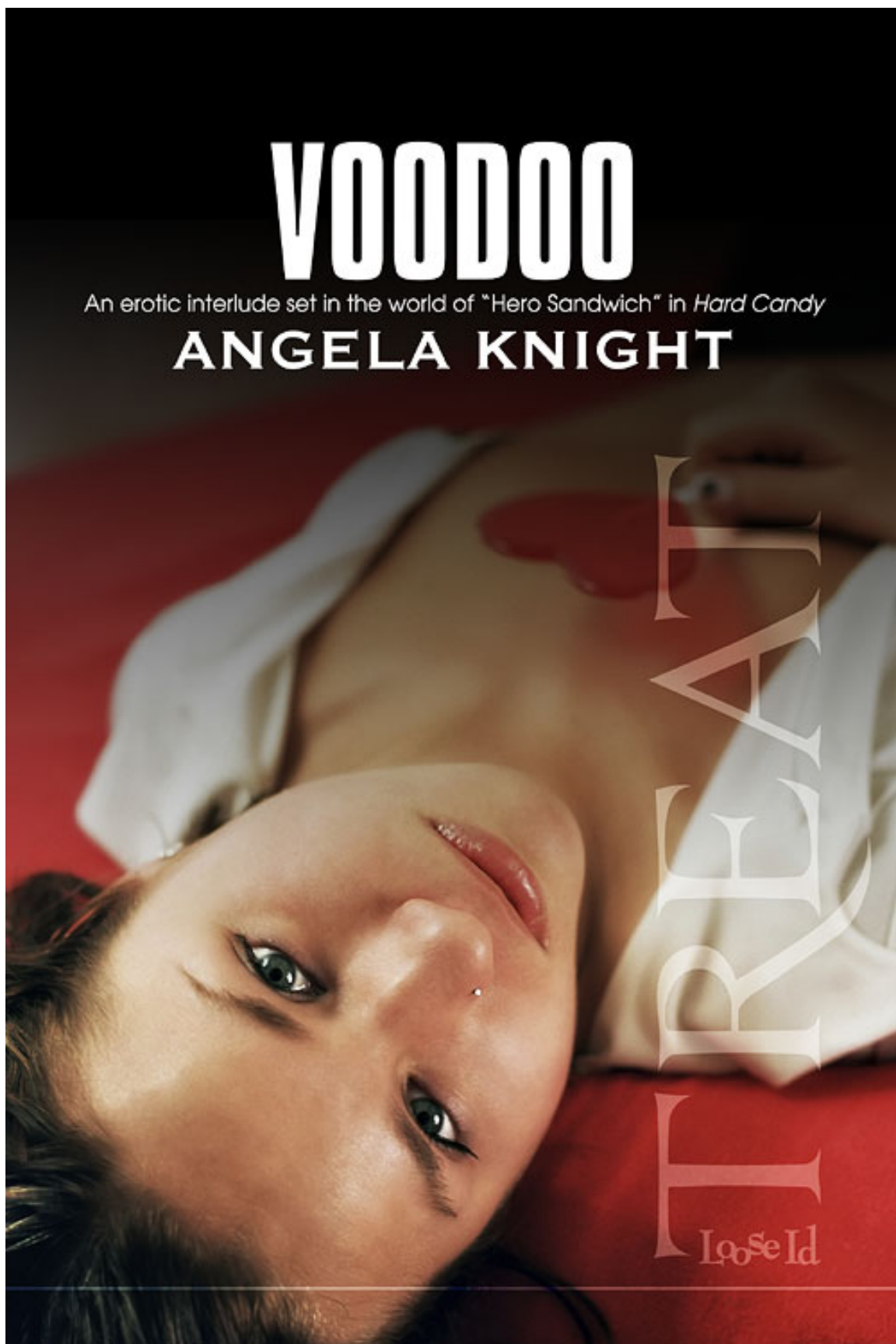


# VOODOO

An erotic interlude set in the world of "Hero Sandwich" in *Hard Candy*

ANGELA KNIGHT



# VOODOO

A Halloween Treat set in the world of  
*Hero Sandwich* in the anthology *HARD CANDY*

Trick or Treating's not just for kids this year!

Angela Knight

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# Voodoo

Angela Knight

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# Loowis



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A harvest moon rose over Manhattan, fat and round and orange as a pumpkin. “Happy Halloween, New York,” Lynx murmured, inhaling the familiar scents of diesel and exhaust, listening to the impatient honk of taxis and the distant squall of some police car three blocks over.

He rolled his muscular shoulder and flexed his gauntleted hands, restless energy surging through him. He was in the mood for a good fuck or a good fight, not necessarily in that order. Considering this was the one night of the year practically dedicated to costumed assholes, he was betting on the fight.

“Ready, guys?” Lynx called over his shoulder, drawing two grappling guns from his weapons belt.

The only answer was a faint female moan.

He turned. Cougar held Paparazzi pinned against the brick wall of the roof access, his hips grinding into hers, her long legs wrapped around his ass. He’d pulled up her mask, and their mouths were fused in a passionate kiss.

“Newlyweds,” Lynx grunted. Richard and Meg Drake had been married a month, and they still couldn’t keep their hands off each other.

Without another word, he turned toward the edge of the rooftop, extended one grappling gun, and fired. The weapon went off with a soft *phhhhhuft!*, shooting a hook and fifty feet of featherweight, super-strong line through the air. The claw caught on the lip of the opposite roof. After giving it a testing tug, Lynx threw himself into a long, smooth dive, enjoying the rush of the wind in his face and the hard, muscular flex of his body as he plummeted downward. His powerful arms took his weight as he hit the bottom of the line and shot upward toward the apex of the swing. Reaching the top of the arc, he triggered a button. The grappling hook released. Even as the line retracted, he fired the other gun at a jutting cornice, his aim unerring from years of practice. The hook caught, and he switched direction, heading into another exhilarating swoop.

If his partners wanted him, they could call his helmet radio. In the meantime, he was damned if he was going to hang around and watch them neck.

Of course, not long ago, they'd have invited him to join them for a sizzling threesome -- but that was before they'd gotten married. Lynx didn't sleep with married women, particularly not his brother's wife.

Besides, Cougar had gotten awfully possessive since he'd put that ring on Meg's finger. Lynx was fast, but his partner could rip a three-foot-thick steel door off a bank vault.

The serum the brothers had taken as teenagers had given Richard Drake super-strength and animal senses, while Adam himself had gained super-speed and agility. The two had used those powers to avenge their geneticist father's murder at the hands of the man who'd stolen his serum. They'd spent the ten years since hunting villains and solving crime as the superhero team of Cougar and Lynx.

Until Meg Jennings, former bad girl gone straight, had captured Cougar's heart, and the duo had become a trio.

Brooding, Lynx touched the earpiece of his mask, keying a search of NYPD police frequencies. He was in desperate need of a little action to burn off some of his gnawing

frustration. Lynx loved both his brother and Meg, and they made a good team, but this third wheel bit truly sucked.

Still, he had no intention of breaking up the team. He was just going to have to find a way to deal. Even if it meant spending Halloween beating the crap out of every super villain in Manhattan.

Or...

Maybe he didn't need a fight after all. Maybe what he really needed was a little Voodoo...

\* \* \* \* \*

God, he was gorgeous.

Voodoo hovered, weightless as a ghost, watching Lynx swing through the night like an Olympic gymnast. He was built like a gymnast too, all massive shoulders and lean strength under the armor he wore. Though she couldn't make out the color in this light, she knew the suit was made of some kind of studded dark brown leather, sculpted like a Roman centurion's breastplate. Armored boots covered his long, brawny legs, matching the gauntlets over his big hands. The mask he wore was shaped like a lynx's head, complete with snarling muzzle and backswept tufted ears. He looked like every leather-clad fantasy she'd ever had.

And a month ago, he'd saved her life.

The bruises had finally faded from the beating the Reaper had given her, even the ones around her throat from those massive hands. If Lynx hadn't come along when he had, the bastard would have choked the life right out of her, there on that dirty rooftop.

A chill skated Voodoo's spine as she remembered staring up into the Reaper's hate-contorted face through darkening eyes. He'd shrugged off her every psi blast. It was as if she were hitting him with a pillow. Worse, her empathic senses had reported his arousal, his



vicious enjoyment of her helplessness, of her dying struggles. She still had nightmares about that.

Then Lynx had come out of nowhere, slamming into the Reaper like a runaway train. Voodoo had collapsed in a bruised and gasping heap, too dazed to do more than suck air down her swollen throat as the brawl had begun.

The supervillain was more than seven feet tall, a massive, scarred nightmare of a man, yet he'd been no match for Lynx's agility, speed, and skill. The hero had simply beaten him bloody, cuffed him, and called the cops to haul him off to jail.

Then Lynx had turned his attention to Voodoo, taking her to the hospital and waiting with her patiently through the treatment and tests that followed. Most heroes would have simply dropped her off at the ER, but Lynx seemed to sense that she'd desperately needed company.

In the aftermath of that brutal attack, he'd made her feel safe.

In retrospect, she was a little embarrassed about that. Voodoo was used to taking care of herself.

They'd met several times in the weeks since then. At first, Lynx had sought her out just to check on her, but later they'd gone on patrol together, then spent hours swapping war stories. Battles fought, innocents saved, idiots encountered.

Despite the laughter they'd shared, Voodoo hadn't needed empathic powers to sense his loneliness and dissatisfaction. Oh, she knew he was happy for his partner, who'd just found the woman of his dreams. Trouble was, he wanted something more himself. She could feel it.

She'd also sensed his attraction to her.

Yet he'd done nothing about his desire, apparently concerned she was still too fragile from Reaper's attack. But Voodoo was nobody's fragile flower.

And tonight, she was going to prove it. She wanted him, and she was tired of waiting for him to overcome those Boy Scout scruples.

Taking a deep breath, Voodoo gathered her power, lifted her hands, and waited for her moment. She didn't want to distract him in mid-swing.

Lynx touched down on a rooftop and paused, as if to catch his breath. A smile curling her mouth, Voodoo sent a wave of power surging toward him.

Breathing hard, Lynx paused and scanned the darkness. This was Voodoo's unofficial patrol zone, so with any luck, he should run into her again tonight.

He'd known a lot of superheroines over the years, but she was something special. No dilettante adrenaline junkie or spandex-clad wannabe, she was determined and serious, even after the attack that had come so close to killing her. Like him, she really believed in the necessity of what they did.

He'd been strongly tempted to beat Reaper to death for hurting her.

Lynx gave the skyline another questing scan, looking for the flap of a familiar cape. Nothing...

A female mouth suddenly closed around his cock, wet and hungry. He gasped and almost tumbled off his perch. Catching himself against a metal pipe, he threw a look downward. Despite his rioting senses, his groin armor was still firmly in place.

A clever tongue swirled and danced around his thickening shaft as ghostly fingers gently squeezed his balls. He grabbed for his dick, wondering if some invisible superwoman...

No. There was nothing there.

"Shit!" Lynx glanced around wildly.

And there, hovering over the skyline, he spotted a familiar figure in skintight spandex, cape whipping in the wind. A cropped black top cupped her full breasts, while leaving her

lean little belly bare. A belt made of feathers, chains, and silver skulls circled her narrow waist. The same skull motif decorated the knee-length loincloth that whipped over her thigh-high black boots. She wore her hip-length black hair tied back in a ponytail that spilled from the crown of her black cowl. Only the bottom half of her delicate face showed, pale and pretty in the moonlight.

Voodoo.

Despite the name and props, she didn't really practice magic, black or otherwise. She was, however, a powerful psychic and telekinetic who could project whatever sensation she wanted into a subject's mind -- pain, pleasure, fear.

Or, apparently, a toe-curling blowjob.

"Voodoo," he shouted, "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Just celebrating my favorite day of the year." She grinned. "Trick or treat, Lynx!" Giving him a mocking little wave, she turned with a swirl of her cape and soared into the night.

"I'll give you a trick!" Extending one of his guns, he fired its line into a long, hissing arc and threw himself in pursuit.

If she wanted to play games, he was more than willing.

Heart pounding, Voodoo threw a look over her shoulder. Lynx was gaining on her in long swings, throwing his big body through the air, retracting each line to sail upward for an endless instant before firing the next hook.

Oh, he was pissed. And turned on too -- she could sense the hot arousal in his mind.

Well, she'd wanted his attention. Wanted to jolt him out of his Boy Scout moral rectitude and make him see her as a woman instead of a victim.

And she'd succeeded. Thing was, she'd underestimated just how fast he was. He was going to catch her in a minute, if she didn't do something *now*.

Luckily, her telekinesis meant she could change course a lot faster than he could, given that he had to release his hook and reel in all that line. Zipping around the corner of a building, she braked to hover. He shot past like a bullet. She tossed a psychic blast after him that nipped his muscular ass. Laughed at his startled yelp.

Line hissed, and she heard the ring of the grappling hook catching somewhere overhead.

Ooops. Time to fly.

Voodoo shot forward, grinning as the wind of his passage told her he'd just missed a grab. She retaliated with a psychic lick over his balls, then added a wicked little rake of her nails across his nipples.

She'd never enjoyed using her powers so much in her life. For once, she wasn't the lonely freak, knowing too many ugly secrets, feeling too much pain.

Voodoo darted down one narrow alley between two buildings, then zigzagged up another before slowing to wait for Lynx's next appearance.

One beat. Two. No Lynx.

She frowned. He'd been right behind her.

Voodoo pivoted in midair, searching the skyline for him, but there was no sign of that broad, muscled form silhouetted against the city lights. She swooped lower and floated over the nearest rooftop, scanning the darkness. Had he gotten pissed and gone...

A strong male hand grabbed her ankle and jerked. Startled, she lost lift and fell with a yelp.

Right into a pair of brawny arms that pinned her against a big, hard body. "You've been a naughty, naughty girl, Voodoo," a deep male voice purred in her ear. "You deserve a good spanking."

While she'd been looking for him, he'd simply landed on the nearby roof and waited for her to come to him.

“Let *go!*” Instinctively, she surged upward, trying to break free of his hold, but he was too strong for her.

Lynx held on, his weight keeping her from taking to the air. “Oh, no, you don’t!” He grunted, containing her struggles with no particular effort. “I’ve caught you, and now you’re mine.”

Exactly what she’d had in mind. Still, she kicked and struggled, writhing artistically against him. She didn’t want to make it too easy.

Voodoo’s firm, sweet little ass rubbed against his aching cock. Lynx bit his lip against a moan.

God, she was hot. And the thin black spandex she wore was as good as being naked. He could feel each curve and hollow beneath the tight fabric. The warm, full weight of her breasts resting on the forearm he’d wrapped around her torso, the long flex of her thighs as she writhed... He was as hard as a crowbar behind his armor.

And more than ready to get both of them out of their costumes.

But since he didn’t want to make love to her on a cold rooftop, he sent out a quick summons to the Catcar on his helmet radio.

“En route,” the big vehicle’s onboard computer replied.

“Get off me!” As if sensing his distraction, Voodoo slammed one booted heel back against his armored shin.

“I’ve got a nice wooden paddle in the Catcar,” Lynx growled in mock threat, tightening his grip warningly. “And you’re just begging for a spanking.”

Voodoo went still, as if in surrender. “Bastard!”

“Hey, who teased whose dick?”

She snorted. “Well, considering only one of us *has* a dick...”

“Oh, you definitely need that spanking.” Lowering his head to her ear, Lynx purred, “And you're going to get it.” Tempted by the straining cords of her neck under the black spandex, he swooped in for a gentle nibble.

“Like hell!” But her long, lean body shuddered against him, and he knew good and damned well it wasn't with fear.

“Is that any way for a superheroine to talk?” Her top was one of those cropped things that covered her breasts while leaving a silky expanse of belly deliciously bare. Keeping his arms around her, he managed to pull off his gauntlets and toss them aside. With a wicked smile, he hooked the fingers of one hand under her pretty top and jerked upward. She gasped as her breasts spilled free, full, pretty and pale in the moonlight. Her nipples were drawn into tight peaks. He knew it wasn't from the crisp autumn chill. “Now, those look delicious. I think I'll have a bite.”

She didn't even pretend resistance when he turned her in his arms and bent her back so he could reach those lovely tips. Lynx cupped one breast, loving the soft, full feel of it under his fingers as he rasped a thumb over her nipple. Smiling as it seemed to strain for his mouth, he lowered his head. The hard little nubbin tasted as good as it looked. He danced his tongue over it, then settled in for a good, hard suck. “Mmmm. Sugar and spice -- my favorite Halloween candy.”

Voodoo groaned and caught at his masked head with both hands. Grinning against her breast, he raked his teeth over the tight peak. She shivered.

The growl of an engine brought his head up in time to see the Catcar land on the rooftop. “Our ride's here,” he told her, and stooped to haul her across his shoulder. Straightening with her dangling in a fireman's carry, he strode toward the van.

“Hey!” She kicked in protest. “Put me down, you big jerk!”

He landed a swat on her pert, muscular little ass. “Not a chance. I'm nowhere near done with you.”

Voodoo's heart was pounding as she lifted her head to look back over her shoulder, watching as the big flying van's door slid open. It had, she saw, a generous cargo area she knew Cougar and Lynx used to transport their superpowered prisoners. He bent over to put her down on the carpeted floor, one hand catching her head to keep it from rapping on the deck.

Even when he was playing dominant bastard, the man couldn't hide his streak of bone-deep decency.

He swung inside. The door slid closed, and he pounced on her like a cat on a canary. Voodoo gasped in aroused surprise as he grabbed for her right boot and peeled it off with irresistible strength. It thudded against the side of the van as he attacked its mate with those big hands. He took a little longer figuring out the clasp on her skull belt, but soon it and the loin cloth joined the boots. A moment later, he'd stripped her panties off with the same cheerful ruthlessness.

Voodoo didn't even bother to protest.

Panting, wet, darkly aroused, she looked up at him as he sat back on his booted heels and surveyed her nudity with possessive satisfaction. She still wore her cape and mask, but with her top peeled up to bare her breasts, she'd never felt more kinkily naked. He, on the other hand, still wore full armor, its leather and studs enhancing his seductive masculinity.

"What now?" she asked hoarsely.

His teeth flashed white in the snarling frame of his mask as he reached behind him and lifted a chiming set of shackles. "Now I give you that spanking."

Despite his strength, they both knew there were ways she could have stopped him. With her powers, she could have tortured his cock as easily as she'd caressed it. Actually, given his Boy Scout ethics, just saying no would have done the job.

She didn't say no.

He hesitated just a moment, his gaze intense -- making sure she was willing to play his game. When she only glared at him in mock rebellion, his mouth curled into a wicked grin.

He dragged her up and into his arms for a kiss that drained all the strength from her muscles -- hot, dark, and hungry, his tongue thrusting boldly into her mouth, his hand fisted in her ponytail. For a dizzying moment, she was aware of nothing except the hard power of his body, the studs and leather pressing against her bare breasts. Her heart started pounding in long, thick lunges.

By the time he lowered her to the floor again, she was too dazed to even protest when he locked one of the shackles around her right ankle before cuffing it to her right wrist. She managed to aim a kick at him just on general principles, but he dodged with that inhuman speed of his. The next thing she knew, chains rattled around her left wrist and ankle.

And she was helpless.

"Oh, yeah." His voice sounded guttural with hunger. His smile was feral as he crouched over her like some big cat about to settle down to a meal. "Now this is my idea of a treat."

Powerful biceps rippled as he lowered himself over her, his gaze locked on her pebbled nipples. She watched his head bend. His tongue flicked out.

Voodoo caught her breath as pleasure streamed through her at that first burning lick. A slow, delightful swirl of his tongue made her gasp. He growled like a hungry cat and raked his teeth across the hard tip. Instinctively, she tried to reach for his head, but her bound wrists jerked short. He glanced up at her and gave her a mocking grin. "'Fraid I'm calling the shots this time, darling'."

She licked her dry lips and managed, "Don't be too sure about that, stud."

"Keep it up, and I'm getting the paddle." He returned his hungry attention to her breasts again, alternating hot licks and tiny bites until she was squirming.

Even as he feasted, he moved between her legs. Instinctively, she spread them wide for him, lost in the pleasure of his mouth.



When he started nibbling his way down her stomach, she could only whimper in helpless anticipation. He paused at her belly button to swirl his tongue around the sensitive little well. She bit her lip against the need to beg.

Then his head came up. "I just remembered -- I promised you a spanking."

So wet and aching she wanted to scream, Voodoo jerked up her head. "Don't you dare!"

He smirked. "Now that was exactly the wrong thing to say." Without looking away from her furious gaze, he purred, "Car, fourth seat down."

The *thunk* of the lowering seat almost drowned out her infuriated curse.

This time she struggled in earnest, but it did her no good at all as he fell into the seat and hauled her across his brawny thighs. Her yowl of outrage was muffled by her cape as he flung it out of the way of his hand -- and right over her head.

His first swat stung her swollen, aching flesh. She yelped and tried to kick, but her bonds arrested her struggles. He laughed, the sound ringing with wicked satisfaction.

Lynx lifted his palm, and she gritted her teeth against the expected sting.

But the blow didn't fall. Instead, that big hand drifted to the curve of her backside and paused to explore between her cheeks, sliding through her cream-slicked labia to find the opening of her cunt. Voodoo dragged in a breath as a strong finger slid inside.

"Mmmm," he purred. "Wet and tight. Just the way I like my pussy. I can't wait to fuck you."

He jerked his hand from her sex and brought his palm down in a flat, stinging smack that made her buck. "I thought you were supposed to be the Boy Scout!"

His laugh was just short of evil. "Everybody thinks that." His hand struck her butt with another meaty smack.

Lynx watched as Voodoo's pale, pretty ass flushed pink under his palm as she writhed helplessly. He'd never been so turned on in his life, even during his kinky threesomes with Cougar and Paparazzi.

*Mine*, he thought, raising his hand for another swat. *All mine...*

At the last minute, he changed his mind and slid two fingers into her cunt instead. Just as he'd suspected, she was even wetter than she'd been when he'd dragged her across his lap.

His pretty Voodoo had a kinky streak as wide as his.

Almost, anyway.

He lifted his hand again...

And a ghostly female mouth engulfed his cock. Psychic fingernails raked over his nipples and along the curve of his ass, sending a jolt of raw lust shooting through him.

"Can't you think of something better to do than beat my butt?" Voodoo looked over her shoulder at him with a lazy, knowing smile.

"Uhhh..." Thrown off his stride, he stared down at her. A tongue swirled over the head of his cock even as an invisible mouth closed around his balls and gently suckled.

"The nice thing about psi powers is, I can do anything to you I can imagine." Her grin looked positively feral. "And I can imagine *a lot*."

The swat she landed on his ass made him jump, even with her draped across his lap.

"You win," he growled, and stood to toss her down on the seat. He stood and reached for the straps that held his groin plate in place...

And every piece of armor on his body loosened and fell away as if jerked off by dozens of invisible female hands. Lynx blinked down at his abrupt nudity. His cock jutted like an I-beam, though she'd left him with his mask. "Well, that's handy."

Voodoo grinned up at him from the seat. "Just trying to help."

That psychic tongue swirled along the length of his shaft again. He shuddered.

Sliding a knee onto the seat between her spread thighs, Lynx grabbed his cock and aimed it for the tight sex he'd been craving since he'd met her. And thrust.

They sucked in a simultaneous breath at the sensation of rock hard shaft sliding deep into snug wet heat. "Oh, God!" she groaned.

Chains chimed and rattled, falling away from her wrists and ankles, no match for her psychic powers. She wrapped long legs around his ass and twined her arms around his neck. "Fuck me, Lynx!"

He needed no more encouragement. Heart pounding like a kettle drum, he began to thrust.

His cock stuffed her impossibly full, a delicious invasion that made her head swim and her breath rasp. Voodoo clung to him, enjoying every hard roll of his big body against hers as he drove that thick, meaty shaft in and out.

God, she'd needed this. She'd spent so many lonely nights dreaming of a man like him -- fierce, honorable, yet with a streak of erotic darkness that matched her own desires.

And now she had him. At least for the moment.

He circled his hips as he ground deep, tormenting her deliciously with his width, with the breath-stealing friction of every thrust. Desperate, craving the orgasm she could feel glittering just out of reach, she drove to meet him, slapping her hips against his.

He threw his masked head back, his teeth clenched as he fought the hot pleasure she could sense roaring through him, clawing for release. The sight of his delight, the feel of his powerful body rolling against hers, the sensation of that massive cock pistoning inside her... It was all too much.

Voodoo yowled as the climax crashed over her in a burning surge.

Dimly, she was conscious of his eyes on her, watching her face. "God," he rasped, "you're so beautiful..."

And then he drove his full length so impossibly deep she could feel the pulses of her orgasm intensify into jackhammer beats. He stiffened, roaring as he came.

Even as he collapsed over her, he grabbed his mask and jerked it off as if he could no longer bear to wear it. She watched him throw it aside. "No masks," he growled. "No more masks."

Staring up into his handsome face, Voodoo reached for her own cowl and pulled it off. The air felt deliciously cool on her hot cheeks.

Blue, blue eyes stared down at her tenderly. "You are beautiful," he breathed.

She reached up and touched one of his high, sculpted cheekbones, traced it down to the jut of his jaw, then up to the sensual curve of his mouth. "My name is Genevieve Archer."

His lips drew into a tender smile. "Adam Drake. Pleased to meet you."

She smiled back. "Oh, the pleasure is definitely mine."

The kiss was slow and lazy, a sweet mating of lips and tongue. Genevieve sighed and tunneled her fingers through the damp sable satin of his hair.

"Where do we go from here?" she asked, when they finally broke apart.

He smiled slowly. "That depends on you, doesn't it?" Those amazing blue eyes searched hers. "I don't know what the future holds for us, but I want to find out."

She took a deep breath. "I think I'm falling for you."

"Took you long enough." He smoothed a damp curl back from her forehead. "I fell for you on that rooftop a month ago. You might have been covered in bruises, but there was fire in those beautiful eyes. And I'll never forget what you said to me."

Genevieve blinked. "What?"

His grin flashed. "Hit him again."

He covered her laughing mouth with another hot, delicious kiss.

A male voice suddenly filled the car. "Hey, Lynx -- where the hell are you?"

"Shit." Adam sighed. He lifted his voice so the car's radio would pick it up. "In the Catcar, Cougar."

"Well, get your ass over to Riker's. Nightwolf's busted out of jail again."

Adam gave Genevieve a questioning look. She lifted her voice. "We're on our way, Cougar."

"We?"

"Who the hell was that?" asked a female voice, obviously Paparazzi.

Adam grinned down at Genevieve. "You'll find out."

 THE END 

## Angela Knight

Angela Knight is the USA Today best-selling author of seven books for Berkley. Her award-winning MAGEVERSE series includes *Master of the Night*, *Master of the Moon*, *Master of Wolves*, *Master of Swords*, and *Master of Dragons*. Her first novel, *The Forever Kiss*, won Romantic Times' Critics Choice award for Best Erotic Romance of 2004. She has also written for the small press Red Sage, as well as e-book publishers Ellora's Cave, Changeling Press, and Loose Id.

Besides her fiction work, Angela's publishing career includes ten years as a newspaper reporter. Several of her stories won South Carolina Press Association awards. She has used her experiences covering the police beat and local government in her novels. In 1996, she discovered the small press publisher Red Sage, and realized her dream of romance publication in the company's *Secrets 2* anthology. She went on to publish several more novellas in *Secrets* before editor Cindy Hwang discovered her work there and asked her if she'd be interested in writing for Berkley. Not being an idiot, Angela said yes.

Angela's husband, Michael Woodcock, is a lieutenant with the Spartanburg County Sheriff's Office. He's a polygraph examiner and chief hostage negotiator for the department, and heads its Crime Analysis Unit. The couple has one son, Anthony.

For more information about Angela's books, check out her website at [www.angelasknights.com](http://www.angelasknights.com). You may also e-mail her at [angelanight2002@bellsouth.net](mailto:angelanight2002@bellsouth.net).

To read more about the characters and their world, check out *Hero Sandwich* by Angela Knight, part of the *HARD CANDY* anthology:

*Take two handsome superheroes, add one bad girl gone good -- and stand back while the sparks fly!*

Meg Jennings is more than a photographer -- she's Paparazzi, superhero shutterbug. Using the suit that gives her the ability to fly and turn invisible, she takes photos of superheroes in combat with their deadliest enemies.

Some of Meg's subjects aren't exactly delighted with her work. Cougar and his sidekick Lynx, for example, find themselves the butt of the late-night talk show circuit because of one of Meg's photos. They decide to take erotic revenge, and soon Meg finds herself in a delicious *hero sandwich*.

But has she bitten off more than she can chew?

*Hard Candy* is now available in both e-book and print formats at Loose Id®

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