



Red Sage Presents

BRIBES
Blackmail
AND
BONDAGE

LYNNE LOGAN



An eRedSage Publishing Publication

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Information:

Red Sage Publishing, Inc. • P.O. Box 4844 • Seminole, FL 33775
727-391-3847 • eRedSage.com

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ISBN: 978-1-60310-342-8 • 1-60310-342-2 • Bribes, Bondage and Blackmail • Adobe PDF

ISBN: 978-1-60310-343-5 • 1-60310-343-0 • Bribes, Bondage and Blackmail • MobiPocket

ISBN: 978-1-60310-344-2 • 1-60310-344-9 • Bribes, Bondage and Blackmail • MS Reader

ISBN: 978-1-60310-345-9 • 1-60310-345-7 • Bribes, Bondage and Blackmail • HTML

Published by arrangement with the authors and copyright holders
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Bribes, Bondage and Blackmail © 2009 by Lynne Logan

Cover © 2009 by Tuesday Dube, Purple Ink Graphics and Design

Printed in the U.S.A.

Book typesetting by: Quill & Mouse Studios, Inc. • quillandmouse.com

*Bribes, Bondage
and Blackmail*

* * *

by Lynne Logan

To My Reader:

I loved writing about Drake and Amanda's story and the consequences of when a person delves into the forbidden. Both Drake and Amanda quickly find themselves down a dark, sexual and dangerous path, and that it only take one moment of passion to jeopardize both their futures and careers.

Bribes, Blackmail and Bondage: Chapter 1

"I didn't kill him." Drake Kirkland leaned across the table. "You believe me, don't you?"

"It doesn't matter what I believe," Amanda Oliver said, evading his question as she reached into her briefcase. She pulled out her legal pad and pen and placed them on the table. As an attorney, she'd been asked that question so many times her answer had become a reflex. "I'm here to protect your rights."

"That's not what I asked."

When he reached across the table and covered her hand, she stiffened and inhaled sharply. Sexual awareness, unbidden and unwanted, heated her body.

The air within the walls of the jail cell tasted stale and heavy from disillusionment, despair, and defeat, but none of those emotions glittered from the eyes of the man who sat on the opposite side of the table. It was his earnest passion that burned past her defenses.

Displaying a casualness she didn't feel, Amanda slipped her hand from his, yet the warmth of his palm lingered. She stared at his strong, capable fingers, and fantasized that hand on her body doing things she had no right to think about. But a shiver of longing danced down her spine as she met his gaze.

For two weeks, she'd tried to suppress her growing interest in her client, but to her dismay her feelings had only grown stronger.

It must be because he reminded her of her first love, Troy. Maybe it was the way Drake flung his hair back from his face, or the similar dark brows, or the innocence of youth in his deep blue eyes that made him mirror Troy.

But Troy was gone, had been since high school, along with her own innocence. And she didn't believe in anyone else's innocence, either.

"I need you to believe," he insisted. "How else can you represent me with any conviction?"

"Because I'm good at what I do."

Disappointment flashed across his face. He jerked his head to the side, tossing his forelock from his brow. The strands shone blue-black under the overhead lights. At twenty-three, he was so damn young. No lines of frustration or cynicism creased his brow or bracketed his mouth. But that would change with the charge of murder hanging over his head. He hadn't been able to make bail and his case didn't look good, not with what the prosecution had on him.

Until now, she was pretty sure he hadn't had any major knocks in life, unlike her own experiences with a failed marriage, a miscarriage, and numerous dysfunctional relationships.

Innocence shone from those deep blue eyes. But she knew that the expression was probably a shield to hide something far darker. She hoped not. At thirty-five, she'd come across murderers, con men and rapists, many of them good at deception. God knew she wanted to believe him, but the evidence was too damning.

Mentally squaring her shoulders, she cleared her throat and avoided looking at his other hand—the one shackled to the table. “Now tell me exactly where you were that evening.”

“At home, watching television. I'd just finished a twelve-hour day at the brokerage company I work for. I was tired.”

“And no one was with you?”

He stared back. Tension filled the air between them. “Not one person. Not even a girlfriend to confirm where I was. That night, I was alone in bed.”

The word *bed* resounded throughout the room. She nodded sharply, trying to ignore the relief that coursed through her when he insisted he'd been alone. She shouldn't care if he had one girlfriend or a cheerleading squad in his bed.

“So you have no alibi?”

“That's right.” Drake lifted his chin and straightened, drawing attention to the wide breadth of his shoulders and how his orange jumpsuit tightened across the hard plane of his chest.

She suspected the rest of him was just as hard. The image of his body without the uniform flashed in her head. He would be all

smooth sinew and muscle, young taut flesh free of blemishes and sun damage. She had never slept with a younger man, but she'd always been curious. What red-blooded woman wouldn't wonder at the difference between a man in his forties—her usual date—and one in his twenties? No doubt Drake would be far more agile and eager than the men in her age bracket, and his stamina....

Her pulse quickened and the air around her warmed, turning so thick she struggled to get enough oxygen into her lungs. Heat crept up her neck and into her face. She wanted him, and she hoped to God it didn't show.

"You have to believe me." His blue eyes darkened to almost black. "I didn't take a baseball bat to his head."

"But there are two witnesses who say they saw you." Amanda didn't see him getting out any time soon. "What's worse, you were picked out of a line up, Drake. I need something substantially more to work with here."

He lifted a hand as if to push back his hair. Shackles rattled and stopped his wrist in midair. A look of disgust flashed across his face, and he lowered his hand slowly to the table.

She found herself staring at that hand, large, long-fingered, with a light dusting of hair against the back. An adept, masculine, powerful hand.

Forbidden desire curled in the pit of her stomach. Really, she had to stop looking at those hands of his.

Oh, Lord. She couldn't remember a time when she'd been this attracted to a client. Drake lacked the apathy, frustration, and cynicism of so many others she'd defended. He seemed so young, so earnest.

"I'm not going to admit to murder when I didn't do it!"

Amanda blinked, shocked at how easily her mind had scattered. She met his stormy gaze and nodded. Such passion and conviction. But exactly how much passion? Did it involve a dark, twisted side that could beat a man to death? Ignore the victim's cries until they were forever silenced? "I understand your reluctance."

He laughed, a harsh, bitter sound. "You think I'm lying. Well,

I'm not lying, and I'm not going to start so I can get a lower sentence for a murder I didn't commit! I might as well slit my wrists."

She rose and paced restlessly across the floor. Two chairs and a small table in the middle of the room were the only furnishings inside the sterile jail cell reserved for legal visits. Other than a small slat of plate glass for viewing in the door, the walls were empty of windows. Only the two of them were here, allowing privacy for any dark confessions her client might make.

But he wasn't confessing. He was insisting on his innocence.

And she felt the tug toward believing him.

Finally she paused beside him. "Then we need proof. Something. Anything."

Swiveling in his chair, he raised his head and gripped her hip. The heat of his palm burned through the fabric of her skirt. Entreaty flared in his eyes. "Thank you."

Her breath hissed into her lungs. Not once had a client dared to slip over the line and touch her with such intimacy, to speak to her so passionately. He must know the attraction she'd tried to hide behind a cool, professional facade. Why else would he step past that boundary?

His expression shifted, tightened with hunger, not for freedom or for justice, but for something darker. Sexual desire and hot forbidden thoughts glittered from his eyes as he turned completely in his chair to face her.

Amanda didn't move. She couldn't move. Not when anticipation hummed through her entire body and rooted her to the floor. His hand glided lower, and for one slow, heart-rending breath, it paused below the hemline of her skirt. Then his fingers skimmed across her flesh and up her inner thigh. Her breath quickened and her pussy quivered.

From the moment she sat across the table from Drake, she had wanted him with a passion she'd thought dead. For three years, her interest in men or even sex in general had evaporated. Then he appeared in her life. His caged frustration and fierce belief in his innocence called to her.

She inched between his splayed legs. Even the knowledge she was tossing her ethics down the drain didn't stop her. Not with this hunger twisting her insides. It blinded her to everything but the moment.

The heat of his body radiated toward her as his palm glided upward, inch by delicious inch. His thumb caressed the sensitive inner side of her thigh. With trembling fingers, she placed her hands on his shoulders and found herself thinking of far more wicked deeds than kisses and teasing touches.

One of his fingers slipped around her damp panties and grazed the edge of her labia. Hunger rolled through her body and warmed her skin as she gripped his shoulders with taut fingers. Edging closer, she glided both hands over the soft cotton of his uniform and slipped beneath the collar to caress flesh warm and supple to the touch.

"I shouldn't do this," he whispered.

"I know." She slipped open the top two buttons of his uniform and swept her hands across the width of his chest. Then she lightly scraped her nails over his nipples, eliciting a quick, indrawn breath from Drake. She smiled with pleasure. "But it feels so good."

She'd forgotten how exciting lust could be. She glanced down. He was so damn responsive. One touch and he was quivering with need. His erection pressed against his jumpsuit. Her pulse quickened. The material didn't mask his size. At the idea of his cock inside her, Amanda shivered and rubbed a thigh against the hard ridge of his sex. He groaned and pressed his mouth against the indentation of her elbow. His hand slipped from beneath her panties and skirt. Slowly, he slid his mouth upward along her arm as he unbuttoned her blouse with his free hand.

After the last button slipped open, she parted both sides of the blouse and let the material slide off her shoulders. Dropping it on the table, she watched Drake's response. She wasn't disappointed. At the fiery hunger in his eyes, excitement swept across her flesh. How could something that felt so right be wrong?

She didn't want to know the answer. She didn't care. Not now.

Not when her body hungered for the feel of his mouth, his hands, his body on her. She edged yet deeper between the V of his legs, unhooked the front clasp of her bra and slipped the lacy material from her breasts.

“You’re beautiful,” he whispered as if in awe, his breath washing over her flesh.

Her nipples puckered almost painfully as she arched against him, swept her fingers into the silken strands of his hair, and urged him closer.

Then what she craved happened. His mouth, hot and wet, latched onto and suckled her nipple, lapping at the crest again and again, drawing it deep into his mouth. She pressed him even closer, tightening her fingers in his hair as need burned through her flesh. When his fingers slipped back beneath her skirt and inside her panties, they turned daring and dipped and glided over the slick, swollen flesh of her pussy. Amanda cried out and widened her legs.

She wondered how long it would take for Drake to come. She wondered how soon he’d be able to come again. Then she wondered how long it would take for her to come. When he slipped a finger deep into her channel, she shuddered and decided it would take very little. Already a climax hovered just beyond her reach. She knew one deep thrust of his cock inside her would push her over the edge.

There was nothing stopping them from having sex. She was on birth control and had been for years. And there was no denying it. They both wanted it.

The rustle of material melded with their breathing as she one by one opened the rest of the buttons of Drake’s jumpsuit. Tension and anticipation crackled in the air between them. A dark flush crept over his face, and a pulse flickered by the corner of his jaw. His obvious desire worked like an aphrodisiac, stoking her pleasure to newer heights. Amanda slipped a hand inside his boxers and instantly felt the burn of his cock against her hand. She wrapped her fingers around the base of his erection. Thick, hot, hard.

Holy mother.

As she nudged his inner thighs apart, the muscles of her legs trembled and she clutched at his shoulder with her other hand. His cock thickened and lengthened. His breath came out in ragged pants as she glided her thumb over the ridge of his erection. When he licked along the crease beneath her breast, she arched her neck back and closed her eyes.

Drake was so different. The other men she'd had were all too worldly, too aged and tired. Unlike Drake, they'd grown jaded—much like herself. Drake's intensity made her feel as if she'd shaved years, if not decades, from her age.

She wanted him like she hadn't wanted anything in a long while. Until now, she'd forgotten what need was all about.

He cupped her pussy. She wanted more. The muscles in her thighs and calves shuddered, and she spread her legs wider to allow him freer access. He took it, dipping an index finger inside her channel again and circling her clit with a thumb. Pleasure pulsed through her body and a climax drew ever closer. Just a little quicker, a little harder....

The shackles rattled. Once, twice. The sound cut into her thoughts, and the reality of the situation hit her hard. She was about to have sex with her client and break a fundamental taboo of client/lawyer privileges. She dug the nails of one hand into his shoulder.

He flinched and pulled back against his chair. Confusion darkened his eyes. "What's wrong?"

"Everything." She slipped her other hand from his jumpsuit and the burn of his flesh and stepped backward and away from the cradle of his legs. Her body protested. Her pussy throbbed and ached from lack of release. She wanted to continue, to feel his cock inside her, to have his mouth on her breast, to drown in the sensuality of his touch. She wanted....

"I want you."

His whisper reverberated inside her head, magnifying her own need. A shiver raced across her naked skin. Unable to look at him, she fumbled with the front closure of her bra and grasped for an

appropriate answer, but the words wouldn't come. After hooking the clasp, she shrugged into her blouse and buttoned the front with clumsy hands. All the while, she sensed Drake's intent gaze but lacked the guts to meet it head-on.

Fully clothed, she struggled to keep her expression neutral and her breath from hitching painfully against the back of her throat as she walked around to her side of the table. She stared at her notes, her briefcase by her chair. With one foolish and insane moment, she'd stained their relationship and forced an intimacy between them that was not only unethical but probably illegal.

My God, what had she been thinking? Ah. Thinking didn't enter into it.

She finally found the courage to look across the table at Drake and found he'd buttoned his jumpsuit. "This didn't happen. Do you understand?"

Hurt flashed in his eyes. "You wanted it. A little longer and you would have been on my lap."

"We don't know that for sure." She sat down and grabbed her briefcase for an excuse to break the intensity of Drake's stare. Guilt weighted against her chest. She was older, wiser. She should have stepped back the moment his hand touched her hip.

Shackles rattled as he leaned toward her and gripped the side of the table. "I know when a woman wants me." His voice thickened with emotion. "I wouldn't be surprised if you were wet and ready the last time we talked. I know I wanted to fuck you then."

At his blunt words and the images they depicted, she dropped the briefcase onto the table with a bang. She shifted against the cold metal of her chair, ruthlessly ignoring the wild thump of her heart and the pulse of her sex. For a brief moment, she thought of withdrawing from the case. But whether she liked it or not, she was stuck. The likelihood of the court agreeing to a change of council was nil to none, unless she revealed what she'd done.

Sighing, she looked across the table and wished she hadn't. Now knowledge glittered in Drake's eyes, knowledge that she wanted him and knowledge that he could have had her if he'd made

the smallest effort to persuade her. God knows, she would have caved. One throaty command, one more caress, and she would have let herself be shattered.

She stuffed her files inside her briefcase. “You don’t seem to understand. I have to keep our relationship professional. Your freedom depends on it. The last thing either of us needs is for my head to be clouded with thoughts of sex.”

His jaw tightened and a stubborn light glittered in his eyes. “I understand. But I don’t like it.”

Neither do I. “It doesn’t matter what we like. All that matters is protecting your rights.” She jerked the briefcase zipper closed and stood. “Do you understand?”

He gripped the table’s edge harder, the knuckles of his hand growing white with the pressure. “There’s always after.”

After. After she got him off the murder charge, he meant. She backed away. Ignoring his words was far smarter than any reply she might come up with. “I’ll contact you as soon as any new developments are brought to my attention.”

She left the room, her heart pounding, her pussy drenched with need. Her panties, more wet than damp, rubbed uncomfortably against her inner thighs. The briefcase in her hand felt like a hundred-pound weight. All her energy had gone into keeping herself from cracking beneath Drake’s regard.

In the hall, she pivoted and halted abruptly. A deputy stood to the side of the closed door, a shoulder propped against the wall. His gaze roamed leisurely over her body. Amanda stopped herself from patting down her clothing to make sure her blouse was buttoned and her skirt correctly situated around her waist. She didn’t have to look at the small window slat in the door to know he must have peered inside the room.

The deputy had seen everything. It was there in his eyes and in the confident way he stood. He lifted his shoulder from the wall and straightened. Well over six feet of muscle and male testosterone towered over her. Until this moment, she’d never noticed him or his deep-brown eyes, or the corded muscles of his arms and

thighs under his snug uniform. She searched for his identification, a nametag to clue her in for later, but found nothing to indicate who he was.

“Yeah, I saw the two of you,” he said.

Her heartbeat kicked into a wild crescendo. Oh, God. She could be disbarred, lose her career, her home. One crazy indiscretion in a jail cell might cost her everything she’d ever worked for.

She raised her chin. He couldn’t prove anything. It came down to his word against hers. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Okay, I’ll be blunt. Maybe that will help.” He stepped toward her. “The guy’s mouth was on your tit.” The deputy’s voice had dropped to a whisper. “His hand was up your skirt playing with your pussy.”

She stopped herself from drawing away. She wasn’t about to reveal just how much he rattled her. What could she say? Admit to it? That would only push her closer to disbarment. Instead, she laughed and shook her head. “You have a vivid imagination.”

“What I saw was a hell of a lot better than any imagination I’ve ever had.” A slow smile lifted the corners of his sensual mouth and softened the hard lines of his face. Even white teeth gleamed in the florescent light from the hall’s ceiling.

Tension cut into the corded muscles of her upper back and shoulders. Under different circumstances, the man might have caught her interest with his closely cropped blond hair and dark chocolate eyes. But not now. He was far too intimidating, a threat that needed to be eliminated. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“You liked it. A lot.” He edged even closer, pushing into her space until she swore the heat of his body warmed her chilled skin. “I liked it, too.”

She took in a slow, measured breath. She gripped the handle of her briefcase tighter. The leather slid against her slick palm. In another moment, she thought, her chest might explode from fear. “What are you saying?”

“You want me to be quiet? Well, I want to watch the two of you

fuck.”

Shock rushed through her body. “You’re crazy!”

The sensual gleam in his eyes burned her exposed skin. Her nipples pressed against the material of her blouse. The idea of him watching her have sex with Drake should have horrified her, but a darker and more sensual side of her responded to his words. To her dismay, hunger curled low in her stomach. Her pussy quivered at the image of her body entwined with Drake on the table while this man watched.

Rattled wasn’t close to what she was feeling now. She was stunned, excited, and much to her horror, sexually interested.

“You think I’m crazy?” He shrugged, his gaze caressing her face. “Probably. I’ve never been that turned on until I saw the two of you together.”

When he hooked two thumbs into his front pockets, her gaze inadvertently strayed to the bulge at his crotch. Oh, God. He was thick and hard against his khaki pants. The idea that she’d gotten him that way heated her skin and tightened her nipples.

Escape. The word throbbed inside her head. She needed to get away from this man before she completely crumbled. First Drake heating her up, and now the deputy threatening her with sexual blackmail and disbarment—

She thought the bones in her hand would crack from the force of her grip on her briefcase handle. “How about you find a woman who’s interested.”

“Oh, I think given enough incentive you’ll be interested. You’re passionate enough. You were getting off on him sucking you, and I loved every second of it.” Lust glittered from his brown eyes. The scent of his aftershave floated toward her, sandalwood and another fragrance she couldn’t decipher, a hint of smoke and dark male. “You’re a gorgeous woman. I’ve noticed you coming in and out of here. Classy, and so fucking hot. I’ve always liked older women. They can go at it all night long. And they sure the hell know how to work their pussy on a man’s cock.”

“You’re out of your mind.” His words should have repelled

her, but sexual awareness continued to heat her skin and her mind. She'd always fantasized about someone watching her have sex. But never—*never*—had she contemplated following through on the notion, and she wasn't going to start now.

"Oh, but I think you'll give me what I want." He pulled a cell phone from his pants pocket and flipped it open. After pushing a couple of buttons, he angled the screen for her to see.

A photo of her with Drake glared back in sickening detail. Hair in complete disarray around her shoulders, head thrown back, she clung to Drake's shoulders in the throes of obvious passion. Drake had one hand on her breast and his mouth on the other. The most damaging part was that she clearly loved what he was doing to her.

"I think you're going to fuck this guy. You're also going to enjoy having me watch you come with his cock inside your pussy." He leaned forward until his lips grazed her ear.

As his breath washed across her lobe, she shivered but didn't shy away.

"I promise you," he whispered into her ear, "you'll like it so much that you'll be begging for more. By the time things are done between us, I'll have that sexy mouth of yours sucking my cock until I'm coming down your throat. All the while, this guy will be screwing you from behind." He slipped a lock of her hair between his fingers and let it fall back to her shoulder. "Be smart and take the offer. What more can you ask for? Two guys on you. Both so fucking excited to have you any way they can."

Without warning, he pivoted and retreated down the hall.

Amanda watched his back with narrowed eyes. Anger rushed through her body at being so easily manipulated by him. She wanted to squash that cocky swagger from his body.

What the hell was she to do? She couldn't see any option but to do what he demanded.

The frightening part of the whole situation was—she didn't want to refuse him.

Bribes, Blackmail and Bondage: Chapter 2

The following week, Drake waited in the jail cell for his attorney. He stared at the shackle that circled his wrist and ached to rip it off. Claustrophobia settled in around him and threatened to choke the breath from his lungs. He took in several ragged breaths and pushed the cloying feeling aside. The fear subsided, but he knew it wouldn't last. From the first day of his incarceration, the dread of closed-in places nipped at his heels every hour of the day.

That was until he met Amanda. Miraculously, she eliminated his panic and filled him with longing and hope. The woman exuded raw sexual energy, but she was more than a physical fantasy. He trusted her. He had to. Without her help, he might rot in this place. Or get a knife in the gut.

He didn't want to die inside prison walls, forgotten, hardened and filled with apathy.

He was innocent, never mind that all the evidence pointed to him. Hell. He wasn't an ex-convict, like his brother. He was a stockbroker. More like a minion, really, but it was his first job out of college. He planned to work for a promotion. Or he'd hoped to do that, before he was arrested.

His hands balled into fists on the table. He had to keep reminding himself that innocent people didn't get convicted of murder.

The door opened, and Amanda stepped inside.

He straightened in his chair. Hell, she was beautiful, even with crescent shadows below her eyes. Her russet hair was swept up into a clip at the back of her head, and several loose tendrils had escaped around her neck. But then he looked closer. Tension firmed the sensual curve of her mouth, while weariness showed in her blue eyes. "What's wrong?"

Her lips tightened even more. She glanced at the closed door, didn't sit down in the chair across the table from him, but stepped around to his side and knelt until her gaze was level with his.

"A deputy watched us together the other day," she murmured. "He saw everything."

“Shit.” Drake glanced at the small window in the door, just large enough to frame the upper part of a person’s face. Right now he didn’t see anyone there.

He reached across the distance to grasp her hand, but the shackles stopped him short. “I’m sorry. I should never have touched you.”

She shook her head, sadness darkening her eyes to royal blue. “This is my fault. I’m the one who shouldn’t have let it go beyond a word or look. I—”

Guilt tore at his insides. He wanted to hold her and soothe the pain from her face. “You’re not going to lose your job over this,” he said harshly. “I won’t let it happen. I’ll tell them it was my fault. I made you do it. They’ll see it that way. They have to.”

“You don’t have to do that,” she said. “My job is safe if we do what he wants.”

Drake tensed. The bastard. “Blackmail.”

“Yes.” A pained expression flashed across her features. She hesitated.

“Is it that bad?”

“He wants to watch us have sex.”

The idea took a moment to hit. Then he glared at the door. “What sort of bastard would ask you to do something like that?”

“Would you be willing to have sex with me?”

At her words, his chest tightened and to his shame, his balls hardened and his cock thickened and pressed against his jumpsuit. “I’d never say no. Not to you. But by doing this, he’s digging you and me to where we won’t be able to climb out of the hole he’s got us in.”

“Maybe. But I need more time.” She crossed to the other side of the table, bent and retrieved something from her purse. She slipped the object inside her skirt pocket before he had the chance to identify it. “I’m formulating a plan, but right now I don’t have an option. He has a picture of us together.”

Drake rubbed at the bridge of his nose and sighed. “The bastard has the goods. But between the two of us, I think we can figure

something.”

She swallowed, opened her mouth, closed it, then frowned. “Look, I’m willing to do it. But only if you are too. I won’t make you do something you don’t want.”

Hell. If only she knew. He’d have sex with her while a dozen people watched. She was gorgeous, assured and sexy as hell. She was out of his league, but that had never stopped him from fantasizing about what he would like to do with her.

Excitement laced his thoughts. That fantasy was about to become a reality. “When?”

“Now.”

He managed to nod as his body responded again. The button of his jumpsuit cut into his growing erection. Hell. He wouldn’t have any problems performing. Gaze narrowing, he glanced around the room, wondering if there were cameras waiting to film their every action and add a couple more decades to his pending sentence.

That didn’t seem to matter, not with the way lust drummed through his body. Besides, he wanted to help Amanda any way he could. Having sex with her was a hell of a big bonus.

The idea of some guy watching didn’t deaden the hunger, but stoked it to new heights.

Amanda walked toward the door in a pair of heels that accented the length of her legs. The navy skirt enhanced the curve of her hip. She exuded cool elegance, but he knew the fire that burned under the facade.

She knocked on the door and returned to the table to stand beside Drake. Tension clouded and thickened in the room as they waited.

A moment later, the door opened and a deputy stepped inside. His blond crew cut and crooked nose, probably from a previous break, distinguished him from the other muscle-bound uniforms inside the jail. The wide shoulders, lean torso and flat stomach spoke of a man who worked out regularly. Confidence radiated from him, which made Drake wonder why he wanted to watch the two of them. It looked like he could get a woman if he tried, unless his

brain lacked a few cells. Drake suspected that wasn't the case. Otherwise they wouldn't be involved in this afternoon's performance.

With his free hand, Drake rubbed his shackled wrist. Even though unbidden excitement pooled in his groin, he hesitated. "Are you sure?"

She nodded, determination hardening her jaw.

"You can start with your blouse," the deputy ordered in a deep, husky voice, his brown-eyed gaze fastened on Amanda's body.

Drake jerked at the handcuff around his wrist and scraped back his chair, his body rigid in protest at having Amanda submit to the man's demands. Helplessness gnawed at his insides. He couldn't strike back. He was on the opposite side of the law and a ward of the state. The man with the uniform wielded the power. The metal that bound Drake to the table drove that point home.

"It's okay." Her hand gently massaged his shoulder.

He glanced up at Amanda. Anticipation sparked in her eyes before she lowered her lashes to shield their expression.

He stiffened, stunned to realize that Amanda was excited at what they were about to do. The knowledge heated his blood to a boil and excused his own growing desire.

The deputy lifted a thick brow. "I'm waiting."

Amanda's lips firmed. "Can you at least tell me your name?"

"Ethan."

Then she yielded, stepping away from the table and shrugging out of her suit jacket. She draped it over the back of her chair. Next she unbuttoned her black frilly blouse with nimble fingers.

"No," Ethan ordered quickly, his voice thickening even more with unmistakable lust. "Not that fast."

Lifting her chin a notch, she slowed. The part in her blouse widened with each twist of a button. Finally, she eased the material from her flawless shoulders to reveal breasts that threatened to spill from her wispy black lace bra. The silence in the room grew deafening as she snapped open the clasp between her breasts and slipped the straps from her shoulders.

The bra dropped to the floor

Drake sucked in air. Perfect. Pink-dusted nipples puckered, ready to be caressed. Full, rounded breasts, generous for her slender size and tiny waist, waited for his touch. He wanted to feel their weight in his hands, suckle their tips until she cried out his name.

“You’re gorgeous.” The deputy whispered the words Drake was thinking. “Now walk over to him so he can suck your tits.”

“Jesus.” The word swept from Drake’s mouth in a wild rush of hunger. His cock strained against his suit. He twisted at his handcuff. Torture was the inability to do anything but sit and watch and wait.

Amanda stepped toward him and stopped between the V of his legs. A flush darkened her cheeks as she cupped her breasts. The scent of her drifted in the air toward him. Sex and sin. She breathed, walked and lived it. Drake would do anything to sample it.

She shifted, her legs pressing against his inner thighs, inches from his straining cock. He wanted to drive into her pussy. He wanted to fuck her like he’d never fucked another woman.

“Turn so I can see him sucking you,” the other man commanded.

Her breast brushed against Drake’s cheek. He closed his eyes and turned, latching onto her nipple. Her groan of pleasure drove him on. With his free hand he cupped her other breast and tweaked her nipple, then rolled the tip between his fingers. She pressed closer, her hands slipping into his hair, scraping her nails lightly over his scalp in a delicious, random pattern.

Pleasure wrapped around him as he suckled her nipple. The taste of her pulled a black haze of desire against his peripheral vision. He rubbed his cock against her thigh, slipped his hand from her breast, grasped her ass and molded her flesh against his palm. He was acting like a dog, but he didn’t give a shit.

“That’s enough.”

Drake ignored the command. He didn’t want to stop, not with Amanda trembling in his arms, her scent enfolding him like an

addictive drug. Then a hand viciously grabbed his shoulder and jerked him back in his chair.

“Don’t be so fucking impatient. Give me a minute to get your suit down around your legs.” The deputy stepped to Drake’s side, unlocked the handcuff, and waited with a hand on his gun as Drake shrugged out of the uniform and pushed his boxers to his ankles, where they pooled around his thick work boots.

For a brief moment the men’s gazes locked. A flush stained the hard lines of Ethan’s face and his dark brown eyes had dilated to almost black. The guy wanted Amanda. The tension in his corded muscles spoke of unleashed passion.

Then the look passed and the deputy reattached the handcuff to the table.

Drake suppressed a growl of frustration, resisting the urge to yank at his constraint. When he sank back in his chair, his erection jutted out in front of him. He grew conscious of both their gazes on his cock and turned to catch Amanda’s heated stare. The knowledge she wanted him made him that much hotter.

The deputy smiled, an unpleasant twist of the lips as if he knew exactly what was running inside Drake’s head. “Amanda, take off the rest of your clothes. You better hurry, before he comes all over himself.”

Drake ignored him, wondering at the deputy’s snide comment. Jealousy? Maybe the guy couldn’t get it up if his life depended on it. Then he glanced at the deputy’s crotch and saw the bulge in his pants. No. The guy didn’t have any problems producing a hard-on.

Amanda slipped off her skirt and folded it on the table. Drake waited, tension cutting into the muscles of his thighs, back and ass. Next she slid a black thong down her thighs and let it drop to the floor. His chest tightened. Dammit. He wanted to bury his mouth in that thatch of hair and beyond. He wanted to suck her clit until he had her screaming.

She moved toward him until she stood with both legs on the either side of his thighs. Inches separated her pussy from his erection. He smothered the urge to latch onto her hip with one hand,

grab his cock and aim it into her with the other. As he struggled for control, the distinct chill of sweat along his back sent gooseflesh racing across his skin. He needed to pleasure Amanda before taking his own.

Otherwise, he was even worse than a dog.

Drake slipped a hand along the folds of her sex. His finger glided over slick, hot flesh. With his gaze locked on hers, he lifted that same finger and licked the cream from his fingers. Her gaze darkened and her breasts quivered. Knowing he'd turned her on with the simple act, Drake dragged in a ragged breath. Oxygen flooded his brain and made him light-headed.

No. It was the woman standing over him who kept him off balance.

His chest and cock tightened unmercifully as she shifted and lowered her hips. Her thigh muscles contracted, pressing against him. He held the base of his cock and positioned himself.

"Amanda, take him all in."

With parted lips, she turned to stare at the deputy. Drake sensed an intense awareness build between the two of them, which filled him with a jealousy he couldn't curb. He wanted her thoughts on him, her passion directed solely toward him. But when Amanda's gaze returned to Drake, all dark with desire and promises, he forgot about any other emotion but the passion pressing against his chest and the anticipation driving a fist of hunger into his groin.

Slowly, ever so slowly, she enveloped his cock. The heat of her closed around him, all hot, wet, and tense muscles. He took her mouth in a slow, deep kiss, playing with her tongue, devouring her the way her pussy was devouring his cock.

He broke off the kiss and buried his face in her hair, smelling woman and want. Then he sank back as she began to ride him with slow, even strokes.

Ethan came up behind her and cupped her breasts, massaging and molding the mounds in his large hands. The sight pulled at Drake's balls, and he jerked harder and deeper into Amanda. Shit. He never thought he'd get turned on watching a man touch the

woman he was fucking.

“Do you like that?” Ethan whispered as she rose and sank on Drake’s cock. “You do, don’t you? Your pussy wants him. But you want more, don’t you?” He kneaded her breasts and kissed her neck, shoulder and below her ear as she arched, giving the deputy easier access.

“Weeks now I’ve watched you, and wanted you.” He nipped at her ear lobe and pulled on her nipples. He drew back and stared at Drake. Passion tightened the muscles of Ethan’s face. “I’ve wanted to hear your soft moans as you come with a man’s dick inside you. You’re so cool, so composed, but not now. Not with this guy ramming his cock into you. Are you, Amanda?”

Sex scented the air around them, and as Drake drank it in, he struggled for control. The deputy’s words were pulling him under. Amanda stoked his desire that much more the way she moved her body like a piston, faster, harder. Sweat broke out on his brow as he attempted to rein in his passion.

“I’m right, aren’t I? You’re out of control.” Ethan rolled her nipples beneath his fingers, all the while keeping his gaze locked on Drake as if daring him to lose control. “Answer me.”

“Yes,” she gasped out between rapid and ragged breaths. Strands of her damp hair clung to her neck, brow and cheek. “Yes. I can’t stop. I—”

“Have to come,” Ethan finished for her. “Then come for me. Come for both of us.”

Drake swept a palm over Amanda’s inner thigh and pressed a thumb along her clit. He rubbed the hard nub with each rapid rise and fall of her hips as he flexed into her, his hips working counter to her.

Light, gut-wrenching whimpers slipped from her mouth. Then she groaned, a deep cry of pain and pleasure as she climaxed.

In, out. Hot flesh, wet pussy. Soft groans, softer skin.

Excitement drummed into his balls and up through his shaft. The pressure increased. So close. He was so close to coming. His hand locked on her hip.

“Oh, fuck.” Drake exploded, coming into her, jerking his hips, pumping and coming, and coming. He grabbed in lungfuls of oxygen, shuddering as wave upon wave of pleasure slammed into him. Groaning, he opened his eyes, not realizing he’d closed them.

Amanda. He caressed the warm, damp skin of her thighs while Ethan held her up against the front of his body, his hand roaming over her breasts, belly and waist. Passion lingered in the depths of her eyes. When Ethan released her, she stumbled from Drake’s lap, clutching the table for support.

Drake made a noise of protest. Cool air rushed over his wet cock. The moment was gone. Too soon. Shit. He’d never come so long or hard.

Ethan caught Amanda by her upper arm as if to steady her. Then he slipped his other hand between her legs. Amanda’s face tensed, but not from fear. She didn’t protest or draw away. She widened her legs, the glitter in her eyes telling Drake all he needed to know.

She’d fuck Ethan and enjoy it. The knowledge sent a wave of hunger into Drake’s groin. Shit. He wanted to watch them.

Ethan withdrew his hand, gently drew a damp lock of hair from her cheek and whispered loud enough for Drake to hear. “Next time, it’s my turn.”

Face completely expressionless, Ethan unlocked Drake’s handcuff to allow him to dress. After Drake pulled his underwear and jumpsuit on, the deputy just as silently handcuffed him again to the table.

As softly as he appeared, the deputy slipped from the room.

Bribes, Blackmail and Bondage: Chapter 3

Amanda sank down in her chair, the aftereffects of having sex with Drake leaving her legs too shaky to bear her weight. Somehow she'd managed to get her clothes back on. How? She didn't know. She wouldn't have thought she could move with the way she felt, like a wet sponge of sensitized nerve endings.

She shied away from looking at the small window in the door. She knew Ethan had left, but his presence lingered, just like the touch of his hands on her breasts.

God. She shivered. Her damp panties clung to her pussy, a distinct reminder of how she'd succumbed eagerly to Drake fucking her and the relentless touch of Ethan's hands on her body.

She should be ashamed and embarrassed as she sat across from Drake, but she wanted to do it all again. And again and again. Never had she felt more powerful as a woman. Two men, one young and innocent, the other mature and masterful, wanted her.

"Are you okay?"

She met Drake's gaze and cleared her throat. Her emotions were far too raw to delve into the subject. "I'm fine. And you?"

A dark flush stained his cheeks. "How could I not be? You were beautiful. I wish I had been able to use both my hands. Maybe...."

The way he'd stumbled to a halt made Amanda realize he was referring to next time. Next time. The idea both thrilled and terrified her. She was caught in a web of sexual blackmail. The type of blackmail that enticed her with a strange, perverted power, although it could so easily ruin her career. For a while there, she hadn't cared about her job. All that had mattered was the moment. Not smart, not when it came to dealing with a formidable opponent like Ethan.

"I don't like to be powerless," she admitted. "Ethan might not think I'm dangerous, but I'm not brainless."

"He doesn't think of you that way." When she lifted a brow, Drake explained. "No guy in the same room for two minutes with you could think you were brainless. For one, you wouldn't be a

defense attorney, and for another, you're too articulate and able to get your point across to be considered anything but smart."

The gentleness of his eyes soothed and tormented her. He had such deep faith in her. This boy expected her to protect him, not bury him. If Ethan leaked this encounter out, Drake would be spending far more time behind bars.

Well, she wasn't going to let that happen. She pulled her cell phone from her skirt pocket and placed it on the table between them. "I wasn't able to get any incriminating pictures, but next time, I'm going to make sure I do. I'm entrusting you to take photos of the two of us. Ones that shield my identity but not Ethan's. Can you do that? The camera on my phone is pretty easy to operate."

"Of course."

She sighed in relief. "Good. Because if this continues, I can't protect you or myself."

Amanda glanced down and saw her briefcase on the floor by her chair, reminding her why she was in this room with Drake. He depended on her. She needed to remember her job and willed herself to focus on the case, even though she found the task difficult with the scent of sex and sweat hovering in the air between them.

Straightening her shoulders with resolve, she slipped her phone into her purse and pulled her notes and a pen from her briefcase. After she flipped through the pages of the legal pad, she tapped her pen on a scrawled line. "You mentioned having a brother. Have the two of you ever been mistaken for each other?"

"All the time."

Her gaze sharpened. "And?"

"We're identical twins."

She drew in her breath. Identical twins. "Could it be possible he was the one involved?"

Drake shrugged. "He's a drug addict. When it comes to Jason, anything's possible."

She clicked the pen on and off in rapid succession. "This is good. Good for you, but not necessarily for him." She shook her

head. “Why didn’t anyone mention this before? Why didn’t you?”

“Because after the first dozen times and with no one listening, I gave up. Simple as that.”

“Well, I’m listening. Tell me everything you know. What about priors?”

“Two years for drug trafficking. Before that, he was charged with robbery, but he was a juvenile at the time.” Drake ran a hand over his forearm. A thin, white, jagged scar cut into his skin.

“Yeah, I could see him doing it. Hell, I’ve seen him in a fight before. He’s got that dark side. Dark enough to kill.”

She nodded toward the old wound on his arm. “Did he do that?”

He hesitated, then gave an imperceptible nod. “We were both drunk. Otherwise, I’d have been more careful of the knife.”

“Are you—are you very similar in personality?”

He must have seen what she was getting at. “I might get passionate about things, but unlike Jason, I can control my anger.”

“I still haven’t heard back from the lab to see if your DNA matches the sample taken from the murder weapon. While we’re waiting, hopefully we’ll be able to locate your brother and get a DNA sample from him. If there’s a match when it comes to your brother, your defense looks really good. Especially if he already has a prior.”

She rested a hand on the table inches from Drake’s bound one. She fought back the temptation to touch him. Sympathy wasn’t going to set him free or get them out of this situation.

Amanda scraped her chair backward and rose. She hadn’t a clue how to leave a man she’d just been blackmailed into having sex with. She wiped her palms along the curve of her hips, disliking how conscious she was of her every movement. “If your brother has something to hide, I’ll find it.”

“Thank you. I appreciate it, and....” He cleared his throat. “And everything. I know I should have said no, but I have no self-control when it comes to you. You’re so sexy and hot. You have no idea how much I want to do it again.”

She smiled, feeling more awkward than a moment before.

“Well, if this deputy has his way, that’s far from wishful thinking.”

Heat flared in his eyes, and Amanda’s body softened as the memory of his touch washed over her. Looking away, she stuffed her papers and pen in her briefcase to stop herself from melting under his fiery gaze. “I’ll contact you when I hear of any new developments.”

She left the room quickly. The hall was empty. Thank God. Another encounter with the deputy would have shattered what little composure she’d managed to retain. She should confront him next time. So before she left the building, she stopped at the front desk and asked the clerk, “Do you have a deputy with the first name of Ethan? I’m sorry, I never caught his last name.”

The clerk shook her head, her blonde hair gleaming silver beneath the artificial lights. “No. Sorry.”

Amanda stared at her. “Are you sure?”

“Positive. He might be from another precinct here on temporary assignment, I guess.”

“Thanks.”

Amanda stepped outside and blinked against the sunlight. The heat of summer against her skin sent a shiver up her back. She hugged an arm across her middle. For a wild second she wondered if she’d conjured the whole sexual encounter with Ethan and Drake. But no. The dampness of her panties, the way her sex quivered with the memory, told her she’d experienced every mind-blowing moment.

The normalcy of the traffic, the tall, familiar concrete-and-glass buildings around her belied the craziness of being sexually blackmailed. She wasn’t going to be a victim or allow a man to manipulate her in his quest for power and control. Ah, but she couldn’t deny she’d loved being touched and dominated by a man. She should be ashamed, horrified, but the hunger that lingered throughout her body masked both emotions.

She really wasn’t surprised Ethan had used an alias. The man was far too smart to let himself be caught. Well, she’d use her own brains to match him, move for move. No. That wasn’t enough. She

had to be far more cunning the next time they met.

“Next time” turned out to be the following week, much sooner than Amanda anticipated. Drake’s case had turned dramatically, and she wanted to tell him in person and bask beneath his gaze. With Drake, she could do no wrong. The admiration, the near-reverence in his eyes when he looked at her soothed not only her ego but also her battered soul. This last week, she’d craved his company, his touch, his passion. In his company, she felt capable, strong, and desirable.

She found Ethan waiting in the narrow hallway. No, probably not “Ethan.” Just the man who had blackmailed her. She walked toward the door leading to where Drake was waiting, trying to ignore the guard. But her body responded to his presence. Awareness flowed through her limbs, excitement quickened her pulse and every female part of her responded to Ethan’s powerful frame and narrow-eyed, predatory gaze. She should be outraged, not sexually inflamed at seeing him again.

She couldn’t even pretend to ignore him. “What’s your real name?”

A slow, sensual smile curled the corner of his lips. “Ethan.”

“Liar.” She turned and grabbed the handle of the door. “Give me a couple of minutes with my client please. I do have a job.”

“Of course.”

The deep throb of his voice clung to the back of her neck as she slipped inside. The door closed with a soft sigh, but the metal barrier wouldn’t keep Ethan out. She’d seen the hunger and anticipation in his eyes. He wouldn’t wait long.

Drake looked up from where he sat at the table, staring at her with anxious eyes. “What do you have? Tell me it’s good.”

She sat in the chair across from him. Moments like now made her appreciate her job and all the long hours and hard work. “It’s great.” She clasped her hand over his on the table. To hell with ethics and propriety. “They’ve located your brother. He didn’t take to a couple of uniforms and started shooting. No one was hurt, but

your brother's under police custody. If his DNA matches what's on the murder weapon, it will only be a matter of time until you're freed."

Drake curled his fingers around hers, a distinct tremor in his hand. "Thank you." He blinked back tears. "No one believed in me. No one except you."

She opened her mouth to argue, to tell him that she believed not in him, but in the law. Then she stopped. A stillness settled over her as she realized that he'd spoken the truth. She had believed in him. Otherwise she never would have let the attraction between them go further than a look.

Drake looked over her shoulder and a flush raced up his neck and into his face. "I saw someone outside. He's here, isn't he?"

She stopped herself from glancing back at the door. "I told him to give me a minute."

"I didn't think he'd try it again."

She slipped her hand from Drake's, realizing his flushed face wasn't a sign of embarrassment. It signaled dark and sexual desire. He wanted to fuck her again with an audience. A vision of Drake in his chair, half-naked and straining beneath her as she rode him flashed in her mind. Getting air seemed harder than a moment before. God help her, she craved the three of them together again, too.

She swallowed as her heart rate kicked up a notch. With her back hiding her movements from the door and window, she pulled her phone carefully from her purse, rose and walked around the table to Drake. She slipped her phone into his hand. "I need you to take those photos I mentioned earlier. Just make sure my face isn't in the shot. I need leverage, and right now, this is all I can think of."

He took the phone and slid it under his leg. "You can count on me."

From behind them, the door opened and clicked shut. Tension cut across the muscles of her back as she heard Ethan move toward them.

Two hands snaked around her middle and roamed over her stomach and hips as Ethan tugged her backward. He rubbed against her, the hard ridge of his cock pressing along the crack of her ass. At his bold, possessive touch, shock and hunger rolled through her body. She closed her eyes.

His hands grew bolder, delving beneath her skirt and shirt. He tugged at her blouse, pulled the buttons loose, and tossed it onto the floor. Then he hiked up her skirt and pulled her panties down to her knees. As her skirt bunched around her waist, cool air rushed across her bare skin. She did nothing to stop him. She didn't want to stop him.

She met Drake's fiery gaze as Ethan slipped a hand between her legs and found her clit with quick, nimble fingers.

"God, you're all wet and ready for my dick, aren't you?" Ethan muttered at her ear as his other hand grew impatient and unsnapped the clasp of her bra and palmed a breast in a warm, callused hand. "It's my turn today." Ethan's finger circled her clit, then dipped deep inside her. "Isn't that right, Amanda?"

"Yes."

She shifted, pressing her bare ass against his groin, wanting more than a finger inside her. She cupped his hand against her breast until he caught her nipple between his thumb and forefinger and started to pluck and rub the tip. She shuddered as a wave of hunger burned through her flesh and her pussy pulsed. "Please...."

"Please what?"

"Fuck me."

"I thought you'd never ask."

Ethan bent her over until her naked ass pointed toward him and her breasts flattened against the cool metal table. Then he spread her thighs with a knee. She squeezed her eyes shut, heart crashing against her ribs, and waited. The rustle of fabric broke into the silence.

"Drake here's about to cum in his pants. He wants to get inside you so bad. But like I said, it's my turn." The head of Ethan's cock pressed inside and stretched her opening. She grabbed the edge of

the table and angled her ass higher, wanting more than the tip of his cock. She didn't have to wait long. In one smooth stroke, he surged into her until he was fully sheathed.

Crying out, she arched into him. With a cheek pressed against the table, she looked over to Drake and met and held his gaze. The fierce hunger glittering in his eyes heated her body. From behind his raised forearm, she caught a glimpse of her camera before it disappeared beneath the table. With his other hand, Drake reached across the table and slid a thumb along her lower lip. She sucked it into her mouth and swirled her tongue over the tip. Shuddering, he slipped his thumb from her mouth and trailed a damp path along the line of her jaw.

"The poor boy's dying to get a piece of you." Ethan drove into her again, ripping another cry of pleasure from her lips. "What can you do to help him?"

The fire in Drake's eyes pulled her deeper into a whirlpool of desire and pulsing need. She remembered what Ethan had said that first day, what he had fantasized. "Suck him. I should suck him."

"You'd like to do that?"

"Yes."

Another deep thrust from Ethan. Amanda moaned, her pussy creaming even more around his cock. She wanted both men inside her, over her, pressing against her, their breath and hands delving into every crease, dimple, and curve of her body.

"Drake," Ethan growled, his voice barely recognizable. "Move around the table so she can suck you. You should be able to do that without me uncuffing you."

Amanda arched against the table, lifting her head as Drake moved in front of her face and ripped open the buttons of his jumpsuit. Ethan stilled behind her as with trembling hands she helped Drake pull his cock from his boxers. His erection sprang loose, quivering as if in anticipation. His hand shook as he cupped her jaw. His excitement made her that much more hungry for the feel of the hard length inside her mouth.

Amanda didn't bother with preliminaries. She was too hot to

tease him. She sucked Drake into her mouth. The deep-throated moan from above told her just how much he liked the slide of her wet mouth over his rigid length. She gripped his hips with both hands, anchoring him in place as she sucked him in and out of her mouth. Then she slipped one hand from his hip and delved between his thighs, caressing his balls with each jerk of his body. His breath sawed into the room, keeping pace with the thrust of his cock.

Growling low in his throat, Drake tightened his hand in her hair as he spasmed. Hot cum squirted into her mouth. She licked it up, swallowed, and wanted more, but it was Ethan that gave it to her as Drake eased from her mouth.

From behind, Ethan gripped her ass, squeezing and molding the flesh in sure, strong hands. Then he dipped between her legs to drag a finger back and forth over her clit. She closed her eyes and whimpered, feeling the huge force of a climax building inside her body.

“I’ve wanted to fuck you from the moment I saw you sashay down the hall, all curves and cool control.” Ethan sank against her back, the hard wall of his chest pressing her against the table as his hands caught hers and bound them in place. His teeth scraped her along the juncture between her shoulder and neck. The hot whisper of his breath slipped across the damp skin by her ear.

As the wet slide of his cock drove in and out of her, Amanda sank deeper into the sensation. She didn’t want this to stop. Sex had never before made her lose control, never pushed her into the dark, hungry corners of her mind—until now. All that mattered now was the raw feel of skin against skin, the thick heat of Ethan inside her, the pulsing of her body around him.

The table rocked beneath them. Its legs scraped against the tile. A whimper erupted from the back of her throat as the climax hit her with sudden, mind-numbing force. She stiffened, then convulsed as ecstasy ripped and shredded her body into a million particles. Ethan sank his teeth into her neck and quickly followed, pumping inside her as his large body heaved over her.

After a moment, slowly, reluctantly, Amanda grew aware of the

cool air against her exposed skin, the hardness of the table beneath her and the possessive feel of Ethan's hand gliding over the small of her back, her shoulder, spine and the curve of her naked ass. Pressing both palms against the table, she eased onto her feet and away from Ethan. With a hand on the table for balance, she turned and found Drake seated again, his gaze averted.

Was he that ashamed of her that he couldn't look at her? The idea mortified her. The heat of embarrassment crawled up into her face. She pulled her blouse together as she shifted and met Ethan's gaze. A pulse throbbed at his temple as he zipped up his pants and tied his belt with quick, efficient hands.

Shivering, she pulled up her panties and adjusted her skirt over her hips. Ethan stepped toward her. He started to lift a hand to touch her face, but she shook her head and stepped away. "This has to stop."

"Why?"

She didn't understand Ethan's confusion. "Why? Because it's wrong. I've never done this in my life."

He searched her face, his deep-brown eyes growing serious. "You have nothing to be ashamed of. The sex act is a natural extension of the human animal."

"I'm not an animal."

"Don't kid yourself." His mouth curved into a smile, but the heat in his eyes remained. "We all have a baser side. You just don't want to admit to yours."

"I want it to end."

"Do you?" He continued to stare at her, his gaze somehow managing to delve into a part of her head she kept secret and closed to the people in her life. "Are you sure about that? I think you're afraid of losing control, of letting a side of you break free. Next time, you'll see differently."

"There won't be a next time."

Ethan lifted a brow. "A couple of minutes ago, I would have had you telling a completely different story."

"I don't think so."

Heat flared in his eyes. "Just wait and see."

Amanda hated how her breasts tightened and her stomach quivered in answer. She struggled for a snappy, cutting retort, but he pivoted, strode across the room and slipped from the room.

"He's right, you know."

At Drake's husky voice, she turned, still clutching her shirt tightly together. A fringe of black hair draped over his brow, framing dark, solemn blue eyes. At this moment, he looked far older than twenty-three. "What does that mean?"

"You enjoyed it and you know it."

She wanted to argue, but realized quarreling wasn't going to get her out of this dilemma. Instead, she buttoned her blouse and stuffed the hem of her shirt into her skirt. "Did you get any good pictures of him with me?"

"Several." He placed her phone on the table. "There should be a couple you can use against him."

"Thanks." She took the camera with a trembling hand, scanned the pictures, and quickly emailed them to her home computer.

"This is the end of it, then."

"What about my case?"

She gave him a wobbly smile. "If your brother's DNA matches, you'll be released in a matter of days. If not, I'll be talking to you. I don't see that happening, though. You'll be out of here soon. Just wait and see."

She picked up her briefcase and purse. "I need to catch Ethan before he leaves the building. For both our sakes. You understand?"

"Of course."

She backed further away from Drake and his life. "Good luck to you."

"So this is it?"

"Yeah."

She ignored the sadness that darkened his eyes to navy, and the way her heart ached in reaction. Drake didn't need his life complicated with the multitude of baggage she carried around with her. Shaking off the cloying sense of loss pressing in around her,

Amanda hurried from the room. After checking out at the desk, she searched the building for Ethan and grew frantic when she couldn't find him.

Swallowing her frustration, she stepped into the parking lot and saw him. He stood with his large frame propped against the side of a car, staring up at the sky.

"Ethan!" When he didn't turn, she wove through the cars toward him, dread and anxiety twisting her insides.

At the scrape of her shoe against the pavement, he turned. His lips curled into the smile she identified only with him. "Miss me?"

Gripping her briefcase close to her side, she stopped several yards away. "You can forget your blackmail."

His gaze narrowed. "What are you talking about?"

"Drake took photos of you. He's got your face plastered over every shot. Mine isn't in any one of them. I want you to destroy that picture you have of me. Otherwise I'll ruin you."

Jaw clenched into a hard line, he pulled his phone from his pocket and shoved it into her hand. "It's gone. I deleted it that first day. Check for yourself."

Not trusting him in the least, she searched every folder and possible hiding place but found nothing. Still doubtful, she returned his phone.

Suddenly he caught her by the waistband of her skirt and pulled her around until he had her sandwiched between him and the side of the car.

His belt and cock dug into her stomach as he arched her against the curve of the car. His breathing matched the rapid rhythm of her own. She'd dropped her briefcase but managed to keep hold of her purse and the camera inside. "Hurting me is a mistake." Heart racing, she glanced around his shoulder and the parking lot, seeing no one. Digging her fingers into his shoulders, she glared up at him. "I've already emailed the photos to my computer."

"You don't get it, do you?"

Licking her bottom lip, she shifted against the unyielding muscles of his body. "Get what?"

“You’ve got me all wrong.” He caught her jaw with a large hand and forced her to meet his gaze. “I would never have come onto you like I did if I didn’t think you’d go for it. When I saw you letting that guy play with your pussy and how much you loved it, I knew you liked danger. Knew you’d thrive on it.”

“I don’t believe you.”

“That’s a real shame.” Disappointment pulled his brows together and dipped the sensual curve of his mouth. He eased away from her just enough to pull a pen and a folded piece of paper from his pocket and write something on it. “If you change your mind, here’s my phone number.” He slipped the paper into her hand and folded her fingers around its edges. “If you want some hot sex and maybe something more, give me a call.” He smiled slowly. “You can also bring your friend.”

He left her slumped against the car. After her heart slowed, she straightened, unfolded the paper and read the name above the phone number.

“Ethan Stewart.”

He hadn’t been lying.

Bribes, Blackmail and Bondage: Chapter 4

From behind her desk, Amanda picked up the phone on the first ring.

“I know you don’t have an appointment,” her paralegal said from the front office, “but Drake Kirkland is here to see you.”

She stilled. Shock stiffened her limbs and threw her heartbeat into a crazed tempo. “Send—” She cleared her throat. “Send him in.”

She hoped she didn’t squeak like that when she actually faced him inside her office. It was more than two weeks since his release and his brother’s subsequent arrest. She’d been ecstatic for Drake and selfishly disappointed that they would never meet again. She didn’t dare pursue him. From the very beginning of their encounter, she’d shredded her ethics and treated her job as a farce. She knew if she didn’t stop, she was liable to ruin them both.

At the least, she’d thought their lives would never again intersect. Quickly she feathered her hair back from her face with trembling hands and adjusted the collar of her navy blouse.

When he entered the room, Amanda felt as if her heart had literally sunk to her stomach. This wasn’t just about sex. She’d cared for him and hoped to prove him innocent. But what she felt now was more than caring. The idea of falling in love entered her mind. The notion both frightened and excited her.

The navy pants and crisp white shirt he wore embodied clean masculinity. Gone forever was the orange jumpsuit she’d come to associate with him. Her gaze took in his clean-shaven face and strong jaw, but more than anything, it was his eyes that caught her interest.

Pleasure danced in their deep blue depths. Pleasure and another emotion she didn’t know how to decipher.

She rose and smiled. She started to reach for a handshake but thought better of it. After what they’d experienced, the gesture seemed mundane. Odd. Instead, she stood awkwardly and gripped the edge of her desk to mask the trembling in her hands. “Drake,

you look wonderful.”

“It beats orange, don’t you think?”

“Most definitely.” Trivial talk. Talk between acquaintances and nothing more. Disappointment pressed on her shoulders, even though she knew this was the way it had to be. After all, how they’d met wasn’t the only barrier. A decade separated them. A decade of experiences, thoughts and knowledge.

His gaze turned serious. “But I’m not here to talk to you about my wardrobe. I wanted to thank you for everything.”

“You didn’t have to come here personally to do that. It was my job, nothing more.”

“I want to see you again.” Placing both hands on her desk, he leaned forward and searched her face with intense eyes.

She nervously inched backward until her thighs hit her chair. “I don’t think that’s a good idea. I never should have let anything happen between us.”

“You know that I was equally to blame. And of course, we had the deputy in the mix.”

“Maybe. But you have to understand.” She clasped her shaky hands in front of her. “My job is to protect your rights, not sleep with you.”

“But your job is over now. We’re both free and independent of each other.”

How could she argue against such logic? “But our age.”

“Age? We’re not living in the dark ages. No one’s going to notice or care.” He moved around the corner of her desk, his masculinity encroaching into her space and her arguments. “I don’t like going solo, not since a gorgeous brunette came into my life—the only person who had the guts to believe in me.”

Another step brought him to her side of the desk. With trembling legs, she backed up until she landed in her chair with a loud and ungainly whoosh. He followed relentlessly, gripped both arms of her chair, and effectively captured her. Not that she really wanted to escape.

He kissed her then, his lips lightly grazing hers, his breath

washing over her with the beginnings of hope, pleasure and possibilities. “I want this. This passion, this hunger we have. But I want more. I want to see if we’ve got a future together.”

All argument vaporized from her mind. She relaxed against the leather chair, swept her hands over the muscles of his arms and shoulders to twine her fingers in the soft, glossy strands of his hair. How could she quarrel when she wanted the same?

She kissed him back, slow and leisurely. They had plenty of time to learn every nuance of each other’s personalities.

He abruptly pulled away, searching her face, uncertainty in his expression. “When you were with the deputy and me, it wasn’t just an act with him, either. Was it?”

Did she dare tell him? If she lied now, their tentative relationship would be built on fabrications. She might have questionable ethics in some areas, but she’d never thought of herself as a liar. “No.”

He closed his eyes and pressed his brow against hers. “I thought so, and knowing you were wholly with us both, it got me so twisted. In that room, there with the three of us, I’ve never experienced such lust. I’ll never forget it.”

She stilled and drew back to meet the heat in his gaze. “Would you want to have sex like that again?”

Sudden tension radiated from him. “Why?”

She opened her desk drawer and pulled out a slip of paper with a name and phone number. “The deputy. His name is Ethan Stewart. He wanted me to call him. Anytime. When I confronted him that last day, he said he erased the picture of us, and I believe him. He hasn’t once come back to blackmail me or use it against me. He might be many things, but I don’t think he’s a liar.”

Drake’s gaze darkened, a flush creeping across into the prominent linen of his cheekbones.

“So what do you think?” she said. “Do we give him a call?” As she waited, hope and hunger banded around her chest. At the thought of the three of them together again, a shiver raced across her already heated skin. But she wouldn’t do it, not unless Drake

found the prospect equally exciting.

“We might get burned.” A slow, wicked smile lifted the corners of his mouth.

Her voice thickened with pleasure and anticipation. “Oh, I’ve always liked playing with fire.”

Amanda melted into Drake’s embrace. She burned for both men, one innocent and filled with the wonderment of youth, the other worldly and dangerous.

She knew she’d grow to love Drake’s gentleness, his passion to please, but the darker side of her craved the mastery of Ethan. She had learned so much in that cell. What might have ended up as disaster transformed itself into one of her darkest fantasies, a fantasy she intended to repeat again and again.

About the author:

Lynne Logan has always had a love of books. Many a time you can find her with a book in one hand and a diet soda in the other. Human nature and what drives people, whether it be physical or cerebral, has always fascinated her, along with a good tale of love, sex and suspense. Lynne has won and finished in numerous contests under another pseudonym. She lives in Arizona where the summer nights are as hot as the pages she writes. You can contact Lynne at lynne@lynnelogan.com.

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"There are things known and things unknown and in between are the doors."

~ Jim Morrison

Chapter 1

Time Strider's Arena

Realm of Immortals

One. Last. Mission.

That was all that stood between Trey and the end of his term as a time strider. Gods knew he didn't need any distractions, not if he expected to right mankind's destiny and find his way back to Ethereum with his job done and his soul intact.

But the goddess Diadra didn't give a damn about that. Judging by the look of her, she just wanted to get laid, by him and right now, thank you very much. As if guessing his suspicions, the vixen shimmied, urging her outer robe down over silky undergarments and decadent curves. Trey's gaze trailed helplessly in the wake of the robe until it pooled at her feet in a gleaming crush of amethyst.

"Take me, Trey. Now."

He choked back a primal roar. It wasn't every day the goddess of carnal desires demanded the likes of him, a mere demigod, join with her. But no matter how much his cock yearned to sample her wet heat, he wasn't about to risk the successful close of the human's timeline. He needed only to complete this last mission, and then, for once, he would be able to walk among the gods, their

respected equal in every sense of the word despite his half-human pedigree.

Or perhaps because of it.

Striders must remain celibate. That prime directive had been drilled into his mind since damn near the dawn of time. With sexual gratification out of the question, he kept his carnal yearnings in check by focusing on his duty to his mortal charges.

In spite of humanity's flaws, he longed to be near them and study them. He envied the humans the depth of their passions and the fearless natures that drove them to sacrifice everything in the name of love. And from watching them over the eons, he'd learned enough to know that what he saw burning in Diadra's gaze right now had nothing to do with love and everything to do with treachery.

The question was, why?

"Striders are sworn to celibacy, Diadra," he began, his words parsed with care to avoid triggering her volatile temper. "If I break my vows, my ability to harness creation magic will be compromised. Without that magic, I couldn't redirect time. You know that."

Tears pooled in the goddess's eyes as her brows slumped to an angle that almost passed for heartbreak. But Trey knew better than to fall for her dramatics. Her sexual obsessions were the stuff of legend. So were the lengths she'd been known to resort to when it came to snaring her consorts.

Now the temptress had set her sight on him, and her out-of-the-blue desperation to ignite a firestorm in his loins didn't make sense. What could she possibly gain by bedding him, beyond raising the ire of her mother, the high goddess Heroset?

He, however, risked damnation, an eternity to wander the Void of B'hoth with the lost souls, should he lay a finger on Diadra's ethereal ass. "You could have any god in creation. Why consort with me?"

The goddess wound a stray ringlet about her finger as she raked a gaze over his body. One corner of her mouth quirked and she

shrugged. "You told me no. Nobody's ever done that before."

"So if I say yes, you'll go away?"

Rising onto her tiptoes, she threaded her arms around his neck. "Wrong timeline, lover. In this one, reverse psychology went out with the twentieth century."

So much for that. Now all that stood between his cock and Diadra's mound was a whisper of fabric. Predictably, it left nothing to the imagination.

As if his imagination needed further encouragement at the moment.

Trey squeezed his lids shut, praying the higher gods might help him reclaim some measure of self-restraint. Who knew what seductive ruse she would unleash on him next? And judging by the way his erection notched higher every time she wriggled her wares, his will and his libido were no longer on speaking terms. Keeping his eyes closed was his last remaining defense.

Little vixen knew it, too. Undaunted, she chuckled as she stepped near enough to nuzzle the tender flesh beneath his ear. "If you don't open your eyes, I'll rip off my underwear and cry rape."

Out of options for putting an end to this insanity, Trey grudgingly did as she bid him. Diadra's amber eyes sizzled with erotic intent while her fingers toyed with the knot that fastened her undergarment at one shoulder. Chin tilted upward, she measured his reaction as she ground her mons against his groin. The fabric binding her breasts slipped a good inch, drawing his attention to a bronzed swell of breast, the dusky half-moon display of nipple.

"Don't you want me, Trey?" She turned her lower lip out with a succulent pout. So kissable.

Trey's breath snagged on his denial and proved his prayers for restraint weren't cutting it. Perhaps he should have petitioned the gods for a raging ice storm to cool his ardor. Instead of the curt refusal he'd intended, a moan of surrender threatened the back of his throat.

When a familiar alert vibrated in the cup of his palm, he nearly dropped to his knees in thanks for the distraction. Unhooking Di-

adra's arms from his neck, he focused on the spiral implant at the core of his hand. The vermillion sparks roaming its coils confirmed that the minions of chaos had entered the Ether of Possibilities.

Damn minions, always moving backward in time to revise human destiny.

If Trey didn't know better, he would swear they were privy to the quagmire Diadra had created for him. Thanks to her relentless pursuit of him, he was as distracted as any creature with a cock could possibly get.

Talk about bad timing. Soon the last couple in his keep would face a minion's attempts to separate them. The Creator's path taught humanity how to love unconditionally—the sole requirement to achieve immortality—and the minions wanted to divert the predestined couples from that goal.

In a moment, a gateway would open and Trey would have to enter the Ether of Possibilities to thwart the minion's crime. Without Trey's help, the humans were doomed. Hard-on be damned, he would not fail them.

Should the Earth miss its destiny and spin into the minions' realm, the resulting horrors would cost these human couples more than immortality. Minions believed the Creator had forged the pre-ordained couples' spirits from the eternal flame of creation. By devouring those special souls, they hoped to harness enough creation magic to revise the universal order to suit their own dark needs.

But Trey couldn't very well navigate the Ether with a horny goddess in tow, now, could he? Struggling to clear the lust that clouded his senses, he searched for a plan to shake Diadra without risking accusations of ravishment—and the resulting ire of Hero-set.

Placating her seemed to be his only hope.

Feigning charm he did not feel, he captured the goddess's hands within the shelter of his own. Raising them to his lips, he dropped a chaste kiss onto the back of each. "Beautiful as you are, goddess, we both know a strider's duty always trumps desire."

The triumphant tilt of Diadra's mouth proved he'd scored a stay

of seduction, so Troy turned to the ephemeral beginnings of the dimensional gateway that would carry him into the Ether of Possibilities.

Static electricity buzzed a painful warning over his hand as he passed it through the shifting vapors. The gateway hadn't stabilized. If he entered it now, he risked blasting his soul to bits the second he shifted to the astral form that let him travel unscathed between realms.

Unfortunately, Diadra's ardor hadn't quite stabilized, either. While the volatile gateway to his front razed his flesh with points of fire, she carried on to his rear, doing what she did best—driving him mad with desire. She grazed a fingertip ever so slowly from the nape of his neck to the small of his back. A film of sweat broke out beneath her touch. The juxtaposition of sensations, pain stacked on pleasure, was dizzying.

"You don't have to go, Trey," she said in a tangled whisper.

"But I do," he murmured. "The mortals would be lost if I ignored my calling."

Her nimble fingers unfastened the scant loin flap that rode his hips. "Why risk your soul for the humans when I have the power to grant you the rights of a full god today?"

The garment slipped to the ground, leaving him nude. "Respect does not come with rank that is not rightfully earned."

Diadra's sigh warmed the curl of his ear as her fingertip teased the crevice of his ass. "You love the mortals too much. You risk too much on their behalf."

His muscles clenched against the tingling threat of his erection. "I love them because I am one of them. To deny that would be foolish."

"Only half," Diadra whispered. Her curves pressed flush against him. "The rest of you is true Ethereal. Like me. Forget mankind, Trey. Rewrite your own destiny instead and earn your godship today."

Trey's refusal slammed against his gritted teeth.

"You're lonely." Her voice was a provocative whisper as it

warmed his skin. “Anyone can see it. Let my love elevate you to the glory and respect you deserve. Be my concubine.”

Diadra stepped backward. Air fanned up between them and cooled the firestorm brewing in his groin. But it didn’t last. Fabric fell with a whisper, and then the burning points of her nipples bore into his back.

She was every bit as naked as he was.

“That’s enough, Diadra!” he ground out. But even as he spoke, he knew his protest was a meager effort. It did nothing to stop her fist from caging his cock as she urged him to face her.

“I will bring you pleasures beyond what you’ve ever imagined.”

It took but one glance at her to convince him she spoke the truth. Her eyes simmered with the golden promise of pleasure.

He was fucked and she knew it.

She stood before him in statuesque, nude perfection. Her hands snaked a trail from her hips to her shoulders and then came to rest beneath the tawny mantle of her hair. As her gaze bore deeper into his, a half-smile lifted the lips said to have driven seraphs to their knees with the urge to kiss them.

Her tongue darted out, an invitation.

Gods, to steal but one kiss from those lips. Would that be so wrong? His erection rose higher, urging him to do just that.

She hefted her hair behind her shoulders. Her antics only called his attention to her breasts, so high and round. Gods, they’d fit perfectly in the cups of his palms.

Little bitch knew the discomfort she caused him, too. Those caramel-tipped orbs bounced with her soft laughter.

His breath hitched as he clenched his fists against the urge to touch and possess.

Granted, he was sworn to chastity, but damn it all, he was still half human and still susceptible to the needs of the flesh. The vows required of him as a strider had done nothing to render him dead between the legs.

And Diadra damn well knew it.

“There’s no shame in satisfying the needs of your human half,”

she purred. “Demigods with more human blood than you have succumbed to my charms.”

“And their pleasures came at the price of their souls.” He backed nearer to the gateway, silently praying it was ready to receive him.

Diadra’s brows melded as she reclaimed the space he’d put between them. Her eyelids drooped as she assessed the evidence of his arousal. “Unworthy candidates, all of them. But you? You’re all hard-on and no place to spend it but the palm of your hand.”

Suddenly the thought of spending a few eternities wandering in the Void of B’hoth seemed a small penance to pay for the pleasures she offered. His gaze turned traitor as her hand traveled the curve of her belly to dally at the dark junction of her thighs.

She widened her stance and extended a finger to explore the mysteries hidden there. A kitten cry mewled in her throat as her hips bucked forward, infusing the air with the almond scent of her musk.

They stood so close that her nipples laved his flesh with fire. With a roll of her pelvis, she moved in for the kill. The damp silk of her pubic curls lapped the base of his cock. “I offer you rights of godship to serve as my concubine.”

Every muscle in his body seized. He dared not attempt a response. He knew if he so much as breathed, his will would break. He was, after all, half human, damned by his gene pool to be fallible when it came to the sins of the flesh.

And Diadra worked her knowledge of that for all it was worth. Her calculating gaze hardened to the metallic sheen of brass. Cupping his cheeks between her palms, she guided his face down to hers. Unable to stop himself, his head dipped. His hair closed around them, an ebony curtain blotting the light as he seized her kiss.

Creator, have mercy.

If the sight of her body hadn’t been enough to orchestrate his undoing, then the taste of her kiss surely would be. Her breath was tinged with the same irresistible essence that had risen from her pussy when she parted her legs. Gods, how it beckoned to him to

deepen the kiss, to take control, to give her the high, hard one she was all but begging for.

But as his tongue parted her lips, he tasted something else, something dark and sickly sweet. It overwhelmed her natural essence with the cloying stench of decay.

He'd smelled that toxic stench before.

Minions.

Rattled, he broke the kiss and pulled back. As he dragged a forearm across his lips, Diadra growled a protest. Before he could spit out the toxin he'd taken from her kiss, the floor pitched beneath his feet. Bracing his hands on her shoulders, he forced his swimming head to remain erect as he searched her face for any hint of malice.

He couldn't focus. Blackness swarmed the edges of his vision and advanced on waves of nausea. His stomach heaved and he staggered back another step in a futile effort to distance himself from her rot.

"What have you done to me?" It felt as if a thousand years passed between the moment those words sprang to mind and the moment they scraped, dry and meaningless, past his lips.

Darkness blotted the arches and columns that framed the Strider's Arena. The frantic thud of his own heart pounded in his ears, overpowering any explanation Diadra might have offered. The little remaining light framed her face, triumphant and wickedly lovely.

"You're mine now, Trey."

Somewhere beneath the din that roared in his ears, he thought he heard brittle laughter. But then the darkness eclipsed the hypnotic spell her beauty had woven around his senses.

Sorry, babe. Not this time.

Not if he had anything to say about it. He would rather fry in the Ether than succumb to her treachery. Though unconsciousness threatened, he held on to his senses long enough to tilt out of her grasp. As he plunged toward the ether, he was dimly aware of Diadra's nails razing his shoulders in a desperate effort to prevent his escape.

Will Trey escape Diadra's schemes? Or will Diadra destroy everything he is so close to winning for all humanity? Join Trey as he rockets through the ether, from one preordained couple to the next, to save them from Diadra's wickedness... and his own!

Coming in August 2009:

To Touch a Woman by Alice Gaines

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. Can Trey teach Edward how to touch a woman?

Excerpt:

Chapter 1

Why did love have to be so bloody hard? As the carriage rattled over country roads, Edward Sinclair gazed across the narrow space that separated him from his wife of three months. With nothing but the lanterns outside for illumination, she resembled a fae creature of fragile beauty. The shifting light played over her amber curls, pale skin, and deep green eyes. Even in near darkness he could read her fear. Fear she tried to hide behind a brave but faltering smile. Fear of him, for the love of God. Fear that he'd want carnal knowledge of her body again and that he'd muck it up. Again.

"Are you quite well, Margaret?" he asked.

She gave him the pleasant expression she always did, an upward curl to her lips that masked the trepidation in her eyes. "I'm very well, my darling."

"You seem...." Oh hell, what word would he use tonight? "Out of sorts."

"A bit tired. It's been a long day."

“We should reach Baresford soon. The inn there is clean and sets a decent table.”

“There you are,” she said. “I’ll be fine.”

If only he could believe that. They’d shared such happiness before their marriage. Such joy at falling hopelessly, madly in love with each other. Such excitement when their parents had approved the match. Then, on their wedding night, when they could finally make the ultimate commitment to each other, he’d hurt her with his clumsiness. Things hadn’t gotten any better since.

“I want you to be happy, Margaret,” he said.

She leaned across the seat they shared and put her hand on his. “I am, my darling. Truly.”

He lifted her fingers to his mouth and kissed the backs. “I’ll make that other thing good. I don’t know how, but I will.”

Mistake, that. She stiffened. Not much, only enough for a loving eye to catch. She smiled as she pulled away and settled back against her seat.

“We should talk about this,” he said. “Other couples must have faced the same problem. They’d have worked through it somehow.”

“We will, too.”

“Only if you help me. I need to know how to please you. I need to know what makes you feel good.” Damn him, he already knew what hurt her.

“Everything you do feels good.”

Now, she’d started lying outright. She couldn’t think she’d fool him with that. She only hoped to put off the conversation. Well, he wouldn’t allow that any longer. His body craved hers like a drug. If they didn’t do something soon, he’d go mad with wanting her.

“My darling, I know you’re reluctant to talk about this, but—”

The coach stopped suddenly, nearly throwing him across the seat and onto her lap. Outside, tack jangled, and the horses whinnied and stamped their feet. He regained his balance and stuck his head out the window. “Ned, what’s going on out there?”

“A stranger, Mr. Sinclair. I swear, he jumped out at us.”

“Make yourself known,” Edward called. Most likely, the fellow

wasn't a highwayman. If he had been, he'd be issuing orders by now. More likely a farmer who'd drunk too much and had gotten himself lost.

The man who approached the carriage was no farmer, though. He wore a finely cut suit of black wool, every bit as expensive as Edward's own. When he removed his hat, he revealed dark eyes and gleaming black hair a bit too long for fashion.

Coming in September 2009

As fashion photographer, Rand Miller listens to all the reasons why his sexy lover must move out of not only his apartment but also his life, he decides to give her the going away party of a lifetime. The list of party goodies includes: massage oil, margaritas and their mysterious neighbor, Trey Madison. But when dawn creeps over the horizon, will Rand be able to watch the only woman capable of taming his wicked ways walk out of his life forever?

Coming Soon!

Renegade and His Rebel by Titania Ladley

When her deserting cad of a husband Renegade LaMarr reappears in Moose Junction, tomboy Cassandra "Rebel" Thatcher's as spitting mad as a peeled rattler and prepared to shoot the handsome coward right out of his boots. She's got her rifle at the ready and a fine-looking, mysterious drifter named Trey to warm her between the sheets and guard her jaded heart against Renegade. Armed with a secret and determined to get rid of Trey, Renegade plots to finally claim Rebel, chaps, spurs, boy breeches and all. Only problem is, before he can draw his six-shooter and declare a challenge, Renegade finds himself falling under Trey's magical spell right along with his passionate, spitfire wife.

“Triple Threat” by Mia Varano

Vegas showgirl, Brandy Tate, is on the run from the mob and the FBI. When stoic FBI agent, Ridge Coltrane, tracks her down he puts them both in danger until a mysterious stranger named Trey rescues them. Brandy opens her heart... and her bed... to both men. Will her desire to trust end in heartache, or will it introduce her to a world of seductive delights at the hands of two men?

Check the “Coming Soon” page at eRedSage.com for more pre-views of upcoming stories in the *Three Kinds of Wicked* series!

And check Trey’s website at ThreeKindsOfWicked.com for inside information, letters from Trey, sneak peeks, and other deliciously wicked treats!



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