

The Sirens of Sensual Romances

August 2009
Newsletter



The Sirens

Mechele Armstrong

Alice Gaines

Treva Harte

Katherine Kingston

Lynn LaFleur

Lynn Lorenz

Randi Monroe

Judy Mays

Ruby Storm

Samantha Winston

Welcome to the Sirens of Sensual Romances Newsletter!

It's August - hot days, hot nights, and hot love! With the end of summer close at hand, we invite you to sit back and relax, reach for that long, tall cool drink and your very hot honey, and immerse yourself in the sensual worlds created by the Sirens of Sensual Romances.

As a group the Sirens of Sensual Romances have written more than 100 novels, spanning genres from historical to futuristic, from scary horror to action/adventure, from erotically sensual to pass-the-fire-extinguisher HOT!

Our newsletter is released around the 15th of each month. We'll always have interesting articles, excerpts, and featured author interviews, as well as recipes, reviews, and answers to any of your questions about our books and your favorite characters. Each month we'll also have a contest with lots of good things to give away to our wonderful newsletter members.

We love reading your comments. Please keep sending them to: comments@sensualromances.com. And thank you for subscribing!



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Sirens of Sensual Romances News and Releases



Katherine Kingston

<http://www.katherinekingston.com>

Katherine's novella, *Lifeline*, will release October 12 from *Whispers Publishing*

When Army Ranger Lieutenant Mike Caldwell goes missing on a secret assignment in a country far away, his desperate comrades call in the one person who has a real shot at finding him. Sheila Scranton was once engaged to Mike, but he couldn't deal with her "gift," her ability to read minds. Now that ability represents the only chance to find and rescue him.

Sheila reluctantly agrees to use her talent to locate him. She succeeds, only to have him reject the contact. He doesn't want her to share the grim experience as his captors attempt to extract information from him. To keep him going under horrible conditions, she works on diverting his attention, first by reviewing their history together, then with an assortment of sexual fantasies she thinks he'll enjoy. When she promises to try those out on him, it helps him decide he needs to survive long enough for rescue. He's had second thoughts about their earlier breakup and wants to give their relationship another chance. Sheila's not sure she's ready to trust that, but she's leaning toward giving it a try. Those rescuers better hurry, though. His spirit might be willing but his body can't take much more.

For more information, visit:
<http://www.whispershome.com/>



Lynn LaFleur

<http://www.lynnlafleur.com>

Do you love free? Check out Lynn LaFleur's FREE short story at *Ellora's Cave, Door Prize*.



Cindy thinks of one thing when she wins the door prize at her friend's sex toys party – Colin. Trying out the items she won with him would be the most erotic time in her life. She knows her best friend's brother thinks of her as only a buddy, even though Cindy longs for more.

Colin has wanted Cindy for months, but his subtle hints haven't worked. When he sees all the erotic toys she won at her friend's party, he decides it's time for a more direct approach...an approach Cindy is only too willing to accept.

Download **Door Prize** at:
www.jasminejade.com/pc-7228-115-door-prize.aspx?skinid=11

Judy Mays

<http://www.judymays.com>

Coming August 29, from *Changeling ePress - Myths and Legends*

Myths... Legends...
What is true?
What isn't?

Deep in the Central American jungles beings roamed freely - half human, half cat. For three such cats, a jaguar, a puma, and an ocelot, life is easy and uncomplicated - until humans cross their paths - specific humans, humans who will need their help, their protection, their love.

Balam, Karak, and Raina must choose between the uncomplicated lives denizens of the jungle lead or lives with humans with all their complications – and love.



Sirens of Sensual Romances *News and Releases*

Judy Mays

<http://www.judymays.com>

Continued from Page 2

Sanika, Mireya, and Hans must also make choices, choices far harder and more uncertain. Can each of them find it in himself or herself to love a being that is more than human, that is half animal?

Myths....

Legends....

What is love? What isn't?

For more informaion, visit:

<http://www.changelingpress.com>

Also from Judy Mays

**Coming August 31, from Ellora's Cave -
*Rednecks N' Roses***

Amber is ready to bite nails. First, she's downsized from her job. Then, the aunt she's taken care of for years dies and leaves everything except an old house in the middle of nowhere Pennsylvania to her cousin. Okay, here's her chance to write the novel she always wanted to. She packs everything up – including her cross-eyed black cat Midnight – and heads for the farm her aunt bequeathed her – where she finds a man in her bathtub – a dead man.

Only he's not dead, well sort of not dead. Could things get any worse - or could they be getting better? The not so dead man is a vampire. Hot damn! What more could a romance writer ask for but her very own vampire hero?

But, Rusty Nipple won't cooperate. He won't stop sleeping in the bathtub, he won't shave off his beard, he won't stop drinking beer, and he won't bite men. He won't even change his name! Who ever heard of a vampire named Rusty Nipple – a name that sounds like a really bad mixed drink? How is she supposed to write about a suave, sexy, debonair vampire if Rusty won't cooperate?

Determined to make Rusty into the kind of vampire everyone wants to read about, Amber rolls up her sleeves and gets to work.

However, Rusty sees Amber as a work in progress, too. What better way to learn all this new vampire stuff than on his very own live-in romance author.

For more information, visit

<http://www.ellorascave.com> or

www.jasminejade.com

~*~

Samantha Winston

www.samanthawinston.com

Coming August 10th - *Le Mystere*

Genre: Paranormal

Publisher: [Ellora's Cave](http://www.ellorascave.com)

Line/icons: Twilight

ISBN: 9781419920479

*Note: **Le Mystere** was formally part of the trilogy **Cajun Nights***

When Louisiana Department of Fish and Wildlife agent Luke Braquesmar sees a woman alone in the bayou, his protective instincts come roaring to life. Who is this mysterious woman? It turns out she's the ghost of the woman his father was accused of killing 25 years ago. Thanks to a m'ambo's magic, Jesse comes back to life – and discovers love with Luke – their passion blazes.

Jesse's ghost has one last chance to avenge her death and maybe regain her life. Together Luke and Jesse must fight the evil that threatens their happiness. Luke can't let the only woman he's ever loved be taken away from him forever, but a murderer is determined to make sure Jesse dies again – and he's going to make sure Luke follows her to the grave.

To buy link:

<http://www.jasmine-jade.com/ps-7411-50-le-mystere.aspx>



Sirens of Sensual Romances Appearances and Book Signings

Come meet Sirens of Sensual Romances **Judy Mays**, **Lynn LaFleur**, **Randi Monroe** and **Ruby Storm**, and many of your other favorite authors and cover models at **Ellora's Cave RomantiCon**, their first ever convention, October 9-11, 2009 at the Quality Inn & Suites, 4742 Brecksville Rd., Richfield, OH!

On Sunday, at the **RomantiCon's** book signing, **Judy** will sign copies of her wolfie, *A Touch of Heat*, her alien romance *Celestial Passions: Briana*, and her brand new paperback release *Rednecks N' Romance* which will contain both *Rednecks n' Roses* and *Rednecks n' Rock Candy*.

Randi and **Lynn** will be signing *Turning Point*, their first novel as writing partners, and the second in *The Tarot Café* series.

Lynn will also be signing copies of the three books in her *Coopers' Companions* series: *Almost Perfection*, *Michelle's Men*, and *Rent-a-Stud*.

Ruby will be signing *Mr. Fullservice* and *Keeper of the Spirit*. *His Toys* will also be available.

Please feel free to bring copies of these books or any by these Sirens of Sensual Romances that you've already purchased. Judy, Lynn, Randi and Ruby will be happy to sign them.

For information regarding the first **RomantiCon**, please visit www.jasminejade.com/romanticon

Sirens of Sensual Romances Featured Author Contests and Winner

July Contest Winner

The winner of the July Sirens of Sensual Romances contest prize is ...

Yahoo ID: Infinite_nemo

Congratulations! Please contact one of our gracious prize donors, **Lynn LaFleur** and **Randi Monroe**, who will provide **Infinite_nemo** with a download of *Turning Point*.

August Contest

Katherine Kingston, the Sirens of Sensual Romances' Featured Author, will provide a trade paperback copy of *SilverQuest*, along with a few other surprise goodies.

Good luck to all subscribers!

♥ *Subscribers, please note our contest rules: Winners must contact the author of the month named in each issue to redeem prizes. The author must be contacted by the winner before the publication of the following month's newsletter to be eligible to win, or forfeit prize(s).*



Sirens of Sensual Romances
Featured Author
Katherine Kingston

Hello, everyone. I think introductions are always a good way to start. Katherine, please tell us something about yourself.

Actually there's not much to tell. I'm really pretty ordinary. I live in a medium-sized city in North Carolina, have been married to the same man for close to 40 years. I've written tons of short stories, published in a variety of magazines, and have had 15 stories of varying lengths published by Ellora's Cave.

Why do you write sensual or erotic romance?

Um... That's a really deep question and there's probably a much deeper answer than this, but if so, I don't know what it is. I'm not sure why I write erotic romance, except that I like the intimacy of it. I've been doing it for a long time, since I wrote stories for erotic magazines way before I heard of Ellora's Cave. It just seems that I like to explore the most intimate connections between people and the ways they influence their lives.

What haven't you done that you always wish you had?

Traveled more. There's a lot of world to see and I've only been to a few corners of it so far.

What are you proudest of doing?

Raising three wonderful kids!

What is the most memorable thing about your latest book?

My most recently published story was actually a Quickie, *Phantom Affair*, written as part of the fundraiser for Lara Panches, daughter of Ellora's Cave Customer Service Manager Martha Panches. Lara died far too young, victim of a fire that killed her two roommates as well. The story is part of a series of stories written to honor her memory. All profits from the sale of these stories goes to the Panches family for a memorial to Lara.

What else should we know?

A novella of mine, *Lifeline*, will be published in October by Whispers Publishing, and I'm finishing up another novella for Ellora's Cave, plus I have another project almost finished that isn't contracted as yet, so please keep an eye on my website for more news of stories coming from me.

Visit Katherine at:

<http://www.katherinekingston.com>





Sirens of Sensual Romances Reviews

SETTLER'S MINE 3: THE WOMAN

By Mechele Armstrong

www.mechelearmstrong.com

Genre: Fantasy

Publisher: Loose Id

www.loose-id.com



<http://sensual.ecataromance.com/index.php?p=685>

4.5 Stars!

"Mechele Armstrong has a way with words that can be truly magical. In *The Woman*, her characters are experiencing so many changes in their lives that it draws the reader into their lives as if these were people that we already knew. The world that Ms. Armstrong has created is so beautifully constructed that it adds depth to a story that is already loaded with drama and passion and sensuality. That in and of itself is a sign of a brilliant author." ~ *Reviewed by Kimberley Spinney, Sensual Ecataromance*

PHANTOM AFFAIR

By Katherine Kingston

<http://www.katherinekingston.com>

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

www.ellorasave.com

Genre: Paranormal

<http://www.jasminejade.com/pm-7362-97-phantom-affair.aspx>

"Katherine Kingston's *Phantom Affair* delivers a touching storyline that leaves readers with a bit of hope for those who have left our lives far too early. Robert's life hasn't been an easy one, before or after his death, and as a reader I couldn't help but hope for a second chance at life and happiness for him.



"Kelly's a strong woman who accepts Robert for who he is and genuinely treasures his presence in her life. Katherine Kingston brings these characters and their plight to the forefront of the reader's imagination and installs a sense of pride for their accomplishments.

"*Phantom Affair* is one of several books being released through Ellora's Cave which are dedicated to Lara Anne PUNCHES, a young woman whose life was cut tragically short. A portion of the proceeds from the sale of this book will be donated to her family." ~ *Reviewed by Chrissy Dionne for Romance Junkies Reviews*

http://romancejunkiesreviews.com/artman/publish/paranormal/Phantom_Affair.shtml

KYLE'S BARGAIN

By Katherine Kingston

<http://www.katherinekingston.com>

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

Buy Link: <http://www.jasminejade.com/pm-7265-97-kyles-bargain.aspx>

Genre: BDSM

ISBN: 9781419921681

"Enjoy and savor the evolution of a true BDSM relationship in Katherine Kingston's *Kyle's Bargain*.

"Ms. Kingston paints two very real characters that grow on you throughout the story. Kyle and Meg have insecurities which played out in titillating ways making me squirm at times in my seat as I read this saga of two unlikely people who fall in love." ~ *Reviewed by Victoria for Two Lips Reviews*



http://www.twolipsreviews.com/content/index.php?option=com_content&task=view&id=4232&Itemid=36



Sirens of Sensual Romances Reviews

FORBIDDEN FANTASIES

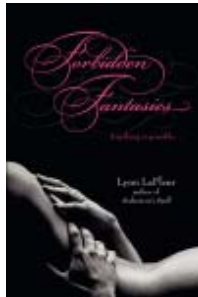
By Lynn LaFleur

www.lynnlafleur.com

Publisher: Avon Red

<http://www.harpercollins.com/book/index.aspx?isbn=9780061632723>

Genre: Contemporary Anthology



"On a ship where any erotic fantasy can come true, three friends are about to learn exactly what they are looking for the most in *Forbidden Fantasies*. But fantasies coming true isn't the only magic happening on this cruise, and with every erotic encounter, each of the couples is coming closer to finding their happily-ever-after. *Forbidden Fantasies* is a sexy erotic anthology that you won't want to miss." ~ *Reviewed by Jennifer Bishop, RRT Erotic*

The entire review can be found at:

<http://tinyurl.com/nuwjst>

"Rating 4 Coffee Cups! *Forbidden Fantasies* is a devilishly sensual read with characters that will have you begging for more. The women are no shrinking violets and give as good as they get. The men, especially Rand and Jonathan, will have any red-blooded woman panting after them." ~ *Reviewed by Lori Gardner, Coffee Time Romances*

The entire review can be found at:

<http://coffeetimeromance.com/BookReviews/forbiddenfantasies.html>



TURNING POINT

By Lynn LaFleur and Randi Monroe

www.lynnlafleur.com

www.randimonroe.com

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

Release Date: June 2009

ISBN: 9781419922497 (E-format)

Genre: Moderne - Contemporary



"Mary Beth is a feisty and courageous heroine whose insecurities and fears make her seem refreshingly real. Rico is a complex wild card whose haunted past plays havoc with his strong alpha appeal creating a vulnerable and passionate hero that's delicious. The relationship between the characters seems warm and real with a deep level of sensuality and fire to their relationship. Steamy sexual and erotically naughty loving is a sultry thrill that seems to burn the pages up. The memorable supporting characters help to enhance the richness of the story. *Turning Point* is a superbly written tale reinforcing the power of love!" ~ *Reviewed by Shannon - The Romance Studio*

The entire review can be found at:

<http://www.theromancestudio.com/reviews/reviews/turningpointlafleurmonroe.htm>

"Rico and Mary Beth had chemistry all those years ago, and even with all the baggage they both are carrying, that chemistry makes it impossible for them to be anything but lovers. But there's more to what is between them than just a physical relationship, and that's what's causing all the doubt and insecurity that threatens to tear them apart. A serious subject, a love that was meant to be, and the angst associated with all that they've endured, *Turning Point* was a hot, thought-provoking read that I read from start to finish in one sitting." ~ *Reviewed by Chris - Night Owl Reviews*

The entire review can be found at:

<http://www.nightowlromance.com/nightowlromance/reviews/Review.aspx?daoid=4095>



Sirens of Sensual Romances *Reviews*

THE AVALON PATROL: THE ROAD TO AVEA

By Lynn Lorenz

www.lynnlorenz.com

Genre: Paranormal/Fantasy Romance

Publisher: Amber Quill Press/Amber Allure

www.amberquillpress.com

Review - 5+ Keeper from BookWenches -

"I can sum this book up in one word: amazing. From the first few pages I was addicted and drawn into Ms. Lorenz's fantasy world. The vivid descriptions jumped from the pages as if they were alive and painted a picture of reality. I found myself so enraptured I couldn't put the book down, not even for a bit of shut-eye."

The entire review can be found at:

<http://www.bookwenches.com/july09reviews.htm>



Aphrodisiacs - fact or fiction? *Part IV*

Throughout history, food has always played an important role in seduction. In this issue, we continue to list the everyday foods we all keep in our fridges or pantries that can—allegedly—do much more than satisfy a sweet tooth or calm a growling tummy. Enjoy!

Pineapple

Rich in vitamin C, pineapple is used in the homeopathic treatment for impotence. Add a spear to a sweet rum drink for a tasty prelude to an evening of passion.

Raspberries and Strawberries

Perfect foods for hand feeding your lover. Both invite love and are described in erotic literature as "fruit nipples." Both are high in vitamin C and make a sweet light dessert.

Truffles (not the chocolate treat)

The Greeks and the Romans considered the rare truffle to be an aphrodisiac. The musky scent is said to stimulate and sensitize the skin to touch.

Vanilla

The scent and flavor of vanilla is believed to increase lust. According to the Australian Orchid Society, "Old Totonac lore has it that Xanat, the young daughter of the Mexican fertility goddess, loved a Totonac youth. Unable to marry him due to her divine nature, she transformed herself into a plant that would provide pleasure and happiness." Fill tall champagne glasses to the rim and add a vanilla bean for a heady, bubbly treat.

Wine

A glass or two of wine can greatly enhance a romantic interlude. Wine relaxes and helps to stimulate our senses. Drinking wine can be an erotic experience. Let your eyes feast on the color of the liquid. Caress the glass, savor the taste on your lips. NOTE: remember that excessive alcohol will make you too drowsy for after-dinner romance. A moderate amount of wine has been said to "arouse" but much more than that amount will have the reverse effect.

Once again our thanks to *Cambridge World History of Food*, and *gourmetsleuth.com*.



Enticing Excerpts

Excerpt from **ANOTHER NIGHT, ANOTHER DREAM**

By Mechele Armstrong

www.mechelarmstrong.com

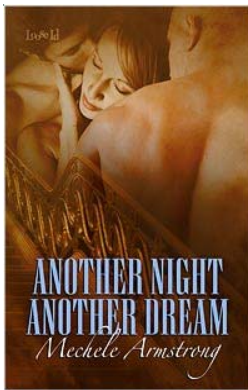
Publisher: Loose-id

<http://www.loose-id.com/prod->

[Another Night, Another Dream-990.aspx](http://www.loose-id.com/prod-Another Night, Another Dream-990.aspx)

ISBN: 978-1-59632-990-4

Cover Artist: April Martinez



Cassie *thought* she'd convinced her friends not to throw her some lame birthday party, but when her 25th rolls around, boy was she wrong. Not only is there a birthday party, but there's a stripper, and a bitchy little tramp who insults Cassie's plus-sized curves at her own party. Pissed off beyond belief,

Cassie storms out, only to get trapped in a stairwell.

The stripper, Aden, and the bodyguard, Leo, follow her out to check on her, but just their luck, they get trapped in with her. Aden can't believe his luck at being stuck with the gorgeous birthday girl and the Hotty McHotass he's been looking at all night. Hotty McHotass takes the whole thing pretty stoically, just like he does everything else but you can't judge a book by its cover.

To distract Cassie from a claustrophobic panic attack, the boys start up a game of Truth or Dare. Cassie reveals her secret fantasy to have a threesome, and one by one, hearts, souls, and bodies are laid bare. It's a fantasy come true, and so much more, but when the game's over, will it turn out to be just another night, another dream?

Excerpt from *Another Night, Another Dream*

A knock sounded on the door.

"That must be it." Elly's expression grew crafty. A look that Cassie had seen on her cat before he started to pounce. "Get the door. It's another surprise."

I'm not sure my heart can take another one. Cassie didn't say it aloud. Her friend was trying to make her birthday special and do things for her. She'd keep telling herself that.

Elly clapped her hands together. "Everyone! Listen up. Cassie's going to get the door." She pulled out her camera again and focused it on Cassie.

A collective "oohhhhhh" spread around the room.

Cassie winced. This was not going to be good.

What could her friends have in store for her? She looked around the room. Everyone's eyes were trained on the door and her. *Everyone.* She pursed her lips and put her hand on the door. Yanked it open.

A police officer stood there. With a bigger dude in back of him who stood with his hands behind his back. The fluorescent lights shone off the gold badge pinned to the cop's massive chest. "Cassie Lincoln?"

She blinked at him. What the hell? "Yes."

"I need to ask you a few questions." He stepped inside, coming so close to her she could feel his body heat. Could smell his spicy scent.

A slight shiver raced across her. He smelled of a popular cologne. And a breath mint. She backed up a couple of steps. Not because she wanted to but because he used that big body to move her. He stepped into her personal space with the sureness of a panther.

The other man followed the police officer into the room and shut the door behind him. It clicked into place.

The cop smiled, showing even white teeth against his mocha skin tone. He was wearing sunglasses so it was impossible to see his eyes. She wanted to. His head was covered by a hat but she saw a tuft of tight, curly hair. It was cropped close. He was tall and muscular, even though the other man was taller and wider. "Cassie Lincoln?" He repeated her name in a gruff, authoritative voice.



Enticing Excerpts

ANOTHER NIGHT, ANOTHER DREAM By Mechele Armstrong

Continued from Page 9

She squared her shoulders. Looked around to her friends. None of them were freaking out that this cop was here asking her questions. Which gave her pause. She looked back to the cop. "Yes?"

"Is this your birthday?" His teeth continued to gleam as his lips curled up. What did his eyes look like behind those dark glasses? She wanted to pull them down and peek.

"Yes." She glanced back to her friends. No sign of anything on their faces except maybe a dose of lust for the burly policeman.

Elly snapped a picture. A flash of light snapped across Cassie's nerves.

She turned back to the cop. Looked him up and down. Oh hell. Surely they hadn't done what she was thinking. That would be way too cliché.

"You're twenty-five?" He stared down into her face. His mouth tightened in a harsh line, instead of a grin.

"Yes." For some reason she liked the somber look better on him. The wide grin had gotten on her nerves. This look made her think she was in trouble. A position she liked to be in.

He pulled out a baton. "Well, in that case...I'm going to have to bust you." He said the words in a singsongy voice.

The other man placed a boom box on the floor beside the door and punched a button. Music blared from the little speakers. The song was *Another Night Another Dream* by La Bouche.

The man started bucking his hips and twirling the baton.

Cassie pinched her nose. It was what she'd thought. "A stripper?" She turned toward Elly, who snapped another picture of Cassie. "A stripper?"

Elly grinned. "Surprise! I figured you could use the attention after working so hard lately. From someone hubbalicious." She looked even prouder than Cassie's cat now. "I have dollars for you too."

Cassie had to admit as she turned back toward the stripper that the man was fine. He could dance. She shifted back, watching him move gracefully, keeping his eyes on her at all times.

His body stretched and turned, the muscles bunching up and relaxing. He looked like a finely carved statue. Was that an erection?

She didn't want to look too closely but couldn't help a quick glance. Her gaze scanned the rest of him, paying attention to the muscular dips and bulges, which were everywhere.

Okay, maybe this was a better idea than she'd thought it would be. A little eye candy never hurt anyone. The music rolled over her, catching her in the sensual strains. She could get lost watching this man dance for her. How much would he take off? Probably not as much as she'd like, but she'd enjoy what he did. She licked her lips.

He reached down, pulled something on his white shirt, and it ripped apart. Showing off rolling pecs, he dropped the remnants on the floor. Bounced so that his nipples rolled.

Her mouth went dry. She could taste him. He'd taste better than coffee on a cold morning.

The other man stood impassively by the door with his hands behind his back. His jaw tightened.

His eyes met Cassie's for a second, but then he looked away. *Interesting*. What was that all about? Was he as drawn to the stripper as Cassie was? Maybe they were already lovers? Who knew? She imagined the two of them in bed with each other.

She almost had to fan herself. What a picture that would make. Two huge cocks battling it out. Large, sweaty, hairy bodies coming together in a perfect pitch of domination. Yeah, she definitely needed that fan.

~*~

Visit Mechele Armstrong at:
www.mechelarmstrong.com

Enticing Excerpts



Excerpt from **TO TOUCH A WOMAN** By Alice Gaines

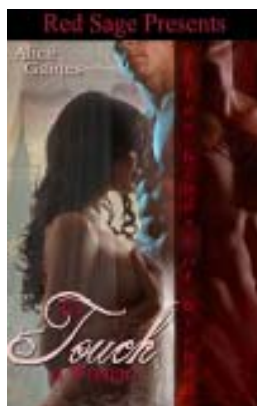
<http://home.pacbell.net/halice/>

Publisher: Red Sage Publishing, Inc.

ISBN: 9781603103503 – E-Book

Length: Novella

Category: Historical, Me'nage A Trois,
Paranormal



Edward and Margaret Sinclair are very much in love and would be deliriously happy in their marriage except for one thing – as good Victorians, neither have had much experience with the marital act. As a result, sex is painful for Margaret and frustrating for

Edward. They encounter a mysterious stranger named Trey who may be able to help them solve their problem. However, both husband and stranger will have to make love to Margaret if Edward is to learn how to touch his woman.

Excerpt from *To Touch a Woman*

Edward's mind spun. Engaging a woman's senses. What did he know of all that? Upstairs, his wife – the love of his life – would have climbed into bed. She'd given him provocative touches this evening, had kissed him longer than strictly necessary and in front of strangers. She'd as much as asked him to join her and couple with her.

Now, a perfect stranger had filled his head with nonsense he couldn't use. If he tried with Margaret and failed again, he'd push her even farther away. The headaches, the timidity would get worse. He didn't have time for practice. He needed to make love to her properly, tonight. How in bloody hell could he learn how to do that in the next half-hour?

Oh, to be a fly on the wall when a more experienced man, like the one sitting across the table from him, coupled with a shy woman. He could watch the moves, the way to touch her body, the sort of reassurances that would relax her. Just the education he needed. But, even if he could talk Treveylan into performing for him, where would he find a woman for the purpose? He didn't even know anyone else here.

Unless...oh no, impossible. He did have such a lady waiting upstairs for him right this moment. Margaret. His own dear wife.

The idea was insane. And yet, *if* he were to convince her to try, and *if* Treveylan agreed, he'd accomplish two important goals at once. He'd learn, and the other man would make some progress in getting past her fear. The plan had its own internal logic. Desperate problems needed desperate solutions. Treveylan's touch had worked once already. It might work again.

Good Lord. If someone had told him that morning he'd even contemplate such a thing, he would have called them a lunatic. Now, he'd done a lot more than contemplate it. He poured himself another drink and downed it in one swallow.

"Are you all right?" Treveylan asked.

"No." He'd do this. He'd hate every minute, but for Margaret, he'd do it. "I need a favor from you."

"Whatever I can do."

"You see..." God's blood, this was embarrassing. "I can't make my wife happy."

"She seems happy."

"In bed, damn it. I can't please her in bed."

"Ahhh." Treveylan took the bottle and served himself. "A problem becoming erect?"

He couldn't help but laugh at that. He was already hard, and this conversation wouldn't help matters. "I get hard well enough. Hard enough that I hurt her."

Treveylan's brow furrowed. "That doesn't usually happen after the first time."

"The first time was bloody torture. She tried, but she was so tight, I could hardly penetrate her." He poured some more brandy. "It even hurt me."

"I see."

"Now, every time I touch her, she tightens like a spring."



Enticing Excerpts

TO TOUCH A WOMAN

By Alice Gaines

Continued from Page 11

"That was the tension I felt in her shoulders," Treveylan said.

"She was afraid I'd want my rights as a husband tonight." He swallowed some of the liquor. He'd had enough that it had lost its bite. "God help me, I do."

"What do you do to prepare her?"

"I hold her, kiss her, tell her she's beautiful," Edward answered. "What else is there?"

Treveylan's hand and glass stopped halfway to his mouth. "You really don't know?"

"How could I? No one's ever taught me."

"Bloody hell," Treveylan spat. "Bloody society with its bloody 'decency.'"

"I don't see how it's anyone's fault but mine."

"You don't?" Treveylan pushed his glass away and leaned over the table toward him. "All the pious asses preach sin night and day. The respectable declare that sex is dirty and shameful. Most young men have an older man to guide them, or an adventurous woman. You didn't?"

"No one."

"Neither you nor your wife had any experience, and you expect to figure it out on your own."

He sighed. "That's the long and the short of it, I'm afraid."

"So, you want me to teach you." Treveylan blew out a breath. "That's too much for one conversation, and besides, it's already late."

"That's not exactly the favor I'd like to ask." He gripped the stem of his snifter and stared into the amber liquid.

"What do you want, then?"

He clenched his teeth and searched for words that would make the proposal sound better.

"Out with it, man," Treveylan said. "What do you want me to do?"

No use. There were no words except the simple ones. "I want you to make love to Margaret, and I want to watch."

"Good Lord, you want me to swive your wife?"

His head jerked up in surprise. "Don't call it that."

"That's what you're talking about. You want me to tumble her, plow her, frig her.

"Nothing that vulgar."

"Sex is vulgar. And messy, and awkward, and profound. That's part of your problem, Sinclair. Your whole life, you've danced around it."

"Don't be ridiculous."

"What do you think you'll see if I do what you want?" Treveylan said. "What do you think you'll hear? A minuet? Polite conversation?"

His gut churned, and not from the liquor.

Needless to say, he'd never watched anything like that before, but he knew enough about the act to imagine what he'd have to face. Still, what choice did he have? Things couldn't continue as they'd gone on in the past.

"You're serious about this, aren't you?"

Treveylan said.

"Deadly serious."

Treveylan picked up his glass and put it down again. "She'd have to agree to it, and not just to please you."

"She enjoyed your touch earlier. It transformed her." Changed her back into the vivacious woman he'd courted and won. He'd give his right arm to have that lovely creature back.

"Please, do this for us."

"I usually don't have to be convinced to make love to a beautiful woman." Treveylan glanced over to the staircase as if he could see up it to where Margaret waited in bed. "With her consent, I'll do it."

~*~

Visit Alice Gaines at:

<http://home.pacbell.net/halice/>



Enticing Excerpts

Excerpt from **THE WILDING** By Treva Harte

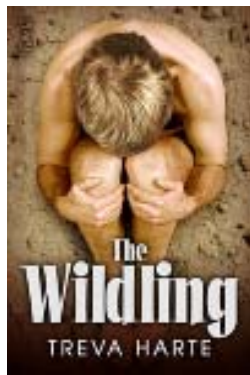
www.trevaharte.com

Publisher: Loose ID

ISBN: 1-59632-197-0

Cover Artist: April Martinez

http://www.loose-id.com/prod-The_Wilding-186.aspx



In the uncivilized out-country known as Aridzone, Arness is the best at what she does. The wildlings she captures and domesticates worship her. In return she always matches her pets with doting, wealthy mistresses who reward hard work. She loves her job...

Until the uncontrollable Adan enters her life. He insists he is a man, not a pet. Will Adan fall under her spell, or will Arness learn that submission can work both ways?

Excerpt from *The Wildling*

"Come along, my wildlings." Since the words alone wouldn't be enough for all of them, Arness whistled. Those who hesitated before, now moved forward at the sound. Even the newest captures had learned the meaning of her whistle.

"Not a bad lot." Arness turned to Primary, with a smile on her face. "A good thing, too, since they'll be my year's earnings, more or less. Would you like a nice new collar when we go into town?"

Primary touched the rather worn leather collar at his neck.

"Whatever you wish, Mistress." Primary shot a sideways glance at her. "I'm partial to a deeper shade of blue."

Before she could answer, he ran forward to yank at the chain of one of the faster wildlings.

"Slow there!" He snapped the command in his deepest voice. He spoke harshly, with none of the deference he paid to his mistress. "Keep in line."

Arness mentally shook her head. She always had to remember the latent violence that existed in all these creatures — even in her wise Primary.

"Gentle! You're yanking the chain too hard; the beast won't be able to breathe!" Arness called. "Remember, he doesn't understand all the word commands yet."

"He'll learn fast enough," Primary growled, then lowered his eyes. "I know he's capable of following orders. You're too soft with them. They'll take advantage."

Arness actually shook her head this time. Primary had been trained to speak quite fluently, but sometimes he forgot not all wildlings had his abilities. Arness thought his conversation was quite a testament to her training, as well as his own intelligence. She might be partial, but she was also sure he was much further advanced than most pets.

"Don't remind me of who takes advantage of my generosity." Arness kept her tone cold. "I gave you an order."

Primary was perhaps a foot or more above her in height, but he looked stricken as he bowed his head.

"Mistress."

Arness wanted to sigh. Not even Primary agreed with her methods of dealing with wildlings. But how could she help it? All her wildlings were such beautiful, sleek creatures. They were a delight to look at, a pleasure to train. Perhaps Primary was right that she was over-gentle with them. But when you were camping in the out-country for months on end, with nothing but half-wild beasts for company, you forgot they were chattel to be sold for a profit ... unless you kept a few for your own entertainment.

Speaking of which —

"Sec! Secondary!" Arness called

Primary was hulking. Over the years his brown hair had developed a few strands of gray at the temples. She kept him for his endless strength, vast experience and complete loyalty.



Enticing Excerpts

THE WILDLING By Treva Harte

(Continued from Page 13)

Secondary was just the opposite. He bounded to her side, all but wiggling with excitement. Arness laughed, just looking at his hopeful air. He was all youthful eagerness and expectation. She kept Secondary to amuse her.

"I suppose you are expecting a treat whenever I call, eh, my little pleasure glutton?" She hooked her little finger into the nipple ring he'd insisted upon during their last town visit and twisted slightly. "Have you been watching your half of my wildlings?"

Sec's eyes half shut with delight at her touch.

"Yesss," he breathed out.

She swatted him on his rear.

"Then keep watching," she advised. "I don't want to see you off seeking your own pleasure instead of doing your duty."

~*~

Visit Treva Harte at:
www.trevaharte.com



Excerpt from

KYLE'S BARGAIN

By Katherine Kingston

<http://www.katherinekingston.com/>

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/pm-7265-97-kyles-bargain.aspx>



In a desperate attempt to save the small shopping center that houses her bookstore, Meg tries to force developer Kyle into talking to the people his project will displace. She even offers to sleep with him to get his time. He counters with a bargain. He'll give her two hours if she'll spend a night in his bed, enduring his punishment. Both honor

their promises, but neither is prepared for the attraction that blazes between them in the process, turning duty into joy and punishment into pleasure.

Lust blooms into love, but they each have baggage—family, financial and emotional—that may interfere with the relationship. And then there's Kyle's little confession that he's into sexual Mastery and occasional threesomes...

Excerpt from Kyle's Bargain

The room was beautifully appointed with heavy drapes shading the windows, shag carpet, dark wood furniture. Oceans of pillows sat atop the satin coverlet on the queen-sized bed. Yet for all that, it contained few personal items. A guest room, most likely.



Enticing Excerpts

KYLE'S BARGAIN By Katherine Kingston

(Continued from Page 14)

Without releasing her hand, he dragged off the cover, scattering pillows. Then he drew her to him again, dipped his head and kissed her. Hard, deep, warm, sweet. His mouth covered hers, claimed it, demanded it, nibbling on her lips, nipping, licking, sucking.

The fire inside, which had lain smoldering since the spanking ended, roared to life again. It blazed inferno hot, making her melt toward him. Meg groaned and parted her lips, inviting him in. Prickly sparks zipped all through her. His tongue invaded, explored, captured, filled her with the promise of total completion. He tasted like coffee and Cointreau and fire and man and every sweet thing she'd ever wanted and never thought she could have.

His hands sought the hem of her shirt and worked their way under to run up and down her spine, caressing the skin of her back. She shivered at the feel and the pulsing, electrical sparks it set off in her gut.

Desperate for the feel of his skin, she grabbed a handful of his shirt and yanked it from the waistband of his trousers so she could get her fingers beneath it. Breath sighed out of her as her palms brushed over the smoothness of his back, caressed the small bumps of his spine and hooked on the strong shoulder blades. Hunger for him roused, a desperate need for more than just the taste of his mouth and the feel of his hands. She wanted every inch of him pressed against her, except for the hardness now pressing into her belly. That part she wanted inside. Sooner. Now.

She'd read about this kind of passion, this desperate wanting and needing, but she'd never experienced it before. Not even with David. Odd that it took a man who had irritated and infuriated her to rouse it. A man who gave her what she'd wanted almost forever though she barely realized it.

They each worked buttons for a moment until their shirts hung open and they shrugged out of them, letting the garments drop to the floor. Meg stared at the mouth-watering expanse of masculine chest revealed and reached up to rub over the strong pectoral muscles. A smattering of dark hair roughened the skin there.

She dug her fingers into it while Kyle wrestled with the clasp on her bra. After a moment he got it loose and she shook the undergarment off. His gasp of appreciation as he cupped her breasts drove her to kiss him again in thanks. Since she'd never redone the zipper and button of her pants, she had only to give them a nudge and they slid down her hips. She stepped out of them and her shoes at the same time.

He tipped her back onto the bed and Meg sank into the deeply cushioned mattress, floating amidst decadent satin sheets and silk-covered pillows. "You keep this boudoir ready for all your lovers?" she asked, running a finger down his chest and across his flat belly to the waist of his trousers.

"It's just the guest room. Rita picked out the furnishings. I didn't see any need to change them."

She reached for the button of his pants, but he swept her hand aside and undid them himself. In a smooth, rapid series of motions, he got rid of shoes, socks and pants. He had to lift the briefs over the bulge of his cock, allowing it to spring loose, aiming toward her, when he slid them down his legs and off.

Meg sucked in a breath. He said *she* was beautiful? Kyle Harrison practically defined what a man *should* look like, with his long, lean build, broad shoulders, narrow waist and solid but not bulging muscles. His cock was gorgeous too, jutting proudly from his body, long and thick, weeping a bead of pre-cum to proclaim his readiness.

~*~

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Enticing Excerpts

Excerpt from

MICHELLE'S MEN

By Lynn LaFleur

www.lynnlafleur.com

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/pm-5672-101-michelles-men.aspx?skinid=11>

Second in the Coopers' Companions series

Michelle Cooper has strong standards. Although she's a third owner of Coopers' Companions, a successful male escort service, she never dates any of the escorts. Mixing business with pleasure always leads to a mess. Her convictions are put to the test when two men apply for jobs as escorts. Nathan Turner and Andre D'Amato send her hormones into overdrive.



Andre and Nathan have been friends and lovers for years. They love each other, yet both enjoy sex with women. Neither has been interested enough in one woman to pursue her – until they meet Michelle.

Pursuing Michelle isn't easy. She makes it clear to the two men that she doesn't date any of the escorts. Andre and Nathan want Michelle and come up with a simple solution: she should date both of them. That isn't even a possibility as far as Michelle is concerned. She can't possibly become involved with two men at the same time. Can she?

Excerpt from *Michelle's Men*

Andre came to the bed.

Looking into her eyes, he began unbuttoning his shirt. Once it hit the floor, Nathan tugged off his pullover and dropped it on top of Andre's shirt.

Michelle clenched her fists to keep from reaching out and caressing those firm male chests, sliding her fingertips across hard dark nipples. Her own nipples beaded in response to her thoughts.

Belts came off next. Jeans were unfastened. Her breathing grew heavier as she watched each man push his jeans over his hips. Stiff cocks stood straight up, almost begging for attention.

Hands or mouth. She didn't know which one to use first on them.

The decision was taken from her when Andre dropped to his knees. He slid her skirt farther up her legs. "Open for me," he whispered.

Spreading her legs, Michelle leaned back and braced herself with her palms. She lifted her hips when he grasped the waistband of her thong. He pulled it off and dropped it on top of his and Nathan's clothing.

"This night is for you, Michelle." He kissed her knee. "Whatever you want." Another kiss fell on the inside of her thigh. "Anything you want." The tip of his tongue tickled the sensitive spot between thigh and pelvis. "However you want it." He swiped his tongue across her clit. "Just tell us what you want and we'll do it."

Moaning, Michelle arched her hips and spread her legs even wider. "That. Lick my pussy. I want to come."

Nathan climbed on the bed behind her. "That's what we want too, for you to come again and again." She leaned back on his chest as he palmed her breasts. "How about if I play with your nipples while Andre licks you?"

"Mmm, yes."

A moment later, her top and bra had joined the pile of clothing on the floor. Nathan caressed her breasts, lifting and squeezing the full globes. He flicked her nipples with his thumbs, pinched them with thumbs and forefingers. Between the stimulation on her nipples and her clit, Michelle knew an orgasm would hit her quickly.

She grabbed handfuls of Andre's hair when the climax took her. "Ohhhhhhhhh!" He continued to lick her clit, sending a smaller, less intense, orgasm thundering through her body. She would've collapsed on the bed if Nathan hadn't been behind her. He continued to rub her nipples, keeping the stimulation flooding her body.



Enticing Excerpts

MICHELLE'S MEN

By Lynn LaFleur

(Continued from Page 16)

Nathan nipped her earlobe. "God, you're hot."
"Yeah," Andre said in a guttural voice. He wiped her juices from his chin. "I love how quickly you come."

"I don't..." She had to stop and take a breath. "I don't usually come so quickly."

Andre grinned wickedly. "So Nathan and I are doing something right, yes?"

Michelle chuckled weakly. "You could say that, yeah."

"Excellent." He touched her tender clit with the pad of his thumb. "We want to give you the most pleasure you've ever received."

A sharp tweak of her nipples made Michelle gasp. Nathan nipped her earlobe again, then drove his tongue into her ear. Goose bumps scattered across her skin. "Have you ever been with two men, Michelle?"

She shook her head.

"Ever fantasized about it?"

"Yes," she whispered.

Andre began to lick her pussy again. Michelle propped her feet on the bed and let her legs fall open.

"That's the way," Nathan said, still massaging her nipples. "Show us what you like, what you want. It's all about your pleasure."

She could feel Nathan's hard cock pressed against her lower back. "What-what about you?"

His chuckle sounded devilish. "Andre and I will find pleasure too, believe me. But our main concern is *you* and what pleases you."

"What if... Oh!" She drew in a sharp breath when Andre suckled her clit. "What if I want to do something to you or Andre?"

"Name it."

"I want to suck someone's cock."

~*~

Visit Lynn LaFleur at:

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Excerpt from

TURNING POINT

By Lynn LaFleur and
Randi Monroe

<http://www.thetarotcafe.com>

www.lynnlafleur.com

www.randimonroe.com

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Book Length: Novel

<http://www.jasminejade.com/pm-7322-101-turning-point.aspx?skinid=11>

Convicted at nineteen of a brutal crime he did not commit, Rico Zanini survived ten years in prison because of a driving need to seek revenge against the juror who could have set him free. Mary Beth Hunter, an eighteen-year-old with the face of a Madonna, fiery red hair and a body that cried out to him to take her, had stirred his passion. For ten years, he hated her as much as he craved her.

Finally freed through The Innocence Project, Rico sets out to find Mary Beth and make her suffer the way he had. Mary Beth is now a successful attorney. They agree they have differences to settle, but their passion overshadows their best intentions.

With nothing in common but anger and insatiable desire, Rico makes Mary Beth's body sing as no other man ever has. But is passion enough to make Rico forget the past and give them a chance at love?





Enticing Excerpts

TURNING POINT

By Lynn LaFleur and Randi Monroe

(Continued from Page 17)

Excerpt from *Turning Point*

The next instant, Rico's lips swooped down on hers in a ravishing kiss. He held her jaw while his tongue dove into her mouth. She drew it deeper, sucking it the way he'd make sure she soon sucked his cock.

"My god, you're hot," he growled.

With his mouth still plundering hers, he nudged her backward until she met the resistance of the loveseat. She slid onto it, hitched the heels of her feet on the edge of the cushion and spread her knees wide. Her pussy glistened with anticipation.

Unable to resist the lure of her wet flesh, he stooped between them and leaned forward to smell her pussy. He inhaled, drawing her scent deep into his lungs. His cock jerked. God, he wanted to fuck her, had wanted to fuck her for ten years.

Ignoring his needs, he slid his thumb over the slick folds, her clit. She shivered and stifled a moan by biting her lower lip.

He moved his thumb faster over her clit and added his fingers to the foreplay. "Is this what you need?"

"I need... Oh!" She gasped and arched her hips. "I need you inside me."

"Didn't some dude named de Sade say there's a fine line between pleasure and pain?" He dropped to his knees, slid his hands under her buttocks and pulled her forward. He knew by her trembling that she felt his breath, warm and demanding, against her pussy. She was where he wanted her, with a need so great she could no longer stop herself from moaning.

He draped her legs over his shoulders and tunneled his hand beneath her T-shirt. He blew soft little breaths along her labia while his fingers tugged and squeezed her breasts and pinched the sharp little pebbles her nipples had become.

"Rico, please..."

"You invited me to dinner, Mary Beth. Now I'm going to eat some nice fresh pussy for dessert." He lapped at her clit. Her taste exploded on his tongue...that sweet-salty taste of an aroused woman. She threaded her hands through his hair

and snapped the cord that held his ponytail in place. She was trembling so hard, he thought she might come before he took a second taste. "Do you want me to stop?"

"I want more."

"I'll give you more than you can handle, but don't you fuckin' come before I say you can."

Despite his harsh command, her body bucked against his mouth. "I can't stop... Ohhhhhhhhhhh."

Rico watched Mary Beth's eyes drift closed. He loved watching a woman climax, the way her chest rose and fell with her heavy breaths. He saw the flush of satisfaction spread on her skin in the light of the fire. Her clit retreated back inside its hood.

Rico had listened to a sixth sense that told him underneath the toughness, Mary Beth was a woman who at times craved domination. She'd reacted just as he hoped she would, with a climax stronger than any he'd ever coaxed from a woman.

He watched until her breath slowed to normal. He wasn't done with her. With one hand still under her shirt, he began drawing light circles around her tummy. She grimaced at what he knew tickled and tried to push his hand away.

"You came before I said okay." He took her wrist in his other hand.

She opened one eye. He saw a hint of curiosity as well as fear mixed with renewing desire. "You knew I would. You made me do it."

"What am I supposed to do about that?"

Her eyes opened wide. He grabbed hold of her ankles and pulled her legs farther apart. "If I ignored what the guards told me to do, they punished me."

She didn't answer, but he felt the shiver that ran through her.

"Don't you think you deserve to be punished?"

She lowered her gaze and shook her head.

"No...well, maybe—just a little."

"What type of punishment do you think you deserve?"

She gnawed on the tip of her thumbnail. She looked so damned sexy with her hair in tangles and her beautiful pussy sending the message that she was eager to play this little game, he didn't know if he had the strength to keep from coming in his pants.

"Maybe...um...a spanking," she said in a tiny voice.

Enticing Excerpts



TURNING POINT

By Lynn LaFleur and Randi Monroe

(Continued from Page 18)

"I didn't hear that." He pulled her thumb away from her lips. "Tell me what you deserve."

"Maybe...you know, if you spa—"

It happened so quickly, Mary Beth didn't know how to react. One moment she lay with her legs draped over Rico's shoulders. The next, and with as little effort as turning a pillow, he'd lifted her and turned her over his knees. She couldn't believe it. She shook again...not with fear this time, but eagerness to see what he'd do next.

Whack!

The slap stung, but there was no real pain. Her pussy thrummed. She wanted more.

"Tell me you're sorry you didn't obey me." His words sounded controlled, but his voice had gone hoarse. He held her with one hand resting lightly on the small of her back while he massaged her tingling cheeks with the other.

She looked over her shoulder at him. Her breath caught. His hair had fallen in gentle waves to below his shoulders. He shook an errant hank out of his eyes without taking his hands off her. Even dressed he was the sexiest man she'd ever seen. The thought of where this could go frightened her. She'd never had the courage to do this before.

"Tell me you're sorry, or..."

"No!"

"No?"

"You heard me."

Whack!

This time, it stung a little more. And her pussy thrummed even harder. If they kept this up, she'd come again...in seconds.

She held out through two more strikes before she apologized for coming too soon. She dropped her head to the cushion and lay there, so many thoughts racing through her mind. She'd just tread into the dark side. And she loved it.

Visit Lynn LaFleur at:

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Visit The Tarot Cafe:

<http://www.thetarotcafe.com/>

Excerpt from

REDNECKS 'N ROSES

By Judy Mays

<http://judymays.com/>



Amber is ready to bite nails. First, she loses her job. Okay, here's her chance to write the novel she always wanted to. Then, she arrives at the farm her aunt bequeathed her to find a man in her bathtub — a dead man.

Only he's not dead, well sort of not dead. Could things get any worse - or could they be getting better? The not so dead man is vampire. Hot damn! What more could a romance writer ask for but her very own vampire hero?

But, Rusty Nipple won't cooperate. He won't stop sleeping in the bathtub, he won't shave off his beard, he won't stop drinking beer, and he won't bite men. He won't even change his name! Who ever heard of a vampire named Rusty Nipple? How is she supposed to write about a suave, sexy, debonair vampire if Rusty won't cooperate?

Determined to make Rusty into the kind of vampire everyone wants to read about, Amber rolls up her sleeves and gets to work. However, Rusty sees Amber as a work in progress, too. What better way to learn all this new vampire stuff than with his very own live-in romance author.

[Excerpt from Rednecks 'n Roses](#)

Rusty frowned. Home. She was there — the goofy author lady. What was her name? Alice — Amy — no, Amber. Yeah, Amber, that was it. He shook his head. Fool woman wasn't afraid of him at

Redneck Excerpt continued on Page 20



Enticing Excerpts

REDNECKS 'N ROSES

By Judy Mays

(Continued from Page 19)

all. Why the hell not?

His mother had sobbed and run away from him when she'd seen his teeth. His father had suggested he go live somewhere else. And his grandmother. Fuck. She'd started a prayer circle to drive out the devil in his soul. All the old ladies at her church were still praying. He shrugged. Not that it had done any good.

But this writer, this Amber. She wasn't afraid of him. No, the exact opposite. She was happy because she was writing one of those crappy romance books with the half naked people on the cover that a lot of women seemed to like.

As he loped along, he stroked his beard. Christ, those freaking questions she asked were personal. Did biting people make him horny! Where did she get off asking a question like that? He didn't even know her.

A smile tickled the corner of his lips as he trotted along. She was kinda pretty. Blond hair, blue eyes. Her nose was a little bit pointy, but at least it wasn't big. She had a nice smile, too. And, not only were her teeth straight, but she wasn't missing any. Seemed like most of the women around here were missing a tooth or two. Rusty grinned. His father had always told him to make sure a woman had a mouth full of teeth before he spent any real amount of time with her.

The rest of Amber was really nice too. Her breasts had been hidden under her baggy tee shirt, but they were two very noticeable bumps. She was tall, almost as tall as he was with legs that seemed to reach to her neck. Rusty sighed. How he loved women with long legs. Amber naked would be a sight to see.

"Not like I could do anything with her if I wanted to. Fuckin' dick doesn't do anything but hang there now anyway," he growled to the empty night.

Still, he could pretend. Pulling a picture of Amber to his mind, he stripped her naked - high, pert breasts with pink nipples, flat stomach, golden curls between her legs. Yep, mighty fine woman to look at.

As Rusty hurdled a fallen log, his stomach rolled. His stomach muscles rippled and clenched as heat flooded his groin as blood surged into his cock. When he landed on the other side of the log, he staggered and almost fell flat on his face. Groaning, he jerked his zipper down, and his cock leaped free - hard, throbbing, aching. He reached down and touched the head. It jerked. Dropping his rifle, Rusty fell to his knees. A single tear rolled down his cheek and disappeared into his beard. "Buddy, you're back!" He fisted his cock and slowly began to pump.

Joyful warmth permeated his body. He felt his canines lengthen, but he ignored them, concentrating on the sheer pleasure of the first hard-on he'd had in two months, of the total bliss he felt from his warm hand massaging and sliding the soft skin of his cock up and down over the engorged muscle beneath it. Fuck, but this felt good. How he'd missed the aching need. Moaning, he pumped harder. If only he had a woman.

Just the thought of burying his cock inside a slick, tight woman hardened it even more. Sitting down, he leaned back against a tree and spread his legs further apart. Arching his back, he thrust his hips forward and closed his eyes. A woman. What woman?

Amber appeared in his mind again - this time naked. Oh yeah, baby. Long legs. Golden curls there between them. Would she play with herself? Come on, sit down honey. Spread those legs for me.

Rusty's teeth began to ache as she sat, spread her legs, and cupped her breasts. He sucked in his breath and held it as she pinched her nipples to hard points. So white, so round. Her nipples were so pink. Oh to be able to suck those sweet buds into his mouth.

When drops of cum dribbled out of his cock, he stopped pumping and smeared them over the head. Not quite the same as a woman's cum, but now he was slipperier. He began to pump again.

Eyes still closed, he watched as both of Amber's hands slid from her breasts, down over her stomach, and into the golden curls between her legs.

He began to pant. "Yes, baby. Let me see you do yourself."

She smiled at him then looked down at herself. With her left hand, she spread her lips. "Do you like what you see?"



Enticing Excerpts

REDNECKS 'N ROSES

By Judy Mays

(Continued from Page 20)

Rusty began to pant. "Oh, yeah, honey. Let me see more. Dip your fingers in."

Her chuckle was low. The fingers of her right hand slid between her lips. They dipped and swirled then circled her clit then dipped and swirled again. She shifted and moaned. "Hmmm. This feels good. Do you like it, Rusty."

He ran his tongue along his teeth. Blood seeped from the shallow cuts. His cock got even harder. He pumped faster. "More, baby. Finger fuck yourself."

She leaned back against the log that appeared out of nowhere, and he had a clear view of her cunt. It was red and moist and swollen. She slid her fingers inside and moaned. Her hips jerked. She slid her fingers back out and rubbed her clit. She slipped her fingers back inside again. She pulled them out and rubbed her clit harder. "I'm going to come, Rusty. I'm going to come."

His teeth ached. His cock ached. He wanted to bury all of them inside her. "Come, baby. Come for me. Now!"

His orgasm exploded. Opening his eyes, he watched his cum shoot out before him, splatter against a tree a good four feet away. Sweat cooled on his body.

In his mind, he heard Amber shriek, then something popped, and his vision of her disappeared.

When his breathing finally returned to normal, Rusty gazed in the direction of the house. Had she experienced the same thing he had? Had he connected with her mentally? "Christ, Amber. I sure hope it was as good for you as it was for me."

Now, if only his teeth would stop aching.

~*~

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Excerpt from

LE MYSTERE

By Samantha Winston

<http://www.samanthawinston.com>

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Line/icons: Twilight

Note : *Le Mystere* was formally part of the trilogy 'Cajun Nights'

When Louisiana Department of Fish and Wildlife agent Luke Braquesmar sees a woman alone in the bayou, his protective instincts come roaring to life. Who is this mysterious woman? It turns out she's the ghost of the woman his father was accused of killing 25 years ago. Thanks to a m'ambo's magic, Jesse comes back to life - and discovers love with Luke - their passion blazes.

Jesse's ghost has one last chance to avenge her death and maybe regain her life. Together Luke and Jesse must fight the evil that threatens their happiness. Luke can't let the only woman he's ever loved be taken away from him forever, but a murderer is determined to make sure Jesse dies again - and he's going to make sure Luke follows her to the grave.

Excerpt from *Le Mystere*

She turned her face to him. In the moonlight, it was very pale and the bruises stood out like dark stains on her neck, stirring sharp pity in him. "It's as if I woke up under that tree, and everything before that moment is a blur. All I can recollect is the music." She shook her head. "I'm sorry."

Le Mystere Excerpt continued on Page 22





Enticing Excerpts

LE MYSTERE

By Samantha Winston

(Continued from Page 21)

Music? "What kind of music? Rock, classical, jazz?"

She gave a small laugh. "It's an old folk song. *A la Claire Fontaine*." She hummed a few bars. "Someone was playing this on an accordion and singing."

That made no sense. "Were you at a party? A dance? You were definitely attacked. It looks as if someone tried to strangle you." Whoever had attacked her might have killed her. She looked fragile still, not quite right. As soon as he got her home, he'd call a doctor. He'd feel better then.

She looked uneasy. "I know someone attacked me, but I can't remember who, or why. When I think about it, it's all dark, and I'm afraid."

"What are you afraid of? That he'll come back and try again?" He was upsetting her, so he tried a different tack. "Where do you live?"

She hugged her knees tighter. "Around here, I think. I'm not certain, really. It's so odd. I have no recollection at all of living anywhere. I know it sounds strange..." Her voice trailed off and she looked at him. "Something is wrong. I know that. It's more than my bruises or being attacked. There's something I have to find, and if I don't find it, something terrible will happen to me."

Another prickle of disquiet shivered Luke's skin. She spoke so strangely sometimes, he could hardly understand her. *Something terrible?* Worse than being attacked and nearly strangled? "You have amnesia. The doctors will be able to help you, Jesse. *Ne te tracasse pas*. Don't fret."

She nodded. "I'm not." But she didn't sound convinced. Her voice was faint and she looked tired all of a sudden. Luke wanted to hold her again, to press his body against hers and keep her safe in his arms.

His whole body yearned for this woman. This strange, beautiful woman. It excited him and frightened him at the same time. But for now she had to get well. When she recovered, he'd... What? In his mind he saw himself standing at her doorstep—wherever that was—holding a bouquet of yellow honeysuckle. She would smile at him, her face lighting up, and then she'd kiss him. Her mouth would taste sweet, like a honeysuckle flower, and her lips would be like satin. Their mouths and bodies would...

He shook his head sharply. He was mad. He'd gone mad. She'd cast a spell on him. But what a spell! His mouth twitched in a rueful smile. He wanted to see her again soon. Hopefully she lived nearby.

"Here we are." Luke cut the motor and the boat glided to the pier. He caught sight of her pale face. "Hey, are you all right? Stay there, I'll tie her up and help you out." She looked as if she were about to pass out. He'd never seen anyone turn so ashen.

He caught the post and swung out of the boat. The planks creaked under his weight. Working quickly, he tied the boat up and secured it to the dock. Out of habit, he glanced at his house. The screened in porch which jutted out over the water was dark, and he couldn't see if his granny waited up for him or not. She sometimes sat there at night, when the heat wouldn't let her sleep. Perhaps she was there, sitting, watching. What would she think of Jesse? He'd never brought a woman to his house.

Then he turned back to the boat. Jesse was gone. She'd vanished without a sound. Where was she? Had she fallen overboard? He rushed to the water and looked in, but nothing had fallen into the river. The water stayed smooth, only the faint current rippled the dark surface. Besides, the water only reached his waist here. If she had fallen in, she could just stand up.

He scanned the dock. Beyond, tall trees shadowed the path leading to the house. Where had she gone? "Jesse?" There was no answer. Uneasy, he picked up his rifle and trotted down the wooden pier. He looked in the shade beneath the live oak, but there was nothing. No one was sitting on the old, wrought-iron bench overlooking the landing. He bounded up the steps to the house three at a time and pushed in the screen door. His granny was on her rocking chair, looking at him with a worried expression. In the dark, the whites of her eyes glinted. "I don't know." She put her hand to her neck and winced. "It's as if I woke up under that tree, and everything before that moment is a blur. All I can recollect is the music." She shook her head. "I'm sorry."

"What is it, Luke? Why are you back so early?"

"Where is she?" Luke set his rifle in its rack and turned to his granny. "The girl in the boat with me. Where did she go?" Foreboding prickled his skin.

His granny shook her head. "Luke, what are you talking about? You were alone in your boat. There was no one with you."

~*~

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Sirens of Sensual Romances Present

Decadent Delights

By Alice Gaines

Summer veggies

I love summer vegetables. I usually grow green beans, squashes, peppers, and tomatoes. All spring, I haunt the plants looking for signs of fruit. Then, all summer, I gobble my veggies like a madwoman. If you're wondering what do to with all that zucchini, I have a couple of recipes below. But here's what I do most of the time.



To get rid of all the water that makes summer squash so mushy when it's cooked, I salt it and let it rest for a while and then squeeze the water out.

Basic summer squash recipe

Coarsely grate or cut into thin slices. Salt liberally on all sides. Place in a colander and put that into the sink. Allow to sit about an hour. Squeeze out as much liquid as you can.

Heat a bunch of butter or olive oil in a frying pan. Add the squash and cook, allowing it to brown a bit. Don't add salt! When it's done, add grated parmesan or mozzarella cheese and any herbs you favor.

While my squashes are producing, I eat this almost every night and never get tired of it. Yum! There's nothing yummiier than homegrown vegetables.

Here's a recipe I thought up for a meatless main dish or a side dish.

Baked zucchini frittata

3/4 pound zucchini or other summer squash
1/2 large Vidalia sweet onion or 1/2 regular onion
Salt
2 tablespoons butter
Pepper
Your favorite herb(s), dried or fresh
4 eggs
2 tablespoons milk, cream, or evaporated milk
1 cup grated cheese of your choice

Grate squash coarsely or slice it thinly. Put in a colander in the sink, salt liberally, toss, and let stand for an hour or more to drain. By handfuls, squeeze out as much moisture as possible. (I learned this trick for getting rid of the excess water in zucchini from Julia Child.) Do not add salt later in this dish without checking for taste first. Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

Chop Vidalia onion coarsely or regular onion finely. Melt butter in skillet. Add onion and cook until translucent. Don't brown. Add squash and cook until hot. Add pepper and herbs to taste.

Liberally grease or PAM a 9" pie plate. Spread 1/2 of vegetable mixture in bottom. Cover with 1/2 cheese. Add the rest of the vegetables and top with the rest of the cheese.

Beat eggs with milk. Pour over vegetables and cheese and tip pie plate to distribute the eggs evenly. Bake at 350 for 1/2 hour until eggs are set (they'll puff a bit).



Decadent Delights

Continued from Page 23

Allow me to introduce you to my second passion (right after writing). *Cooks Illustrated*, aka *America's Test Kitchen*, aka *Cooks Country*. I'm on their mailing list to help test recipes before they appear in the magazine and on TV. I got this recipe last winter and had to buy store tomatoes and squashes to make it. I was astounded when it turned out good! They allow me to post this here as long as I give them credit. Please, if you decide to pass this along, do the same.



Cooks Illustrated summer vegetable gratin

Serves 6-8 as a side or 4 as a light main dish. Published July 1, 2008. From *Cook's Illustrated*.

The success of this recipe depends on good-quality produce. Buy zucchini and summer squash of roughly the same diameter. While we like the visual contrast zucchini and summer squash bring to the dish, you can also use just one or the other. A similarly sized broiler-safe gratin dish can be substituted for the 13-X-9-inch baking dish. Serve the gratin alongside grilled fish or meat and accompanied by bread to soak up any flavorful juices.

Ingredients

- 6 tablespoons extra virgin olive oil
- 1 pound zucchini, ends trimmed and sliced crosswise into 1/4 inch slices
- 1 pound summer squash (yellow), ends trimmed and sliced crosswise into 1/4 inch slices
- 2 teaspoons table salt
- 1-1/2 pounds ripe tomatoes (3 to 4 large), sliced 1/4 inch thick
- 2 medium onions, halved lengthwise and sliced thin pole-to-pole (about 3 cups)
- 3/4 teaspoon ground black pepper
- 2 medium garlic cloves, minced or pressed through a garlic press (about 2 teaspoons)
- 1 tablespoon minced fresh thyme leaves
- 1 large slice white sandwich bread, torn into quarters
- 2 oz parmesan cheese, grated (about 2 cups)
- 2 medium shallots, minced (about 1/4 cup)
- 1/4 cup chopped fresh basil leaves

Instructions

1. Adjust oven rack to upper-middle position and heat oven to 400 degrees. Brush 13-X-9-inch baking dish with 1 tablespoon oil; set aside.
2. Toss zucchini and summer squash slices with 1 teaspoon salt in large bowl; transfer to colander set over bowl. Let stand until zucchini and squash release at least 3 tablespoons of liquid, about 45 minutes. Arrange slices on triple layer paper towels; cover with another triple layer paper towels. Firmly press each slice to remove as much liquid as possible.

3. Place tomato slices in single layer on double layer paper towels and sprinkle evenly with 1/2 teaspoon salt; let stand 30 minutes. Place second double layer paper towels on top of tomatoes and press firmly to dry tomatoes.

4. Meanwhile, heat 1 tablespoon oil in 12-inch nonstick skillet over medium heat until shimmering. Add onions, remaining 1/2 teaspoon salt, and 1/4 teaspoon pepper; cook, stirring occasionally, until onions are softened and dark golden brown, 20 to 25 minutes. Set onions aside.

5. Combine garlic, 3 tablespoons oil, remaining 1/2 teaspoon pepper, and thyme in small bowl. In large bowl, toss zucchini and summer squash in half of oil mixture, then arrange in greased baking dish. Arrange caramelized onions in even layer over squash. Slightly overlap tomato slices in single layer on top of onions. Spoon remaining garlic-oil mixture evenly over tomatoes. Bake until vegetables are tender and tomatoes are starting to brown on edges, 40 to 45 minutes.

6. Meanwhile, process bread in food processor until finely ground, about 10 seconds. (You should have about 1 cup crumbs.) Combine bread crumbs, remaining tablespoon oil, parmesan, and shallots in medium bowl. Remove baking dish from oven and increase heat to 450 degrees. Sprinkle bread-crumbs mixture evenly on top of tomatoes. Bake gratin until bubbling and cheese is lightly browned, 5 to 10 minutes. Sprinkle with basil and let sit at room temperature 10 minutes before serving.



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We hope you enjoyed this issue of the *Sirens of Sensual Romances Newsletter*!
Our next issue will go out in mid-September 2009.