

AWARD WINNING EROTIC ROMANCE AUTHOR



Sabrina York

TEASE II

TEASERS FROM HER HOTTEST WORKS

TEASE II

By Sabrina York

New York Times and USA Today Bestselling Author

Teasers from her hottest books

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Contains Adult Language and Situations. You must be 18 to continue reading.

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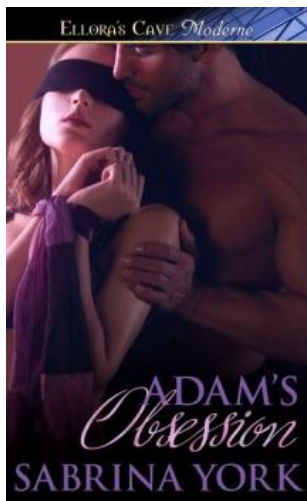
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CONTEMPORARY ROMANCE

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WIRED SERIES

When brothers Tristan and Adam started a tech company with their college friend Jack, they made one firm, unbreakable rule: thou shalt not hook up with employees. And no fraternizing between employees either. The problem? The company is filled with smart, sexy men and women who are single and more than willing to indulge in deliciously naughty sexcapades. As hard as they work, they play even harder. And oh, some of the games they get up to... Even Adam, Tristan and Jack find it impossible to resist.



Adam's Obsession

2013 *Passionate Plume* Finalist!

2011 *Celtic Hearts Novellas Need Love Too* Finalist

Hopelessly shy and utterly repressed, Katherine Hart indulges in her risqué sexual fantasies online. Her virtual lover, Savage, is willing to meet her every need, especially once he discovers her naughty little secret—that, more than anything, she craves a masterful man. Fortunately, Savage is just that. And then some.

When Adam Trillo (aka Savage) discovers that the incredibly erotic woman he's been tangling with online is actually his adorably demure co-worker, he is determined to seduce her IRL—in real life. He longs to release the wild Kat he knows lurks just below the surface. Using a beguiling mix of domination and persuasive charm, he draws her, relentlessly into his web until she is helpless to deny their mutual passion. Most especially when she's tied to the bed...

A Romantica® erotic romance from Ellora's Cave

Read An Excerpt From ADAM'S OBSESSION

Adam Trillo didn't want her. That hard-on had probably been her imagination. His cell phone. A banana.

She swallowed a hysterical little laugh. Damn. It was a bitter pill.

How she wished she was the kind of woman who could seduce a man like him—confidently, fearlessly. Just walk right up to him, rip open her blouse and reveal her hunger.

She wanted him so much. She had for so long, sometimes the ache felt like a familiar friend. What she wouldn't give to have a chance with him. A night with him. Just one amazing tryst.

Something.

Anything.

By the time they arrived at the hotel, she was in a pissy mood, feeling slighted and resentful. Cheated by life. Why was it the men she found attractive, the men she actually wanted to fuck, looked

right through her? She was damn tired of it. She had something to offer. Hell, she had a lot to offer. And she deserved this.

She had every intention of going online and giving Savage a piece of her mind. So when they arrived at their suite, she flung a crisp “good night” over her shoulder at Adam and stormed into her room, closing the door with a controlled snick. She logged on in a rare fury. She had to wait a few minutes for him to respond to her insistent call but finally he appeared.

“Hey, Wildkat.” God. Did he have to sound so chipper?

“Savage.” Her greeting was short, clipped, annoyed.

“So,” he asked. “How’d it go?”

“It was dismal.” She glared at the screen. “You were sooo wrong.”

“What?” He sounded shocked. Katherine snorted in derision.

Savage probably had a vision of her in his head as this Amazon beauty, some sultry siren, some woman he wanted to fuck. He had no concept of the reality of the situation. No idea of who she was, how intimidated she was by a man like Adam Trillo. Adam could have any woman he wanted. He was that perfect. While she...

“Didn’t he ask you to dance?” He said this as if dancing with a man was the be-all and end-all in a relationship—like a marriage proposal or something.

“He did ask me to dance. But—”

“If he asked you to dance, he wants to fuck you. Why don’t you believe me?”

Katherine shook her head. “It was just a dance.”

“Was it a romantic song?”

She thought back. “Yes.”

“Did you accidentally stumble and rub up against him?”

“It wasn’t much of an accident. These heels are hell on wheels.”

“But you did feel him up?”

“Yes.”

“Was he hard?”

“I think so.”

“You think so?” His bellow resonated through the room. “How could you not notice if he was hard?”

“I thought he was hard but it was a very brief contact.”

“Because you pulled back.” It wasn’t a question. It was as though Savage knew of her cowardice. “You should have leaned in. Rubbed harder.”

“I couldn’t do that!”

“Why not?”

“He’s my boss.”

“Bullshit. That wouldn’t stop you. Why don’t you just admit it? He scares you.”

“Of course he scares me. He scares the life out of me.”

“Why?”

She didn’t answer for a long moment. She could hear him breathing over the speakers, waiting patiently for her response. Finally, she said it. She admitted the truth to Savage and to herself.

“Because I want him more than any man I’ve ever known. And I really, seriously doubt he wants me the same way.”

“He wants you.” He sounded so sure, like he knew, which was ridiculous.

Katherine swallowed her tears with a laugh. “You don’t understand, Savage. He had the chance to kiss me and he didn’t do it.”

“Has it ever occurred to you that he might be as nervous as you are?”

“Hah!”

“Maybe he was waiting for some sign from you?”

“No. That’s crazy.”

“Is it? You’ve already told me you’re reserved. Don’t they call you the ice queen in the office?”

“Yes.”

“So maybe you intimidate him.”

Katherine blew out a breath. No one intimidated Adam Trillo. No one. “You need to accept the truth. If he wanted me, he would have made a move tonight. The scene was set. Perfect. Yet he did nothing.”

“I think you’re jumping to conclusions.”

“Am I?”

“You are assuming he’s this totally self-confident guy.”

“He is.”

“No man is totally self-confident. Guys always wonder. Guys always worry. Especially if it’s a woman we desperately want.”

“He doesn’t desperately want me.”

“Because he didn’t throw himself at you on the dance floor? Did he at least cop a feel?”

She blushed from the bottom up. “Yes.” He had. The feel of him gently squeezing her ass had been delightful. She’d wanted it to go on forever.

“Why would a man who had no interest in you cop a feel?”

“Curiosity?”

He laughed. “Yeah. Right. Let’s face it, Kat, you’re terminally insecure. You need a man who can make you feel like a woman.”

She caught her breath at the shift in his tone. He’d gone from petulant and preachy to sexy and seductive. As disappointed as she was at the way the evening had turned out, she was horny. And if there was one thing Savage could do for her, it was scratch that particular itch.

“Are you that man?”

His chuckle had a dark thread. “Damn straight, I’m that man.”

Katherine shuddered. Those words in that tone...Savage had sounded just like Adam.

“Let me ask you this, Kat. What would you do if he stared you in the eye and said he wanted you?”

“He wouldn’t say that.”

“Play along, sweetheart. Imagine you’re standing there, face-to-face with this guy and he says, ‘Kat, I want to fuck you.’ What do you do?”

She snorted a laugh. “After I faint?”

“Yeah.”

She thought about it for a moment. Thought about what she wanted, what she would do if she knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that Adam wanted her. She shivered.

Her response came in a whisper. It was all she could manage. “Anything. Anything he asked.”

“God.” She heard his harsh exhalation of breath, the guttural groan rippling over the connection. “Kat. There’s something I need you to do.” His voice was low, hard. A certain intense timbre vibrated from him to her.

“Yes?” A pulse surged between her legs. Anticipation sizzled. Finally. Finally he was going to drop all that nonsense about Adam and get down to making her come.

“First, what are you wearing?”

It was all Katherine could do to hold back her laugh. “Not that again.”

“Seriously. I want an answer.”

She shrugged. “A cocktail dress. Black. With heels.”

“Put on your teddy,” he commanded and she complied.

She slipped off her dress and bra, dropping both on the floor, and pulled her satin teddy from her suitcase. It felt cool slipping over her skin. It caught on her hard nipples, making them grow fatter. She moaned as she rubbed them, just a little, to enhance the mood.

"Mmm. It feels good."

"Are you wearing the teddy?"

"Yes."

"Perfect. What do you have on under it?"

"Nothing. Well, panties."

"Perfect. Do you still have the heels on?"

"Yes." She did. As much as she hated them, she loved the elegant line of her legs when she wore them. Besides, the heels completely changed the way she felt in the black teddy. In the full-length mirror behind the door, she seemed practically sexy.

"How do you look?"

"Hot."

"I'll bet." The words were heavy and harsh. "I wish I could see you. Now. There's something I want you to do."

"What?"

"I want you to go and get two ice cubes."

"What?" Was he insane? She'd have to walk all the way through the suite to the kitchen. "In my teddy?"

"Yes."

"He might see me."

"What if he does? Maybe he'll fuck you. That's what you want. Isn't it?"

Katherine didn't answer.

"Isn't it? Deep down, you want him to fuck you 'til you scream. Isn't it?"

Again, she didn't respond.

"Answer me."

"Yes. Yes."

"Then go to the kitchen. In your teddy. And get two ice cubes. Oh. And Wildkat?"

"Yes?"

"Before you go, take off the panties."

"What?"

"Take them off. I want you completely exposed. And I want you to know how exposed you are."

"I can't."

"You can. If you don't, I'll have to punish you."

"But—"

"No, Kat. No questions. Just do it."

She stood by the door for several minutes, contemplating this challenge and, most especially, how it made her feel. She was liquid inside, quivering. Her body throbbed.

After a long internal debate, she decided she would go to the kitchen and get the ice cubes wearing her teddy but she would leave her panties in place. Utterly bare-assed was a little further than she was willing to go, especially when Adam might discover her at any moment.

Besides...Savage would never know she had cheated just a little.

She turned the knob and peered out into the hallway. There was no one there. She slipped through the shadows and into the living room, heading toward the kitchen. She pushed open the swinging door and froze.

There stood Adam Trillo cracking out ice cubes at the counter. His chest was bare—a magnificent panoply of rippling muscles and scattered darkling dust. He wore only baggy gray sweatpants held up, it seemed, by the enormous bulge in the front.

“Hey there, Wildkat,” he purred. “What took you so long?”

And her heart stopped beating.

PRAISE FOR ADAM’S OBSESSION:

“I loved this story! At first, as I read, I thought it was just another internet story. But as the story progressed, I was drawn in to the sizzling chemistry between Adam and Kat, and his wiles to show her that the man she has been fantasizing about and her cyber dominant are one and the same were highly entertaining. The antics of fellow office workers were amusing and Kat's interaction with her friend and coworker, Sara, was just intriguing enough to have me curious about her own story. This is one author I'll be sure to seek out in the future for further reading pleasure.” *Fallen Angel Reviews*

“The sex scenes were so hot I had hot flashes throughout the whole book! I loved the story line and the growth of the characters as the story progressed. I would recommend this to everyone who loves a steamy romance with a little humor thrown in. Overall, it was a great book that I will read again and again!” *The Romance Studio*

“The scenes between Katherine and Adam are hot. The final scene at the end was interesting, as things between them get settled in an intriguing way. It was one twist I did not see coming in the resolution. This is one I will be reading again.” *Literary Nymphs Reviews Only*

“This plot is familiar but fresh, the characters are memorable, and the romance is explicitly erotic. Adam’s Obsession is well written, sizzling hot and has definitely made my mouth water for Tristan’s seduction.” *You Gotta Read*

“The sex scenes were absolutely awesome and had that edge of danger and taboo that makes the heart race.” *Night Owl Reviews*

“This was an arousing, intense and passionate romance. It started out hot and I don’t think it ever really cooled down. I will say that it had smoking hot sex and my e-reader was burning up. If you are looking for passion in your reading this is a great book to add to your shelf or e-reader. This will be going on my re-read list and Sabrina York will be an author I will be looking to for more hot reading.” *Romancing the Book*

“What a fun and flirty read. Can you imagine having a *coughs* relationship online only to find out that he was the guy at work that you lusted after? Fantastical! Outrageous! Awesomesauce! I love that there was well thought out characters to this story that reached beyond the hot, frequent sex. Don’t get me wrong. Reading the sex between the characters was very entertaining, but the substance to said characters made the difference between liking the story and truly enjoying the story.” *Reader’s Edyn*

“The underlying smexy tone in this book is a turn on. The little games of dominance from Adam commanding Kat kept my interest. The SugarKink sensual scene when Adam ties Kat up hit my sweet spot. Adam’s Obsession was a fun read which I recommend to kinky readers who love the interoffice romance with a happily ever after.” *BDSM Book Reviews*

“I loved this story, thought it was seductive and wanted to read more about this alluring couple, even after the book was finished. You understand both Adam and Katherine, they both need anonymity for their own personal reasons and hope they find one another. Wonderful read, couldn’t put it down.”

Sensual Reads

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Tristan's Temptation

2011 Celtic Hearts Novellas Need Love Too Finalist

Tristan Trillo has one steadfast rule—thou shalt not fish in the company pond. That puts his executive assistant Shannon Weiss firmly out of reach. He tells himself the secret steamy computer simulations he creates—ones featuring a seductress with more than a passing resemblance to Shannon—are enough. But watching the virtual Shannon get spanked or tied up, taken from behind or while down on her knees, just makes him want the real Shannon more.

When Shannon discovers the depth of Tristan's desire, she vows to seduce him in real life, his rule be damned. After a blazing, illicit tryst in Tristan's office, he insists they can never do it again. So Shannon, ever the obedient assistant, makes certain the next time she seduces him, they do something completely different.

Poor Tristan is a man trapped between his steadfast rule and a burning passion. A rock, if you will, and a very hard place.

A Romantica® erotic romance from Ellora's Cave

Read An Excerpt From TRISTAN'S TEMPTATION

It was nearly ten that night when Tristan finally broke down and called her. He used the phone because they'd already done the computer thing and he'd insisted that couldn't happen again. The phone, for some reason, he could justify.

It took her awhile to pick up, though he knew she was home. He could see the light streaming softly through her windows as he stood on the bluff overlooking her house.

"Hello?" Her voice was soft, watery. Like she'd been crying.

"Shannon?"

"Tristan." She whispered his name.

"Are you all right?"

She sniffled. "Yeah. I was just, um, watching a movie. How are you?"

"I'm...good." It was a lie. He was hungry and antsy and annoyed. "I've been thinking about you." Like incessantly.

"Have you?" Her sniffles seemed to have cleared up. She stepped out onto the patio, wearing a terrycloth robe, cell phone in hand, and looked up at his house. He sketched a wave.

"Yes. Have you been thinking about me?"

"A little." He heard the smile in her voice.

"Just a little?"

"Okay. A lot." She sat on a lounge chair and pulled a blanket over her lower body. It was a cool night and her legs were bare.

"Did you just get out of the shower?" Something started to simmer in his groin.

"The bath."

He groaned at the vision her words stuck in his head. "Did you have bubbles?"

"Not tonight. But I could do that, if it would interest you. I'd let you watch."

"Would you?" He liked that idea. He liked it very much. "Did you touch yourself while you were in the bath?"

She chortled. "Of course, Tristan. But do you know what?"

"What?" He was mindless with curiosity.

"I'm touching myself right now."

"What?" He almost dropped his cell over the cliff. Jesus. There. On the balcony. Outside.

"Yeah," she moaned, deep and low. He swore he could see the undulations inside her robe, under the blanket, a quarter mile away. In the shadows.

"Shannon, Jesus. You're killing me."

She didn't reply but her knees rose to points in the distance as she shifted her body. A random observer would have no idea what the woman relaxing on the lounge was doing, but Tristan knew. He knew with a visceral jolt to his solar plexus as he heard her groan, the sharp gasps and the tiny little whimpers of pleasure. "Fuck." He squinted in a vain attempt to see her better. There in the dark. A quarter mile away.

"Oh yes. Fuck me." Her voice was like velvet. "I'm so wet for you, Tristan. I've been thinking about you all day and I want you in me sooo bad."

"Do you?" Hell. He wanted that too. More than fucking anything.

"Mmm. Do you know how hard my little nub is? It's like a stone. So hard. So fat. It feels so good when I touch it. I wish you could touch it. I wish you could lick it. I wish..."

But Shannon was talking to herself. Tristan had severed the connection and was heading for the door, his car keys and his hard-on making twin bulges in his jeans.

PRAISE FOR TRISTAN'S TEMPTATION:

"The chemistry between them is explosive and the scenes between them burn up the pages." *Literary Nymphs Reviews Only*

"Tristan's Temptation: a thoroughly fun, dizzyingly sexy read!" *Fallen Angel Reviews*

"This was a fun read while also being hot and steamy, and with some interesting technical innovations thrown in to boot." *Night Owl Reviews*

"Tristan's Temptation is sultry, sexy and seductive! It is well written with a fun plot, addictive characters and arousing sex scenes. Sabrina York has done it again. Keep them coming!" *You Gotta Read*

"True to form, Ms. York has once again knocked it out of the park with this fabulous follow up to ADAM'S OBSESSION. I liked that it was reminiscent of Book 1, but still a story all its own. The scene where Tristan makes Shannon come clean with how long she has wanted him is beyond hot. *fans self in memory* And of course there is plenty of other smoking scenes that darn near melted my Kindle. Read this story! Hell, read both stories! You are sure to enjoy them and you can read them both in one day. I mean is there any better way to spend a day? I think not! But be careful ~ I may have tempted you, but prepare to become obsessed!" *Reader's Edyn*

"Apart from how hot the sex was in this book, which it was, Shannon was a very naughty girl, and like all naughty girls she needed a spanking, it was also incredibly funny, I was halfway between belly

laughs and hornyness throughout most the book, yeah that did look as odd as it sounds, and I was glad for it.” ***Under the Covers Book Blog***

“Ms. York’s romantic heart shines through her story and it’s a lovely thing to view. Her imaginative virtual world showcases her mischievous side. One can only hope in her next installment, she really lets her freak out. Each book in this series is increasing is smoldering passion. This book is recommended to kinky romance lovers who enjoy watching a man change his mind to capture the woman of his dreams.” **BDSM Book Reviews**

“Fantastic follow up story.” ***Sensual Reads***

“A wonderful book...I would love to revisit these characters in the future.” ***Romancing the Book***

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Making Over Maris

When über-nerd Jack asks Sara to make him more attractive to women, she can't say no—even though it's an impossible task. He's shaggy and doughy and hopelessly inappropriate. He has no style or emotional intelligence but he's a good person. And a great friend. What Sara never expects? Beneath all that fur and geekiness is a steamy hunk just waiting to emerge.

Jack takes Sara's regimen very seriously, working out and losing weight until he feels like a new man. He even complies with her command to shave his beard—because Jack didn't ask Sara to make him over so he would be attractive to other women. He only wants to be attractive to her. They go on a series of fake dates, each hotter and more sinful than the last. It's not long before Sara discovers Jack's secret desire to be dominated and what began as an arrangement becomes something amazing—something that could be real.

*A Romantica® **BDSM erotic romance** from Ellora's Cave*

Read An Excerpt From MAKING OVER MARIS

"So... Have you thought about it?" Jack could have kicked himself. He hadn't intended to burst into her office and blurt it out like that. He'd meant to be suave and slick.

He should have known better.

He'd never been suave and slick.

No. He'd hovered in the vicinity of Sara's office—after sending Kenny on a meaningless errand—and barged through the door and pounced upon her as soon as Kat left.

"Sit, Jack."

He plopped into the chair and, because he didn't know what to do with his hands, laced his fingers.

Sara studied him, dissecting him in that way she had, with her head tipped to the side, wrinkling her button nose. She was so cute when she wrinkled her nose. He forced himself not to wriggle. His cock didn't listen. Something about her eyes, her lips, her scent, always stirred him.

He shouldn't have this kind of reaction to her. In the office. Everywhere. But he couldn't help it. He just did. Always.

When she looked at him like that, when she spoke to him in that clear, commanding voice, it was even worse.

Or better, depending on one's perspective.

She cleared her throat. "Okay. I've thought about it."

His pulse jerked. "And...?"

She dropped her attention to her blotter and meticulously rearranged several deformed paper clips. His heart pounded a painful tattoo as he waited for her response. "And..." She met his eyes—God, she was gorgeous. "If I do this, we need to have an understanding."

Relief, or something like it, trickled through him. An understanding was awfully close to an agreement. A promise. "Okay."

Sara sucked in a breath. "First of all, we need to agree this is an impossible task."

"Not impossible," he grumbled. Surely not impossible.

"Okay. Improbable then. My chances of success are...dismal."

Dismal? Jack's belly dropped. He fiddled with the wiry hairs on the back of his neck. He didn't like the way this was going. It was depressing that she thought so poorly of him. "Am I that hideous?"

Her eyes widened. A flush rose on her cheeks. "Oh my God, Jack. No. I didn't mean it that way."

"It sounded that way."

"Jack..." She rubbed her hands over her face. "Okay. How about this? We have a long way to go. Can we agree on that?"

"Sure." He knew he was pouting. But he had a damn good excuse. She'd pretty much come out and said making him attractive to women—to her in particular—was a hopeless cause.

"My worry is this. I can teach you all the right things to say and coach you on how to act around women, prescribe a diet and exercise plan and even give you a makeover. But if you don't listen to me—if you don't follow the plan—I fail."

"I'll listen. I'll follow the plan." Hell. He'd follow her anywhere she wanted to lead. If she only knew...

Something fierce stirred in her eyes. "It's not going to be easy, Jack. I'm gonna work you." Why he shivered at the tone in her voice, he had no clue. Or maybe he did. "I want you to agree to honor our contract—even if you drop the ball."

"Of course." He always kept his promises.

"You swear?"

He put a hand over his heart. "I swear."

She sat back. The fire in her eyes flickered and sputtered out. "Okay. So next week I'm going back East to spend some time with my mother—"

"How long will you be gone?" Damn. He hated it when she was gone.

Pain flashed across her features; her voice dropped. "She's...not doing well."

His heart squeezed and he wanted to say something comforting but couldn't find any words. Sara's mother had been in and out of the hospital for a year. They were very close. Each time her mother had a relapse, Sara suffered.

Jack had never had a mother so he couldn't relate but he imagined having one and losing her would be even harder than never having one at all.

"In the meantime, I'll put together a plan for you."

"A...plan?" His mind spun. How on earth was this going to work if she wasn't even here?

"Yes. And you have to follow it."

"I will."

She put her hands flat on the desk and skewered him with a glower. "Religiously, Jack."

"Okay." He tried to not wriggle in his seat. He loved it when she got all...adamant. "So you'll do it?"

"Yes," she sighed. "I'll do it."

Relief cascaded through him. Relief and hope. It was a tiny sprig of hope, but hope was hope. "So when do we begin?"

She gazed at him. Some strange emotion he couldn't interpret flashed over her features. "Now."

Oh. God. Excitement and satisfaction and panic surged through him. "Now?"

"Yes. I need to do an assessment. You know. To figure out exactly where we are."

He swallowed. "An assessment?"

"Of your game."

"Okay." He liked games. He scooted to the edge of his seat.

"Let's pretend I'm a woman—"

"You are a woman."

She wrinkled her nose. "Be serious, Jack."

"I am being serious." He was.

"Let's pretend I'm a woman you see at a bar. And you're interested."

Oh. He was.

“What’s the first thing you do?”

Okay. He could wrap his brain around this. He shifted to the side and pulled out his wallet. Found his trusty cheat sheet and unfolded it and spread it flat on the desk.

“What the hell is that?” She gaped at the crumpled, well-worn paper.

“It’s my flowchart.” Duh.

Sara blinked. “You have a flowchart for picking up women.” Not a question.

“Naturally.” Didn’t everyone?

“Let me see that.” Before he could stop her she snatched the paper away. Scanned it. “Oh God.”

He knew what she was seeing. He’d studied this flowchart a hundred times. Still, when she read it aloud, he winced.

“Picking Up Chicks.” She grimaced. “Seriously, Jack? That’s what you named it?”

“Yes.” What else would he name it?

“‘Step One. Assess the situation’. Okay. That works. ‘Does she seem cranky?’ Cranky? Seriously, Jack? Cranky?”

He shrugged. “It’s a critical variable.” It was. It was exceedingly difficult to pick up a cranky woman. “Statistically speaking—”

But Sara ignored him. “‘If Yes: Charm her from her bad mood. If No: Proceed with caution.’” Sara sighed and glanced up at him. “Proceed with caution? We’re not wild animals, Jack.”

“You kind of are.” This he muttered. She didn’t hear. Or maybe she did. Maybe she was ignoring him again. She did that.

With a derisive snort, she crumpled up his precious template for seduction and tossed it in the trash.

With a strangled “eep” he dove in after it, dug it out, refolded it and tucked it back into his wallet. It had never worked but it was all he had. He needed it.

She glared at him. And then for some reason she softened. “Women are not an empirical science, Jack.” She gestured to his wallet. “We’re not all alike. There is no ‘one size fits all’ approach to winning someone’s heart.”

Yeah. He got that. “But you need to have a standard operating procedure—”

“No, ya don’t.” She blew out a breath. He loved the way it made her bangs flutter up. “Don’t you see? This kind of thing comes off as cheesy. Planned. Practiced.”

“And that’s...bad?” How could planning and practice be bad?

“Women don’t want to feel like they’re an insect being dissected or analyzed. They don’t want to be one option in a sea of possibilities. They want to be special. They want a guy who responds to them on an instinctual level. A guy who is so interested, he can’t help but be charming. Not a guy who has to be reminded to be seductive—by an SOP.”

He shook his head. This was all so...alien. “I don’t get it.”

She buried her face in her hands. “No. You don’t. That’s the point. Oh Jack, I’m going to need a couple days to think about this.”

His pulse stuttered. “But you already promised...”

“No. I’ll do it. I did promise to do it. I just need to think about how to do it.”

He relaxed. Okay. Okay. Okay. It would be okay. “Thank you, Sara.”

“Yeah.” Her cell phone buzzed and she picked it up to check the screen. Her lips tightened and she set it back down. “No prob.”

Damn. Why did she seem so dispirited? He’d seen the tears on her cheeks when he interrupted her meeting with Kat. He’d hated her tears. Hated even more that he didn’t have any right to wipe them away.

“Sara.” He waited until she met his gaze. “Thank you.”

This meant everything to him. More than she could ever know.

“Sure, Jack. Give me a couple days to think about this.”

“Sure.”

She stared at him for a minute and then said in a very small voice, “You can go now.”

Right. He could go. But he didn’t want to. He didn’t want to go. He wanted to fold her in his arms and hold her and make whatever was making her sad disappear.

He didn’t have that right either.

And he never would.

But for the next few months, he’d have her attention.

And that would be worth a thousand trips to Paris.

PRAISE FOR MAKING OVER MARIS:

5 STARS—*S& Book Obsessions*

“A sweet but very hot erotic romance.”—*Long And Short Reviews*

5 STARS. “A hot, steamy read, with a little bit of angst”—*The To Be Read List*

“This is how femdom can be sweet and steamy hawt!”—*The Romance Reviews*

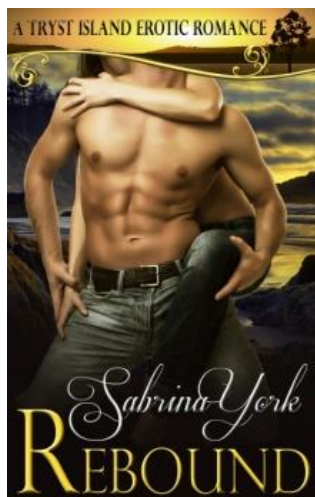
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TRYST ISLAND SERIES

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?



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

Read 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**

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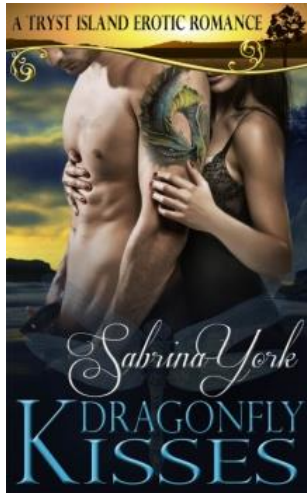
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Dragonfly Kisses

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.

Read 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*

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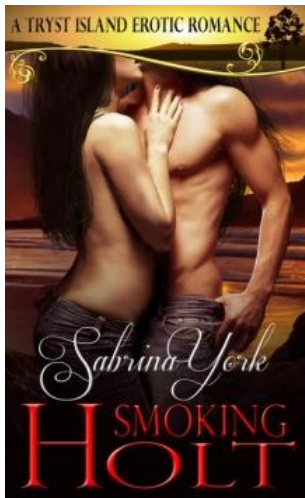
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Smoking Holt

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.

Read 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 chit 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*

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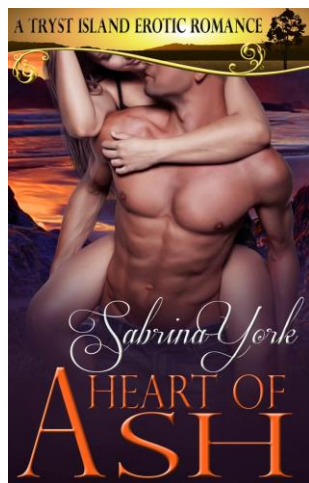
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Heart of Ash

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?

Read 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***

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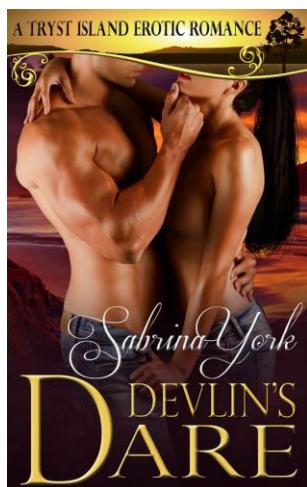
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Devlin's Dare

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-thing into something lasting. A series of tantalizing dares—dares Tara cannot resist.

Read 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 rumbled, 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*

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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?

Read 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*

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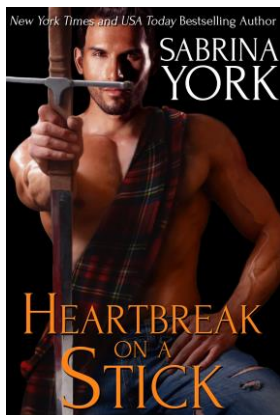
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STAND ALONE CONTEMPORARY ROMANCES**Heartbreak on a Stick**

When A-List movie star Jason Sherwood returns to the hometown that once rejected him, he has one goal in mind: Getting revenge on the woman who broke his heart so many years ago. But when he discovers his assumptions about her were wrong, he only wants to win her back. Hopefully, it's not too late.

Gina Fox has always pined for her high school lover...and now he has returned, turning her world upside down. But life isn't as simple now as it was then. And she can't get over the fact that Jason walked away from her without a word.

When he launches a sultry seduction, she tries, with everything in her, to resist...because at his core, Jason is nothing but heartbreak on a stick.

Read An Excerpt From HEARTBREAK ON A STICK

“Gina.”

Hell. Even now, she heard his voice, dancing on the breeze.

“Gina.”

Louder now. More substantive.

Her heart lurched. Her head swung around. She stared.

Oh shit.

This was not a fantasy or her imagination or even a wish. He was here.

She scrambled to her feet and brushed off her butt, forcing her knees to lock, even though they wobbled. “Jace— Um, Jason.”

He was tall. Much taller than he'd been. And broad. His shoulders were breathtaking. And his muscles—muscles the boy had not had, honed through years of working out for parts, no doubt—filled his tight black T-shirt.

She ripped her gaze away from the tantalizing bulges to the lines of his face. Gawd. Tantalizing there too. His lips—which she remembered, tasted still—full and lush. His dark eyes were fringed with sinful lashes. The scar on his right eyebrow, the dimples, the curve of his cheek.

It was difficult to breathe.

“I-I didn't expect to see you here.”

He smiled and something in her gut quivered. “I didn't expect to see you.” He took a step closer. And another. “You... look good.” His throat worked.

“You, ah, you too.” Good was not the word.

She'd drooled over the TV screen Sunday nights when *Blood Curse* came on—the few times she'd dared to watch. Jason as a tormented vampire was irresistible. But his screen persona was nothing to his presence here now. He was like a beautiful spider's web, luring her closer for one more glance when she knew, if she came too close, she would be trapped, consumed.

Her instincts told her to run.

She resolved not to. She resolved to face him. And be...civil.

To that end, she smiled. It was a light, flippant smile. It cost her. “Aren't you supposed to be having a parade or something?”

A shadow passed over his features, as though he didn't care for her blasé air. "Or something." He shoved his hands in his pockets.

"You really shouldn't miss it."

"Shouldn't I?" He got that tone, the one he used to get when he was feeling rebellious and truculent. He'd never used it on her before.

"Eden will be devastated."

"Oh, well, God forbid I disappoint Eden Ames." He strolled around her, taking her in, though she turned with him because it seemed the prudent thing to do. One did not turn one's back on a petulant panther.

"She dislikes being disappointed."

This seemed to annoy him. The muscle in his cheek tightened and bunched. He leaned in and hissed, "Fuck Eden Ames. Fuck all of them."

She didn't know why she lurched back. His vehemence, perhaps, the heat of his breath, or the vitriol. But she lurched back and kept going, as he followed, until she backed into a tree.

He loomed over her, far too close. And Lord, yes. He was much taller. He smelled the same though, like musk and man and Jason. She'd missed his scent. She'd missed it so much she was tempted to close her eyes and just breathe it in, fill her lungs with him until she could hold no more.

But she couldn't close her eyes. Her gaze was riveted to his.

Tension crackled and spit between them.

When he edged closer, she set a hand on his chest. To hold him back. Probably. His heart thudded beneath her palm.

He was harder than he used to be. Oh, physically, certainly, but in other ways as well. There was a coldness in his eyes she'd never seen before.

It frightened her. And thrilled her.

She flinched when he lifted a hand and cupped her cheek. His touch was warm, gentle. He didn't say anything, just stared at her, which was unnerving. But when he spoke, his words were more unnerving still, though whispered as they were. "Dear God, Gina, how are you even prettier?"

"I—"

He didn't let her answer. His mouth closed over hers in a heated rush. A dizzying hunger snarled through her as she tasted him on her tongue. Yes, her soul cried, yes! Yes!

He moved closer, pressing her against the tree, sealing their bodies and their mouths and ravishing her with an unleashed passion.

She'd forgotten. Well, maybe not forgotten, but certainly released her hold on the memory. It was far too painful to live without him. To wake up every day knowing her life was devoid of the brilliance he brought.

Now it all came rushing back in a scorching tide, swamping her, spinning her about and sweeping her quickly toward the oblivion of the fall.

His kiss was a tumult. It was passion and need and wild frenzy. It was lips and teeth and tongues. It was murmured whispers and muffled moans.

He shoved his fingers through her hair to hold her still, then tipped her head and ate his way down to her neck, to nuzzle her there as he once had done. To make her wild and mad. To make her succumb when she really knew better.

She knew better now. She knew where this could lead, what catastrophe they taunted.

And the true tragedy?

She didn't care.

She didn't care that this could ruin her, devastate her, burn her up from the inside out.

She didn't care.

Kiss me. Take me. Destroy me.

PRAISE FOR HEARTBREAK ON A STICK

"I am a huge fan of Sabrina York. She has a way of writing fun but touching characters that have a way of finding their way into my heart. This talented lady also has a masterful way of writing steamy scenes that may almost melt your Kindle. So for goodness sake grab a COLD drink, find a comfy chair and settle in for some awesome reading time." *Reviews by Crystal*

"There's no secret that I love Ms. York's writing, her trademark humor and snark come through every heroine making them near and dear to my heart." *I am Indeed*

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Stone Hard SEALs

A Duet of Steamy SEAL romances

Book One

A hostage rescue mission turns Ryder “Stone” Maddox’s world on its ear when he comes face-to-face with his greatest fear: A woman he cannot resist. But he has to resist Lily Wilson. He’s vowed never to fall in love. Besides, as the daughter of a senator, she is definitely off-limits. Lily sees things differently. Irresistibly drawn to this hot, hard SEAL, she is determined to prove they belong together...and that her man does not have a heart of stone. (Originally published in the NYT and USA Today Bestselling Hot Alpha SEALs collection)

Book Two

Drake Ronan is all man—a rock hard SEAL who doesn’t need help from anyone. Doesn’t need anyone. But when he’s shot during a dangerous rescue mission, and has to rely on a beautiful nurse to survive, he realizes he has to rethink his resolution. Suddenly he can’t imagine his life without Brandy in it. It’s a damn shame she has a secret that could ruin everything.

Read an Excerpt From STONE HARD SEALs

“Are you hungry?” He asked because her belly growled loudly enough to attract pirates on the mainland.

“A little.” She licked her lips. “But I’m really thirsty.”

He pulled out the straw of his CamelBak and leaned forward, holding it to her lips. He should have shuttled off all his gear and just handed the damn thing to her because when she leaned in close and he got a whiff of her, he nearly passed out. You would think a woman who had been held prisoner by filthy pirates for nearly a week would smell bad. She did not. She smelled like heaven. There was a light musky odor of sweat—it was hot in the tropics—but it twined with something that was essentially female.

He’d never felt such hunger. It screamed through his soul.

And, on top of that, their faces were close. And she was sucking on the nozzle. And fuck. He was a warrior. A trained weapon. On a mission.

This was no time for a hard on.

But he was hard. Damn hard.

Her lashes flickered as she glanced up at him; she moaned as she swallowed. A shiver walked down his spine. Walked right down his spine and coiled in his balls.

When she sat back with a sigh, he put the nozzle to his lips as well. Not because he was particularly thirsty, but because he wanted a taste of her mouth, while it was still fresh.

What he really wanted was to kiss her. But she was the senator’s daughter and he was a grunt. That wasn’t going to happen. It couldn’t.

“Did...did you say something about food?” Damn lashes. Fluttering again. He had the urge to grab his Gerber and snip them off.

He pulled an MRE from a pocket on his left leg, read the label, and grimaced. He hated the meatloaf. He should have paid more attention when he prepped his gear. He had more in his pack, but this would do for now. “I have this.”

Her nose wrinkled as she studied the silver foil.

Yeah. Wait 'til she got a taste. He ripped open the packet, broke off a piece, and handed it to her. It was messy, because of the gravy, but he didn't want to unload everything to find an implement. They needed to eat and go.

She took a bite. Her eyes widened. "Yuum," she said in an unconvincing tone.

It was all he could do to hold back his laugh.

"What..." She swallowed heavily. "What is this?"

"An MRE."

"What does that stand for?"

His lips quirked. "Meals Rarely Edible."

Her brow wrinkled, and then she laughed.

And ah, what a laugh. A melodic trill. Some kind of sound he figured you might hear in heaven.

"Do you eat these often?"

"Not if I can help it." He shoved a chunk in his mouth and fired it back. "But we have a long way to go today, and these have a lot of calories."

She froze, a niblette of mystery meat halfway to her mouth. "How-how many calories?"

"About twelve hundred a meal."

She gaped at him. "Twelve hundred?" She glared at the meatloaf as though it were made of turds. Then again, it might have been. "And you gave it to me? To eat?"

"Yeah. You'll need it."

"Why didn't you warn me?" She smacked him. It was like being batted by a kitten. "Twelve hundred calories is my whole day!"

He grinned. He could burn that much with a good fart. "Perfect. It's probably all you'll get. Eat up."

"For twelve hundred calories, I could have eaten a cheesecake."

He looked around for the cheesecake.

She shoved her tiny chunk of meatloaf at him. "Here, you eat it."

He pushed it back. "You eat it. We have a lot of ground to cover today."

"We do?" She tipped her head to the side. "Where are we going?"

"There's an island to the south." He grabbed a stick and sketched out a quick map. "We're here. At the north end of this island. And the secondary extraction point is here."

Her throat worked. "How will we get to the other island?"

"Swim."

She paled. "I-I can't swim."

It was probably rude to stare. But really? She couldn't swim? Who couldn't swim? "You never wanted to learn?"

"Oh, I wanted to." She sighed. "My mother was afraid I would drown."

"Not drowning is kind of the point of swimming."

"She wanted to keep me safe." He didn't miss the exasperation in her tone. "I didn't get to do a lot of things. Which is probably why— And wouldn't you know it? The first time?" She gazed at him as though she'd finished a sentence. As though he'd understood a bit of what she'd said.

"Well, don't worry. We'll get you home safe. And then everything will be just the way it was before."

Her sudden frown mystified him.

PRAISE FOR STONE HARD SEALS

"An action-packed and fun read, a great addition to any collection." *I am Indeed*

"I loved, loved, loved this story." *Coffee & Books*

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CONTEMPORARY NOVELLAS



Extreme Couponing

Bella adores her sweet, patient and gentle husband Tae. She would do anything to keep him happy—even pretend to be something she’s not. She acts as if she’s content with their vanilla marriage but she yearns for something more. Something darker.

When Tae discovers Bella’s secret desires, he’s determined to fulfill her every fantasy. He devises a wicked coupon book full of naughty commands and fiendish challenges. From spankings to bondage to erotic play with household implements, he tests her limits.

With each coupon Tae redeems, Bella sinks deeper and deeper into the lifestyle she’s always craved but never had the courage to demand. Now if she can just find a way to be the strong, independent woman Tae fell in love with and the quivering sub she is at her core...

Reader Advisory: Tae and Bella find some very inventive—and erotic—uses for everything from carrots to home-improvement tools. Be forewarned—you’ll never look at candy canes or duct tape the same way again.

*A Romantica® **BDSM erotic romance** from Ellora’s Cave*

Read An Excerpt From: **EXTREME COUPONING**

With a simmering glance at her, he slid a finger beneath the tape. A small booklet fell out onto his lap.

“What is it?” She scooted closer.

“Oh look. You gave me coupons.” He sounded excited. Thrilled even.

“Coupons?” She shook her head and took a sip of her coffee. What on earth was he up to? She was hardly a “coupon queen”. She was the kind of woman who used coupons as bookmarks.

In fact, he did all the grocery shopping. Well, if he wanted food in the house.

She wasn’t very domesticated. Never had been.

He flipped through the booklet, oohing and aahing. The sideways looks he sent her set a fire in her gut.

“Oh Bella,” he purred, pausing on one coupon in particular. “You shouldn’t have.”

She frowned. “Let me see that book.”

Before he could protest, she snatched it from him and flipped through the pages. And she began to laugh. Clearly he’d printed out this booklet on his computer. “Good for one backrub. Hmm.” She flipped to the next. “Good for breakfast in bed.” Okay. There was the usual stuff. One foot rub, one blowjob, one comment-free football game...

And then she came to one that made the breath catch in her throat. She swallowed. Her pussy twitched.

It said, One hour of complete submission.

She froze. Every muscle in her body locked in place. Her heart pounded, her blood thrummed, her body liquefied.

He watched her intently, taking in every nuance of her reaction, his jaw tight, eyes glittering. His tongue snaked out to wet his lips. "I was thinking about redeeming that one now."

She didn't even know how to respond, so she just stared at him. They'd been married for nearly a year but he'd never once suggested anything kinky. Never once tried to push the boundaries.

Never once suggested anything even remotely risqué.

Damn it all, anyway.

Bella had never been a wimpy woman. She usually just took what she wanted from life. But in this, especially with Tae, she was tentative, cautious. Nervous.

Usually she was never nervous. But this...

This was something so personal. So intimate. So secret. She'd never had the courage to admit it to him. She'd been scared to death of how he would react if he knew the truth. If he knew what she really craved.

That he was asking for this, now, made her woozy.

She cleared her throat, lowered her lashes. "W-what did you have in mind?"

He waited until she looked at him before he spoke. "I think the coupon speaks for itself."

"All it says is complete submission."

"I know. Are you game?"

An unfamiliar tension rose between them. Bella nibbled her lower lip as she contemplated the sudden urge to test his resolve. Or at least the depth of it. "For all I know, you'll have me cleaning your man cave. Scrubbing the toilets. Doing your laundry." Their marriage had become that, somehow. An endless list of projects and chores.

"I didn't have cleaning in mind." He tipped up her chin. "Sexual submission, Bella. Total. Sexual. Submission. Are you game?"

She swallowed, swamped by the apprehension skirling in her gut, the lust dancing in her pussy. It was all she could do to hold his gaze. "I don't know."

"Yes, you do."

He was right. She did. She bobbed her head, a tiny nod.

Oh yeah. She knew.

She wanted it.

Bad.

She'd always wanted it like that. Craved it. Hungered for it. But then she'd met Tae, a guy who adored her for being a strong woman, for taking the lead, for managing everything. She hadn't wanted to tell him the truth of it. She hadn't dared.

"Say it."

She swallowed. "Say what?"

"Say, yes Tae. I want to be your slave for one hour."

Her heart stuttered. She forced a laugh. "I can't say that."

"You can."

Bella tried to sort through her conflicting feelings. She wanted this. Needed this. Had fantasized about this. And now he was offering it to her.

And damn it all anyway, it was only for an hour.

Shyness overcame her. She dropped her chin and whispered, "Yes Tae. I want to be your slave for one hour."

"Sweetheart. Look at me when you answer."

She did. "Yes Tae. I want to be your slave for one hour."

His nostrils flared. A certain light glinted in his eyes and a raft of dimples exploded on his cheek. The stark beauty of his face snared her. It always did, but tonight, backlit by a crackling fire and the

lights of the tree, he seemed even more intense. From the dark, dominant brow, to the high cheekbones, to those full lips...

He ripped the coupon from the book and gave her a look that sent a tremor through her body. Maybe it was the heavy-lidded heat he invested in the glance or maybe it was the way his body tightened, every muscle, as he gauged her reaction. She knew instinctively that something very different was about to...arise between them.

It was as though it was their first time all over again. Trying to make light of the electricity, the lust lashing through her, she accepted the coupon with what she hoped was credible aplomb. She cleared her throat. "Okay, Tae. What do you want me to do?"

He didn't hesitate. Not for a second.

"I want you naked."

PRAISE FOR EXTREME COUPONING:

"Sex, by the bucketful. The action was imaginative and dark...Tae certainly went to considerable lengths to set up erotic scenes for his wife. I particularly liked the cooking scene at the end – very naughty indeed – oh, and the basement, that is just too cool! Extreme Couponing is a well delivered story about a couple exploring BDSM, if that's your thing then check it out." ***Long and Short Reviews***

"Extreme Couponing is an interracial romance between a married couple who have gotten a little stale in their bedroom play. The characters are sexy and interesting, the plot is familiar but enjoyable and the setting is well described. Overall, a short but entertaining read." ***You Gotta Read***

"Oh this is one hot book. Be warned readers a trip to the hardware store or the grocery will never be the same." ***The Jeep Diva***

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Fierce (Decadent Publishing, 1 Night Stand)

The last thing Katie is expecting—when she meets her friend Joy for a girls’ weekend in Vegas to celebrate her divorce—is an ambush. But Joy, determined to get Katie “back on the horse,” has submitted her profile with Madame Eve—who’s found her the perfect man.

Katie doesn’t want another man. She certainly doesn’t want or need confirmation that it’s her fault Mark could never make her come.

When Sebastian—scarred by the infidelity of his wife—overhears Katie’s confession, and the fact that she was faithful to her husband for ten years even though he never met her needs, he’s intrigued. More than intrigued. He’s determined to prove to this gorgeous, tempting, fascinating woman that she is not frigid. In fact, she is fierce.

From Decadent Publishing

Read An Excerpt From FIERCE

“Do you-do you find men attractive?”

She shrugged.

“Do you find me attractive?”

Her focus snapped back to him. Sebastian. With his deep emerald eyes. The little prickles of an insistent day beard sprouting on his chin. The delicious curve of his jaw.

“Yes.” Yes. She found him attractive. More so than any man she’d ever met.

It scared her to death.

“I find you attractive, too, Katie. Very attractive. But I don’t want to ask you to do anything that makes you uncomfortable.”

Oh. There it was.

He was ending it.

A lump settled in her belly.

It was for the best. Really it was—

“So let’s take this slow, shall we?”

She gaped at him. “S-slow?”

He smiled and it warmed her heart.

Oh wait. It was his palm, skating across her shoulder, down her arm, cupping her breast. That was what warmed her.

“Stop me if this makes you uncomfortable.”

Oh, it made her uncomfortable. Sent sharp tingles along every nerve. Made her body start to soften and swell. Made her womb quiver.

But she wasn’t stopping him. No way.

PRAISE FOR FIERCE:

“Dear Madame, the sex was hot, Hot, HOT!” *MsRomanticReads*

“You will enjoy FIERCE if you're looking for some short erotica that delivers heated, passionate sex scenes along with sweet and very likeable characters. Quick, fun, sexy erotica.” *S. Richards, Top 500 Amazon Reviewer*

“As a quick pick me up bedtime read - this ticks off all the boxes.” *Gaele, Top 1000 Amazon Reviewer*

“Sparks fly between Katie and Sebastian and they ignite an unbridled passion in each other...smoking up the pages of my Kindle.” *Book Chick*

“This one blew my socks off and I wasn't wearing any. I love how quickly the author caught my attention and how quickly the characters got together. Sex scene super hot. Highly recommend this story.” *Amazon Reviewer*

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Man Hungry

Blind dates are hell. At least that's what Justin thinks before he's set up with Jessica, a sizzling-hot schoolteacher who captures his heart—or at least his lust—at first sight. He can't let their date fail so he does what any sane, rational prankster would do—he pretends he's there to meet someone else. A man-hungry schoolmarm.

Jessica knows full well that Justin is her date, so she decides to have a little fun and show him exactly how man hungry a “schoolmarm” can be. And Jessica's hunger is all for Justin. On the dance floor, atop a table, up against a door...she just can't get enough.

A Romantica® erotic romance from Ellora's Cave

Read An Excerpt From MAN HUNGRY

“You've got to save me.”

Jessica blinked as the most gorgeous man she'd ever seen slipped into her booth and grabbed her hand. She barely registered the intrusion. His grasp was that warm.

“I beg your pardon?” She lifted her voice above the blare of the band. It was a country band and a country bar—not her preference but a girl had to do what a girl had to do to meet a decent guy.

“Please. You look like a compassionate soul.” His crooked grin, ringed as it was by a scruffy beard, made rivulets of excitement trickle down her spine, as did the tantalizing dent in his chin. His eyes, large and brown and fringed with long, thick lashes, glinted with humor. A deep dimple sliced through one cheek. His Stetson, from which dark curls erupted, was tipped at a jaunty angle. He batted his lashes—a move that frankly should be against the law. “Can't you find it in your heart to save me?”

His Dallas drawl made her mouth water—she'd always had a thing for cowboys with dented chins—but she stiffened her spine against his appeal.

She did not need another puppy dog lover. She'd had enough of those in her life. That's why she was here. To meet her friend Penny's staid, stick-in-the-mud lawyer cousin. A guy she could have a future with. Who liked country music. And country bars.

He was probably a Republican.

Good. She hoped he was.

She hoped he was a grown-up as well.

Nope. No more puppy dogs for her. She'd made an oath. And she was bone-tired of cleaning up their messes on the carpet. Against her will, her lips twitched. She did love those puppy dogs. And this one was damn cute.

She cleared her throat. It was clogged with arousal. “Save you from what?”

Her cute cowboy slash puppy dog shot a look around the crowded bar and hunkered lower like an outlaw hiding from the sheriff. “The dreaded man-hungry spinster.”

A laugh bubbled through her. As pickup lines went, at least his was original. And entertaining. She lifted her beer to disguise her amusement.

“Oh. Sorry.” His gaze danced back to hers. “I meant to say the dreaded man-hungry spinster schoolmarm.” He offered a charming, self-effacing grin.

Jessica stilled, bottle halfway to her mouth. She was a spinster schoolmarm. Well, an unmarried teacher at least. Close enough.

The cowboy leaned in. His warm breath skated across her cheek. It was all she could do not to nestle right up against him. Melt, maybe. “Just dance with me. Please? One dance before I have to resign myself to the misery of a blind date?”

Jessica’s belly lurched. “You’re meeting a blind date?”

Oh. Crap. So was she. She was a spinster schoolmarm here to meet a blind date.

Oh. He couldn’t be Justin. Could he? She narrowed her focus on his face, nearly distracted by the lazy droop of his lids, the full lips, his scent as it wafted toward her every time he moved. He didn’t look like the guy in the tux down the line from Penny in her wedding photo, the guy with the short-cropped hair and formal posture.

The stodgy lawyer.

Her attention snagged on his jawline and a shiver raced through her. She had a thing for a hard, square, dented chin. Yeah, his hair was longer, he was definitely scruffy and he was dressed in a very unlawyerlike long-sleeved t-shirt, jeans and cowboy boots. But she’d recognize that chin anywhere.

“Ho yeah.” He nodded and an unruly curl escaped onto his forehead. “My cousin’s friend.” He sent her a pleading look. “Did I mention she’s a schoolteacher?”

Certainty stirred in her gut—along with the little demon of mischief that lived there. He was Justin, her date.

He just didn’t know it.

Oh, this was going to be fun.

PRAISE FOR MAN HUNGRY:

“Man Hungry is a short story with tons of scorching sex and a lust at first sight plot. The characters are likable and sexy and the setting is perfect for the story.” ***You Gotta Read Reviews***

“I would normally recommend a Sabrina York book on a hot summer day, but this one might make you spontaneously combust.” ***Amazon Reviewer***

“This story absolutely hilarious and sexy too.” ***Book Chick***

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Pool Man

A fun, flirty romantic romp...with a twist!

Paige Barber needs a vacation. She can't resist her best friend's offer of a remote vacation home on a private Caribbean island. Jimmy, the sexy pool boy, is part and parcel with the offer. But recently dumped Paige has no intention of taking advantage of that amenity...until she sets eyes on Jimmy. He's not a boy at all, but the sexiest man Paige has ever met.

And he can cook. Oh, man, can he cook!

She thinks it will be easy returning to the real world after an utterly wanton and sensuous week in the arms of a hot, hard, perfect man. But it's not. It's not easy at all.

Read an Excerpt from POOL MAN

The house was quiet and shadowed as I padded back to the pool. I didn't see any sign of Jimmy, which was just as well. My dreams had been filled with him; he'd haunted every crevice of my sleep. I felt like I'd been steeped in him, reliving every touch, every glance, every fantasy.

Those dreams clung to my consciousness, as dreams sometimes do, stoking a hunger I hadn't even realized I had.

I'd been kind of joking when I'd invited Jimmy to my room, but in truth, it hadn't been a joke at all. I wanted him. Really wanted him. Needed him, maybe.

Needed the oblivion a wild, steamy, pointless affair could provide.

My ego ached after Harlan's betrayal, but it was more than that. It was more than assuaging a hit to my self-esteem.

I simply wanted Jimmy.

Wanted him in a way I'd never wanted a man before.

Maybe it was the isolation. Maybe it was the magnificent surroundings. Maybe it was simply the fact that he was hotter than hot. Certainly hotter than Harlan with his bad-boy-biker persona, his bull ring. His tattoos. Nothing about *him* had been real in the end. Nothing about *us* had been either.

The tiny lights strung around Marlee's patio glowed as they bobbed in the breeze. The waters of the hot tub steamed a warm welcome, bathed in a surreal blue that shone like a beacon in the gathering night.

I tossed my towel on a lounge chair and stepped in. And hissed.

Warmth lapped at me. I sank, allowing the water to consume me slowly. My skin shivered as I eased deeper, all the way to my neck. I turned around and leaned against one of the benches formed in the tile and closed my eyes.

Heaven.

I owed Marlee. And I owed her big time.

This place was, indeed, heaven on earth. And Jimmy... Well, the jury was still out on that one. Marlee had been frank. "*Paige,*" she'd said. "*You need to get laid. And trust me, if anyone can help you forget about that douchebag Harlan Rivers, it's my Jimmy.*" I tried not to let it bug me that she'd put it that way. *My Jimmy.* Not that *I* had any ownership of him. Not that I wanted it.

I just wasn't used to sharing men with my best friend.

Remembering the ripple of his pec beneath my palm, I nibbled my lip.

I could probably get over it...

"May I join you?"

I opened my eyes at the deep voice, at the question tinged with a throb.

My heart stuttered. My breath caught.

Gawd.

Jimmy. Standing there next to the hot tub, wearing nothing but a tight black Speedo. Everything I had imagined under his casual clothes, everything I had hoped for, was there. Thick muscles roping his chest and forearms, thighs like tree trunks, a flat, taut belly, sculpted abs and a tantalizing dark line arrowing toward a magnificent bulge.

I nearly swallowed my tongue.

"May I?"

Oh lord, I'd been ogling. "Yes. Please. Come on in. The water's fine."

Yeah, lame. Cliché. But there you go. It was the best I could come up with. My brain, apparently, was on vacation as well.

The water rose as he eased in. His groan echoed off the shadows. He'd taken off his glasses so I had an unfettered view of his face. When his eyes closed, in that moment of bliss as the water enveloped him, when his lips parted...I thought, perhaps, that was what his O-face would look like.

One could hope.

Many men were like monkeys when their crisis descended. Which was why I rarely looked. I was possessed of the sharp, sudden urge to see Jimmy in ecstasy. To watch him come.

Okay, not so sudden. But definitely sharp.

Though he sat across from me, the hot tub wasn't too big, and his foot nudged mine. I didn't jerk away, though my first inclination was to do just that. I reminded myself that any advance had to come from him. Jimmy was Marlee's pool boy, not a sex slave. And if he wasn't interested—I ignored the dark dip of my mood at the thought—that would be that.

So when his foot grazed mine, I steeled my spine and left it there. Next to his.

Our gazes tangled. His toe slipped up my ankle, a tentative foray. A fluttery thrill, an unexpected shower of arousal, trickled through me.

I stroked back.

His focus on me intensified, though it flicked, for a fraction of an instant, to my breasts. They bobbed in the water, as breasts often did, buoyed and jubilant to be released from the bondage of gravity. He licked his lips. My nipples pebbled as I imagined his mouth on them.

His eyes narrowed then raked their way back to my face. "How-how did you sleep?"

Was it my imagination or was he struggling for words? As though casual talk had no place between us, but he needed the lubricant.

The thought of lubricant, and what we could do with it, flashed through my brain. Fizzled there, incinerating all other preoccupations.

"I slept well."

"Good." A rough growl. "The room was to your liking?"

"Yes."

"The bed...comfortable?"

The word *bed* made me shudder. Maybe it was just the way he said it, infusing it with meaning, intent.

Or maybe it was simply the fact that he'd slipped nearer.

The breeze shifted and brought his scent to me on wispy tendrils. That intoxicating bite of his cologne made my head spin.

"Are you...hungry?" His voice rumbled, thrummed with double entendre.

"Not for food." A whisper. I barely choked it out. Because he'd come close, and closer still. "But first... Rules."

His brow wrinkled. "Rules?"

I nodded primly. Best to just get this out. I held up a finger. "One. Always use protection."

"P-protection?" He stared at me like a deer in the headlights. Seriously? Had he not known it was going this way? Had he not suspected?

Or was he shy?

I kind of liked that. I kind of liked the fantasy that he didn't screw Marlee and every one of the friends she sent to him.

He cleared his throat and nodded. "Okay. Protection." He swallowed. "Any other rules?"

"Just one." It had to be said. "No talking about Marlee."

His features froze. His lips opened and closed. "No, ah, talking about Marlee?"

"Exactly." I pushed off, floated into his arms. He caught me. His hands skated over my wet skin reverently, sending ripples in his wake. "I don't want anything between us, Jimmy. Not anything at all."

"Oh God." He yanked me close. It was a shock, the feel of him so hard and rough against my body, but a delightful one.

"Nothing between us," I whispered.

"Nothing."

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Pushing Her Buttons

Winner! 2011 Celtic Hearts Distinguished Novella Award
Winner! 2011 Celtic Hearts Novellas Need Love Too Contest

Every single day, he's there. Waiting. Watching her. Closed in with her for a hundred stories as they ride the elevator to their floor. And every single day, for a hundred floors, Samantha simmers with banked lust. She wants him—her mysterious neighbor who seems to get off on tempting her. Whose eyes promise the kind of kinky domination she's too afraid to give in to. And then just when she thinks she's safe, just when she's convinced she can resist his allure, he steps up his relentless pursuit. The passion that flares between them burns so hot and so bright it could consume them both. But that's just on the way up. Who knows what will happen when they're going down.

Reader Advisory: Samantha's sexy neighbor tries to drive her wild with lust, and he'll stop at nothing to succeed. Spanking? Of course. Leather straps? You bet. Girl-on-girl action? Oh yeah. Wear your flame-retardant panties while reading this one.

*A Romantica® **BDSM** erotic romance from Ellora's Cave*

Read An Excerpt From **PUSHING HER BUTTONS**

I almost got off the elevator when he stepped on, that slick sophisticated creature oozing with masculinity, the man who haunted my dreams. He could turn me into a bundle of jangled, weeping nerves with a look.

So I didn't look.

This took some effort.

I wanted to, was drawn to the energy, the intensity, the heat rolling off him in waves. Instead I diligently studied the sleek chrome of the elevator doors as they slid silently shut.

We were alone, together, in a box. Again. For a hundred floors.

"Going up?" His voice was a slithering snake, raspy, undulating and smooth.

I nodded. A short, curt dip of my head.

From the corner of my eye, I watched as he pressed the button for our floor. His thumb was long and blunt. He did it slowly, caressing the face. As though making a promise.

And all the while, he stared at me. Tracking my every reaction. Taking in the rise of my breast, the quick dash of my tongue on suddenly dry lips, the quiver of a lash.

This unrelenting attention made my skin prickle, my nipples swell.

I riffled in my purse for a stick of gum. There was no gum but I riffled anyway.

Honestly. How long could an elevator ride last? I focused on the lights of the header, ignoring his presence. Desperately trying to, at least, as his searing gaze lingered and stroked.

I was managing quite well, thank you very much.

Until he did it.

He made a noise I couldn't ignore. It was something feral, between a grunt and a moan. A sound a lion might make, unconsciously, distractedly, upon sighting a particularly juicy gazelle. Or a female in heat.

I was not a female in heat.

More than one man had commented on my frigidity. The idiots. My coolness was merely a reflection of their ineptitude.

This man was probably not inept. A frightening truth for someone like me.

The sound, the growl, the urgent hungry groan, washed through me in a vibrating bass.

I punched the button for our floor several times in succession. It was a tell and I knew it, but I couldn't help myself. Panic rose in my throat as the heat he sent off swirled around me, sank in and settled in my belly.

His interest in me had never been a secret. He'd tried flirting and sweet talk, he'd asked me out more than once but I always shot him down. I knew what kind of man he was. He had that vibe, that look, that alluring menace.

I knew what he was, for God's sake. I could smell it, feel it, taste it. I'd been there before and sworn I'd never go there again.

Any woman with a pulse would think him attractive, what with that sable hair flopping onto his forehead, that square dented chin, that boyish insouciance belied by a satyr's smirk. And, ah. Those deep-brown eyes ringed with sinful sooty lashes. Those exquisitely molded lips. That hard athlete's physique.

But not every woman would notice the simmering passion, the sultry sadism that called to a woman like me. Telegraphed in secret code. Tapping. Tapping on my nerves.

I did not want a man like that. Not anymore. A man like that would eat me alive.

Against my will, I caught a glimpse of his chiseled reflection in the chrome. He'd opened his suit jacket and tucked his fingers into the front pockets of his slacks. He leaned like a lazy panther against the mirrored wall and tipped his head back, studying the ceiling. His long legs were crossed at the ankles, showcasing immaculate Ferragamos gleaming with a high gloss. A crooked grin tugged at his luscious lips.

Mercy. Those lips.

Heat sizzled through me as I imagined those lips on me, sucking, nuzzling, nipping.

But that would never happen. He was not my type and I was not his. I wasn't.

I told myself to look away but I didn't do it quickly enough.

He straightened as we neared our floor. Adjusted his jacket. Shook out his pants. Raked his thick dark curls...

And caught my gaze in the mirror. Caught me staring hungrily.

Horried by this wash of vulnerability, I turned my head. Our eyes locked again but this time directly, intimately, across the car. Tangled, tied.

His body stiffened, nostrils flared, pupils dilated. He leaned slightly, almost imperceptibly, toward me. His scent, his aura intensified. He held me immobile by the sheer power of his intent.

And then he licked his lips.

Something within me liquefied. My knees went weak and I nearly dropped my briefcase. Who knows what would have happened, what could have happened, if the elevator hadn't opened at just that moment?

The welcome ding snapped me out of this lazy, hazy daze. I clutched my briefcase to my chest and rushed through the doors almost before they were open, doing a determined power walk to my penthouse.

He followed, slowly stalking. I didn't hesitate. I waved my keycard over the lock and slipped inside. To safety.

I tried not to look back. Really. I did. It was only a quick glance but the sight of him standing next to his double-doored entrance, pinning me with a heavy-lidded gaze, rocketed through me like a fist to my solar plexus. There was heat in his eyes. And hunger. And certainty.

I shut the door, shutting him out. Shutting it out. He wasn't my type. I wasn't his.

A man like that could destroy the woman I was, melt the mask I had worked so hard to forge. I refused to think about him. I refused to want him.

I didn't sleep all night.

PRAISE FOR PUSHING HER BUTTONS:

"The in your face eroticism of this book was light your underwear on fire hot...a book you won't want to put down. At all. Lock the bedroom door and put out the do not disturb sign. This book was a scorcher. Make sure you have some ice water handy and a nice vat of rum raisin ice cream ready at the bedside before you start to read. Yup. Your going to need it." *Erzabet's Enchantments*

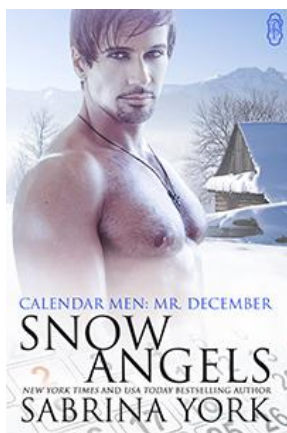
"Pushing Her Buttons is not for the faint of heart. Despite the heat there is enough romance and emotions to satisfy any romantic at heart. The feelings of Sam and J.R are so raw and once the secrets are revealed the strength both characters have to expose the wounds and yearnings are vivid. Pushing Her Buttons is a sizzling read with an abundance of emotions to explore." *Coffeetime Romance*

"The sex was hot between these two, pretty molten in fact." *Fallen Angel Reviews*

"The sex in this book is kinky hawt. It's enjoyable and requires little tools of the trade for the characters to get their kink on. This is what makes the book a pleasure to read. The story is more than just a man and a woman in an over complicated mating dance. Ms. York incorporates a little work twist which throws a kink into Sam's life. This is expected and the conflict resolves in a manner which is anticipated by the reader with glee. It's a sweet happily ever after ending which Sam deserves. This kinky book is recommended for readers who enjoy an alpha male chasing and capturing his woman." *BDSM Book Reviews*

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Snow Angels

The last thing Wade Masters wants on his month-long getaway to his sister's wilderness cabin is company. A wounded warrior, Wade is looking for complete isolation to deal with the tragedy of his life and his screaming guilt.

But company he gets, in the form of Lyssa Salk, a spunky, diminutive massage therapist. Who says she can talk to dead people.

Trapped together in the snowbound cabin, Wade and Lyssa have little else to do but help each other heal, spiritually, physically and sexually.

From Decadent Publishing

Read an Excerpt from SNOW ANGELS

He probably stayed in the shower too long; the water was turning tepid. But Wade didn't care. He stepped out and dried off, ruffling his hair with the fluffy towel. He tried to ignore the pink hearts. But it was either pink hearts or Hello Kitty.

He resolved, if he ever visited this cabin again, he would bring his own towels. Something manly.

Camo maybe.

A sharp series of barks brought his head up with a snap.

Bo.

Bo rarely barked, and then only at a threat.

Wade snapped into gear, wrapping the towel around his waist and stopping in the bedroom to grab his pistol. He'd seen bear tracks and scat on his run and though it was the middle of winter, he knew they could come out of hibernation. They'd been known to break into cabins if they smelled food.

His heart leapt into his throat at the thought of Bo facing a hungry five-hundred pound beast with no protection.

Towel flapping, he pounded down the short hall into the great room of the cabin, expecting the worst. He stopped in his tracks.

Yeah.

It was the worst.

Not a bear.

But an even greater predator.

There, pressed up against the door, cornered by his snarling protector, be-speckled with snow and clutching a mangy backpack, was a woman.

He could tell she was a woman, even though she wore about six coats, one on top of the other, and a knit hat pulled down over her ears. Long black hair escaped from the cap, trailing over her shoulders. But it was the eyes that gave her away, wide and round and fringed with thick lashes. And her chin. It was delicate, dimpled, quivering. Her lips were parted. Her exquisite face pale.

Bo glanced back at him as if crowing, *look what I caught!* And then edged forward with an ominous growl.

The girl clutched her backpack closer and issued a panicked little peep. She tried to press back into the door, making herself as tiny as she could, but there was no give.

Besides, she was tiny enough.

Like a woodland sprite.

He would have thought her a fairy come in from the woods if he'd had a hint of whimsy in him. And if she hadn't been wearing everything she owned. He didn't know much about fairies, but he was pretty sure they had some fashion sense.

Bo's growl became a snarl, a snap, and the girl warbled a wail. "Please!" she cried. "Call him off!"

Wade snapped his fingers, fully expecting Bo to heel. He'd been methodically trained by a world-renown expert. He always behaved.

He did not.

His hackles rose and he took another menacing step toward the girl. A tear tracked down her cheek. Her entire body shook. "P-please!"

"Bo! *Fuß!*" The command to heel in the language he'd learned as a puppy, penetrated and Bo licked his muzzle, gave a canine whine and padded to Wade's side. "*Braver Hund.*" Wade riffled the scruff of Bo's back and gave him a scratch. "Good dog."

The girl collapsed against the door, but her attention did not waver from Bo, whose hackles were still up. Wade didn't understand his dog's reaction. He'd always been friendly to strangers before, more likely to whap them to death with his tail than to so much as growl. But then his gaze fell on the small cage at the girl's feet and he froze. He could see a hint of the creature inside and he suddenly understood.

Hell.

She had a cat.

Perfect.

Not only was his solitude shattered by an unwanted female guest, a bedraggled homeless ragamuffin, she'd brought a cat.

Damn.

He hated cats.

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Sterling's Seduction (Elite Metal Collection)

When Sterling spots a reporter masquerading as a waitress in a dingy bar in Deep Ellum, he suspects she's investigating the team. And that's something he just cannot allow to happen. Too many lives are at stake. He will do everything in his power to learn the truth—even seduce her. And to stop her story from coming out? He might even tie her to the bed.

Nothing is off the table when it comes to keeping his brothers safe. Nothing. It's a damn shame she's everything he's ever wanted. It's a damn shame her touch warms his cold, dead heart.

Read an Excerpt from STERLING'S SEDUCTION

As she rounded the corner, her steps stalled.

Because there he was, leaning against his bike. Waiting for her.

Well, she hoped he was waiting for her. When he saw her, he unfolded his long legs and stood.

"Did you change your mind?" she asked, trying for a flippant tone.

His beautiful eyebrow arched. "About what?"

"Taking me home?" Might as well be brash.

He gestured to his bike. "My alternator is shot. I'm waiting for a ride."

"Ah." Why disappointment flooded her was a mystery. Or not.

"Was there...an offer on the table?" His voice was a low melody that danced on the skeins of air. It was annoying. And not.

"Hey. I'm not the one who walked away." She tried not to let her petulance show.

He stepped closer and searched her face. She let him. Not hiding at all. Or not hiding everything. She let her interest show.

"Let's get one thing straight, Pigtails—"

"Pigtails?"

"Yeah. Pigtails." He flicked her hair, reminding her how she'd pulled it up. She'd been going for backwoods innocent, but it might have backfired on her. With a harsh movement, she yanked out the rubber bands and her hair fell around her face. His lashes flickered. Something that looked like hunger washed over his features.

"What do you want to get straight?"

His jaw clenched. "I don't like questions. Pure and simple. Understood?"

The way he said the word, with a thread of dominance in his tone, sent a shiver through her. She lowered her eyes and nodded. "Understood. So...do you? Want to come home with me? No questions asked?"

"Maybe." He checked his watch. "Looks like my ride isn't going to show, anyway."

Hardly the flood of interest she would have preferred. Irritation rippled. "Or I can give you a lift home." And when his cheek bunched, "Or call you a cab."

"I'd rather go home with you." He stepped closer, too close, and pulled her against him. His fingers were harsh on her flesh, his insistence alluring. Yes, this was what she wanted. Something rough. Something ruthless. Something demanding.

Hunger rose in her, swamping her desire to finish this story and get back home. Hell, she could probe him with questions later. After. This need was far more pressing.

When he lowered his head, she caught a whiff of his aftershave and her knees locked. He was tall, muscled and rough around the edges. Just the kind of guy she'd always craved.

His lips touched hers and she nearly collapsed. It was a wild rush, a tumult of sensation. For a starved woman, as she was, it was irresistible. She couldn't help but kiss him back, a manic frenzy. Her passion seemed to spur his on, and he wrapped himself around her, tipped his head and deepened the kiss. His hands roved over her back, her hips, her ass. Nothing tentative. Nothing tender.

When he lifted his head, she was a bowl of Jell-O. Ready and willing.

"So do you want to?" Her voice caught on the invitation.

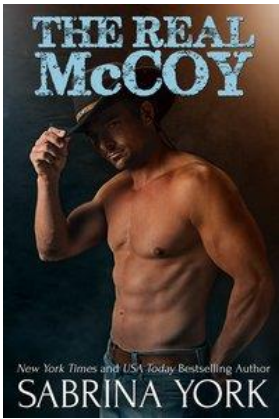
"Yeah." He yanked her tighter and his cock gouged into her belly, hard and needy. "Yeah. I want to. Just no more questions."

No more questions.

Right.

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The Real McCoy (Cowboy 12 Pack Collection)

When Crystal Wilson gets roped into a wild, girls-only weekend at a rowdy “stud” ranch, the last thing she wants to do is tangle with a bunch of half-naked men pretending to be cowboys. But when she meets Ford McCoy, she can’t help but be attracted to his dark, dominant, gruff appeal.

What she doesn’t know is that Ford isn’t a stripper. He’s her friend’s overprotective brother, there to make sure his little sister doesn’t get into any trouble. She’s surprised at the passion that flares between them. In fact, what she has with Ford might just be what she’s been looking for all along.

It’s a pity the sexy rancher isn’t in the market for a city girl.

Read an Excerpt from THE REAL MCCOY

She shouldn’t have taken the shot.

For God’s sake, what had she been thinking? She’d been on a low-carb, low-calorie diet—with no alcohol—for a month. Not because Blaine had called her fat. That had nothing to do with it. She just wanted... She just wanted to do it for herself. Yeah.

It wasn’t like he was coming back or anything. And it wasn’t like she’d let him.

But it would be awesome to run into him somewhere, say the bank or the coffee shop or that bar on Grill Street, looking like a vixen. She only had ten pounds to go to hit vixen weight. It was a helluva ten pounds. They didn’t seem to want to budge.

And damn, she really wanted something to eat.

And damn, the tequila had hit her hard.

So hard she’d left the weekend kickoff party—although, to be honest, she’d wanted to leave since the pumping music and the grinding bodies and the strobing lights were starting to make her eyelid twitch. As down-home country as the bedrooms were at this ranch-slash-resort, they sure knew how to throw a bacchanal at night.

It was pleasanter out here behind the house, staring up at the stars and enjoying the kiss of a soft breeze. There were no sounds but the rustle of the leaves in the trees, the crickets and the occasional croak of a frog.

Her head hardly spun at all.

She leaned back and closed her eyes and imagined how amazing it would feel to be twenty-one again and interested in those kinds of men. To rub against a hard chest and feel his thickly muscled arms hold her close.

But none of those boys had ignited a flicker of interest in her. They’d all been rubbed smooth. Although several of them, and one in particular, had made it clear he wanted to dance for her.

It was a damn shame.

It would have been fun.

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 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.

She released her hold on him and pressed her hips against his, wrapped herself around him, hooking her leg around his. The feel of his body, hot and hard, plastered against hers from chest to groin, made her mouth water.

He allowed it, but then he did pull back. But it wasn't far, and it was so he could stare down at her face, so she didn't mind. His breath washed over her and she had the sudden compulsion to taste his mouth. Not a need or a whim. A compulsion.

"You think I'm the most authentic of all the strippers?" She had no idea why he was smiling, but she liked his smile. Especially the dent that appeared on his left cheek. Everything about him pushed each and every one of her buttons. They were rusty buttons, but he pushed them.

"You are. You really do it better than any of them. You sure look like a real cowboy. Baby, you could rope and tie me..."

"Sounds...interesting."

She stroked his back, reveling in the bulge of his muscles as she made her way down to his ass, which she squeezed as well. "And you're really well built."

"Thank you?"

"For a stripper."

"Right."

"I wouldn't mind if you gave me a lap dance at all."

"You...wouldn't?"

"Not at all."

"I'm...flattered."

"Would you like to?"

His brow arched. It was a striking, manly brow. "Like to?"

"Give me a lap dance?"

"You have no idea."

She liked the tenor of his voice, despite the fact there was a laugh hidden in it. She raked her nails along the back of his neck and he shivered. So she walked her fingers into his hair, ignoring that she tipped his Stetson clean off.

God, his hair was soft. Dark curls. Silky and thick.

Their gazes locked. His smile faded. Tension hummed between them. Then she tugged his head down and took his lips.

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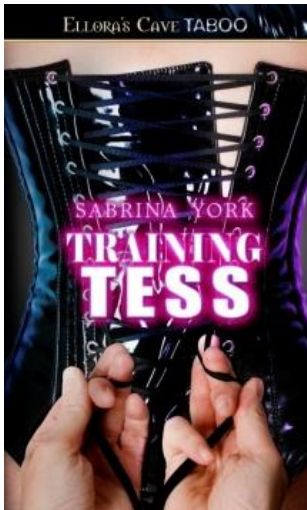
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Training Tess

When Jared spots his sister's very vanilla assistant in a BDSM club, he can hardly believe it. He's lusted after Tess for years but didn't think she could handle his darker needs. Like his predilection for cuffs. And whips. And spanking. Hell, for domination of every kind. But as soon as he sees her wearing a collar, he's lost to his desire. He vows to claim her for his own.

For Tess, dressing up as a sub while researching an article she's writing is a lark—until she sees Jared in the club. She may be new to the Dom/sub scene, but she knows what she wants. With Jared—and only Jared—can her deep, primal desires come to light and be fulfilled. Let the lessons begin.

Reader Advisory: One of the heroine's lessons involves some sexy touching from a feisty Domme.
*A Romantica® **BDSM erotic romance** from Ellora's Cave*

Read An Excerpt From TRAINING TESS

He came early—very out of character for Jared Mittlebank. Marla was still in a meeting with her design team, raking someone over the coals for failing to check a copyright. Tess knew the instant he entered the office, although she was faced away from the door, bending over to find a file in the bottom drawer.

His energy, his intensity, lashed her. She froze.

"Nice view." His voice, as always, was laced with playful humor.

A flush crept up her cheeks. Slowly she stood, file in hand. She turned and nodded coolly. "Mr. Mittlebank. Your sister will be with you shortly. She's just finishing up another meeting."

"You mean another reaming." He grinned and leaned against her desk. She couldn't help but notice the way his muscled thighs stretched the fabric of his slacks. Oh, and his ass was on her desk. She noticed that to.

She'd never wash that spot again.

"Tess." She stilled as her name—for the first time ever—passed his lips. Unfamiliar elation cascaded through her. "How long have you been with Mittlebank?" He picked up her paperweight, a crystal globe, and stroked it absently.

She fixated on his long, strong fingers as they played over the surface. She couldn't help but imagine those fingers playing over her flesh.

"T-two years."

His thumb circled the tip of the globe. Tess' nipples puckered. She swallowed. Shifted from one foot to the other. How was it everything this man said or did made her think of sex? Hot, steamy, sweaty sex?

And now, after last night, a whole other kind of sex altogether.

She forced herself not to show her reaction to the random wanderings of his fingers. He probably wasn't even aware of the erotic connotations of his casual caresses. That's how deeply seated his sexuality was.

Edging past him—careful not to touch—she sat at her desk. She tried to ignore the ominous sensation that she was a butterfly pinned to a board by a vaguely curious entomologist.

"Two years." He set the paperweight on the desk in front of her. She put it back where it belonged. It was warm from his touch. "Two years." He leaned back and grinned. She didn't see it—couldn't look at him—but she felt it. A trickling warmth. "Two years and I never had a clue."

She froze.

Driven by the dark thread thrumming in his tone, she snapped her gaze to his. His eyes were beautiful. Mesmerizing. Ice blue ringed in black, feathered by girlishly long lashes. But he wasn't girlish. Not in the least. Those eyes burned with a predatory light—one any woman with a pulse would recognize.

"N-never had a clue about what?" But, God help her, she already knew.

A muscle bunched in his hard, dusted cheek. A responding wash of wetness burbled between her legs. There would probably be a damp spot on her task chair.

This man was definitely not workplace appropriate.

"So, we're going to play games, Tess?" Her name slithered from his lips. "Do you...like playing games?"

She shivered. She could only imagine what kinds of games he had in mind. Oh, dear God. At the thought, more cream oozed out. Yep. Definitely a damp spot. His nostrils flared as though he could smell her arousal.

He probably could. That made her shiver again.

He straightened and stepped behind her. The heat of his body rolled toward her in waves. The cloud of his scent surrounded her as he bent lower. "You looked...very nice last night, Tess." His voice was a low, sibilant whisper warming her ear.

Ah God. He had seen her.

He'd seen her and it had awakened something in him. Tess knew it was stupid to play with fire, especially a fire burning this hot. But she couldn't help herself. She couldn't pretend his interest, his posture, his presence didn't launch her mating instincts into overdrive.

She wanted him. In every way a woman wanted a man. And then some.

Mostly she wanted him in. Deep inside her, massaging her, filling her, swamping her with sweet, sticky cum. She wanted to belong to him.

And, damn it all anyway, she wanted him to want it too.

The thought scared her to death.

The worst thing in the world would be to offer Jared everything—even her secret soul—and have him laugh and walk away.

He laughed and walked away a lot. Tess had cleaned up more shattered hearts than she could remember in the past two years. It was why Marla forbade him from dating her employees.

Still, when he edged around to her side, to perch on her desk once again—way too close—so he could stare down at her with a small smile playing on his lips, she couldn't resist.

Play with fire? Hell, she'd light the match.

She met his gaze with a nonchalance that doubled as a lie. "You looked...very nice too." She turned back to her computer and began typing determinedly. Oh, they weren't words. Just typing. She hoped to God he wouldn't look at her screen.

After a bit she glanced up at his face and her heart seized. No. He wasn't looking at her screen. He was looking at her.

Once he had her attention, he licked his lips. A shudder scudded down her spine and lapped at her weeping cunt. God, he was gorgeous. She tried not to fixate on his wide, lush lips, on the scruff on his cheeks, or the dark rings around his irises. She failed miserably. But then, he was fomenting that failure. It was there in his intent as he leaned closer, in his heat, his energy. He wanted to draw her in. Wanted her.

She tried not to come at the thought.

She'd wanted him since the moment she set eyes on his handsome, too-playful face. But he'd never showed her a flicker of interest. Until now.

"I had no idea you were into that kind of scene, Tess."

She sniffed and pretended to reach for a pen, but it was more to tease him than to flaunt her disinterest. Hell. There wasn't a disinterested bone in her body. Besides, instinctively, she knew. She knew he liked the chase. "It's hardly something one puts on a resume." She faced him then, solemnity weighing her tone. "My private life is just that. Private."

He swallowed, heavily, studied her in silence as though sifting through the visions of just what form her private life took. His response sent a wildfire along every nerve ending. "None of those men were Dom enough for you, pretty thing."

"I beg your pardon?"

"You heard me." He pulled a card out of his pocket and drew the edge of it very slowly across her nipple. She gasped as sensation scorched her through the silk of her blouse. "If you want to find out how good it can really be, show up at this address tonight at seven." He leaned closer, so close she tasted the lust on his breath. "Wear this suit, but nothing underneath."

And then, with a sultry glance in her direction, he stood up and headed for the small boardroom.

It gave her some comfort to see his gait was a bit crooked. But not much.

Because her body was on fire.

PRAISE FOR TRAINING TESS:

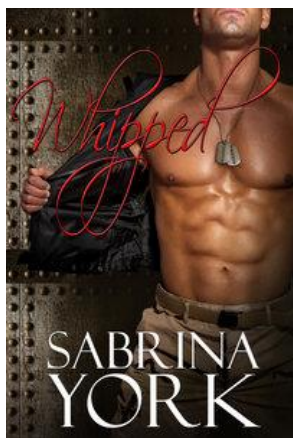
"Make sure you have a cool drink on hand before you start reading this book, but then just sit back and enjoy. Jared is a great character. He reminded me of a historical rake, with his gentlemanly qualities mixed with those bad boy tendencies. I also loved how the book started right off with the attraction and tension between Jared and Tess when they each think the other is unattainable. And of course I can't forget to mention that the sex between Tess and Jared is amazing and not to be missed." ***ARE Café***

"Training Tess was a sizzling read. I don't know where Tess finds the spine to go through with Jared's offer, but as a reader I am so glad she did. Jared is intense, dynamic, and pure seduction with every turn of the page. Another entertaining read by Sabrina York" ***Sensual Reads***

"This is one hot book...The BDSM includes bondage, a riding crop, spanking and more. Be prepared to find a way to cool off after this one." ***BDSM Book Reviews***

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Whipped

Dane Coulter is mourning the loss of his best friend, fellow Special Ops buddy, Cody. Oh, Cody didn't die. It's worse. He's getting *married*. Cody is, in Dane's opinion, whipped.

Dane swears he will never suffer the same fate. But when he meets a woman who can take all his dominant loving and beg for more, he realizes he may have met his match. It's a damn shame she's the one woman in the world his man-code deems untouchable...his best friend's sister.

Read an Excerpt from WHIPPED

He was bigger than he'd been in high school. Bigger, taller and just...more. His muscles, lacquered by a tight black tee shirt, bulged. Tattoos danced over his biceps. The planes of his face were angled. High cheekbones, dark brows, long blade of a nose all the same, but sharper. His eyes hadn't had those shadows back then either, that predatory glint. His hair—his thick mop of curls—was gone, shaved off, revealing the perfect shape of his head. His chin, however, wasn't shaved. It was covered by a smattering of dark fuzz. A scar on his cheek, rather than detracting from his looks, made him even more fascinating, dangerous.

And he smelled...delicious. As he moved, his cologne, a clean enticing scent, enveloped her in a cloud.

Oh, he was dangerous all right.

She didn't care.

The slight buzz from the margaritas at the bachelorette party, the sexual sizzle ignited by the strippers who'd burst in on their party wearing camo fatigues with rip-away crotches, all contributed to her bravado.

In real life she would never hook arms with some random guy and sashay by his side to his room. But hell. This was *Dane*. The man of her fantasies. And, judging from the hunger in his expression as he looked down at her, the heat that passed between them where they touched, he wanted her.

Thank God she wasn't still the dorky teen with braces she'd been when they'd last met.

She looked amazing tonight. He happened to wander by and notice her. No one else was around. And he wanted her.

It was as though, somehow, magically, all the stars had aligned.

There was no way—*no way*—she would miss this opportunity.

Excitement danced low in her gut as he swiped his room key and led her into his suite. It was a nice suite—not as sumptuous as Angie's, but nice all the same—with a small sitting area and an enormous king bed. The windows looked out on the sparkling lights of the City that Never Slept. Or one of them.

"Can I get you a drink?" he asked, taking off his watch and dropping it on the table by the door. It drew her attention to his forearms, thick and muscled and sprinkled with dark hairs. They were roped with thick veins. She'd always had a thing for bulky forearms. And she'd always had a thing for Dane. The combination was irresistible.

She tipped her head to the side and blew a bubble with her gum. "Margarita?"

He waved at the glossy wood armoire against the wall. "I have a mini bar. It'll have to be shots. What's your poison?"

"Tequila then." Might as well keep a good thing going.

He hunkered down and searched through the fridge, pulling out a tiny bottle of tequila for her and whiskey for him. He cracked them open and dumped them unceremoniously into two glasses and handed her hers. No ice or anything.

Good thing it didn't matter to her, or she'd be pissed at his cavalier attitude. The drink was lubricant, a time filler. They were dancing around a seduction, and they both knew it.

Or...not.

Apparently seduction was not necessary. Because Dane took a swig of his drink and said, with no preface whatsoever, "So do you have any no-nos?"

She gaped at him. "No-nos?"

"Anything you won't do? Because I'll be frank. I like a little kink."

Holy God.

First of all, the heat scorching her was mind-numbing. Literally. Mind. Numbing. Those brash words from Dane's gorgeous lips and she nearly lost her balance.

Second of all—he liked kink.

So, in fact, did she. Nothing super dark, but a little slap and tickle for sure.

"Um..." She took a sip of her drink. She shuddered as the harsh bite of liquor burned through her. It clashed with the flavor of her gum. "What kind of kink are we talking about?"

He strode to his suitcase and fished around, pulling out a long leather strap with two loops on the ends. Her eyes fixated on it. She shuddered.

"I want to tie you up," he said, his voice low, taunting, as though he expected her to squeak like a mouse and scuttle from the room.

The. Fuck.

"Hmm. I think I can handle that."

"I'll probably smack your bottom."

Also good. She tried not to flinch in anticipation. His hand on her ass? *Gawd.*

"I won't hurt you, though. I'm not into that. And of course, I'll use protection." He held up a pack of condoms.

Well *da-ham*. He'd come prepared. A smile curled on her lips.

"Billy said your fee's been paid." His brow quirked.

The smile froze on Tina's face. A combination of horror and rage and something else altogether snarled through her, as she realized how right she'd been. Not only did he *not* recognize her—after knowing her her entire life, for pity sake—he thought she was a *hooker*.

Granted, she did kind of look like a hooker, with makeup plastered on as if with a trowel. But still...

She glanced at him from beneath the impossibly long lashes *The Master* had glued to her lids. Not her style, but she liked the way they looked. The way they made her feel...like someone else. Someone sultry and daring. Someone Dane would want.

To tie up and spank.

Aside from that, the temptation to have him, taste him, fuck him, ran rampant in her. For years she'd fantasized about her older brother's best friend. All through puberty and long after that. Every man she'd met, dated or been with had been gauged against Dane Coulter. None of them had measured up.

Ah yes, the temptation to have him was overwhelming.

Not to mention how much fun it would be watching him shit a brick tomorrow, when he realized who she really was.

Too delicious to pass up, really. The whole package.

He stood there in the middle of the room, holding the strap in one hand and the condoms in the other, waiting for her reply. Though he was all Dom, she couldn't help but notice a hint of tension in him, as though he was, on some level, afraid she'd say no and waltz away.

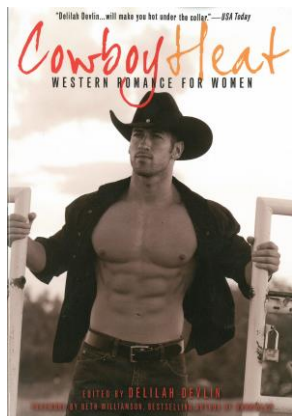
He *wanted* her. And he wanted her *bad*. It was the heat in his eyes that gave him away, the way they flicked over her and burned with hunger. Yeah. Irresistible.

Sure. She could be a hooker for the evening.

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SHORT STORIES



A Cowboy for Delilah (Cowboy Heat Anthology, Cleis Press)

The last thing this independent, high-powered lawyer wants is a cowboy in her life, but one steamy kiss from a sexy rancher burns her resolve to a crisp

Read an Excerpt from A COWBOY FOR DELILAH

What a disaster. Delilah glared at her rental car in helpless frustration. She hated the feeling. She was hardly a frail, fragile woman. She prided herself on the fact that she was self-sufficient and didn't need anyone. Counting on others was, after all, a recipe for disappointment.

Hard, cold experience had taught her that.

Yet here she was. In the boondocks. In six-inch heels. With a flat tire.

Oh, she could change a fucking tire. Hell, she could rip out and refurbish a transmission. But the idiots at the wilderness rental car company hadn't bothered to put a jack in the trunk. She was resourceful...but not that resourceful. Even if she could channel her MacGyveresque tendencies, there was nothing out on this barren plain she could use to lever her car up high enough to do the job.

So here she stood by the side of the road in the middle of nowhere, in six-inch heels and without cell phone service—the epitome of a helpless woman. All she needed was slasher music and she could be the star of a horror flick.

A plume of dust blossomed on the horizon and her mood lifted. Oh, thank god. Someone was coming. No one had passed in the two hours since the blowout.

Hopefully, it wasn't a slasher.

The plume grew. A beat-up pickup topped one rise, and then the next. The truck rolled to a stop in front of her crippled Honda.

Oh. Lovely. Her savior had a gun rack.

Delilah covered her mouth and nose as the cloud of dust caught up with the truck and engulfed her. Angie's birthday party had better be worth all this trouble.

She plastered a smile on her face and turned to greet the Good Samaritan. At least, she hoped he was a Good Samaritan. She was quite alone on this deserted stretch of road and—

Oh god.

He unfolded himself from the cab of his truck, and her breath wedged in her throat. He was enormous. And, judging from his ratty chambray shirt, shit-kicker boots and Stetson, he was a cowboy.

She hated cowboys. Selfish, misogynistic sons of bitches. Her fake smile threatened to become a very real grimace.

He stepped closer through the lingering cloud of dust, and Delilah's heart ker-chunked. He was gorgeous. Not only was he tall—which she really liked in a man—he was big. Broad and brawny and muscular. His face was a dream from his heavily lashed brown eyes to the intriguing dent on his chin. She had to remind herself why cowboys and city girls didn't mix, but even that couldn't keep her from ogling his forearms. His sleeves were rolled up, just enough to give her a glimpse of defined veins and a sprinkling of dark hair. She loved veiny forearms.

Damn. Why couldn't he have been something other than a cowboy? Or, if he had to be a cowboy, why couldn't he have been an old one...with Dunlap syndrome—where his belly done lapped over his belt?

"Howdy." His voice was deep and smoky.

Delilah couldn't appreciate the sultry timbre. Of all greetings in the universe, Howdy was her least favorite.

"Having some trouble?" He whipped off his Stetson to wipe his brow and thick black curls tumbled out.

Curls. Not fair. Why couldn't he be bald?

Delilah cleared her throat. "Flat tire."

He glanced at her car. A dimple exploded on his cheek.

Fuck.

Dimples were her kryptonite.

"Would you like me to change it for you? You do have a spare?"

Yeah. There it was. Sure he was superhot, gorgeous and sexy as hell. But his patronizing tone squelched any simmering temptation she might have been harboring.

That's how it was with cowboys, wasn't it? They saw all women as helpless, idiot creatures stumbling around in six-inch heels, batting their lashes and flashing their boobs and simpering.

Delilah was not a simperer. She was a fuck-you, take-no-prisoners, hard-core lawyer, who could take care of herself just fine.

But she did have a flat. And no jack. She kinda needed his help.

So she batted her lashes. "Um. I think there's a tire thingy in the...what do you call it? Trunk?" She affected a Southern drawl and thrust out her boobage, just for good measure.

It annoyed her that he bought her act. And it kind of didn't. The bedazzled look in his eyes was a salve to her ego. After Trevor and all. It was nice to know she could still appeal to a man. Even a redneck cowboy.

He loped over to her car—yes, loped. She tried not to stare at his ass but his jeans were tight. It was a challenge to look elsewhere. He bent to search the trunk—again, a mighty fine ass—and stood, tipping back his Stetson. His profile, against the bird's-egg-blue backdrop of the sky, stole her breath.

"There's no jack."

"No what?"

He sighed and headed for his truck, pulling out an impressively fancy jack. "This," he said, "is a jack. You use it to lift the carriage up high enough to change the tire."

It was so sweet the way he made his voice all slow and pedantic. You know, so she could understand. Idiot woman that she was.

"Gosh. You're smart." She probably didn't need to gush quite that much, but hell, she hated condescending men. Especially cowboys. But she might as well have fun with this.

He knelt and fitted the jack and started cranking. His muscles bunched, forearms bulging with each pump.

Delilah sighed, and told herself it was only a pretend sigh, but her gaze was riveted to the sight. "You are such a big, strong man."

He flashed a grin at her.

Yeah. Of course he did. Men loved to be told how big and strong they were. She completely ignored the dimples erupting all over his bristled cheek. Did he never shave? "How can I ever repay you?"

He stilled. The glint in his eye was horrifying. Crap. Had she gone too far with her helpless female shtick? She was all alone. On a deserted highway. With an enormous Neanderthal cowboy.

When he tipped his head to the side, her trepidation vanished. He looked more like a mischievous boy than a mad rapist-slasher. "How about a kiss?"

Delilah blinked. "A...what?"

"A kiss. Just a little one."

Her brain fogged over. And it wasn't horror at the prospect of a strange man demanding a kiss on the side of a deserted road that muddied the waters. It was pure exhilaration at the thought of his mouth devouring hers, those arms wrapping around her, that massive chest, warm and hard as he yanked her close...

Aw hell.

Why was she always attracted to the wrong guys? She wanted a man who liked opera and dreamed of traveling to Italy. Not a guy who listened to Country and Western music, spat chew into a bean can, and whose dream of an exciting evening was a night at the local bar playing pool.

"What do you say, ma'am? One kiss, in exchange for my...services?" When she hesitated, he repeated, "A little one."

Why she nodded, she had no clue.

Well, she knew why she nodded—because she was incapable of speech.

Why she agreed was the mystery.

Then again, he was superhot. She ached to know how he tasted...and it wasn't as though they would ever see each other again. Besides, if things got out of hand, she had mace. And she knew how to use it.

At her assent, he sprang into action. It was astounding how quickly he changed that tire. He tossed the flat into the trunk, returned his jack to his truck and wiped his hands.

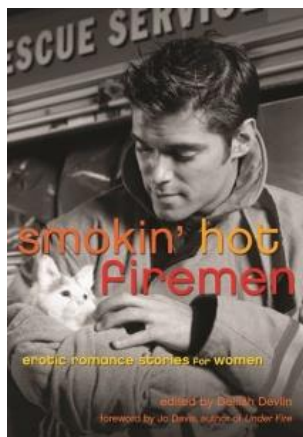
"All done."

Her heart skittered as he stepped closer.

"Time for payment."

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Saving Charlotte (Smokin' Hot Firemen Anthology, Cleis Press)

Smokin' Hot Fireman, and hunky Dom, Mark Connor finds the woman of his dreams tied to the bed...in a burning building.

Read An Excerpt From SAVING CHARLOTTE

Mark Conner fought his way through the smoke and flames to the third floor of the apartment building. A skitter of concern writhed in his gut. This fire was moving fast. Despite the nearly fifty pounds of equipment, he picked up the pace and motioned to Izzy to do the same.

According to the wailing mother on the street, there was a child still trapped up here.

Two doors flanked the top floor landing. Without discussion—they hardly needed it anymore—Izzy turned right and Mark turned left. In tandem, they kicked the doors in. Mark angled his flashlight and scanned the smoky living room. Nothing.

Smoke roiled around him; sweat prickled his brow. There wasn't much time.

Then he heard a faint cry. He shouldered his way down the hall and into the bedroom...and froze.

A second was far too long to stare. Lives could be lost in a second. But the sight that greeted him nearly brought him to his knees. A sudden, inappropriate lust snarled through him. He forced it to the back of his mind. For later.

He'd expected a small child, coiled in a corner.

Not an exquisite angel bound to a bed.

And she was exquisite. Her skin was milky white and shimmered in the caress of his flashlight beam. She writhed and cried out and fought at the bonds holding her down. Her lush hair was a dark cloud against the pillow. And her face...it took his breath away.

Tears scored her cheeks. Panic limned her eyes. "Help me," she said in a failing voice.

A loud pop brought him back to the moment. Yes, she was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen—and he'd seen plenty of naked women tied to a bed—but if he didn't get her out of here, she was going to die.

He rushed to her side and examined her bonds. He knew instinctively there was no time to untie her. Instead he reached for the cutting tool clipped to his belt and quickly slashed the rope at her wrists and ankles. He wrapped her in the blanket and tossed her over his shoulder.

He met Izzy on the landing; his buddy held a small bundle in his arms. They nodded to each other and pounded, hell for leather, down the stairs. The building was weakening. Mark recognized the sounds, the feel of it. They had seconds to escape, if that.

They made it out—burst through the door in a hail of fire and smoke—but only just. As they emerged out onto the street, the building collapsed behind them. A loud cry went up amongst the firefighters and they all snapped into action, training their hoses on the structure. It was a lost cause but they could save the neighboring homes.

Mark ignored the cacophony. He carried his precious burden across the barricaded street to the paramedics. Luke was busy fitting an old woman with an oxygen mask and Samuel was wrapping a burn. Gently, Mark lowered the woman from his shoulder. He arranged her on a brick planter, being careful to keep her nakedness covered.

He pulled off his helmet, mask and hood and unstrapped his SCBA gear, wiped the sweat from his brow. "A-are you alright?" Something clogged his throat. Probably his unholy reaction to her ethereal beauty.

Hell and damnation. She'd nearly just died. How could he think about fucking her?

His cock was thinking about it. It was hard and heavy and tight.

She nodded. A lone tear tracked its way down her sooty cheek.

He forced himself to look away from her delicate, sculpted features, the hollowed cheeks, the wide doe-like eyes. Trembling lips. Instead, he directed his attention to her wrists and began undoing the knots. He bit back a curse. Whoever had tied her up was an idiot. For one thing, rope was bound far too tight. Even if she hadn't been fighting for her life to get free, it would have cut into her skin. As it was, her wrists were raw, slick with blood.

"You should have this tended." He didn't mean to sound so gruff. It galled him to see a woman abused like this. He released her wrists and went to work on her ankles. It took a while, because the knots were an undisciplined mess.

Mark knew he was delaying the inevitable, avoiding the question he had to ask. He hated to embarrass her after all she'd been through, but duty was duty. Reluctantly, he met her gaze; it seared him. He cleared his throat. "Do I...would you like me to notify the police?"

Her eyes widened. Lips formed a silent "no". She shook her head.

"You weren't tied up against your will?"

Heat prickled his nerve endings when she lowered her lashes and shook her head.

Not against her will. Holy hell.

Mark glanced over his shoulder. The building was now a smoking relic. "Was he in the apartment?" He kind of hoped she'd say yes. She didn't.

"No. He t-tied me up and left."

Mark froze. His nostrils flared as outrage cut through him. What kind of Dom tied up a woman and left?

"He left you?"

"Yes." Her voice was soft, sweet. Smoky. She studied her tender wrists for a moment then met his eyes. "He went to the bar for a drink with some friends. Said I was to 'think about it' while he was gone."

What an ass.

Of course, no one would expect their house to catch fire while they were out gallivanting with friends, but leaving your trusting sub tied to the posters, exposed and vulnerable and completely alone was unconscionable.

"How long have you been with him?" He didn't know why he asked. He was only torturing himself. She belonged to someone else.

"A year." She swallowed. Mark watched her throat work. He knew a raging urge to taste it. Lick it. Suck on that soft, creamy flesh... "We'd never tried this before."

Oh hell.

A dismal curtain fell on his soul. He'd assumed, from her lowered gaze, her posture, her submissive mien, that she was deep in the life, that she lived it, breathed it, craved it like he did. If this disastrous outing was her first taste of bondage, she would never try it again.

It was a pity, a damn shame he hadn't found her first.

He pitched his voice low, so no one else would hear. "For the record, a loving Dom never leaves his woman unprotected." He couldn't resist cupping her cheek, thumbing away the fresh tears that welled at his words. Couldn't resist a whispered, "He doesn't deserve you."

She said nothing at that, but he could tell she'd heard him. Her expression took on a glow, a peace and—dare he hope it—a tinge of relief.

Luke finished up with his patient and collected his bag to come over. Mark knew it was time to release her. He didn't want to. He wanted to hold her forever. But she wasn't his.

Still, he couldn't resist leaning closer, capturing her gaze and murmuring, "If you ever want to try this with someone who knows what he's doing, someone who will honor your desire, come to Station 12. Ask for Mark Connor."

PRAISE FOR SMOKIN' HOT FIREMEN:

"This firefighter anthology...flares to life with some kinky heat in Sabrina York's *Saving Charlotte*."
Publishers Weekly (Oct. 2013)

"Hot firemen, need we say more?" *USA Today*

"Some of today's hottest writers deliver tales of the courageous heroes who get your temperature rising!"
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"*Smokin' Hot Firemen* is filled with erotic stories that will leave you breathless." *Fresh Fiction*

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"Amazing stories that keep you wanting more." *Fresh Fiction*

"While I was feverishly flipping pages, I kept repeating in my head: 'Please don't let this be the last story. Please, don't let this be the last story.' There are seventeen stories in this anthology, and not a single one was disappointing. Not one." *Ms Romantic Reads*

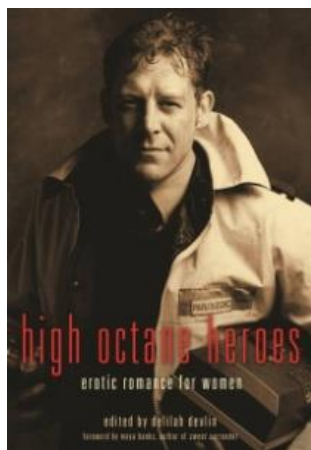
"If you have ever had a crush on a fireman or just firemen in general, you are going to love the stories in this anthology." *Coffee Time Romance*

Night Owl Reviews, Top Pick "This very entertaining collection of spicy short stories both adds to the allure of the sexy firefighter and emphasizes the breadth of duties they may be faced with. The delightful variety of authors describe different aspects of a firefighter's life even as they explore the sensual connection that they form with their lovers who have to deal with the risks that are faced on a daily basis and each author did a wonderful job of creating a vivid tale." *Night Owl Reviews*

"*Smokin' Hot Firemen: Erotic Romance Stories for Women* is very highly recommended for mature women who appreciate a deftly written and imaginatively erotic short story." *Midwest Book Review*

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Five Alarm Fire (High Octane Heroes Anthology, Cleis Press)

Hunky paramedic Luke Patterson responds to a false alarm to discover Mrs. Lipniki, one of his “regular customers” wants to set him up with “the perfect woman.” Again. Only this time, Mrs. Lipniki might have gotten it right. Curvy Trish Olsen might just be the woman of his dreams...

Read An Excerpt From FIVE ALARM FIRE

The call came in just as Luke Patterson and his partner Izzy were sitting down to a big bowl of Five Alarm Chili. Mrs. Lipniki was having another heart attack.

“Whaddya think, Luke?” Izzy quipped, as he leapt into the passenger side of the paramedic unit. “Is it real deal this time or just another false alarm?”

Luke responded with a one-shouldered shrug. They both knew it was a rhetorical question. Mrs. Lipniki was, after all, a regular. They suspected she called as often as she did because she was lonely, but lately things had changed. Lately she’d been calling in emergencies to try and set them up with her granddaughters.

And her nieces.

And her cousin’s uncle’s nephew’s sister.

As they roared down the main street of town, heading for the little duplex they knew so well, Luke swallowed his cynicism. One of these days Mrs. Lipniki might really have a heart attack; it was his job to make sure she got the best possible care, no matter what.

“Hokay,” Izzy muttered as they pulled into the driveway. “Lock and load.”

They jetted from the truck, grabbed the portable defibrillator and their EMT bag and double-timed it to the door. It was standing open. Without preamble, they moved into place.

While Izzy unpacked the defibrillator, Luke knelt beside Mrs. Lipniki and started taking her vitals. As he placed the cold cup of his stethoscope against her chest, she flinched and bit back a tiny smile.

Luke and Izzy exchanged a look. False alarm. Again.

Still and all, they always followed protocol. Always.

Luke turned to the young woman kneeling quietly beside his patient. And almost swallowed his tongue. Holy shit, she was gorgeous. Her face had classic lines, an adorable snub nose and a dented chin, the kind that drove him crazy. And her body? Curves that fucking didn’t quit. A far cry from last week’s emaciated offering. Hunger snarled through him. He fixed his features into a dispassionate expression. “Can you tell us what happened?”

She glanced up at him and, through the shadows, their gazes met. Luke blinked, a little stunned. She had the most beautiful eyes he’d ever seen. A deep violet sea fringed in thick black lashes. He could drown in that ocean.

“She grabbed her chest and fell to the floor.” Luke barely registered the words. Her musical voice sent shards of lust dancing along his nerve endings—all the way to his cock.

He forced himself to focus. “D-did she hit her head when she fell?”

“No.”

Luke had to look away; she was far too distracting.

He wasn’t here to meet chicks—not even magnificent violet-eyed vixens. Regardless of Mrs. Lipniki’s evil plans.

He nodded, real businesslike, and strapped the blood pressure cuff to his patient's limp arm. As he began to pump air into the cuff, Mrs. Lipniki moaned. She usually regained consciousness about then because she hated having her blood pressure taken.

"Oh!" she warbled in an operatic tenor. "Luke! Is that you?" Since she was a little hard of hearing, she had a tendency to yell—even when she warbled.

"Yes, Mrs. Lipniki. I'm right here. How are you feeling?"

"I feel faint!" She affected the classic 'tragedy pose,' with the backs of her fingers to her brow.

"Oh dear," the sweet female to Luke's side murmured. Low and resonant, her words had an uncomfortable effect in his trousers. "Will she be all right?"

"Trish?" The old lady thrashed her hand about madly, eyes still screwed shut. "Is that you?"

Wisely, Trish captured that flailing appendage and held it close. "I'm right here."

"Oh Trish, Trish." Mrs. Lipniki rolled toward Luke, cracked open one eye and bellowed in a conspiratorial tone, "Trish is my neighbor." And then, just below a dull roar, "She's SINGLE. She's a GOOD girl."

The good girl's mouth fell open. A delicate blush lit her cheeks. She looked mortified.

Relentless, Mrs. Lipniki turned her gimlet gaze on poor Trish. "Luke is a FIREMAN. He's a very nice BOY. His hands are very LARGE." She lifted one up, just to show poor Trish, wagging it around like a flopping trout.

Luke could hear Izzy snickering behind him, but he didn't care.

Because Trish was smiling.

It was a small smile, kind of shy, but she was luminous. Dimples exploded in her cheeks.

"Oh, you two would be perfect together!" Mrs. Lipniki wheezed, as though on her last breath. She clutched at her chest. "You should go on a DATE!"

Trish gasped. "Mrs. Lipniki! That's..." Her gaze met Luke's. "Silly."

"Is it?" He asked in an undertone, slowly winding his stethoscope and tucking it into his bag.

"Well—" She sputtered. "We haven't even met."

Luke stuck out his (very large) hand. "How do you do? I'm Luke Patterson. I'm a fireman." He grinned. "I'm a very nice boy." He didn't bother to mention the part about his impressive size because, hell, she could tell that for herself.

His palm skated across hers and suddenly he didn't want to let go. Touching her was like coming home after a long, hard shift. Relaxing. Comfortable.

But not too comfortable. A sizzle ran up his arm.

"I'm Trish." She stared at him as though the feel of his skin, this indefinable connection, had her just as befuddled and bewildered.

"Ask her to go OUT!" Mrs. Lipniki prodded; she had both eyes open now and was watching avidly. "She's free on SATURDAY."

"Oh dear." A charming pink tide washed up Trish's cheeks. She tried to tug away, but he still had hold of her. He wouldn't let her escape. No way. No how.

Luke cleared his throat. "So," he said, "would you like to go to dinner? Say, Saturday?"

She gulped, drawing his attention to the long slender column of her throat.

"Oh go on, honey," their matchmaker crooned. "He's not an axe murderer."

Trish sputtered a laugh. When she noticed the intent look on his face, she sobered. "I would love to."

"Great," Luke said, but he doubted Trish heard him, because Mrs. Lipniki said it at exactly the same time, and a whole lot louder.

"GREAT!" she crowed. "He'll pick you up at six!"

Luke blinked. "I guess I'll...pick you up at six."

Trish laughed again, which sent shivers down his spine; he really liked the sound of it.

“So... You gonna be okay, Mrs. Lipniki?” Izzy asked.

“Oh, yes, young man. I think I’ll be just fine.” She winked in his direction.

As they made their way back to the truck Izzy chuckled. “Another false alarm.”

Luke didn’t respond. He had hope. Maybe it would be the real thing after all. He wouldn’t find out until Saturday.

PRAISE FOR HIGH OCTANE HEROES:

“Serious alpha males who are ready to swoop in and save the day, steal a few hearts, and set fire to the sheets.”

Publishers Weekly

“*High Octane Heroes* will satisfy the reader who craves the romantic idea of that 'super alpha' man.”

Erotica Readers and Writers Association

Night Owl Reviews Top Pick “The delightful combination of various writing styles that focus on different aspects of what makes an alpha male so romantic and heroic provide vivid examples of the various factors which mold these complex men who are driven to serve and protect.” ***Night Owl Reviews***

“This is a great read and a fantastic way to while away a few hours dreaming of hunks and heroes and sexy situations. Do yourself a favour and get this book. You won’t regret it!” ***Manic Readers***

“If you like hot this is sizzling [...] This added some pizzazz to my libido and that is always welcome in my loving relationship with my husband!” ***Networking Witches***

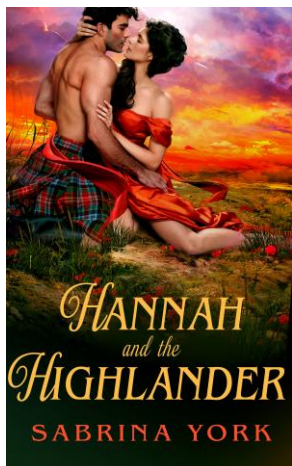
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Read an excerpt from HANNAH AND THE HIGHLANDER

Egads. She wants to speak with him before the wedding...

The door opened immediately, as though she'd been standing there waiting. At the sight of her, his heart stalled and his throat tightened. She had this effect on him each and every time he saw her. God, she was so beautiful.

Her eyes widened, as though she was surprised to see him, which befuddled him, because she'd asked him to come. Then her gaze raked him. He liked to think that look in her eye was a glimmer of appreciation. "Dunnet," she said. "You're . . . dressed."

Aye. Dressed for a wedding. He couldn't help but notice she was not.

"Lady . . . Hannah." He bowed. "You wanted to . . . talk?"

She nodded briskly and opened the door wider, stepping back to allow him to enter. He did so and closed the door behind him. The click was deafening. It was not lost on him that he was in her bedchambers. His gaze flicked to the bed. It was slightly rumpled. That made him feel slightly rumpled as well.

This was not the time for his passion to rise.

It did.

"Thank you for coming," she said, turning away to pace. "I know you are prepared to marry . . . *forthwith*." He had no idea why she emphasized the word as she did. "But before we exchange our vows, I have some things that I need to say."

He nodded, even as relief gushed through him.

She hadn't changed her mind.

And if she had things to say, he should probably stay silent. And listen.

"You and I need to have an understanding."

"An . . . understanding?"

"Aye." His hope was supplanted by a hint of disappointment when she said in a very businesslike tone, "We both know this is a marriage of convenience."

His gaze snapped to her face. Ernest though her expression was, it lacked the dreamy, romantic tinge a groom might hope for. In fact, she set her chin and shot him a very unromantic glance.

A marriage of convenience? A cold, heartless, distant union? Denial howled. Suddenly, to his surprise, he found he wanted something very different. He longed to respond, to cry out his dissent, but his throat locked.

"There is no reason to pretend this is something other than it is. I agreed to marry you because Dounreay needs your protection and you agreed to marry me for my lands. We are marrying for no other reason. Aye. I understand that. *We* understand that."

Nae. *We* understood nothing of the sort. There was another reason he was determined to marry her, did she but realize.

He *wanted* her.

"Regardless, Dunnet, my wish is for a peaceful union."

Peaceful. *Aye.* Peaceful was good.

"I should like for us to work together as a team. In partnership."

Aye. He had a partnership in mind. . . .

"If I'm going to pledge myself to a man forever, I need to know that he will respect me. That he will honor my wishes. I need to know he will take my counsel into account." She fixed Alexander with a steady gaze, as though she expected a response. So he nodded.

She was so beautiful, so earnest. So tantalizing.

He stepped closer, intent on his target.

Her eyes widened as he neared. Her hand on his chest stalled his approach and her brow wrinkled. Her gaze flicked to his mouth and her tongue peeped out, wetting her lips, igniting a flame in his belly. With great effort, she ripped her gaze away and frowned. "Do you agree to my terms?" she asked.

He cupped her cheek and angled her head up. Her breath caught. Her features froze as she realized his intent. "Aye," he said. "Aye." And then he did what he'd been thinking about for weeks. What he'd been obsessing over all day. He kissed her.

And it was glorious.

A shiver rippled over Hannah's skin as Dunnet took her mouth. His taste, his scent, infused her. It was a light kiss, a testing foray, but it sent an unholy thrill through her and left her wanting one thing. More.

She had wanted this chance to speak with him privately, to receive his assurances that their marriage would be a partnership, to set her mind at rest, and he'd done that. But if she was being truthful . . . something like this had been on her mind as well, skulking there behind her noble intentions, a roiling hunger. A curiosity. A need.

She'd kissed him before and he had turned away. She desperately needed to know if, in his heart, he had any passion for her whatsoever.

He lifted his head—way too soon—and stared down at her. "Hannah . . ." he murmured.

Even as she attempted to rein in her disappointment at his withdrawal, his hold on her cheek tightened, his eyes narrowed, and he issued a noise, something gruff and deep, something that sent a lick of exhilaration through her.

He yanked her closer. The feel of his body against hers, rigid and unyielding, made her head spin. His fingers threaded through her hair and he held her steady as his head descended again. She sucked in a breath, quivering with anticipation.

And *ah. Ah.*

This kiss was different.

This wasn't tentative in the slightest. It was a taking. A mad, starved consummation of her mouth with his, a melding of lips and tongue and need.

This was as wild as the windy squalls off the coast. As tantalizing as the fairy wisps at dusk. As scorching as the forge where razor-sharp steel was tempered and formed.

And it cut through her like a screaming wind, an enticing magic, a warm blade.

Scuttles of heat rose in her womb. Rivulets of excitement danced in her veins. His taste filled her senses, her mouth, her soul.

When he lifted his head, a glimmer danced in his eye. It was the look of a conquering hero, a savage Scotsman, a man whose hunger had been sated but ignited at the same time.

Oh heavens.

Exultation whipped through her. Her knees were weak and her body melted.

Damn her reservations.

Damn her fears.

Damn her doubts about whether or not he really wanted her.

She wanted him. And she would have him.

It was gratifying to see that he was not unaffected. His breath came heavy and hard and there was a slight tremble in his voice when he spoke. It was one word and one word only, forced out and wreathed in a growl, but it was enough.

"Mine."

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A Romantica® erotic romance from Ellora’s Cave

Read an Excerpt Fro: FOLLY

Ethan carried Eleanor directly to his room, fully prepared to defend his actions, but they saw no one, not even a footman in the hall. Of course, he was moving fairly quickly. Hell. He had her in his arms, the most beautiful woman in the world. A woman he’d wanted—and hated wanting—from the instant he’d set eyes on her.

If he was being honest with himself—and now he could, because there was no reason left to lie—he’d dreamed about this moment. But it had always been just that. A dream. And a damn frustrating one to boot.

He’d dreamed of taking Ulster’s wife, punishing her for husband’s sins, making her beg and plead and weep for mercy, for his cock. He had, in the deep cloak of night, pleased himself to visions of Eleanor tied to his bed or bent over the divan, languishing beneath the lash. But mostly, whimpering with pleasure beneath him.

But now, Ulster was dead. Eleanor was in his arms, compliant. Wanting him. Wanting him to fuck her. It was no longer a fantasy or a vague imagining. She was warm and heavy in his embrace, and he was minutes away from finally having her.

The anticipation was excruciating.

Still, when he reached his room, he didn’t toss her on the bed and mount her, as the beast inside him urged. No. He wanted this to last. He wanted this to linger.

Gently, he set her on her feet in the center of the room and headed for the table by the window bearing an assortment of decanters. He poured himself a drink and then threw himself into the armchair by the fire, facing her, reveling in the fact she was here. In his room, his lair.

She stood silently, quivering slightly.

Exultation—that of a predator who had finally captured his prey—lashed through him.

“Take down your hair.”

She did so, pulling out the pins, one after the other until the heavy mass cascaded down her slender back. He stared at it, transfixed. He wanted nothing more than to wrap it around his fist and bring it to his nose and draw in her scent. But first...

“Remove your dress.”

She blushed and showed him her back. “I cannot.”

Rage and bitter disappointment flashed through him. “My lady, we have a bargain. You must do as I say.”

She glanced back at him, over her shoulder, and shot him a shy smile, a tentative offering. She lifted her hair, revealing a long line of tiny buttons running from her neckline to her hips. “I cannot take off my dress. You will have to unbutton me.”

Scalding lust replaced his rage in an instant. He was rock hard in a breath.

He swallowed a sudden pool of drool in his mouth. Bounding from his chair, he bolted across the room to her side.

The buttons were tiny and, truth be told, his fingers shook, but he managed—somehow—to undo them. He stroked the creamy vee of skin he revealed with the first few. A thrill shot through him, straight to his balls, when she quivered at his touch.

He was possessed, suddenly, of the urge to hold one side of the garment in each fist and rip. But he didn't. For one thing, that would end this too quickly and he didn't want to end this quickly. Instead, he satisfied his roiling hunger by nibbling on the back of her neck, licking and sucking on her nape as he blindly fumbled for the next button. And the next. When the gown opened far enough, he turned her and, slowly, drawing his palms over her shoulders, nudged the dress off. He swallowed as, bit by bit, her graceful shoulders were revealed. Then her chest.

Damn. She wore a chemise.

But her breasts, swollen and pert, were visible through the sheer material. Her nipples, puckered and fat, taunted him. Unable to resist, he thumbed a taut peak. She moaned, which brought his gaze up to her face.

God. She was beautiful, her lashes fanning her cheeks like sooty moons, her lips slightly parted and damp, her nostrils flared.

“Do you like that?” he whispered.

She colored. A red tide crept up her cheeks giving her a rosy glow.

Had he ever thought her cold? How had he ever decided she was reserved?

“Yes, Ethan.”

He could tell she was aroused. It was evident in her short, hard gasps, the trembling in her form, the rising scent of lust. It nearly drove him mad.

But he returned to his chair and sat, facing her once more. A whole room away.

It nearly killed him.

Her eyes flew open at his withdrawal. He nodded curtly in her direction. “There. You're unbuttoned. Finish the job yourself.” Because, God, he wanted to watch her undress. For him.

She swallowed and nodded and let the dress fall to the floor.

He ground his teeth, bit his tongue, curled his hand in to a fist around the arm of the chair. Anything to keep him from flying across the room, taking her in his arms and planting himself inside her.

No. He sat there in the plush chair and watched as she revealed herself to him. For once her dress fell, she lifted her chemise. His heart thudded in his chest—in his cock—as her creamy belly, her abdomen and finally, her breasts were bared.

God. She was beautiful.

She pulled the chemise all the way off and let it fall to the floor. Let her gaze fall as well. She peeped up at him, standing there utterly bare.

Dear. God.

At the sight of that silken triangle damp with dew, his heart stuttered.

She was naked.

In his room.

Eleanor.

PRAISE FOR FOLLY:

Night Owl Reviews—TOP PICK "Folly is one of the best historical romances I've ever read...everything I like about romances; a handsome, mysterious hero, a strong, but vulnerable heroine, comical side characters, a cruel villain, and just the right amount of a physical relationship between characters. York keeps the romance going, while keeping the book a page-turner. I couldn't put down. York really knows how to write a truly steamy, exciting, and satisfying romance. I would definitely read more from York." *Night Owl Reviews*

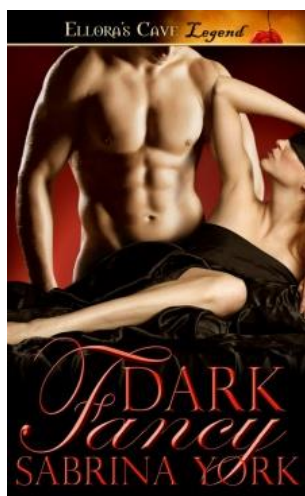
"An enchanting read from the steamy beginning to the perfect romantic conclusion." **Amazon Reviewer**

"I love Sabrina York!!! I'll read anything she writes. I'm not that big of a fan of historicals/Regency, but because she wrote it, I read it. AND LOVED EVERY WORD. Wow! Sabrina is a master at bringing heart to her heat." *Amazon Reviewer*

"Folly is a romantic story that turns bitterness and pain into an unexpected happily ever after." *You Gotta Read*

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Dark Fancy

The sizzling prequel to Folly

2014 Carolyn Readers Choice Award Winner

When Lady Helena Eloise Simpson flees an unwanted marriage to a revolting lord, she finds refuge with James, a charming, handsome man unlike any she's ever known. Helena concocts the perfect solution to her problem. She asks—begs—James to ruin her. Surely her betrothed will repudiate her if she is no longer pure. And if all her efforts fail and she still ends up married to a horrid man until the end of her days, she will—at least once—have known true passion.

But James is not all he seems. He is, in fact, a wicked lord with a dark fancy. When Helena awakens his desire, he becomes determined to take everything she has to offer and more. No matter the cost.

A Romantica® erotic romance from Ellora's Cave

Read an Excerpt from DARK FANCY

James stared at Eloise, brave, proud, innocent Eloise. He could relate to the passion in her plea. He had a sudden desire to be released from a betrothal himself. He fiddled with the corner of his napkin. “There is always the chance your betrothed won’t care if you’re ruined.” Some men did not.

Her lashes fluttered. When they rose again, there was a look in her eye that sent lust coursing down his spine. It settled in his groin. “If I’m to be married to a bilious flounder of a man for the rest of my life, I should like to know passion just once. Just once, James.”

“J-just once?” His voice cracked.

Her smile blossomed. “Perhaps more than once.”

He had to laugh, although this was clearly no laughing matter. “My dear. I would be happy to oblige.”

“Excellent!” She clapped her hands with glee.

Unfortunate, that, because it made her look, once again, like a little girl. But then she picked up her cup and ran her pink tongue around the rim, lapping at the wayward drops. He reached for the second bottle.

She held out her cup for a refill. “You will need to show me what to do.”

He almost forgot to stop pouring. Hell yes. He’d love to show her what to do. He’d love to instruct her—in elaborate detail—what, precisely, to do. Something snarled in his belly. His palm itched.

He forced down that decadent desire. Chained the beast.

For God’s sake. She was an innocent, a virgin. If he opened with that card, not only would she truly be ruined, she would probably hie off to the nearest nunnery and spend the remainder of her life in seclusion.

Oh, he would bed her. He would despoil and beguile her, but only in the very gentlest of fashions.

But his fantasies, the darkling imagery of what he would truly like to do, simmered.

“Are you...” He cleared his throat. “Are you ready for your bath?”

“Heavens, yes.” Once again, she clapped her hands.

The childlike gesture was off-putting since, at the moment, he was thinking of sinking into her body and swallowing her moans with his mouth. But he liked her enthusiasm. It also made him desire—very deeply—to tie those hands to the bedposts. So she couldn’t clap them.

Why that thought made him salivate, he didn’t know.

Ah hell. Of course he knew.

Despite the lust snarling through him, he managed a modicum of chivalry, although it was perfunctory at best. “I’ll fashion a curtain.”

Her next words nearly unmanned him. “You don’t need to.”

“I b-beg your pardon?”

“You don’t need to bother with a curtain.” For a shy and demure innocent, she had something of a brazen streak. “I mean, if we’re going to...you know...”

“Make love?”

“Yes. If we’re going to make love, you will see me naked anyway.” A frown crossed her brow. “Won’t you?”

He chuckled. “Most certainly.”

“I thought so. But people are not very forthcoming when one asks about such things.”

“Really?” That had not been his experience in the slightest. Then again, she was a girl. The world sought to save and protect innocence. Until it ravaged it.

He did not know why he trembled as he poured the heavy buckets into the tub. He was a man of the world. Jaded and used to much more decadent fare than initiating virgins to the delights of the flesh. He should hardly be nervous about the prospect of having her.

Then again, maybe it wasn’t nerves. Maybe it was just pure, seething desire.

PRAISE FOR DARK FANCY:

4-STARs. *You Gotta Read*

“An entertaining read that will sweep readers away.” *Amazon Reviewer*

“Dark Fancy was a great Erotic (with a capital E) historical...probably the best ones I have ever read! She wrote it with humor and steam...lots and lots of steam!! What a great story!” *Amazon Reviewer*

“Massively hot!” *Amazon Reviewer*

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Dark Duke

Golden Ankh Award Winner

Edward Wyeth, the Dark Duke of Moncrieff's life has been turned on its end. His well-ordered home has been invaded. By destitute relatives. From Scotland. How on earth can he write Lord Hedon's salacious novels with hellions battling in the garden and starting fires in the library? But with the onslaught has come a delicious diversion. His cousin's companion, the surprisingly intriguing Kaitlin MacAllister. He is determined to seduce her.

Using her desperate need for the ready and her talents as an artist, he convinces her to draw naughty pictures for his naughtier books...and draws her into his decadent web.

But Kaitlin has a secret. She's fled Scotland—and a very determined betrothed. When Edward's cousin is kidnapped and held in her stead, Kaitlin is honor bound to return to her homeland and rescue her—much to Edward's chagrin. Because suddenly he can't bear the thought of Kaitlin marrying another man. He can't bear the thought of losing her at all.

A Romantica® erotic romance from Ellora's Cave

Read an Excerpt from DARK DUKE

Edward skirted the mêlée in the garden and made his way to the far end of the estate where there was nothing but flowers and trees and a placid little pond. Nothing to attract diminutive fiends bent on mischief. He would sit in the folly until his temperature returned to normal.

Perhaps until spring.

Dear God. He'd had no idea having the Wyeths of Perth take over his house would be such a nightmare. If he had suspected as much, he would have turned them away at the start. They would probably have crawled in under the door. Through the cracks in the flue. Vermin had a way of finding entrance.

But now. Now they were here.

Entrenched.

He had to get rid of them.

Perhaps he could send them back to Scotland.

Scotland would revile him for it, but he had little use for rocky tors, lochs and sheep.

Then he thought of Violet and his heart lurched. It would crush her to be trundled back to what she referred to as the bleak wilderness. She was looking forward to a glittering season in London. She was seventeen. She needed a husband. A husband of Quality. That might be difficult to find in the wilds of Scotland.

And Ned. Ned was twenty. He was just starting find his way with the ton. He'd made some friends—decent fellows. He'd even been receiving invitations to game at White's.

The two of them—the normal two—deserved better than being lumped in with the rest.

He whacked at a rosebud as he passed. It exploded into a flutter of petals. He refused to feel any sympathy.

He couldn't send them packing.

Then what?

Hell. He was a duke of the realm. He had six houses spread throughout the empire. Why hadn't he thought to purchase a spare in London?

Aha!

That was brilliant.

He would. He'd buy them their own house. Move them all, lock stock and—well, maybe not the barrels, as the older boys did like to drink. He'd move them all into their own domicile.

With Aunt Hortense. Let her manage them.

His life would once again be orderly. He would be the master of his own abode. Free to pursue the life of a wealthy dilettante.

Perfect.

He rounded the bend with a satisfied smile on his face. The trickle of the fountain in the pond was a balm to his tormented soul. Birds sang in the trees. The sun—well, it almost shone. It was a beautiful day.

Soon, the world would be right again.

Soon, they would all be gone.

He skipped up the steps of the folly with a lightness of heart he hadn't felt in ages. A book on the bench snagged his attention and his mood dipped, but only a bit. Someone had been here. But they were gone.

He picked it up and flipped through it and stilled.

Good God.

It was a sketch book.

The first page was an attempt at this scene. The flowers and trees, the pond and the little fountain. Not very good. But the second arrested his attention. It was a simple line drawing of Violet. And it was stunning. The artist had managed to depict her beauty, but also captured that glint in her eye, the particular quirk of her lips. Her soul.

The next sketch was one of Ned, showing a brash young man, standing insouciantly with his hands shoved into his pockets, whistling a silent tune. The next was of the twins—whatever their names were—dark heads together plotting some manner of mayhem.

It was so realistic Edward expected them to leap from the page and whack him with a cricket bat.

But it was the last sketch in the book that stole his breath. It was a portrait, in profile. His own face. But not an Edward he would ever recognize. This man was heroic, tragic, a solitary soldier. It was only a few lines drawn in charcoal, but it revealed so much about him. Things he didn't want anyone to ever know.

It was horrifying. And remarkable.

"Your Grace."

He snapped the book shut and spun around.

Of course. What's her name. The girl. The owl. From last night.

"Oh, you found it." She stepped into the folly and took the book from his hands. He did not know why he let it go.

"You left it here." An accusation. Really? He hadn't intended for it to come out like that.

She chuckled. "I had to go rescue Hamish. I was coming back."

"What...why did you have to rescue Hamish?" This was her work? She saw him like that? And hell, she was a damn fine hand. How he would love to turn such talent to...darker purposes. What a pity she was such a prude. The kind of work he could offer her would make her rich—rich enough to quit serving as Violet's companion.

But she would never do it. No decent woman would.

He must be crazed, truly crazed, to even think on it.

The gripping sketch of his wounded countenance lingered in his brain. If she could do that, if she could see through to his soul and bring it to life on paper—

“...And then he got stuck. In the tree. So I had to rescue him.”

Lord. She'd been talking. He'd missed the entire explanation. No matter. The question had been purely rhetorical.

“How long have you been drawing?”

She winced, clutched the book to her breast. He recalled what fine breasts they were. “I... What?”

“How long have you been drawing? You're quite good.”

“You looked at my book?” She squawked as though he'd just admitted to peering up her skirts. The lemony face returned. A beetled brow and pursed lips. It was, upon reflection, rather adorable.

“It was lying here.”

“You shouldn't look at someone's sketchbook.”

“You shouldn't leave it where it can be found.” He crossed his arms over his chest and grinned at her. Damn, he loved her accent.

She sputtered. “I told you. Hamish and Tay were building a fort in a tree—”

“Yes. Yes. I know. You had to rescue him. Tell me, have they always been this much trouble?”

She blew out a breath. “You have no idea.”

They both laughed. It was a nice moment, because it seemed, for that brief flash of time, they were friends, bound in mutual misery.

And then he went and ruined it by letting his lust intrude. “So tell me, what did you think of that book?”

She tipped her head. “What book?”

“The one I gave you last night.”

She blinked several times, as though she had to try, very hard to remember. “Oh. That book. I didn't read it.”

He stepped closer. “Ah. You like to look at the pictures, then?” He knew the sort.

“Look at the... What? No, your Grace—”

“Edward.” He infused his voice with a low thrum.

“Your Grace. I didn't have a chance to open it.”

Why petulance curled within him, he had no clue. “What do you mean you didn't have a chance to open it?” She was supposed to have read it. Or at least looked at the pictures. She was supposed to be gazing at him, right now, with a dewy look.

She brushed an invisible speck from her skirt. “There was...a distraction.”

Well hell. “What kind of distraction?”

Her lips pursed. The look she shot him was not dewy in the slightest.

Still, he wanted to kiss her.

He wasn't sure why. She was certainly not the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen. But her face had character and charm—especially when she smiled. Her figure was full—the way he liked them—but she didn't show it off to its best effect. In fact, if he hadn't known what lay beneath the thick layers of crinoline and bombazine, he would have been fooled. She was prickly as a hedgehog and smacked him down at every turn.

So why did he want to pull her into his arms and smother her mouth with his?

Perhaps because of all those things.

Then again, perhaps just because.

So he did.

He took the girl—whose name he could not remember, whose face he could not forget—into his arms and kissed her. It was a gentle buss, as kisses went, but extremely sublime. Because he'd surprised her.

Her lips were open, as though poised to speak. He took full advantage, sweeping in his tongue to dab at hers, nibbling and licking and tasting her sweet breath.

The prick at his side was not a surprise. He'd expected it.

He lifted his head and stared down into her eyes. Her expression was dazed and determined and perhaps a little dewy. "Not this time, darling," he murmured. He took the knife from her hand and tossed it aside and then pulled her more fully against him.

And ah. She was soft. Sweet. Her breasts pressed against his chest. Her hips molded the cradle of his groin. Of course, he was the one doing the molding, but she didn't fight him.

No. She sighed and tipped her head to the side so he could deepen the kiss. She tasted like ambrosia. A tantalizing flavor of cinnamon and woman and surrender. His ardor rose, and with it, his cock. He rubbed it against her belly.

She stiffened and tried to push away, muttering something into his mouth that sounded like "No."

He changed his tack, running his lips down her cheek and along the line of her jaw to nestle in the crook of her neck. She shuddered. Some groan-like sound emanated from her throat. She clutched at his hair.

Thusly encouraged, he sucked at the tender skin of her neck. Nipped.

"Oh! Saints preserve us," she whispered.

"The saints don't care," he responded, switching to the other side of her neck. He found a spot that delighted her even more and feasted there. In her distraction, she didn't stop the palm skimming over her ribs to cup a breast.

He encased her. Ah. Exquisite. Full and round and pliable. He thumbed a nipple, testing its rigidity. She dipped as her knees gave way. He caught her. Swung her up in his arms and carried her to the bench.

From long experience, he knew better than to give a woman a moment to think. So as soon as he had her settled across his lap, braced against the wall of the folly, he kissed her again. With one hand, he stroked her nipples while with the other, he slowly drew up her skirts.

PRAISE FOR DARK DUKE:

4-STARs. *You Gotta Read*

This book was freaking phenomenal!—*The To Be Read List*

One second I'm fanning myself and checking my Kindle for scorch marks and the next I'm laughing out loud. —*Amazon Reviewer*

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Brigand

Kidnapped and held prisoner by menacing Scottish brigand, the notorious McCloud, Violet Wyeth does her best to persevere...and resist his rakish charms. But when she realizes The McCloud is really Ewan St. Andrews, the boy who once saved her life, the boy who once kissed her and made her heart flutter, she is lost.

Ewan has every intention of marrying Lady Kaitlin MacAllister. He desperately needs the entrée into the ton this bride can provide. But when his bride is delivered—bound and gagged—it's not Kaitlin. It's Violet Wyeth—the girl who betrayed him and ruined his life when he was a boy. He keeps her, determined to punish her for her sins. But when he discovers the truth about what really happened so long ago, and seething passion rises between them, he

can no longer hold on to his rusty grudge. By the time he realizes how much he loves Violet—that he always has—he's lost her.

All he can do is follow her. Follow her into the bowels of hell—and partake in the torment of the glittering London Season, where the harpies are far more dangerous than a Scottish brigand.

A Romantica® erotic romance from Ellora's Cave

Read an Excerpt from BRIGAND

Holy Heaven. She would never take a bath for granted again.

Violet stumbled on the stairs and the water in the heavy bucket sloshed, dousing her with hot water. She sucked in a breath as pain seared. She set the bucket down on the landing and pulled her skirts up. Her skin was red. She ruffled the tatters of her petticoats, waiting for the sting to subside.

The door to the Laird's solar swung open. She stepped back so it wouldn't hit her and it slammed into the wall. The McCloud glowered down at her. His gaze stalled on her bare legs. It was riveted—until she dropped her skirts—then he snapped, “What the hell is taking so long?” His glanced back at her damp skirts and his frown darkened. He picked up the last bucket and carried it to the tub, dumping it in himself. “For god's sake. How long does it take to bring a few measly buckets up from this kitchen?”

A few measly buckets? It had taken twelve trips, each with a bucket that weighed near as much as she. Violet glared at him. “Is that enough?” She probably didn't need to clip the words quite so much, but she had already worked for hours. She was tired and sweaty and her skin ached and Morna was waiting for her to come help prepare dinner.

He swished his hand in the water. “Yes. I suppose that will do.”

Not a thank you. Not a smile. Nothing.

Beast.

She whirled and started for the door.

“Where do you think you're going?” His voice rumbled through the room, a deep tenor. Her steps slowed.

“Back to the kitchen.” She frowned at him over her shoulder. “I have work to do.”

"You have work to do here."

"I beg your pardon?" What did he want her to do now, wash his bottom?

"You're going to bathe me."

Her heart stilled at his words, his intent, and especially the look in his eyes. "Wh-what?"

"Come now Violet. The laird of the manor can't be expected to scrub his own back, can he now? Be a good girl, close the door and come over here."

She gaped at him. Gaped. He expected her to remain in a room with a naked man? He expected her to touch him?

"Close your mouth. You look like a trout."

"But...I c-can't. I can't b-bathe you."

"Of course you can. And you will." His eyes glinted with something other than humor. The unspoken threat hummed in the stony chamber. "You may want to turn around while I undress, unless you want an early education." He began to unbutton his shirt.

With an undignified "eep" Violet whirled and showed him her back until she heard the splash and his gusty sigh.

"All right, girl. Get to work. Scrub my back." He gestured to a chunk of soap and sponge on a small table. She picked them up, approached the tub and knelt behind him, trying not to stare at the bunching muscles, the broad expanse of tanned skin. She couldn't help but notice it was covered with scars. Long and short, criss-crossing over one another. As though he'd been brutally beaten and lashed time after time after—"Did you close the door?"

Her bubbling sympathy evaporated in a rush. She stuck her tongue out at him, but only because he couldn't see. Then, with a heavy sigh, she levered herself up off the floor and closed the door. Well, slammed it, perhaps.

His chuckle annoyed her more.

He leaned forward and peeped at her over his shoulder. "Come along now. My back isn't going to scrub itself."

She took her place behind him again, being very careful not to look at his broad, be-furred chest as she approached. She wet the soap and sponge and created a lather. Being very careful not to touch him, she began to scour his back. He winced. "Not so hard."

His plaintive tone probably shouldn't have sent a shard of evil satisfaction through her, but it did. This man had been a boor to her from the moment he'd found her on the floor in Callum MacAllister's cottage. She dug deeper.

He lurched forward. "Ouch!"

"Hold still," she muttered, making a wide swath across the ridged skin. "You're filthy. I need to scrub."

"I am not filthy."

"You are. Stop wriggling."

Amazingly, he did, even though she knew her efforts bordered on abuse. But my, it felt good.

When she started on his neck and ears, he caught her wrist. "All right. I think that's enough."

"I'm not done."

"Oh, you're not done." He tugged her around to the side of the tub so she faced him. She focused on his crooked nose, schooled her gaze not to drift lower. "Now it's time for you to scrub my front."

She really disliked the look in his eye. There was mischief—and something much darker—coiling in there. "Fine." She dropped to her knees and wet the sponge again, but rather than dunking it, merely skimmed the surface of the water.

Fortunately the bath was murky, so she couldn't see anything. But she knew what was down there and she didn't want to find it by accident. She trained her attention on his chest, and her heart lurched.

A long, nasty scar scored him. Like a puckered lightning bolt, it made its jagged way from his left nipple down to his belly. Her pulse skittered. Her breath snagged in her throat. She'd only ever seen a scar like that once before.

A scar exactly like that.

Her gaze snapped back to his face. She looked at him. Really looked at him, perhaps for the first time. Her mouth went dry. The gray eyes laced by thick black lashes. The broad smiling mouth. The curve of his jaw.

It couldn't be. Could it?

"W-where did you get that scar?"

He glanced down and stilled. Annoyance flickered across his features. "Every man has scars."

"Not-not like that." She sat back on her haunches. She didn't realize she was squeezing the sponge until water seeped through her skirts.

"All right. A knife fight."

"Knives don't cut like that." It was uneven and rippled, like the flesh and been shorn off in places and sliced in others.

"Well, it was a goddamn knife fight. I was in a vicious battle with a man in an alley. I gutted him." His lip curled into a sneer. "Does it frighten you, my lady?"

"No." But that was a lie. It did frighten her. Because Ewan, her friend, the boy who had saved her, had gotten an eerily similar wound rescuing her from a watery grave. And surely this wasn't Ewan. It couldn't be.

Ewan was gentle and sweet. He had liked her, maybe loved her. He had kissed her. And this man... This man had taken her prisoner and mauled her and put her to work.

And she hated him.

He couldn't be Ewan. He couldn't. It would break her heart.

He narrowed his eyes and barked, "Goddamn it, girl, finish washing me. The water's getting cold."

But she couldn't. She needed to know. She had to know.

"It wasn't a knife. It was ice." A whisper, but he heard it. He froze, his gaze locked to hers. "You jumped in and found me in the water. Lifted me out. But you couldn't get out yourself."

"I don't know what you're babbling about."

But he did. She could see it in his eyes. There, for a flash of a moment, she saw that boy in his eyes.

She licked suddenly dry lips. "Ewan? Is it you?"

He rose from the tub in an unholy rush. She didn't have time to look away. The vision of his naked body, hard and lean, scarred and perfect, burned on her brain. He grabbed a cloth and covered his loins.

"This bath is over. Get out."

She stood. Tried desperately not to tremble. "It is you. It is."

"Get out. Go!"

"What happened to you, Ewan?"

A dark cloud lowered on his already stormy brow. "What happened to me? You mean, how did I become the beast that I am?" The vitriol in his voice made her shake, but she didn't back down.

"No, Ewan. Where did you go? No one would tell me and I always wondered..."

Every muscle in his body tensed, vibrated. Violet knew, because she could see them all, a magnificent panoply.

She should have been afraid. She should have been horrified. She should have skittered from the room like a frightened little rabbit. But she wasn't afraid. She didn't run.

She knew—knew—her Ewan would never hurt her.

Indeed, as he stared into her questing eyes, his fury passed. He scrubbed a palm over his broad face. “Go,” he croaked. His tone was laced with an emotion she couldn’t decipher. Desolation, perhaps. Greif. “Just go.”

This time, she did.

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Defiant

When rakish Ned falls in with the wrong crowd, his brother decides to send him to the Continent for “seasoning”. For Sophia, this just won’t do. She’s loved Ned for ages—and also longed for adventure. She runs away from her boring suitors and disguises herself as a cabin boy on the *Defiant*, the ship sailing Ned to Italy.

Ned knows he’s not good enough for Sophia, but once they’re on the *Defiant*, he can’t stop himself from touching her, tasting her, loving her. Not when a wild tempest and a band of ruthless pirates threaten them. Not when every look from her gives him such pleasure. And certainly not when she comes, warm and wild

and willing, to his bed.

If they survive their voyage, Sophia’s brother might kill him, but it will have been worth every moment and every hot, sweet kiss.

Read an Excerpt from *DEFIANT*

When she once again stood in his chambers, she realized the folly of her actions. She hadn’t brought a change of clothes and she was drenched. So was he. Without a word, he relit the lamp and then opened his trunk and pulled out several shirts, two of which he tossed to her. “Change.”

That was it. One word. Just “change” and then he presented her with his back. She huffed a breath, but did as he asked because she was really rather cold. The feel of the cloth falling over her chilled flesh warmed her. Because it was his shirt. It had touched his skin. She wasn’t sure why the thought sent heat scudding through her belly.

“Use the other shirt to dry your hair,” he suggested, as he began toweling off as well.

She huffed a laugh. “All of your clothes will be wet.”

“They’ll dry. Are you clothed?”

“Yes.”

He turned. And froze. His gaze locked onto her bare legs. “I-I thought you said you were clothed.” A squawk.

“I am.” But the intensity of his stare made her self-conscious, so she slipped into the bed.

“Close your eyes,” he said as he unbuttoned the damp linen clinging to his chest.

“Why?”

“I need to change as well. I’m f-freezing.”

“Okay.” She did. But she peeked.

He ripped off his wet shirt and her breath caught at the sight of his broad back. Muscles rippled as he moved and she swallowed. He was beautiful. He tugged the fresh shirt over his head and she nearly whimpered as that magnificent vision disappeared. But then, he unfastened his trousers.

All pretense of not peeking evaporated.

He sat and took a moment to work off his boots. And then he stood. His trousers were tight, as was the fashion, and he had to peel them off. As he bent, she caught a flash of his bare behind.

She must have made a noise because he whirled around. His cheek bunched when he saw her watching. “You’re supposed to have your eyes closed.”

She hunkered in the covers, as though that would disguise the fact that her eyes were open wide.

"Sophia..."

It was probably wrong to grin at him, but she couldn't help it.

"Sophia Fiona!"

"Stop calling me that. It always makes me think I'm in trouble."

"You *are* in trouble. You have no idea how much trouble you're in."

She tipped her head to the side. "We both know Ewan will be so relieved to see me, he'll forget how angry he is—"

Ned stilled and fixed her with a dark glare. "What makes you think I'm talking about Ewan?"

"I... ah..."

"I've a mind to bend you over my knee."

Why a shiver rippled through her, she had no idea. She'd been spanked once or twice as a child and she hadn't cared for it in the slightest. But something dark and domineering in Ned's tone made her womb warm.

"You-you wouldn't."

"Wouldn't I? Now, look away. Your brother would skewer me if I gave you the education you're about to have."

She attempted not to snort. Ned—and everyone—thought her a prim and innocent miss on account of the polish she'd acquired at Lady Satterlee's. Nothing could be further from the truth. As a child, before Ewan had made his fortune, they'd lived a hand-to-mouth existence in the slums of Perth. She'd seen more than one couple rutting against a wall in a dingy alleyway. And at one point, she and her brother had taken refuge in a bordello. She'd been only seven, but if she'd had an education, she got it there. She could probably teach Ned a few things.

Still, because he seemed to expect it, she squeezed her eyes tight and didn't hardly peek at all as he finished changing. Besides which, the spot she was interested in was mostly shadows.

With a great huff, he threw himself back into the chair. "Now, go to sleep."

"Don't you want me to put out the light?"

"No. I want to be able to see where you are."

"I'm not leaving again tonight." Probably. Unless her despair overcame her once more.

"Leave it on." A grunt, and not a very nice one at that. Why he had call to be annoyed, she couldn't fathom.

Blast and damn, he was an annoying man. Sophia grunted as well and rolled over, facing the wall of the cabin. She studied the patterns the swinging lamp made for a long while, listening as he shifted one way and then the other.

It was really unfair for him to have to sleep in the chair. This was his room. But he would never share her bed. She grimaced at the way the words came out, but it was true. He wouldn't. Unless...

She rolled over again and watched him twist in the chair. He caught her eye and frowned.

"Ned?"

An impatient groan. "Yes, Sophia?"

"Ned, I'm cold."

He stilled. Then barked, "Put on another blanket."

"There aren't any more." She faked a shiver. She wasn't cold in the slightest. She never was. Ewan said she ran hot. "Brr. My teeth are chattering."

His glower became a frown.

"I hope I don't get ill."

He paled. "You shouldn't have gone out in the rain. Why did you go out in the rain?"

She sneezed. Or something like it. "I don't know."

"Sophia?"

"Am I running a fever?" She put her palm to her forehead. "I think I'm running a fever."

His brow wrinkled. He stood and made his way across the tiny chamber as though on his death march. He set the backs of his fingers to her cheeks. His frown darkened. "You are warm."

"No. I'm cold." She shivered and peered up at him, her eyes as wide as she could make them.

"Won't you warm me?"

He wrenched his hand away as though she'd burned him. "What?"

"Lie here beside me and warm me up?"

"There's not enough room for both of us."

"I'm small."

"Sophia." She'd never heard her name in such a strangled voice, not even when Ewan was at his wit's end.

"Just for a bit? You can be on top of the covers. Surely that is decent."

The muscle in his cheek bunched again, as though he were grinding his teeth.

"Please?"

He gusted a sigh. "All right, Sophia. Scoot over and make room."

She did. With alacrity.

"And roll over, facing the wall."

She frowned at him "Why?"

"Just do it. Please."

"Oh, all right." But only because he said please. And because, when she was facing the other way, he couldn't see her grin.

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FANTASY/PARANORMAL

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Lust Eternal

For thousands of years, Keeshan has waited. A curse put him in the lamp, damning him to an eternity of pleasing the women who find it. Each time, the women enter the lamp, ensnared in a web of lust and love. And each time, just as he grows to care, the women leave.

But Aimalee is different somehow. With her, Keeshan's desire knows no bounds—he needs to be with her, inside her, every second she's there, like an addict who just can't get enough. Eventually she'll leave just like the others but until then, Keeshan plans to indulge her every sinful urge. And maybe, just maybe, she's the key to breaking the curse.

Inside Scoop: This paranormal romance features a plus-size heroine and a hero who worships her curves.

A Romantica® erotic romance from Ellora's Cave

An Excerpt From LUST ETERNAL

Aimalee picked up a clipboard and pretended to scan the sheet on top. “I have to get back to work. Did you want anything else?”

“There was one other thing. Carter asked if you could, you know, not come tonight.”

“Not come tonight?” Aimalee whirled around and gaped at Sorcha. She'd been working on this display for months, utterly devoted to this project for years. She'd been so looking forward to showing off her work, presenting her findings. She'd even bought a new dress for heaven's sake.

That happened, maybe, once a decade or so.

“It's going to be quite a crush. All the big benefactors will be there. And you are...” Sorcha made a scornful little flourish with slender fingers. Her expression said it all—mousy. Aimalee knew it to be true. She knew what she was. But having Sorcha point it out rankled.

“This is my display.”

“Sure. Do what you need to set it up but then make yourself scarce. Be out of there by seven. 'Kay?” Sorcha pinned on a dazzling smile. “I told him you'd understand.”

With that she spun on her Jimmy Choos and waltzed from the room, elegantly swinging between boxes and crates and piles of books, leaving Aimalee sitting at her worktable, reeling with shock and repressed rage.

Make yourself scarce.

The mandate of her entire existence.

The fuck she wasn't coming tonight. She'd worked far too long, far too hard on her dissertation, on this presentation, to simply fade into the background now when it was all coming to fruition. This was her baby. Oh, she'd be there. Come hell or high water.

Without thinking, without redonning her protective gloves—a monumental no-no in the museum world—Aimalee picked up the lamp and a cleaning cloth and began to polish her treasure. A deep sense of satisfaction and pleasure spiked through her, assuaging her annoyance.

Okay, so her love life was more than a little disappointing and frustrating. And yes, her professional prospects were limited but at least she loved her work. Really loved her work...

She renewed her invigorated scrubbing on that one smudge that just wouldn't wipe away.

Imagine the gall. Asking her to miss the night of her life so Sorcha could stand in the limelight at Carter's side and reap the rewards.

Aimalee rubbed harder and faster, fury rising like a chained beast in her belly. A red tide descended, blurring her vision. Everything beyond the lamp faded. The world beyond her passion, her work, dissolved.

She'd had enough of this.

Enough hiding her relationship.

Enough elicit, hurried trysts.

Enough secrets.

Enough—

Her movements slowed as a strange sensation crawled down her spine from her neck to her solar plexus. It pooled in her womb. Her fingers and toes began to tingle. Throb. Prickles of excitement and anticipation skittered over her skin. Her body warmed, softened, dampened.

Her hand flew to her nape where gentle tendrils caressed her—like a lover's whisper. The tingling increased and contracted and wafted inward to settle just below her pounding heart. Her essence condensed, coalesced, as light as smoke, wafting and roiling. A strange sense of unreality, of disengagement, overcame her. She closed her eyes and the dizzy sensation increased. She tried to open them again but couldn't. She twisted, curled, floated in the ether. A great whooshing sensation rocked her consciousness, sucking her into a smaller and smaller space. A dark place.

And then an eerie silence, a supreme stillness, descended.

* * * * *

Slowly, she came to herself. She glanced around in a befuddled daze and stilled. She was no longer in her familiar workroom but in a lavish boudoir, a seraglio swathed in gauzy, flowing drapes. Glowing braziers wreathed in aromatic smoke lit the room with a dim, somnambulant light. The velvet cushions she reclined upon teased her sensitive skin. With a start, she realized she was utterly naked. A shiver coursed through her. What on earth had happened? Where was she?

But before she could work it out, a billow of iridescent fog roiled before her. Aimalee stared, transfixed as the cloud slowly coalesced into human form. A man.

A very large man.

She tipped back her head and their gazes met, clashed. His eyes glowed with a scorching fervor. A bolt of electricity shot through her.

His features were stark, a savage beauty etched with a desperate hunger—high, striking cheekbones and wide, sensuous lips. Dark hair curled gently about his face and neck. A sudden desire to comb those silky skeins skittered through her.

Aimalee swallowed heavily. Her avaricious attention trailed down across brown shoulders and powerful arms. His chest was bare and broad and ridged. It rippled at the mere touch of her gaze.

He stood, legs slightly apart, bunching thighs taut as though he were about to spring forward but was holding himself back with great effort. Strength, power and passion rolled off him in waves.

But for metal cuffs about his wrists and neck, he was naked.

Oh. And he was aroused. Magnificently and tremendously aroused.

The sight of his jutting, throbbing member made her heart clench. A strange heat pooled in her womb when she noticed the pearlescent drop glistening at the tip of his cock.

He was, in a word, ready.

Then again, so was she.

And then he spoke—a deep, mellifluous voice that resonated straight through to her soul.

“I’ve been waiting for you, Aimalee,” he said. “I’ve been waiting for you a very long time.”

PRAISE FOR LUST ETERNAL:

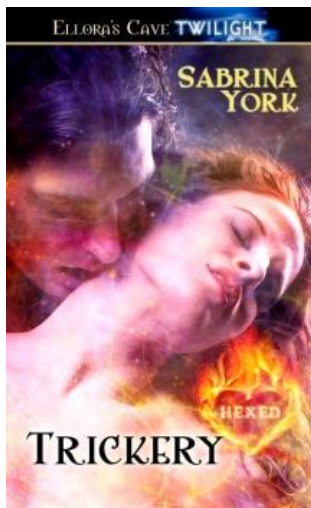
“There is nothing that I love more than a plus-size heroine finding her HEA with a sexy man! Lust Eternal has everything an erotic romance should have - sexy male, detailed steamy sex scenes and a sweet romance that gives the book heart. The story of Aimalee and Keeshan is what I would consider an adult version of the whole genie in a lamp bit, adding a deeper layer of emotion and eroticism.”

Vanessa, Top 1000 Amazon Reviewer

“Ms. York did a brilliant job merging the past with the present and fact with fiction to create a story that was engaging, vivid, sweet, and sexy!” *Book Chick*

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Trickery

Though seducing a mortal is expressly forbidden, novice witch Willow Ostreth wants Austin. Bad. Unbeknownst to Willow, Austin—the glorious, delicious specimen who makes her heart pound and her body weep—is no mere mortal. He’s really Damien DeWinter, a powerful warlock, a man determined to lure Willow—and bind her—to his bed.

When the luscious Willow breaks the rules and uses her magic to ensnare him, Damien—rebel, renegade, outcast from the Witching World—figures he has carte blanche to pursue her and seduce her using any means possible. And his arsenal is vast.

What neither of them realizes as they tempt and torment each other with pleasure is that there’s a greater magic at work here. One that could bind them together, forever.

A Romantica® erotic romance from Ellora’s Cave

Read an Excerpt from TRICKERY

The walk back to her apartment took forever. Willow had trouble restraining herself from skipping ahead and grabbing his hand and tugging him to move faster. Her mind roiled with scenarios of seduction and they all ended in the same way. His cock—his thick, hard cock—deep inside her.

She licked her lips and gazed at him, loving that she had to tip her chin to see his face. She loved a looming man. A big, muscular looming man. She loved when they pushed her down on the bed and forced their way between her thighs. She loved the weight of them, the pressure of their bodies on hers. The domination...

Of course, it wouldn’t do to begin there. She’d have to lead Austin down this path step-by-step. Train him properly. If he was as good as she expected, as good as her instincts screamed, she’d want to keep him, even after the Circle. Even after the Goddess assigned her a warlock mate with whom she would be obliged to make magical babies.

She’d have to keep him a secret. The Sisters would have a conniption if they found out—they were very particular about whom she fucked.

Why they cared, she didn’t have a clue.

“Here we are.” Austin sprinted up the steps and held open the door to their brownstone. He bowed in a charming old-fashioned manner. “After you, milady.”

Willow giggled and stepped inside, aware that he followed, prowled behind her like a big cat. Silly boy. He thought he was seducing her.

She glanced at him as she fit her key in the lock. Saw his face fall.

“I thought...” He trailed off, looking woebegone and dejected.

“What?”

“I thought maybe we’d go to my place.” He gestured up the stairs. “Have a drink?”

Her lips curled. He thought she was dismissing him. That she’d simply allowed him to walk her home and this was the end of it. Silly, naïve little mortal.

"A drink? I'd like that." She opened her door wide and waved him in. He didn't budge. She cleared her throat. "I have a lovely bottle of wine I've been saving for a special occasion."

Just how special, he could never know.

"Great." His face lit up. "Bring it."

Willow blinked. She'd always envisioned entrapping him in her apartment, had layered spells all around the bed to ensure his compliance with her wicked wishes. But...surely it didn't matter if they fucked first in his bed. Did it? The potion would guarantee his submission.

"Okay. Let me grab it." She rushed into her apartment, through to her kitchen and grabbed the bottle she'd filled only last night. It was sealed with a waxed stopper, intricately etched with an erotic incantation. She snagged the chalice as well and chuckled to herself.

Austin wouldn't know what hit him.

She practically floated up the two flights of stairs in his wake, twitching and creaming and trying to still her heart as his ass—his perfectly molded, tight ass—waggled in her face. Yum. Yum, yum, yum.

It was delicious, having power like this, despite all the pesky rules and constraints that came with it. She could have any man she desired. Anytime she wanted him.

Delicious.

His hand trembled a little as he unlocked the door. It took several tries for him to put the key in the lock but he was hardly tentative. He ushered her into his apartment, spun her around, plastered her against the wall and put his hot, hard mouth on hers.

Mercy! The calling spell was definitely stronger than she'd realized.

She didn't mind at all.

Austin's kiss was scrumptious, a tantalizing mix of sweet arousal and banked passion. His lips dragged over hers in a drugging rhythm. Then he sucked on her lower lip, nibbled.

Willow shivered. Dear Gaia, he was a good kisser. She really didn't want to stop, didn't want it to end, and she groaned in protest when his warm, wet lips trailed away, across her cheek and to her ear. But then...

But then his mouth settled on the crook of her neck and he nuzzled her there until she shuddered. With that shudder, that convulsion of every cell in her body, a glob of cream oozed out of her cunt and dampened her panties.

Perhaps it was her imagination but when he lifted his head, a dazed look in his eyes, his nostrils flared as if he could smell her.

PRAISE FOR TRICKERY:

Night Owl Reviews—TOP PICK Five stars: "This book has some very steamy scenes that go on for pages so be prepared to get super-hot! The author has created this short paranormal tale that also has a snappy dialogue between the main characters. Plus the tale also has great background characters that keep the dialogue going on to the next scene. Some parts made me laugh. Trickery kept my attention from the beginning until the very end of it." *Night Owl Reviews*

"Oh this was a fun story: witches and warlocks, magical potions and energies flowing everywhere and a master manipulation...some seriously steamy sex that will even leave readers breathless." *Gaele, Top 1000 Amazon Reviewer*

"Hawt, Fun Halloween Read. Throw a warlock bent on revenge together with a young witch who doesn't know her own appeal, and you get a funny, sexy, take-no-prisoners encounter that will burn a hole in your Kindle!" *Love2Read*

"A lovely feel-good quickie." *Bookfetish*

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EROTIC HORROR

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Rising Green

Chaos erupts for members of a scientific expedition on a remote island when Sage, the team's botanist, is impregnated with the spores of an alien plant form. She's always been the crew's "ice princess" but now something's changed. Now something is driving her, raging through her, compelling her to screw every man on the desolate, godforsaken rock. Again and again and again.

What the very appreciative men don't realize is that each illicit interaction, each hedonistic commingling, takes its toll on them as well. And no one can survive the torturous pleasure unscathed.

Reader Advisory: Forget happy endings and get ready for steamy erotic horror that will shock you even as it turns you on.

Erotic horror from Ellora's Cave

Read an Excerpt from RISING GREEN

From the middle of the thicket, a thick stalk topped with a bulbous bud rose. It was reminiscent of *Pinguicula grandiflora*, but instead of purple it was a blood-red hue with bright-yellow streaks.

Sage set down her rucksack and pulled out her sample kit. Carefully, she sliced several cuttings into vials and dropped them into the sack. Then she pulled out her camera. She started with several long shots and then moved closer, stepping carefully on the leaves and vines for a tight shot of the flower. Its petals were tightly folded with a waxy velvet sheen. They shimmered in the weak sunlight. Smelled like poppies.

She stepped closer. Stroked.

It was silky-soft.

As though reacting to her touch, the petals began to curl back, unfurl. Sage stared in fascination as the stamen was revealed, long and thick, bright yellow and heavy with pollen. A swollen pustule throbbed at its base. She leaned closer, pulling her camera up for another shot.

And the bud exploded.

In a great puff, it ejaculated a cloud of tiny seeds. A thick haze surrounded her. Seeds crawled up her nostrils and clung to her lips. Her hair was dusted with them.

"Shit," she said under her breath as she backed away. Coughing and sputtering, she brushed the spores from her shoulders, her chest.

A strange flutter danced through her belly, followed by a wave of dizziness. Her vision blurred and weakness washed through her. Her thighs trembled and she stumbled, unable to negotiate her own feet. Fighting unconsciousness, she dropped to her knees.

And then she fell into the embrace of a soft bed of leaves.

She awoke to a dream. A misty, murmured haze.

Struggling to rouse herself out of the muddled cloud, she shook her head. The infinitesimal motion made her reel. She closed her eyes against the miasma, the exotic thrill skating through her. Her heart beat, distinct thuds pounding in her ears among a rushing tide.

Somewhere through the haze, she sensed movement. She wasn't sure if she was moving or if the world moved around her. She felt as though she were floating, suspended, lighter than air.

A soft, questing tendril stroked her ankle. She tried to look at it but she couldn't move. She couldn't move at all.

The tendril tightened and another licked at her, on her other ankle.

A nip, gentle and oh so soft. Warmth blossomed at the spot, blossomed and rose within her until it flooded her being. A feeling of excitement—and impending doom—swamped her.

The tendrils at her ankles twined slowly, making their way up her calves. With each pass, they nipped again and the warmth expanded. A vague awareness of myriad movements captured her attention. Other tendrils twined slowly over her body, everywhere. They were on her face, her torso, her abdomen. They crawled and curled under her shirt, questing.

One of the tendrils found a nipple. As the soft, furred vine passed over the sensitive tip, it pebbled. The tendril froze. Returned. Made another pass.

Sage moaned and tightened her muscles, trying desperately to move away. But she was frozen, frozen in place, a statue.

A sacrifice.

PRAISE FOR RISING GREEN:

“If you are brave to take the foray into this dark erotica short story (and I hope you do) you will find yourself looking at strange plants in a not so innocent fashion. I'd also add that it is more science fiction than contemporary but if you are a fan of any of these I would pick up this for a quick read. It is very short so it's a perfect book to see if you might like erotic horror. I know I will be looking for more of this type of book but also I know I will be watching for more of Ms. York's writings.” *Sensual Reads*

“Erotic and graphic...even the strange plant scene is oddly sensual and titillating, although eerie and with a sinister feel to it as well. Rising Green is for erotica readers who like to try the odd and the unusual, those readers who go for some invading plant tentacles and lots of hot and hungry sex before the horror ending.” *S. Richards, Top 500 Amazon Reviewer*

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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 romance. Visit her webpage at www.sabrinayork.com to check out her books, excerpts and contests.

[For more information, or to connect with Sabrina, visit SabrinaYork.Com](http://www.sabrinayork.com)

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