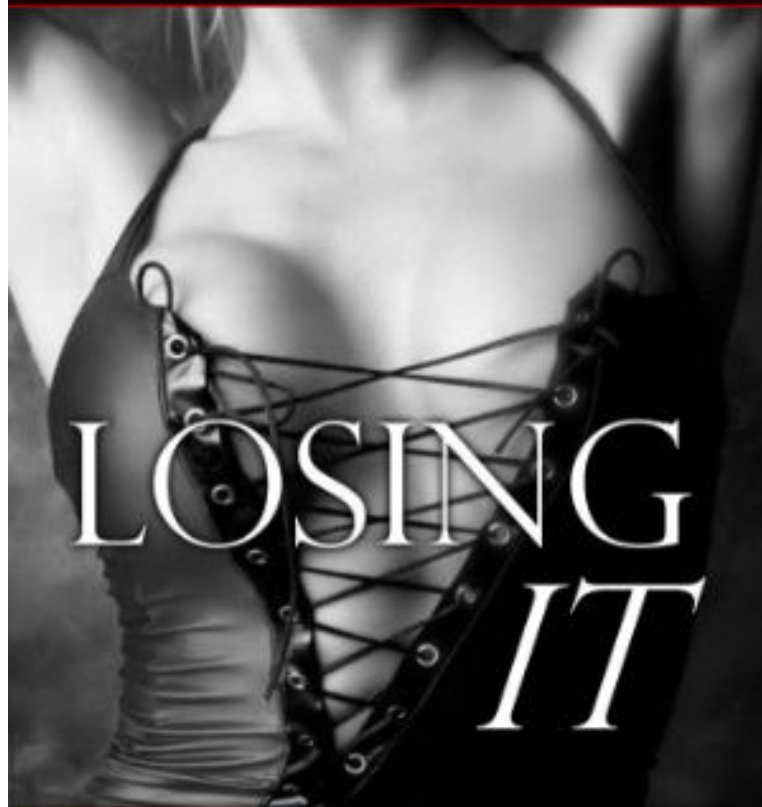


COBBLESTONE PRESS PRESENTS



WICKED

Ericka Scott



Losing It by Ericka Scott

Losing It

By

Ericka Scott

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Losing It

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Dedication

To my husband, Ed. He's why I believe in happily ever after.

“You’re still a virgin?”

Belinda’s voice was way too loud in the diner, and heat rushed to my cheeks. I motioned for her to keep her voice down, but she didn’t appear to notice.

“How can that be? Your fortieth birthday is next week!”

A man at the table next to ours looked over with interest and caught my eye. Although he was dressed in a business suit, he didn’t fit in with any of the bankers, lawyers, or stock analysts who usually frequented this particular diner. He had a five o’clock shadow even though it was only ten in the morning, and his spiky brown hair was tipped with gold highlights. A small black ring pierced his eyebrow, and a diamond sparkled in the ear turned toward our conversation. I didn’t want to stare at him but out of the corner of my eye, I memorized his features to use later in a few of my fantasies.

I leaned across the table, hoping she would catch my drift that this was confidential information I didn’t want shared with the whole world. “I didn’t plan it this way. It just happened.”

Belinda’s brown eyes got a little wider and if anything, her voice grew louder. “But what about Rick? I thought you two had been making out! At least, that’s what you implied.”

Had I? Well, yes. I had mentioned a few details but that was last week—when Belinda and I were sitting in the booth at the back, away from prying eyes and ears. But did she have to bring this up today when all the tables were filled and we’d had to take a seat in the middle of the floor within sight and sound of the entire diner?

I prayed everyone was too busy enjoying the all-you-can-eat Friday buffet to pay any attention to us. Unfortunately, it appeared I wasn't going to be that lucky.

Not only was the guy at the next table studying me with interest, our conversation had also caught the attention of other customers. One lady was so enthralled she stood in the aisle next to our table, openly listening. I wished a large earthquake would hit and the ground would swallow me up.

"Well, did you?" Belinda insisted.

"Of course, we did," I mumbled. "And we got close to, um...*doing it* the other night, but when I told him I was a..." I dropped my voice to barely above a whisper, "virgin, he suddenly remembered he had to be somewhere and took off. I figure he probably thought I was saving it for marriage and had decided he was the one."

"Do you think that's why he broke up with you?" Belinda asked, then answered herself. "Of course it was. The M-word makes them head for the hills every time." She gave me a knowing nod.

"But I didn't mention marriage," I protested. "I waited for him to call, then finally broke down and called *him* yesterday. He gave me the *it isn't you, it's me* speech and then said he'd met someone else." I tried to shrug it off, but tears filled my eyes. Damn. I really wished I hadn't responded to Belinda's question about why I looked so sad. We only worked together; she wasn't really my friend. Unfortunately, the heartache had been right there, on the surface, and had just spilled over.

"So, what are you going to do about your virginity? Don't you want to lose it?"

"Yes. No," I snapped out. "I don't want to talk about it anymore." When her expression went from interested to hurt, I tried to soften my words by adding a belated, "Please."

"Sure." She looked at her watch. "I'm due back anyway." Without gathering up her tray, she flounced over to the door and left without even a backward glance or wave. Shit. There went another possible friendship.

I sighed and took another bite of my sandwich. It tasted like chewy cardboard. Oh, well. I had a pile of work on my desk so I, too, should

probably return to the office.

While gathering Belinda's tray as well as my own, I was surprised by a touch on my arm.

“Miss?”

It was Mr. Gorgeous from the table next to us.

“I have a solution for your...ahem...problem.”

Shit, the guy was coming on to me. Probably going to offer to help me lose my virginity. Not that I'd protest overmuch; he really was a hunk. But having him proposition me in the middle of the diner where I ate my lunch almost every day was too much. I pulled my arm away and tried to glare at him. Instead, I found myself smiling back at his contagious grin. Oh, heavens, I wasn't desperate. *Really*. I fixed my face into some semblance of a disapproving look and walked away.

I could feel him walking beside me but didn't want to encourage him. What if all these people saw me leave with him? They'd all think... Shit, I was going to have to find someplace else to eat every day.

But instead of following me all the way to the door, he slid a business card onto my tray and then headed back to his table.

I willed my feet to keep walking. Since I couldn't very well dash out still carrying the remains of my lunch, I had to stop at the big red trash can near the door. The small white card on the bright blue tray taunted me. It would have been so easy to throw it away. However, at the last minute, I shoved it into my purse and fled back to the safety of my cubicle.

It wasn't until five o'clock, when I was digging in my purse for my bus pass, that I really took a look at the card he had handed me.

Jason Bigelow—if that was his real name—was a *relationship consultant* for a company called *e-bootycall.com*. *Discreet and Confidential* was written in red right above the web address.

Was this the answer?

Now, I *had* thought about joining some of the highly advertised dating websites before I met Rick. And even this morning, I'd seen a commercial about a woman who had found her happily ever after through some dot com company. I had listened to the commercial and

wished that I, too, could find someone that easily.

Maybe running into—I looked down at the card to verify his name—*Jason* wasn't just coincidence; maybe it was fate. I picked up a document to take home to proofread and then put it back down. No, tonight I was going to do something for *me*.

Before I knew it, the bus hissed to a stop at my corner. The sun nearly gone, I rushed past darkening doorways to my apartment complex in the middle of the block. Six dingy flights up, I unlocked my door and took a deep sigh.

Home.

Romeo, my fawn-colored Ragamuffin, greeted me at the door with a yowl and a purr. It was nice to have someone happy to see me. But for the first time, I physically ached, wishing I had a husband and a gaggle of kids greeting me at the door. I pulled the business card out of my purse and looked at it again.

Then I fed the cat, booted up my computer, and prepared to fill out the application.

My fingers paused over the keyboard. A fuck buddy. Was that what I wanted? Hell, I didn't know what I wanted any more. Sure, I wanted a solid, loving relationship...eventually. But honestly, I didn't have the time right now to cultivate a relationship. I just wanted to get rid of this pesky virginity and have sex on a semi-regular basis. Was that really too much to ask?

* * * * *

Days passed, and I heard nothing from the service or any potential dates. If I didn't do something soon, I could very well die a virgin. Now that was a sobering thought.

Sitting in my cubicle at work, I stared at the words on the page, not comprehending anything written on it. I sighed and tried to drag my gaze and my attention back to the top and start over.

Why had there been no phone calls, no e-mails, or anything?

I was attractive for my age. My hair was still naturally blonde, I

didn't have too many wrinkles around my blue eyes, and I kept in shape by taking an aerobics class three times a week. Why was losing my virginity so hard?

In high school and college, I had dated six or seven guys who were ready and willing to rid me of my virginity. But I'd been brought up to be a *good girl*. Sex was to be reserved for the one I loved, blah, blah, blah. Well, to hell with that. I hadn't fallen in love with anyone—and now, look at me!

No use crying over lost opportunities. Thousands of single, eligible men were in the world, right? I only had to meet *one*. And really, there were still plenty of men interested in me. There was Tom in the mail room, the guy at the bank who always flirted with me, and there had been Rick. My heart gave a painful twitch when I thought about meeting him two years ago. His kisses had made my breasts throb and desire lick deep in my belly. We had made the slow, easy progression from simply dating to what? Love? No, I hadn't fallen in love with Rick. He was cute and funny, but somewhat immature and impatient. I was actually surprised it took him two years to get me naked.

Then, as Rick was searching for a condom, he asked me about birth control and whether I was *clean*. I laughed and said I hoped so, especially since I was a virgin. I don't know what I'd thought his response would be, but it certainly wasn't the look of shock on his face. He mumbled that he hadn't come prepared, although I'd seen the cellophane wrapper of a condom peeking out of his wallet. If only I'd kept my mouth shut, I wouldn't have this problem now.

Shit, whatever had possessed me to put that I was a virgin on the stupid application? Hadn't that already gotten me into enough trouble? What was I thinking? Well, I knew my intentions. I didn't want to hook up with someone who would be disappointed when I couldn't deliver—well, whatever it was he'd be looking for in a sex partner. So now, instead of looking forward to the whole smorgasbord of fuckable men in my future, I felt naïve, inexperienced, and...pitiful.

And the worst part was that tomorrow was my birthday. A tear fell onto the paper in front of me, and I whisked it away with my hand. It

would not do to have anyone see me crying at my desk.

“Penny Granger?” The voice made me jump.

“Yes?” I swiveled in my chair. Oh my God, it was my boss. Not my immediate supervisor, but the Big Boss, Wes Chastain.

I’d only met him once, at the company orientation, but everyone knew him by sight. In fact, I felt like I knew him better than I really did. I’d had sex with him in my dreams quite often. Just thinking about it made my skin warm, and I hoped I wasn’t blushing furiously.

Up close, he was just as impressive as he had been at the podium. His black skin shone like polished ebony, and his chocolate brown eyes sparkled down at me. I shivered, and heat I hadn’t experienced in months rushed between my thighs. Thank goodness my desk chair was faux leather, or I’d be in danger of leaving a wet spot.

“May I speak with you in my office?”

Me? What did he want *me* for? It came to me suddenly that I was probably going to be fired, laid off, pink-slipped. I shivered and stood on weak knees.

No one even glanced at us as I trailed along behind Wes. His shirt was taut across his back. The soft cotton sculpted his powerful muscles. I let my gaze drift lower and admired the way his slacks clung to the muscles of his butt. This was a view I could look at all day.

Wes swung open the door to his office, and I was treated to an even more impressive sight. The floor to ceiling windows revealed a breathtaking view of the city. My mouth went dry with panic. Too bad I couldn’t enjoy the view; I *was* having trouble breathing.

Wes slid behind his desk and then looked up at me quivering in the doorway. “Come on in and take a seat.”

I started forward.

“Oh, and close the door behind you.”

This really couldn’t be good.

I sat up straight with my hands clasped in my lap and tried not to reveal that inside I was shaking. Even my teeth were threatening to chatter.

“I received your application,” Wes said.

Now I was confused. Application for what? I had just recently been promoted to editor, acquiring an entire series of science and math textbooks to proof. My workload had tripled, although my pay hadn't. I still dreamed of becoming an acquisitions editor, but that would mean at least five additional years of experience.

He looked down at the paper in front of him and continued, "I chose you for a multitude of reasons, although I did hesitate because you work for me. However, I thought perhaps you would be more comfortable with someone you knew slightly than you would be with a total stranger.

Still confused, I leaned forward in my seat until I could see the paper he was studying. Across the top was a name: *e-bootycall.com*. Oh no! A huge knot of panic formed in my stomach, which vied with the heat of my embarrassment. How in the world had he gotten a copy of *that* application? I'd filled out the paperwork on my own time and using my home computer. Then it dawned on me. He wasn't confronting me about the application—he was interviewing me.

I almost got out of my seat and ran from the room. Almost. Then I reined in my panic. This was what I wanted, right? I'd filled out the application hoping to find some super sexy hunk to have intercourse with and, as a side bonus, lose my virginity before my big four-oh. And here he was. My boss...my drop-dead gorgeous, who-wouldn't-want-to-fuck-him boss.

When he looked up at me again, I smiled and hoped I looked more confident than I felt.

"Are you ready?"

I looked around. "Here?" My voice came out as a squeak. I thought about the phone ringing, client conferences, and his secretary outside the door. When I glanced over my shoulder, he must have picked up on my unspoken question.

"I've canceled all of my appointments for this afternoon. And the room is soundproof. Gretchen won't hear anything, nor will she disturb us."

"Oh, okay," I said. My voice sounded much more normal than I

felt.

Wes stood and came out from behind his desk. My legs felt wobbly, but I managed to stand when he offered me his hand. Then he led me over to a leather couch in a conversation nook in the corner. Instead of taking one of the facing chairs, he sat beside me and put his arm around my waist.

I sagged against him, intoxicated by the musky scent of his aftershave and the heat emanating from his touch.

His lips brushed mine in a soft kiss. My insides melted. Without thinking, I ran my tongue along the seam of his mouth. He groaned and opened for me. I didn't know what came over me but I was so hungry for this. I was the aggressor, but it was his tongue that flicked into my mouth. Our tongues tangled while he ran his hands up and down my back. Then he pulled away.

His brown eyes gazed into mine, and he smoothed my hair back. I couldn't believe how much a simple touch could set fire to my insides, making my pussy throb and ache to be filled. Trailing kisses down my throat, he settled on a sensitive spot where he drew the skin into his mouth and then bit down.

Pain mixed with exquisite pleasure. I couldn't stifle the moan and arched into him. He touched my breasts, the heat of his hands warming them while his thumbs teased my nipples to attention. I kicked off my shoes and found myself running my stocking clad toes under his pant legs. His kisses dipped further, chased across my collarbone, and during all that, he undid my blouse.

I was secretly tickled that I'd worn my sexiest lace bra to work. Unfortunately, not by design, but because it was the only one clean. While Wes's fingers stroked my skin, I ran my hand down the front of his shirt. His chest was hard; the muscles of his abdomen, tight. Then I slid my hand down to his thigh. I gasped when Wes grabbed it and placed it directly onto his cock. *Oh my!*

"I—I don't—" I began, desperate to tell him I didn't have a clue what to do.

"Shh." He put his finger over my lips. "Just relax and enjoy."

I tried to loosen up, although it was difficult since my insides were already bumping and grinding. He unclasped the fastener of my bra, freeing my aching breasts for his perusal and his lips. He sucked each nipple deep into his mouth, laving and suckling until I mindlessly arched my back, as if to force the fleshy mounds further into his mouth.

Moist heat pooled between my thighs, and I detected the scent of my own desire perfuming the air. Could he smell it too? He slipped his hand down and pressed it against my mons. I spread my legs. He pressed and rubbed as I rocked against him. The slacks were going to have to go. I didn't want anything separating the warmth of his hand from my wet desire. I undid the buttons. His fingers grasped the metal tab of my zipper. The rasp sounded loud in the room as it descended.

I lifted my buttocks, and suddenly I was naked. To my amazement, so was he. When had he undressed?

I sat on the couch while he stood in front of me, the musculature of his shoulders, chest, and abdomen putting every magazine model to shame. Six pack didn't even begin to describe it. I let my gaze travel lower, past his slim waist to his cock—and I paused, trying not to stare. I'd seen naked men before. Hell, I'd been to several bachelorette parties and even had a lap dance, but *oh my God*. None of them had looked like this.

Long, thick, and pierced. At the tip was a small jewel of liquid and I found myself licking my lips, wondering what it would taste like.

"I'd like you to touch me," his voice rumbled, making my insides swirl with desire and trepidation.

Oh, I wanted that, too. But what if I did it wrong?

With a tentative finger, I reached out to stroke the soft, silky head of his penis. Then with a flash of courage, I took the whole thing in my hand. Silk over steel. I'd read that once in a romance novel, and now I knew what the author meant.

Without thinking, I leaned forward and lapped up the drop of liquid. Sweet, salty, the taste of sex. I covered his cock with my mouth and took in its length. Wes moaned.

What a rush! I had just made a man moan with desire. Or was it pain? I looked up and was relieved to see the expression on his face was

not the grimace I had feared. Exploring his length with my tongue, I realized I didn't have a clue what to do with my hands.

His balls were high and tight against his body. I'd taken my fair share of self-defense classes, so I knew they were sensitive to pain, but what about pleasure? Stroking and caressing them, I soon found out. Wes spread his legs and tangled his fingers in my hair. Gently, he thrust in and out of my mouth.

I sucked along with his thrusts, but a sense of disappointment was welling in my chest. If he came in my mouth...

Wes stopped thrusting and pulled away with what felt like regret. To my surprise, he sank to his knees in front of me, his hands smoothing up my thighs, spreading my legs and exposing me.

Did he like what he saw? I cast an anxious look at his face. His eyes sparkled, and he grinned wickedly.

"Do you know what men do to goddesses?" His voice was husky and hoarse.

I shook my head.

"They worship them."

I expected him to go straight for my pussy with his mouth, but he didn't. Instead, he continued to caress my thighs while he pressed kisses across my belly. His warm, wet tongue shot into my navel, and I repressed the urge to giggle. Then he blazed a trail with that sexy mouth lower and lower, then still lower, until I was panting with desire. Was he ever going to touch me *there*?

As if he'd read my mind, he brushed his tongue over my clit, and I thought I had died and gone to heaven. Then his whole mouth was involved. I spread my legs and watched, no longer embarrassed, as his tongue swooped in and out of my slit, traveling deeper with each lick. I held onto his head and tried not to grind myself against his face. It felt so good but there was something more, just out of reach. Each wave would build and then subside, each time coming closer and closer, like the sea coming in for high tide. And each surge of desire was accompanied by a pulse of my pussy. Finally, when I didn't think I—or my orgasm—would ever reach shore, he used his thumb to brush my sensitive clit. Suddenly,

there it was—mindless pleasure. I cried out but had no control of my voice—or of my body, which bucked and shuddered in his arms.

I lay back, stunned at what had happened, and even more surprised when the feeling built again. I took an unsteady breath and said the words I knew he wanted me to say. “I want you to fuck me, Wes Chastain. Please.”

“Are you sure?” He gave me a tentative smile. His voice was warm, tender. “It’s always been my dream to have a virgin, but I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Being a forty year-old virgin hurts worse,” I replied, trying to keep my tone light. *Oh please, don’t let him stop now!*

“Let’s just see how tight you are.”

He was going to find that out how?

He slid one long finger into me, and I gasped. Then he thrust another finger inside me, and I arched against his hand. Warmth filled me. Then he slowly added a third finger. I swallowed, hard. I felt full and wonderful as he worked his fingers in and out. I rotated my hips against his hand, feeling those wonderful digits press in different spots within me.

As he fucked me with his finger, he dipped his head to my pussy and lapped at my clit. Dizzy with desire, I pleaded and begged for more while the muscles of my thighs trembled with need.

“You are so wet and tight. I can’t wait to get inside you.” Wes’s brown eyes were nearly black with desire.

I couldn’t wait any longer, either. My climax was right *there*, and I didn’t want to waste it on his fingers. I scooted around so that I was lying lengthwise on the couch, my legs spread wide.

It was an invitation I hoped he couldn’t refuse. And he didn’t. I heard the crinkling of cellophane, and then a pause. I couldn’t tear my eyes away as he rolled the condom down the length of his huge cock. Soon, it would be inside me.

Would it fit?

I didn’t have time to have any second thoughts as he covered my body with his. The head of his cock rested against my slit. So very close. I arched up in a wordless plea for him to take me.

He caressed my breasts and looked into my eyes. "I like to suck while I fuck." Then he lowered his head to one of my nipples, drew it deep into his mouth, and with a slow deliberate thrust, slid into me.

I experienced no pain, only a sense of relief that I had finally lost my virginity. But this couldn't be all there was to it. I wanted time to slow so I could savor and enjoy every sensation.

I ran my hands down his back.

Oh, my. Hard, taut muscles bunched under my fingertips. His skin was so smooth and warm. As we lay there, joined, his leg hair tickled my thighs. I was glad I'd made an appointment for a waxing this past weekend.

I let my hands roam lower, cupping his butt and thinking about how the muscles would feel as he thrust into me. His nipples brushed against mine. I moved my hands so I could touch them. I flicked my thumb over one, and it hardened even more. I pinched it, and his body bucked into me. I had felt full before, but now...

I wanted him deeper. I wrapped my legs around him and pulled him closer. Much, much better. But I still wanted more. I looked at Wes. His face was a mask of restraint, and I realized he was holding back so he wouldn't hurt me.

I cupped his cheek and pulled his head down for a kiss while I rocked my hips back and forth. He groaned.

"You are so tight and so wet."

"And so ready," I added.

That's all it took.

He began to move inside me, slowly at first, then faster, deeper, harder. Soon, all I could hear was the wet slap of our flesh meeting. It was a powerfully erotic sound against the accompaniment of his mouth teasing, tasting, and taunting my nipples.

Digging my fingers into the flesh of his back, I rode the crest of my orgasm. Expecting Wes to join me.

But he didn't. Instead, as I went limp in his arms, he lifted me and flipped me onto my belly.

His hands caressed my ass, rubbing and kneading my flesh. He

dipped his fingers into my pussy and to my amazement, I was ready again. I lifted my ass and tucked my knees under me, giving him full access. He knelt behind me. The tip of his cock brushed against me, and I backed into him. That was the only invitation he needed.

He slid into me, inch by glorious inch. This time, the angle of penetration was different. He pumped into me, harder than before, and I could clearly feel the gold bar that pierced his cock.

From my position, I suddenly realized we'd been having sex in front of the window. And there were no curtains or blinds. We were on the fortieth floor, but many of the buildings around us were taller.

"Wes," I whispered. "Can anyone see us?"

"I'm sure they can," he said, his voice breathless. "Do you mind?"

No, I realized I didn't. In fact, I found it incredibly arousing to think that someone might be watching us. So much so, I decided to give them a show.

Imagining a man standing in the window across the street made me hotter than ever. He'd be naked, stroking his cock while watching us fuck. I pulled myself up so that my imaginary voyeur could see my tits. Then I used one hand to prop myself up and the other to tease my nipple. Wes dug his fingers into my hips and wrapped one arm around me while his other hand came up to caress my other breast.

His fingers felt nice, but I wanted the warm wetness of his mouth on my nipples. Picturing myself on my knees, lowering myself onto his huge cock, made me buck and squirm. I wanted to ride this gorgeous man.

"Wes," I finally panted out.

"Hmm?" His breath was a warm caress on my neck.

I wanted it so badly, I simply couldn't be shy. "Wes, could I be on top?"

"Um—hmm."

As he withdrew his cock from my body, I felt a sense of loss and immediately regretted my demand. But it was too late. He pulled me to my feet. I sighed and leaned against his hard warmth. We rocked back and forth, dancing to silent music while his hands roamed over my skin.

His skilled fingers massaged the muscles of my back and then traveled down to slide over my butt. He pulled me in close and pressed his cock into the soft flesh of my belly.

I slid my hand between our bodies to caress his erection. It throbbed and pulsed in my hands. Just thinking about its gorgeous length inside me pushed me right over the edge. I needed him *right now*.

He must have read my mind, for he sat on the couch and pulled me to him. His face was even with my breasts, and he suckled them while I groaned and arched. What would it feel like to be on top of him while he teased my sensitive nubs? My pussy throbbed. I felt empty inside. He started to slide his fingers inside me, but I knew I would only be satisfied with one thing. Luckily, I was in a position to do something about it.

I captured his mouth in a kiss while I straddled him, one knee on each side of his hard thighs. The tip of his cock slid inside me, and I paused, savoring the feeling. My pussy pulled on him, gathering him deeper and deeper as I slid slowly onto his hard length, savoring the full feeling of his penis buried in my depths. His eyes went dark and then closed.

I began to move up and down, riding him, pacing myself to respond to his gasps and moans. Hearing his arousal was so seductive, I found myself riding him right through to yet another orgasm.

As it ebbed, Wes shuddered. With a hoarse cry, he pulled me tight against him, filling me to the hilt. His cock throbbed as my pussy gripped and pulled on his length.

Then all too soon, it was over.

Our bodies were still coupled, our breathing meshed, and I finally felt complete. Like a true woman.

But now what? Did I just get up, put on my clothes, and say *thank you*?

Wes lifted his head. His eyes were shining, and he playfully nipped at my neck. I blinked back a sudden wash of tears. I'd gotten what I wanted, so why in hell was I crying? With gentle fingers, he wiped my cheeks, all the while whispering softly and soothing me with his touch. Which only made me sob harder.

Losing It by Ericka Scott

“What’s wrong, honey? I didn’t hurt you, did I?”

Unable to speak, I shook my head. Finally, I took a deep breath. “It was wonderful,” I sobbed, “only—”

“Only what?”

“I want to do it again.”

Relief washed over his face. “Well, that’s the great thing about booty calls.” He got up and padded naked over to the desk.

My breath caught in my throat. I had just *had* him. Suddenly, I was glad I hadn’t lost my virginity years ago. Being with Wes today had been worth the wait.

The room was chilly without his warmth, so I reached down and sorted through the pile of clothes on the floor to find mine. While I dressed, Wes flipped through a book on his desk. He would check something, shake his head, and flip another page. Finally, he looked up at me with his signature wicked grin. “How about I pencil you in for the same day, same time next month?”

That sounded wonderful to me.

The End

Author Bio

Ericka Scott is a multi-published, best-selling author of seductive suspense. She's written stories for as long as she can remember and reads anything under the sun—including, in a pinch, the backs of cereal boxes. She got hooked on romantic suspense in her college days, when reading anything but a textbook was a guilty pleasure. Now, when she's not chauffeuring her children around, wishing she had a maid, or lurking at the library, she's spinning her own web of fantasy and penning tales of seduction and suspense. She currently lives in Southern California with her husband and three children. You can find out more about her at www.erickascott.com.