graduated with a degree in education, but

decided to pursue her passion and write books about hunky alpha males and the kickbutt heroines who fall in love with them. She is published with Blushing Books and Sourcebooks. She is represented by Bob Mecoy.

have done a long time ago."

Sadie opened her mouth to ask him what in tarnation he was talking about, but all that came out was an "oomph," as he sat down on a bale of hay and threw her over his knee.

"What—?" she began, but the rest of her words ended in a startled gasp as Jake's hand came down on her upturned bottom. The barbarian was spanking her!

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THE BILLIONAIRE HUSBAND TEST

Skeptical billionaire takes a risk on a friend's dating service and finds the cowgirl of his dreams, only he has to convince her he's her perfect match.

An Excerpt:

"Wait." Leslie left her chair and rounded her desk, laying a hand on Emma's arm. "Do me a favor first and fill out a form on my computer. Be honest, don't fudge the data and let's see what happens."

Already shaking her head, Emma backed toward the door. "I don't want to set you up for failure. I'm really not interested in finding love. I had it."

Leslie squeezed her arm. "I know. Thinking of loving anyone else is hard, isn't it? I know exactly where you are. I haven't even tried, yet."

"Yet. At least you might some day." Emma shook her head, pain pinching her throat. "Not me. I had the love of my life. I don't want second best."

"At least, give the system a chance to find a match that closely suits you. Give him one date, and maybe your brothers will get off your back."

"I don't know. I don't like leading someone on when I don't want it to go any-where."

"Just do it and keep an open mind. We screen our clients and do background checks. At least, you know you won't be getting an ex-con or child molester. You won't regret it, I promise."

Emma chewed on her lip. Leslie's proposal might do the trick. She just didn't want her friend's matchmaking business to suffer the consequences. "The date is doomed to failure. Are you sure you want to take the hit?"

"Be honest with the data. The system will do the rest and I'm willing to take the risk."

For a long moment, Emma stared into her friend's hopeful face. "Anyone ever tell you saying no to you is hard?" She laughed. "If you keep that up, you should get lots of business."

Leslie nodded, a smug smile on her lips. "I plan on it. I only want others to have a chance at the love you and I have both known. I



Biography:

NYT and USA Today Bestselling Author ELLE JAMES also writing as MYLA JACKSON is an award-winning author of stories including cowboys, intrigues and paranormal adventures that keep her readers on the edges of their seats. With over seventy stories in a variety of sub-genres and lengths she is published with Harlequin, Samhain, Elloras' Cave, Kensington, Cleis Press, and Avon.

When she's not at her computer, she's traveling, out snow-skiing, boating, or riding her ATV, dreaming up new stories.

wouldn't have missed the experience for the world."

Emma sighed. "Me either." She let Leslie lead her into a spare office where she could use the computer to enter her data. Emma made a point of putting it all out there—the good, the bad and the not so attractive. If the system found someone to date her, the result would be a miracle. And once out at the ranch with her brothers running him through his paces, any prospect would soon learn no one would equal their expectations.

She'd be off the hook and free to pursue her own goals and dreams. Which included purchasing Old Man Rausch's one-hundred-and-fifty-acre spread on Willow Creek. The place would be all hers, paid for with the money she'd been saving from her work as a horse trainer for the T-Bar-M Ranch. Once she lived on her own, her brothers couldn't interfere with her life.

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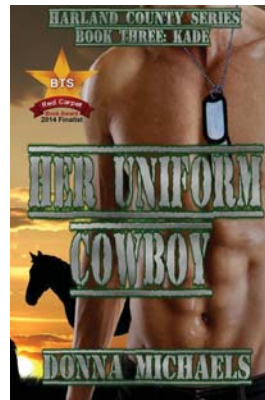


HER UNIFORM COWBOY

Texas Guardsman never planned his attraction to a curvy, military-hating Pennsylvanian, or saddling her with his stress issues. Will the town's newest resident support him, or abandon him like others in his past?

An Excerpt:

"Kade, wait. Look, I'm sorry. I really am."
He halted and turned to face the clinging designer. "Fine. Duly noted."
"No." She frowned. "It's not fine. I accused you of something horrible, and I was wrong. I'm sorry."
Shit. Tears were filling her eyes again.
"I think it's wonderful that you help out the Humane Society." He did more than that, but he wasn't about to enlighten the crazy woman. "Thanks." His tone gave away his less than sincere thoughts, but he didn't care. He was ticked off. Damn high-n-mighty Pennsylvanian.
"Why are you so sensitive? I said I was sorry."
"Why indeed." He stepped closer then stalked the frustrating Yankee when she backed up. "Tell me, Ms. Wyne." He didn't stop until her back hit the front of a stall. "There are several other people who live on this ranch, did any of them cross your mind as being the culprit?"
Eyes round, she swallowed and slowly shook her head. Kade bit back a curse. "Figures."
He stepped away, and then changed his mind. Grasping the spokes on either side of her head, he pulled himself in and stared into her widening brown eyes. "Just what the hell is your problem with me, lady?"
She drew in a breath, her luscious mouth opening as if to respond; the action brought their bodies in contact in a hell of a delectable way. And son-of-a-bitch, if his body didn't overrule his mind and take over the interrogation. Tightening his grasp on the bars, he pressed closer, rejoicing in her hitched breath and the way she trembled against him.
"Well?"
"I..." She swallowed, blinked a few times, then asked, "Wh-what was the question again?"
Damn if he knew. Christ, he was lucky to remember his own name with her soft curves brushing him, pulling him out of himself, busting his restraint, making his need a number one priority.



Biography:

It's all my mother's fault. She read to me when I was little and sparked my love for books! Now I'm an author of Romag-inative Fiction. From short to epic, sweet to hot, I write most romance genres for The Wild Rose Press, Whimsical Publications, as well as independently.

My home is in Northeastern PA with my military husband, our four children, and several rescued cats. My print books are Romance through the H's—Hot, Humorous & Heartwarming. Each book in my self-published Harland County Series—Unruly cowboys and the women who tame them— has been in Amazon's Top 100 since the first book was released, and also received a Reviewer Top Pick from Night Owl Reviews. My spin-off—Citizen Soldier Series—Book 1: Ben/ WYNE AND DINE, and Book 2: Mason/WYNE AND CHOCOLATE (due out in February, 2015)—is keeping up the tradition. I love cowboys and military heroes and often combine the two, and am thrilled that my former Navy SEAL cowboy in COWBOY-SEXY is going global! Part of the Honky Tonk Hearts Series with The Wild Rose Press, my novella is currently being translated into other lan-guages, starting with Japanese. It's exciting to know my work will soon be read worldwide. My dream has always been to entertain, to give people an es-ape, and I'm blessed to have that opportunity.

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I AM NOT YOUR MELODY

The baddest cowboy in Bear Creek Saddle partners with a sassy new bartender to save the family business. His rules: Don't kill her. Don't kiss her. And don't fall in love.

An Excerpt:

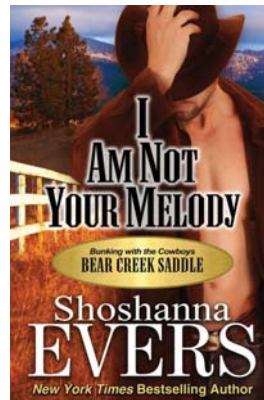
Without warning, he wrapped his thick, muscular arm around her waist to keep her from falling off, and squeezed his thighs against his horse's flanks to make it move. The familiar feel of a horse trotting beneath her, merged with the alto-gether unfamiliar feel of a large muscular man holding her pressed against him.

"I'm takin' you back to wherever you came from," he said, "and then I gotta undo what you just did — messin' up Pirate's trainin'."

Allie shook her head in amazement. This guy had nerve, moving her body about like a ragdoll just because he could, and talking to her like she was a naughty little girl. Unbelievable.

"I wonder how the owner of this ranch would feel if he knew how you're treating his new business partner," she said, barely able to contain her anger. He slowed the horse to a halt. "What did you say?" His voice was steely, even, and the hint of threat behind the words made Allie slink back — only to be reminded by the feel of his arm around her that she was quite literally not going anywhere.

"I didn't mean..." She swallowed hard, and forced herself to meet his hard gaze. "I have a meeting with



Biography:

New York Times and USA Today Bestselling author Shoshanna Evers has written dozens of sexy stories. She is best known for The Enslaved Trilogy, The Tycoon's Convenient Bride... and Baby, Overheated, and How to Write Hot Sex. Reviewers have called Shoshanna's writing "sensuous, delightful, and sizzling" with stories where "the plot is fresh and the pacing excellent, the emotions...real and poignant." Shoshanna used to work as a syndicated advice columnist and a registered nurse, but now she's a full-time romance writer and a home-schooling mom. Evers is also the cofounder of SelfPub-BookCovers.com, the largest selection of premade book covers in the world. She lives with her family and three big dogs in Northern Idaho, and loves to connect with readers! Sexily *Evers* After... ShoshannaEvers.com



Bill Edwards. I just was looking for him, that's all."

"I am Bill Edwards," he said. "And you can bet your ass I was not expectin' you."

Any dream she'd had of impressing her new business partner with her professionalism flew out the window. Her hopes of seeing Bill in person

and instantly picking up where their emails had let off were dashed as well. She looked heavenward and sighed audibly.

"Can we start over?" she asked, still looking at the impossibly panoramic sky.

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CHASE AND SEDUCTION

Country music superstar Chase Tanner is determined to seduce screenplay writer Reno Linden. She risks the plunge into Chase's arms, but will their attraction survive the glitz and stress of fame?

An Excerpt:

Reno sensed his presence before he got close.

"She's got the curves, and I got the nerve, to take her for my own." Chase sang, coming up behind her. She started to turn, but he grabbed her around the waist and pressed himself against her ample backside, swaying them both to the music. His chest felt rock-hard against her back, and his big arm pressed up against the bottom of her breast. His hips ground into her butt.

Too many people were staring, nudging each other, and grinning. Breathless from the embarrassment, her head started to spin. Weak woman that she was, she shook with a burst of lust that burned low in her belly. God, how she wanted this man. He was pure temptation and her hands itched to grab his thighs and give him a wicked grinding in return.

She snapped back to reality and stiffened her body against her own response.

He was coming on strong. Strong enough to make her wish she could get her friggin' moral compass to point another direction, just for one naughty night.

The band's lead guitarist started a blaring, wailing solo on stage, which drew people's attention away from her. Chase bent his head and his breath warmed her ear. "My trailer. Ten minutes." He released her and his booted steps faded as he headed back to the stage.

She nearly fell backward. His trailer. Alone with him. A chill of desire shuddered through her, puckering her nipples into tight points and forcing blood down low to swell her tingling, needy lips. She wanted to lie on his bed and watch him kiss a path down her body, settling between her legs, his cowboy hat brushing her thighs as his tongue flicked...

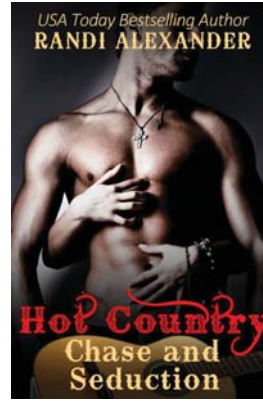
"Oh no you don't." She spoke the words to herself. What was she thinking? If she had a car here, she'd leave the party right now. How else could she avoid temptation?

Beatrix came back with their beer. "Your face is as red as this cup. What did I miss?"

Tracy beamed. "Chase stopped by for a visit."

"Oooh." Beatrix moved closer. "What did he say?"

Reno shook her head and took her beer. "Nothing. He was just working the crowd."



Biography:

USA Today Bestselling Author Randi Alexander knows a modern woman dreams of an alpha cowboy who takes the reins, and guarantees they're rode hard and put up satisfied. Published with Cleis Press, Wild Rose Press, and self-published, Randi writes smokin' hot romance with heroes who'll have you begging to ride off into the sunset with them. When she's not dreaming of, or writing about, rugged cowboys, Randi is biking trails along remote rivers, snorkeling the Gulf

of Mexico, or practicing her drumming in hopes of someday forming a tropical rock-band. Forever an adventurous spirit with a naughty imagination, Randi is also family oriented and married to the best guy in the world, her own cowboy, Kick. Give in to the allure of erotic passion, strong but vulnerable heroines, and irresistibly seductive cowboys, as Randi's emotional love stories sweep you off your feet and leave you breathless with passion. Saddle up! And prepare yourself for the sexier side of happily ever after. Randi Alexander loves to connect with her readers! Come say Say "Howdy!"

Tracy leaned closer. "Reno, I saw his lips moving. What did he say?"

She shot her a warning look. "He asked why I hang out with such annoying women."

Beatrix and Tracy laughed. "Did he give you his room number?" Tracy wiggled her eyebrows.

Reno rolled her eyes, anxious to end this conversation. She sipped her beer, look-ing at the stage where Chase finished the set with some wild gyrations and jumps.

"Thank you." He tipped his hat to the cheering crowd, and the band took a bow while their sound guy put in a CD.

Chase left the stage and disappeared through the door leading to the next sound stage where the actors' trailers were housed. Where he'd be waiting for her to join him.

She looked at her friends, desperately needing a distraction to keep her from thinking about him. But they were both grinning.

"You liiiiiike him," Beatrix sang.

Reno stared down into her foamy beer. Yeah, she did like him. Too much. She could easily fall for him and start dreaming of a happy ever after. But she was a farm-raised, small-town girl. A man like Chase would use her up and stomp on her self-esteem like two thousand pounds of Brahma bull.

Right then she resolved to ignore him, pretend she wasn't horny for him. She'd convince herself she didn't want to run after him, pin him to the bed in his trailer, and ride reverse cowgirl on him all night...

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THE COWBOY WINS A BRIDE

Jamie Lassiter just made the bet of his life— He's got six weeks to prove to Claire Cruz he's the man for her, or pay for her round-the-world trip.

An Excerpt:

Still, just for one moment she imagined herself standing side by side Ethan at the altar of some country church, pledging her love to him. What would it be like to marry a near stranger and try to forge a life with him?

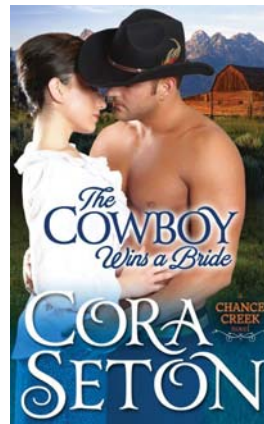
Insane, that's what.

So why did the idea send tendrils of warmth into all the right places?

She glanced up at Ethan to find him glancing down, and the warm feeling curved around her insides again. Surely New York men couldn't be shorter than this crew, or any less manly, but she couldn't remember the last time she'd been around so much blatant testosterone. She must be ovulating. Why else would she react like this to a perfect stranger?

Ethan touched her arm. "This way." She followed him down the hall, the others falling into place behind them like a cowboy entourage. She stifled a sudden laugh at the absurdity of it all, slipped her hand into her purse and grabbed her digital camera, capturing the scene with a few clicks. Had this man – this... cowboy – sat down and planned out the video he'd made? She tried to picture Ethan bending over a desk and carefully writing out "Sweet. Good cook. Ready for children."

She blew out a breath and wondered if she was the only one stifling in this sudden heat. Ready for



Biography:

NYT and USA Today bestselling author Cora Seton loves cowboys, country life, gardening, bike-riding, and lazing around with a good book. Mother of four, wife to a computer programmer/eco-farmer, she ditched her California lifestyle nine years ago and moved to a remote logging town in northwestern British Columbia. Like the characters in her Chance Creek series, Cora enjoys old-fashioned pursuits and modern technology, spending mornings transforming an ordinary one-acre lot into a paradise of orchards, berry bushes and market gardens, and afternoons writing the latest Chance Creek romance novel. Visit www.coraseton.com to read about new releases, contests and other cool events!



children? Hardly. Still...if she was going to make babies with anyone... Shaking her head to dispel that dangerous image, she found herself at the airport's single baggage carousel. It was just shuddering to life and within moments she pointed out first one, then another sleek, black suitcase. Ethan took them both, began to move toward the door and then faltered to a stop.

He avoided her gaze, focusing on something far beyond her shoulder. "It's just...I wasn't..." Oh God, Autumn thought, a sudden chill racing down her spine. Her stomach lurched and she raised a hand as if to ward off his words. She hadn't even considered this.

He'd taken one look and decided to send her back.

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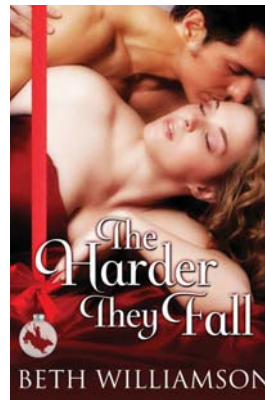


THE HARDER THEY FALL

Cowboy Hank Beltane has no idea what's in store for him when he tries to seduce the stubborn, beautiful and sexy as hell rodeo owner TJ Maguire.

An Excerpt:

"Good morning, Cinnamon Girl."
Her response was a snort. He didn't follow her into the trailer after she unlocked it and went inside. In fact, he just settled himself down beneath a cottonwood tree outside and stretched out those long legs like he was getting ready for a nap.
What the hell?
TJ worked like a madwoman all morning. She tried not to think about him. Sitting outside doing nothing. He wasn't stalking her, per se, he was just there.
At lunchtime, she debated whether to call Pablo, her assistant manager, to get some lunch from the roach coach that rolled in, but decided against it.
He wasn't going to win this time!
She shut her laptop and grabbed her keys and phone. When she stepped out into the sunshine and heat, she remembered how much she hated hot weather. More than the man sitting in the shade of the tree.
She walked past him without a word. He just smiled and let her go with a "See you later, Cinnamon Girl."
For three days, the stalemate continued. He would talk and she would ignore. Now, it was hard to ignore such a fine specimen of a man. He was, to be honest, a helluva good-looking man and she'd really like to see what he was like under the sheets.
On the fifth day of their "acquaintance", she found out a lot more about what was under Hank's clothes. And vice versa.
TJ was down by the bullpens, inspecting and making sure that the paperwork matched the animals. She occasionally discovered an owner had cheated. As a consequence, she was always thorough in her inspections.
It was a good thing her parents hadn't named her Grace. When a bucket decided to jump in front of her, she decided to trip over it and make a complete ass of herself. What she didn't expect was to have a pair of strong arms try to stop her in-glorious fall. That surely had not happened before.



Biography:

Beth Williamson, who also writes as Emma Lang, is an award-winning, bestselling author of both historical and contemporary romances. Her books range from sensual to scorching hot. She is a Career Achievement Award Nominee in Erotic Romance by Romantic Times Magazine, in both 2009 and 2010, and a semi-finalist in the 2014 Amazon Breakthrough Novel Award Contest.
Beth has always been a dreamer, never able to escape her imagination. It led her to the craft of writing romance novels. She's passionate about purple, books, and her family. She has a weakness for shoes and purses, as well as bookstores. Her path in life has taken several right turns, but she's been with the man of her dreams for more than 20 years.
Beth works full-time and writes romance novels evening, weekends, early mornings and whenever there is a break in the madness. She is compassionate, funny, a bit reserved at times, tenacious and a little quirky. Her cowboys and western romances speak of a by-gone era, bringing her readers to an age where men were honest, hard and packing heat. For a change of pace, she also dives into some smokin' hot contemporaries, bringing you heat, romance and snappy dialogue.

His arms felt like steel beams beneath her. She landed on them with enough force to knock the breath out of her lungs. Unfortunately, her descent was still in progress, and she took him down with her. There was no stopping gravity. He turned her in time to stop her from landing face first.
She landed on the concrete floor, littered with hay, stale manure and God knows what else. Then, he slammed on top of her. Now, it had been extremely pleasant, or more so, to land on him five days ago. She had been pressed up against him then, but it had been so brief, she hadn't really felt enough. However, to have him on top of her was like being stuck in a furnace. Naked. He was so hot. Literally. The man felt like a sculptor had carved him out of granite. Perfect muscle and bone blended to create a body that would probably stop a bullet. Her body was rising to him. Like two magnets pulled together.
"Damn, girl," he ground out. "You feel good."
She thought he felt damn good too; she also couldn't get air back in her lungs. He was heavy, pressing down on her, but, oh, it was wonderful. She wiggled her hips and felt his hard dick pressing into her cleft. Just a bit to the left.
Holy shit.
"Keep it up and we're gonna shock the neighbors, Cinnamon Girl."
His whispered words fluttered across her lips right before he kissed her again. This wasn't the goodnight kiss from a few days ago. This was a deliciously deep kiss that she felt all the way down to her toes.

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THE REAL MCCOY

At a wild, girls-only weekend at a rowdy “stud” ranch, she meets the gruff, dominant man of her dreams. It’s too bad the sexy stripper is only a pretend cowboy...or is he?

An Excerpt:

What kind of man would she want, if she wanted a man? Tall, for sure. Broad. Hard. Rough. Maybe a little wicked twinkle in his eye.

A door slammed to her right and her eyes flew open. She blinked as a man strode toward her through the shadows. Her heart lurched and the breath caught in her throat. Yes, her heart whispered. Yes. That was the kind of man she wanted.

He was big, and broad and roped with muscle. His stride was sure, determined and powerful. He wore boots that kicked up dust with every step, and chaps and even a Stetson. He had high cheekbones and a well-formed brow. His square chin was spattered with a dark shadow. His shirt was buttoned.

He looked like a real cowboy.

He looked like a man.

This guy could dance for her. No problem. She’d love to have him rub himself all over her—

His steps stalled as he caught sight of her.

“Well, hey there, cowboy,” she purred. It was probably the tequila purring, but he didn’t seem to care. He peered into the shadows. She did him the favor of moving into the light. She liked that his nostrils flared and his throat worked. He touched the brim of his hat. “Ma’am.”

Ooh. Ma’am.

Sexy. This stripper knew how to play a role.

“You’re late,” she said.

He blinked. “Late?”

“The party’s already started.” She sidled up to him—again, the tequila; normally she would never sidle up to anybody—and put her hand on his chest. The muscles rippled in response and something inside her rippled as well. It was probably her womb. Crying out for a visitor.

It had been a while, after all.

She leaned closer, against him, and it was good. She nestled her nose in his beautiful neck and took a whiff. And daham, he smelled sinful. Wicked. Alluring.

“What is that fragrance?” she asked. She needed to know. Wanted to bathe in it.

He chuckled; the sound rumbled through her. “Soap.”

“Mmm. Yummy.” She scudded her palm over his chest, his thick arms and down to his trim waist. He held steady as she explored, staring at her through insanely thick lashes. It should be illegal for a man to have lashes like that. His features were locked and



Biography:

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. Check out Sabrina’s books and read an excerpt on Amazon or wherever e-books are sold. 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!

hard. A muscle ticked in his cheek. “You’re hard,” she murmured. Oh, God, he was.

“Yes, ma’am. I am.” This he said in a low purr, one that gave a sizzle of double entendre to the words.

Something cracked inside her. It was probably the remainder of her pickled restraint. He was the hottest man she’d ever seen, much less touched. His heat soaked into her and melted her, liquefied her.

She couldn’t stop her roving exploration and wouldn’t have anyway. Her hand drifted lower. His body tightened, his breath hitched as she reached his belt. And then she found him.

Her knees locked. Her pulse rocketed through her veins. Because Jesus God, he wasn’t just hard, he was rock hard.

“Nice.” A whisper, all she could manage. She gave him a little pump.

He hissed in a breath and said through his teeth, “Yeah. Nice.”

His hand came to her waist. He stroked her bare skin beneath the hem of her tee. His calluses scraped her sanity.

“You are the most authentic of all of them,” she murmured, kissing his neck.

He grunted and pulled her closer, cupping her ass, measuring it with a squeeze. “Most authentic?”

“Of all the strippers.”

He stilled for a moment and she sensed he was about to pull away, which she could not allow. He was far too delicious to give up. So she nibbled his chin. She loved the bristles of his stubble.

And he tasted...like a man. More man than she’d ever had.

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BADASS

Isaac McCoy - Badass Isaac McCoy, as at home on a Harley as he is on a horse, is in love with the preacher's daughter— the angel of Kerr County—and that will never do.

An Excerpt:

With a predatory gleam in his eye, Isaac stalked her deeper into the motel room. "You've been out of town for a while. Where have you been - exactly?" He wasn't making polite conversation - he really wanted to know.

"I'm surprised you noticed." She waved a small hand in the air, dismissively. "But, you wouldn't believe me if I told you."

He pushed on. "What were you doing at the bar tonight, Avery? I told you be-fore - Hardbodies is no place for a girl like you.

What if I hadn't been there? Do you have any idea what could have happened to you? You could have been gang raped!" He watched her little face flush with anger; and she was getting angrier by the minute. She'd

never know how much he wanted her - God, what he wouldn't give to scoop her up and kiss that mad right out of her. And he could do it too; there wasn't a doubt about it.

"That wouldn't have happened, Terence Lee was there - and that nice guy called Crowbar, of all things. Besides, I wouldn't have stayed if you hadn't been there. I was only there to see you, as you well know."

This time it was his turn to ignore what she said. "And what kind of clothes were you NOT wearing?" He was egging her on and for some reason - loving every second of their sparring.

"Clothes? You want to discuss my wardrobe?" Avery spit out the words - totally furious. He had driven all this way just to fuss at her some more, just because she had dared enter his precious sanctum.

"I almost didn't recognize you in that odd get-up you had on tonight."

"You didn't approve of what I had on? Why not? I dressed the way you like your women to dress." Maybe, she had looked silly to him. A shaft of pain cut through her - she had never thought of that.

"Leather and chains are not for you, baby." He picked up a bit of the granny gown, rubbing the material between his fingers. "This is more your style."

Avery looked affronted - majorly affronted. "This - you like me in this?"

Almost laughing, he answered. "Yea, it's kinda cute." Kinda? Sexy as all get-out was more like it.

"You think this is me?" A look of determination came over her features. "You've certainly never seen the real me." And before he could blink, she had picked up the hem of her garment and skimmed it over her head, leaving her standing there - totally - completely - gloriously - naked. "Now, what do you have to say to that?"



Biography:

Sable Hunter writes romance, some of it quite spicy. She writes what she likes to read and enjoys putting her fantasies on paper. Her stories are emotional reads where the heroine is faced with challenges, like one of her favorite songs - she's holding out for a hero - and boy, can she deliver a hero. Her aim is to write a story that will make you laugh, cry and sweat. If she can wring those emotions out of a reader, then she has done her job. She grew up in south Louisiana along the mysterious bayous where the Spanish moss hangs thickly over the dark waters. The culture of Louisiana has shaped her outlook on life and made its way into her novels where the supernatural is entirely normal. Presently, Sable lives in Texas and spends most of her time in wild and wonderful Austin. She is passionate about animals and has been known to charm creatures from a one ton bull to a family of raccoons. For fun, Sable has been known to haunt cemeteries and battlefields armed with night-vision cameras and digital recorders hunting proof that love survives beyond the grave. She owns Beau Coup Publishing company where she publishes her own work as well as many other fantastic authors. Join her in her world of magic, alpha heroes, sexy cowboys and hot, steamy, to-die-for sex. Step into the shoes of her heroines and escape to places where dreams can come true and orgasms only

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LEXI
POST

COWBOYS NEVER FOLD

When a cowboy honors a promise by working at a nudist resort, he discovers that to win the sexy owner's heart he must go all-in, which could mean baring more than his soul.

An Excerpt:

Turning back to help him dry off, Kendra froze. Wade had taken off his shirt, re-vealing his moist chest and arms. The man's pectorals were what she called mountain muscles and the wet hair that formed a line straight down the middle of his rippled abdominals disappeared beneath blue jeans being held up by a big-buckled belt. She tried to look at his face but was drawn to his large biceps, which had been hidden by the shirt. She followed those to his shoulders where more muscle explained why he appeared so broad. He was. The man was walking muscle.

"Are those for me?"

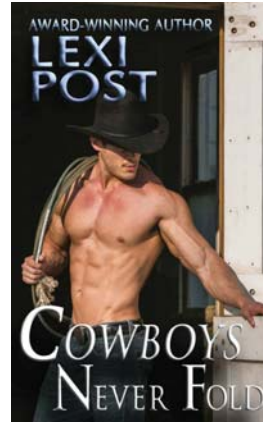
His voice snapped her out of her drool-like state, and she looked him in the eye. The man's lips formed a slow smirk.

"Yes. Here." She gave him the towels and he pushed one back at her.

"Can you dry my back? That water sprayer is strong."

"Right, of course." She was bumbling like an idiot, but what woman wouldn't be. Damn, the man was built. He made her feel petite despite being taller than average. He had to be well over six feet. Stepping behind him, she was treated to another tantalizing view. As he wiped at his chest and arms, the muscles in his back danced, showing the many layers he had. She hesitated to touch him. He would be warm and so male.

"Isn't it wet?" He rolled his shoulders. "It feels like it. "Yes. Yes, it is." She forced herself to use the towel against his skin, careful not to let her hand touch him. If it did, she wouldn't be able to stop.



Biography:

Lexi Post is an award-winning author of erotic romance. She spent years in higher education taking and teaching courses about the classical literature she loved. From Edgar Allan Poe's short story "The Masque of the Red Death" to the 20th century American epic *The Grapes of Wrath*, from *War*

and *Peace* to the *Bhagavad Gita*, she's read, studied, and taught wonderful classics.

But Lexi's first love is romance novels. In an effort to marry her two first loves, she started writing erotic romance inspired by the classics and found she loved it. Lexi believes there is no end to the romantic inspiration she can find in great literature for her sexy love stories. Her books are known as "erotic romance with a whole lot of story." In 2014 she won both the Aspen Gold Readers Choice Award and the Passionate Plume Award.

Lexi is living her own happily ever after with her husband and her cat in Florida. She makes her own ice cream every weekend, loves bright colors, and you will never see her without a hat.



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BECKY MCGRAW

CUPID'S COWBOY

Struggling country singer is struck by cupid's arrow when delivering a breakup singing telegram on Valentine's Day to a beautiful music exec who could make all his dreams come true.

An Excerpt:

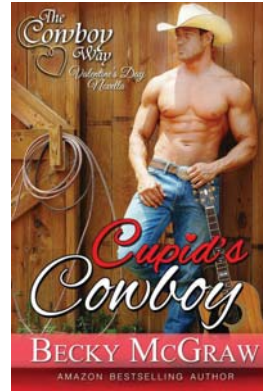
Leo could wait. Leigh was too damned curious to hear this to leave the room to make that call. Instead, she sat on the desk in the corner and listened to Jase and Bobby have a short discussion about the tempo and added effects, before he pressed a series of buttons on the dashboard and gave Jase a thumbs up.

Closing his eyes, Jase leaned forward over the microphone and swayed to the music. The hair on the back of Leigh's neck raised when he started some bluesy humming that sounded almost like moaning. His opening note, a draggy vibrato, sent those goosebumps dancing over her scalp.

Bobby smiled, cranked the volume higher, and Leigh's breathing hitched. Leaning back against the wall, she closed her eyes and let Jase's sexy voice drip like honey through her veins. The words he sang, those damned lyrics, were sex on sheet music, and his voice was perfect to deliver them.

Angel, let me take you back to heaven where you belong. Heaven tonight, God's name on your lips, my body in yours, just one night to love you like I want. One night and I'll be ready, ready for the fall. Just give me tonight inside those golden walls.

At that moment, Leigh wanted nothing more than to give Jase Sutter exactly what he was asking for in that song. Good God—her body was on fire, every hair stood on end, and she fought the urge to touch herself. His words, the phrasing, was just like he was singing those words to her, whispering them in her ear while they were in bed. That is what made a hit song, the feeling he was putting behind those words, and Leigh had that feeling that is exactly what she was hearing. A new hit song—a multi-platinum song.



Biography:

Amazon Bestselling Author Becky McGraw is originally from Louisiana, but lived in Indiana for fifteen years, Texas for two and now she resides in Florida with her husband of thirty-three years and her dog Abby. A jack of many trades in her life, Amazon Bestsell-

ing Author Becky McGraw has been an optician, a beautician, a legal secretary, a senior project manager for an aviation management consulting firm, which took her all over the United States, a real estate broker, web designer, graphic artist, and romance writer. She both writes her novels and designs the covers, and she knows just enough about a variety of topics to make her dangerous, and her books varied and interesting.

Becky has been an avid reader of romance novels since she was a teenager, and has written all her life, both professionally and for fun. She is a member of the Romance Writers of America, Published Authors Network.



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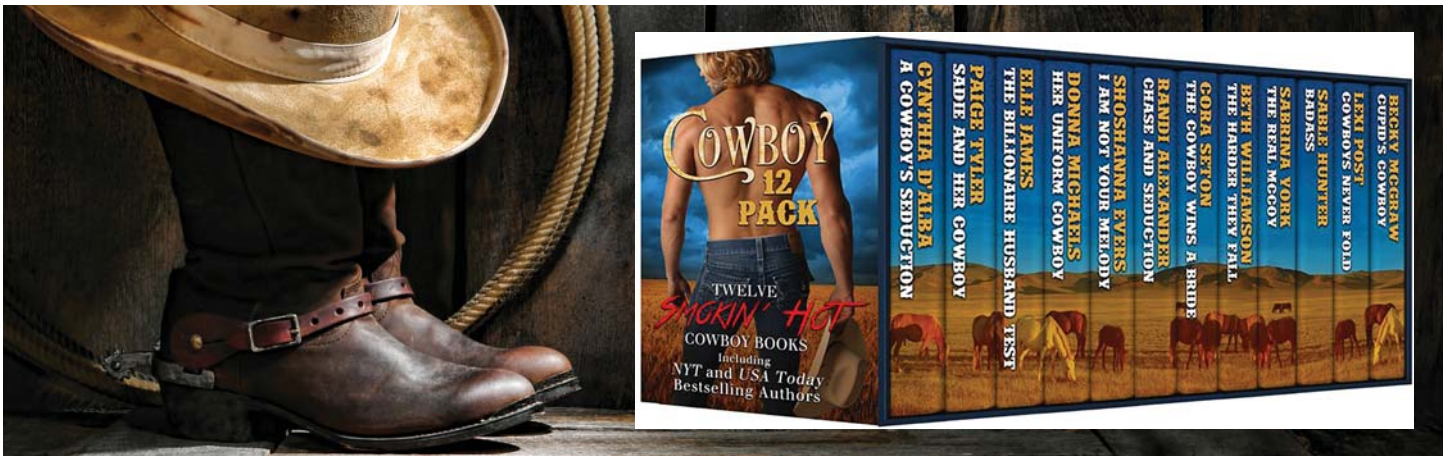
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 THE HARDER THEY FALL - Beth Williamson
 THE REAL MCCOY - Sabrina York
 BADASS - Sable Hunter
 COWBOYS NEVER FOLD - Lexi Post
 CUPID'S COWBOY - Becky McGraw

Saddle partners with a sassy new bartender to save the family business. His rules: Don't kill her. Don't kiss her. And don't fall in love.

CHASE AND SEDUCTION - USA Today Bestselling Author Randi Alexander - Country music superstar Chase Tanner is determined to seduce screenplay writer Reno Linden. She risks the plunge into Chase's arms, but will their attraction survive the glitz and stress of fame?

THE COWBOY WINS A BRIDE - NYT & USA Today Bestselling Author Cora Seton - Jamie Lassiter just made the bet of his life— He's got six weeks to prove to Claire Cruz he's the man for her, or pay for her round-the-world trip.

A COWBOY'S SEDUCTION - Award-Winning Author Cynthia D'Alba - Sparks fly when an exhausted cowboy, on a forced tropical vacation, meets an uptight accountant in a bikini. As the seduction game begins, two weeks never looked so short.

THE HARDER THEY FALL - Beth Williamson - Cowboy Hank Beltane has no idea what's in store for him when he tries to seduce the stubborn, beautiful and sexy as hell rodeo owner TJ Maguire.

SADIE AND HER COWBOY - USA Today Bestselling Author Paige Tyler - A beautiful ranch owner hires an infamous gunslinger to protect her against a ruthless cattle baron, but risks losing everything when she falls for the sexy hired gun

THE REAL MCCOY - NYT & USA Today Bestselling Author Sabrina York - At a wild, girls-only weekend at a rowdy "stud" ranch, she meets the gruff, dominant man of her dreams. It's too bad the sexy stripper is only a pretend cowboy...or is he?

THE BILLIONAIRE HUSBAND TEST - NYT & USA Today Bestselling Author Elle James - Skeptical billionaire takes a risk on a friend's dating service and finds the cowgirl of his dreams, only he has to convince her he's her perfect match.

BADASS - Amazon Bestselling Author Sable Hunter - Isaac McCoy - Badass Isaac McCoy, as at home on a Harley as he is on a horse, is in love with the preacher's daughter— the angel of Kerr County—and that will never do.

HER UNIFORM COWBOY - Donna Michaels - Texas Guardsman never planned his attraction to a curvy, military-hating Pennsylvanian, or saddling her with his stress issues. Will the town's newest resident support him, or abandon him like others in his past?

COWBOYS NEVER FOLD - Award-Winning Author Lexi Post - When a cowboy honors a promise by working at a nudist resort, he discovers that to win the sexy owner's heart he must go all-in, which could mean baring more than his soul.

I AM NOT YOUR MELODY - NYT & USA Today Bestselling Author Shoshanna Evers - The baddest cowboy in Bear Creek

CUPID'S COWBOY - Amazon Bestselling Author Becky McGraw - Struggling country singer is struck by cupid's arrow when delivering a breakup singing telegram on Valentine's Day to a beautiful music exec who could make all his dreams come true.

