

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



Eland

Allyson James

Naughty
Nooners

Eland

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Like many Bor Nargan women, Jeanne has never had sex. The planet publically shuns intercourse, branding women as wicked for even talking about sexual urges. Then a man unlike any she's ever seen stumbles through her door—literally. Even his disheveled appearance doesn't stop her from wanting to strip bare and place her body in his talented hands.

Created solely for pleasure, Eland is a level-three Shareem. Rough, edgy, commanding. Oh, the things he could teach Jeanne...if he can stay alive long enough.

Publisher's Note: Sexy and sensual? Or down and dirty? If you enjoyed this tantalizing taste, the Tales of the Shareem series has a level of pleasure just for you.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Eland

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Edited by Kelli Collins

Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book publication December 2009

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ELAND

Allyson James

Chapter One

"Who the hell...?"

Is banging on my door in the middle of the effing night when I have to be at work at the crack of dawn? Trust me, I need all the beauty sleep I can get.

Jeanne stomped to the door of her tiny apartment, mumbling threats at whoever had the gall to wake her. She thumbed open the door, and then let out a cry of shock as a huge man fell through it. He grabbed her on his way down, his big hand covering her mouth before she could scream.

The door automatically closed, leaving Jeanne alone on the floor under a gigantic, nearly naked man with weird-looking blue eyes. Weird-looking, *gorgeous* blue eyes.

"I. Need. Water."

His voice was broken, lips cracked. Bor Narga was a desert world and people died quickly without hydration. When the sandstorms blew through, it was law that you shared your shelter and water with anyone who needed it.

But there was no sandstorm tonight.

His hands tightened on her wrists. "Water. *Please.*"

"You have to let me up first," Jeanne said, trying to keep her voice steady.

He blinked at her with those bizarre eyes then slowly hauled himself to his feet and pulled her up with him.

He stood a good foot and a half taller than Jeanne and wore nothing but a loincloth around his hips. A black chain encircled his right biceps, made of some flexible metal that moved with him. Blond hair straggled down his back in a filthy ponytail.

"Who the hell are you?" Jeanne demanded.

The man braced himself on the wall, arm muscles bunching around the chain. He wet his lips and tried to speak, but only a dry croak emerged.

Water. Right. Jeanne hurried into her small kitchen and brought back a dripping container. The man took it without thanks and gulped the contents in two seconds.

"I asked, who are you?"

He wiped his mouth and handed her the empty container. "I'm called Eland."

She waited for a surname but none came. "I'm Jeanne," she said, not offering her surname either. "What are you doing wandering the streets dying of thirst? You're not Bor Nargan, are you?" Bor Nargan males were slender and on the small side, and this man was a giant.

To her surprise he laughed a grating, dry-throated laugh. "I *am* Bor Nargan. More Bor Nargan than anyone on this planet will ever be."

Jeanne stared. What the hell did that mean?

His lips were still wet. He raked his gaze down her body in a slow, sultry study, then up to her breasts, which tightened behind her sleep shirt. The blue part of his eyes got wider.

A droplet of sweat rolled down Jeanne's throat as she fought the sudden urge to rip off her shirt and let him look his fill. Did he sense her secret desire for sex? On Bor Narga, sex was publicly shunned. Children were conceived in a lab, no need for bodily intercourse. Women who wanted sex—hell, women who even talked about sex—were considered dirty and wicked. Sluts.

The way Eland looked at her made Jeanne want to touch herself, to part her legs and show him how wet she was growing. His hand on the wall balled to a fist and sweat dotted his forehead.

"Do it," he whispered as though she'd spoken out loud. "Pull up your shirt for me, Jeanne."

His voice had gone velvet soft, the dry rasp gone. It was a voice that could make even the coldest woman's pussy ache.

Jeanne's hands shook as she grasped her hem. No one would guess she could hold a delicate laser tool and fix the tiniest engine circuit. Right now she couldn't have bashed scrap metal with a bludgeon.

Eland's eyes went even darker blue as she lifted the shirt. Modest underwear hugged her hips beneath it, but her chest was bare. Eland's gaze shot to her breasts and her nipples tightened as though she'd fallen into ice water.

"Play with them for me," he said.

Jeanne found her hands going to the areolas, teasing the buds between fingers and thumbs. Her nipples grew harder, and she suddenly wanted him to suck them.

But he was filthy. Eland must have been walking the streets for some time, which was weird because there were no homeless people on Bor Narga. Everyone had somewhere to go.

Jeanne let her shirt fall, the fabric rasping against her now-sensitive breasts. "I have a sterilizer in there." She pointed at her bathroom door. "You can clean yourself up before you go."

"I didn't tell you to stop." His voice was low and firm, controlling.

Jeanne swallowed. "No? Well, this is *my* house and you only get to see what I show you."

The blue eyes fixed on her in a way that made her start shaking again. Jeanne never shook—she was strong, competent. This man made her feel small, almost delicate, like a desired object. Beautiful. Sexual.

He touched her hair. That was all, a touch, but electric warmth shot through her, like an arc from a welding torch.

"You're strong," he whispered. "I like that."

Jeanne felt as weak as a newborn desert cat. A smile tugged the corners of his mouth and her heart pounded. She wanted to kiss that mouth, lick those lips, taste the water that lingered on them.

He lowered his hand and entered her bathroom, pulling off his loincloth as he walked.

Holy mother goddess, help me now.

Eland's ass was beautiful—firm, tight and sun-bronzed. His back was as well muscled as his shoulders and arms, and the black chain on his biceps only made him sexier.

A year ago, Jeanne had succumbed to temptation with an off-world pilot and got her first taste of fondling. No full sex, just touching and exploring. It was a secret naughty memory she relived when she got lonely.

The pilot's attributes had been nothing to Eland's. Eland had a perfect male form, as though the gods themselves had sculpted him. Perhaps that was what nagged at Jeanne. The man had no imperfections at all.

Eland glanced back at her, grinning when he saw her glazed stare.

"Come in and watch," he said, and then the automatic door slid shut, cutting off the beautiful view.

Chapter Two

Control. Don't lose it.

Eland closed his eyes as the warm sterilizing rays washed his body clean. He'd have preferred a water shower, but he had to take what he got. He'd been lucky the woman had let him ease his thirst without calling the patrollers. The only explanation for her hospitality was that she must not realize what he was.

The DNAmo facility had been invaded by patrollers and shut down only tonight, but Eland had been on the run for a week. When the researchers had started bailing out, word had rocketed among the Shareem that the Ministry of Non-Human Life Forms was poised to take control, though they hadn't made the news public yet.

Not only would they take control, but they planned to start killing off the Shareem "experiments". The Shareem had fled the chaos of the factory, splitting up and melting into the city. Eland had been wandering the streets for days, trying to find a man called Rees, a Shareem who'd successfully escaped DNAmo months ago. Rees was rumored to still be on Bor Narga and might help him find a way off planet.

The door slid open again and Jeanne walked in. Eland kept his eyes closed, feeling her presence. He could smell her, too, warm and moist, her cream scenting the air.

Jeanne. A nice name, one that rolled off his tongue.

Eland's cock was hard and high. He wished for lube, but now that a week of dirt had been cleansed from him, he licked his palm and closed it around his cock.

He groaned. He hadn't released today, and he was about to die. Shareem had been bred for one purpose and one purpose only. If they didn't release the sexual tension that wound through their bodies, they would literally burn up from the inside out. Ergo, the brilliant scientists at DNAmo had created a factory full of males who had to spend most of their time jerking off.

Eland cracked open his eyes to see Jeanne staring at him. Her gaze was fixed on his cock, and she wet her lips. He pictured that moist red mouth forming a ring to slide over him and he got even harder.

Fuck. He stroked faster, parted his legs and cupped his balls. Every hair on his body lifted as he watched her watch him. If he had a butt plug, life would be perfect.

No, life would be perfect if *she* put the plug in him. Then knelt in front of him and sucked him off. She wanted to suck him—he knew she did.

“Come and touch me,” he said. “I won’t hurt you.” Eland gave her a big smile that said she could believe that if she wanted to.

One step, two. Jeanne came closer to the sterilizing booth, her gaze locked on his cock.

“Take off the shirt,” he said.

Jeanne hesitated and then quickly slid the shirt up and over her head.

Damn, damn, damn. She’d triggered his hard-on by lifting her shirt in the other room—now he saw her fully. Her breasts were firm mounds, her waist curved, her hips sweet. She wore underwear, the slash of fabric across her hips erotic.

Quickly, as though fearing she’d stop herself, Jeanne darted under the cleansing beams with him.

“Who are you?” she asked.

“I told you, sweetie. My name is Eland.”

“Eland what? Where did you come from? Why are you wandering around Pas City in the middle of the night?”

He touched her lips. “Too many questions.” When Jeanne started to ask another, Eland cupped her neck and pulled her up for a long kiss.

He felt her start of surprise, but she didn’t stop him as he swept his tongue into her mouth. He felt her kiss him back, chasing his tongue with hers.

She tasted good. Eland's experience was limited to the researchers at DNAmo and the women they hired to keep the Shareem sated. That sex had been clinical, necessary. This was touching a woman because he wanted to. He wanted to get to know her, to talk to her, things that had been forbidden at DNAmo.

"Do you want this?" he whispered. "Will you let me?"

Her eyes were wide, astonished, curious. "I think so."

"Know so. You have to give me permission to have you. But when you say yes—after that, it's no holds barred. I might not be able to stop. Make sure."

He saw the indecision in her eyes. He'd love to just take her, but that ability had been programmed out of Shareem. Eland was level three, which meant he could put his lady in manacles, spank her, fuck her, be the Dom with her.

But the woman always had to give him permission first.

"I might be crazy," Jeanne said, and then she smiled. "But all right. No holds barred."

"Thank you." Eland said it with all the gratitude he'd felt when he'd drunk the water. She'd given life to a dying man. "I'll make it beautiful for you."

She had no idea what he meant. He saw that.

Eland kissed her again, letting it turn masterful. She was a lovely thing, and he needed her.

He pushed her against the wall, snagged her underwear and pulled it down. Jeanne balled her hands as he crouched to drag it from her ankles. She had calloused hands, a worker's hands.

Eland nuzzled her clit, inhaling her wonderful smell. "You don't shave it."

"Shave what?"

"I like my ladies bare, honey. You have a shaver?"

"For my legs, sure."

Eland snapped the controls on the sterilizer and the warm beam receded. "Get it."

Jeanne grabbed the small device from a cabinet. Still hard and unsated, Eland laid her on the floor on a cushion of towels. "Spread wide. Very wide."

Jeanne opened her thighs. Eland ran his hand along the lips of her labia, liking how pink and swollen it was. He turned on the shaver and carefully removed the hair, pausing when she wriggled.

"Stay still, sweetheart. I don't want to hurt you."

She apparently liked the vibration so near her clit. Her hips came off the floor and Eland bent closer to finish the job. He licked her now-bare skin. "Do you have lotion?"

"In the cabinet."

Eland put aside the shaver, found a bottle of sweet-smelling oil in the cabinet and returned to smooth it over her pussy.

Jeanne made a noise of pleasure. Eland wished he had his accoutrements, bands for her wrists, maybe a little gag to put between her teeth, a vibrator to stimulate her, wands of different kinds to put inside her and have her put inside him.

Ah well, he'd have to make do. He twisted her sleep shirt into a rope, caught her hands and wrapped the shirt around her wrists.

She gaped. "What are you doing?"

Eland kissed her, raised her hands above her head and hooked the other end of the rope around a cabinet handle. As a restraint it was pathetic—if she wanted to jerk away, she could, but as he'd thought before, he had to make do.

Jeanne looked at him with eyes the color of dark-brewed coffee, just the way he liked it. When the patrollers finally caught up to him, would he ever see coffee again?

Eland kissed her eyelids and ran his tongue across them. He licked down her face and around her mouth. She parted her lips and he dipped inside her mouth before drawing his tongue to her throat.

Jeanne wanted to be touched, tasted, played with. He could tell she didn't have much experience beyond that. Briefly Eland wished he were a level one, pure sensuality, so he could keep it sweet for her, but level threes needed it harder, edgier.

"If I had my things, I'd do so much more." He plied his tongue to her breast, swirled it around her nipple. "I'd have a wand inside your pussy, a nice soft ring to keep it from going too far."

"Yes." Her whisper tasted sweet.

"It vibrates and it's warm. It would have you coming in no time."

"Coming?"

"Climaxing. Your sweet cream pouring out. I'd catch it on my tongue."

He licked her navel and moved to her clit. Eland kissed it once and eased away, and she moaned.

"You want me to stay here?" Eland asked, close enough to smell the warm musk of her pussy.

"Yes."

"Ask me pretty please."

A hesitation. She wasn't used to asking for anything, this woman with the work-worn hands. "Pretty please."

Eland pressed a kiss to her opening. He loved how her pussy looked now, bare and pink for him.

"You're a sweet, beautiful woman," he said. "Hold very still and I'll make you feel good."

She nodded in silence.

"But you must hold still and not move. Understand?"

"Yes."

His heart beat faster. This was where the games got interesting. "I'll punish you if you misbehave. Got it?"

Silence. Eland lifted his head. Jeanne was watching him, eyes wide.

"Understand?" he repeated.

"Yes."

What a woman. She *did* understand. She'd let him into her house, eased his thirst, treated him like a human being and now understood both what he wanted and what she needed.

The gods must be looking out for him today.

Chapter Three

She had to be crazy. Jeanne should have called the patrollers, kicked him out, shot him with her stun pistol, *something*.

Instead she'd let him shave her pussy, tie her to the cabinet and tell her he'd punish her if she didn't let him make her feel good.

Now she'd just told him to do whatever he wanted. And she wasn't scared. She was nervous, but excited, wondering what he'd do.

Eland gave her another smile, blue eyes lighting, and then he lowered his head and stuck his tongue right into her pussy.

Gods. She'd thought the vibrating shaver had felt good. Eland's hot mouth moved across her clit, his tongue parted her lips and his breath snaked inside her cunt.

She looked down at his bent head, hair clean now, noting that strands of gold wove with strands of light brown. She wanted to run her hands through that beautiful, thick hair but her wrists were still fastened. Jeanne tugged at the bond. Easy to break.

Eland lifted his head. His eyes were blue all the way across, blotting out the white. His face was flushed, his lips wet with her juices. "Leave it, or I spank you."

"I just want to touch you."

"Tough shit."

He lowered his head and this time he suckled her, nipping and tickling with his tongue. Jeanne squirmed and cried out as his merciless mouth went on and on.

He was fucking her with his tongue. Broad hands held her legs apart and his mouth went on licking, sucking, biting. Jeanne arched up into him. Her body was going crazy, loving everything he did to her.

Eland pushed her back down. She felt his hair brush her thighs, his hands so damn strong, his tongue pumping into her. She was going to come, as he called climaxing, harder than she ever had with her off-world pilot.

Suddenly her world narrowed to his mouth, the burning sensation of his tongue, her need to drag him inside her. She screamed and bucked, her butt hitting the scratchy towels, and she didn't care. Jeanne heard a tearing sound and the twisted shirt came away from her wrists.

She rejoiced. She could stroke his hair now, which was like raw silk. She cried his name, holding him hard.

Eland raised his head, his mouth wet with her cream. "Naughty," he growled. "I told you to behave."

"I couldn't help it. It tore."

Eland snarled. It was a sound that told her to stop talking, but Jeanne couldn't.

"Eland, I want you. Have sex with me. Please."

"I make the rules here, sweetheart, not you."

She blinked. "It's my house."

He leaned over her, her own come fragrant on his lips. "You gave yourself to me. Remember? Now take your punishment. Turn over."

"But —"

"Turn. Over."

He grinned as he said it, but his eyes were glittering — not with rage but with need.

Jeanne rolled over on the towels, resting her cheek on her folded arms. Eland put one very strong hand on her bare ass.

"Have you ever been spanked?"

"Why would I?"

"You mean you've never been bad?" His breath touched her ass. "Never, ever?"

"Well, maybe a little bit bad."

"Really?" Eland laughed softly. "Tell me about your badness. What did you do?"

"I fantasize about sex." She suddenly wanted him to know everything. "I've never done it all the way, but I want to. I've bought stuff from off world, like wands and vibrators, but they're not as good as what you just did. I want to save up enough money to travel to Ariel or even to Station 358 and meet an alien with three cocks or something. I just want to have sex."

Eland sounded thoughtful. "Three cocks? What would he do with three..." He trailed off, maybe picturing what *he* could do if he had three.

"I had my hymen removed when I came of age, but I'm still a virgin," she said. "I want sex. Does that make me bad?"

Eland leaned down, his damp chest on her back. "It makes you a woman."

"So, you're not going to spank me?"

"I didn't say that."

Eland laughed again as he drew back, and the next thing Jeanne felt was his huge hand stinging her ass.

* * * * *

Jeanne's beautiful ass was sweet and round, and now red. She wriggled, her body instinctively wanting to get away from him, but he held her down and kept swatting.

Eland made himself hold back a little, though. She wasn't used to it, the little love, had never been a sub before. Oh, what he could teach her.

Not that he'd get the chance.

He pushed away the thought and focused on the joy of feeling her butt under his hand, listening to her squeal, feeling his cock get fierce and hard.

He knew Jeanne was coming again, her bare clit rubbing on the towels beneath her, his spanking making her dig into them. Just as she screamed the peak of her climax,

Eland flipped her onto her back, lifted her hips and slid his cock inside her oh-so-wet pussy.

He let his head drop back as her beautiful, tight sheath squeezed him. Jeanne's climax kept on, her cunt pulsing on his hot and needy cock.

Damn, *fucking damn*. Had it ever been this good? No, never, because it had never been with a woman like Jeanne.

She regarded him with half-closed eyes, the brown gleaming between thick black lashes. Her hair was a mess, her face relaxed and beautiful.

"Jeanne."

He said her name in ecstasy, he shouted it to the walls, he whispered it into her hair. All the time he pumped in, his balls tight and hard.

I could love you.

If Shareem could love. And Eland was, in the end, Shareem.

He groaned as he came, great gobs of come shooting inside this beautiful woman. He gathered her against him, panting, kissing her sweating face, her lips, her hair.

"Thank you," she whispered.

"My pleasure," he murmured as he closed his eyes and sank into her. "It's what I'm for."

* * * * *

Not until Jeanne woke later in bed—alone—did Eland's strange words strike her. *It's what I'm for*. What the hell did he mean?

And where was he?

They'd had sex again after she'd rested. He'd showed her how to straddle him, then how to balance on hands and knees, butt in the air, so he could come in behind her. Sexing her that way had let him spank her at the same time.

But he was gone now. Eland's dirty loincloth had vanished, and so had he. The apartment felt different without him in it, smelling of sex but very empty.

As Jeanne readied herself for work, her heart heavy, she glanced at the news on her monitor. They showed a vid about the DNAmo genetics facility, which specialized in making perfect servants and factory workers. It had been shut down last night, the reporter said, after authorities had outlawed its experimental program that created beings called Shareem. The scientists had been arrested or fled the planet and the Shareem had disappeared.

Jeanne only half-paid attention, not much interested in genetic engineering, until the reporter's next words riveted her gaze to the screen.

"The Shareem are strong, smart and resourceful. They are taller than normal males and can be identified by a black chain worn on the upper arm. If you see one of these beings, do not try to engage—call a patroller. The Shareem are dangerous and have been sentenced to termination."

A holo pic showed a man with a perfect face, long dark hair, a black chain on his arm and blue eyes exactly like Eland's. The man wasn't Eland, but the two were very alike.

The Shareem, the reporter continued, had been illegally made for sexual pleasure, anathema on a planet where sex was shunned. Shareem were barbaric throwbacks to Bor Nargan's distant past, too dangerous to be allowed to live.

Jeanne snapped off the monitor and put her hands to her face. She remembered the sting on her butt as Eland spanked her, then the soothing goodness of his hands. She remembered how hot and hard he'd been inside her, stretching her, making her feel so damn good.

Shit. No wonder Eland had laughed when he'd told her he was more Bor Nargan than any other. He'd been created from the DNA of many Bor Nargans, mixed up in a vat.

The Shareem were to be rounded up and terminated, the reporter had said.

Eland must have been fleeing patrollers when he'd stumbled in here, dirty and dying of thirst. Jeanne had succored him and he'd fled again. *Strong, smart, resourceful.*

He'd be terminated if they caught him. Her heart tore. *No.*

Jeanne went out looking for him, to hell with work. She'd call in sick.

After an hour's futile search, trying to avoid patrollers at the same time, Jeanne gave up and returned home. She locked her door, sat numbly on her bed and cried.

* * * * *

Three months later, the Ruling Council of Bor Narga voted to let the Shareem live – with certain restrictions. They were forbidden to leave the planet, they had to register with the Ministry of Non-Human Life Forms and carry a special ident card, they had to take contraceptive shots and be inoculated for sexual diseases. They had to renew these inoculations every six months or be terminated without trial.

Jeanne mused cynically that the government likely had stayed the executions because it feared losing money. Worlds that traded with Bor Narga, especially rich ones like Ariel, where genetic engineering was an art form, expressed strong disapproval of Bor Narga's plan to kill the Shareem. Ergo, the Ruling Council had a change of heart.

Jeanne had no way of knowing whether Eland had escaped the planet or whether he'd been terminated before the edict was changed. No way of knowing at all. Jeanne went woodenly to work each day and woodenly returned home.

She sometimes took out her sexual toys and looked at them, but she didn't have the heart to use them. She could think only of Eland and know that nothing would ever make her feel like he had.

One evening while she examined her wands, fantasizing about Eland using them on her, the door chime sounded. Jeanne hid the wands and opened the door.

A huge man pushed her backward and let the door slam behind him. Before she could draw a breath, he lifted her in his arms and started kissing her.

"Eland," she panted when they finally stopped. "I was so worried about you."

He smiled down at her, his eyes so damn blue she wanted to cry. He'd found clothes—a tunic and leggings and sun-blocking robes, though Jeanne thought she'd love him best in the barely there loincloth.

"I made it, sweetheart," he said. "I had to hide out for a while, but that's all over now."

"Damn it, Eland, you should have told me what you were, that you needed to get away. I work at the space docks. I could have smuggled you out somehow."

Eland pulled her close, his arms so strong, but he was shaking. "You might have been arrested, maybe terminated for helping me. I'd never let that happen. Never." His breath was warm, his kisses hard. "And if I left the planet, I might never see you again."

Jeanne's heart beat sickeningly fast. "Idiot. If you didn't want to leave, why didn't you let me hide you?"

"Gods, Jeanne, I endangered you enough knocking on your door the first time." Eland wiped tears from her face with his thumb. "But you gave me strength to go on, beautiful lady. I've fallen in love with you."

"Bastard." Jeanne gave him a shaky smile. "I fell in love with you too."

Eland laughed suddenly, a warm, beautiful sound, and spun around with her. "I'm Shareem, honey, made for your pleasure. A level three, which means all kinds of *bad* pleasure."

"Hmm, I like the sound of that."

Eland set her down, ripped her coverall open from neck to waist and thrust his hands inside. His hands found her breasts, her waist, her clit already swollen for him.

"So tell me, angel." Eland kissed her and gave her a hot, pussy-wetting smile. "Want to keep me?"

About the Author

Allyson James writes romances, mysteries, erotic romance and mainstream fiction under several pseudonyms. She has made the *USA Today* bestseller list, has won several Romantic Times Reviewer's Choice awards, and won RWA's RITA award. Her books have earned starred reviews in *Booklist* and Top Pick reviews in *Romantic Times BookReviews* magazine.

Allyson loves to write, read, hike and build dollhouses. She met her soul mate when she was eighteen, traveled the world with him, and settled down with him and two cats in the desert southwest.

Allyson welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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Howlin'

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