



ELLORA'S CAVE *Breathless*

Stockholm  
Seduction  
*Lily Harlem*

Naughty  
Nooners

## **Stockholm Seduction**

*Lily Harlem*

I was having a fabulous extended gap year in Oz. Sun, sea, sand and seriously hot surfers rolling in on every wave. Mmm, what could possibly be better?

But then I was taken...taken against my will. Stolen like a prized object. I was tied up, held for ransom. I didn't know if I would survive, if I would walk away alive. And then, to top it all off, I was tortured in the sweetest, most delicious, most sensual way imaginable.

That was when I realized my fun down under had only just begun.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Stockholm Seduction

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Edited by Jillian Bell

Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book publication September 2010

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# *STOCKHOLM SEDUCTION*

**Lily Harlem**

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Crocodile Dundee: Paramount Pictures Corporation

Jell-O: Kraft Foods Holdings, Inc.

## Chapter One

I sipped chilled beer, curled my toes into warm sand and laughed at the antics of the cute surfers down by the shoreline. They'd been entertaining us all evening with their daring stunts and crazy rides through the great curling waves.

"They're nuts," Trinny giggled as a human pyramid of six beefy guys tumbled into the shallow water with a splash of brilliant white foam.

"Totally," I agreed, flashing a smile at the hunkiest one as he strode out of the waves—the one with a green and red dragon tattoo twisting around the golden flesh of his biceps. He'd been hanging around with the others the last couple of days, though always a little outside the group. He was quiet, but he seemed interested in me. His dark blue, brooding eyes followed me around and a few times I'd turned and found him very close behind me. Yet he hadn't actually spoken to me and I was getting frustrated by his lack of communication. But I'd made a decision that later, if they hung around after dark, *I'd* make the first move. Sidle up to him, turn on the charm and see if I could get my hands on his delectable body.

"I'm just nipping to the loo," I said to Trinny. "Back in a sec." I pushed up from the sand and stomped up the beach, adjusting my sarong over my bikini. I wandered behind Kangaroo Bill's Beach Bar, a sun-baked wooden shack with a wonky sign.

I knew I had a blessed life and I also knew what an advantage it was having a father who was British foreign secretary—especially when my gap-year visa had run out three months ago and I still had so much to do in Oz, so many more new friends to hang out with.

The restrooms behind Kangaroo Bill's were hardly salubrious. They backed on to rough scrubland with too many slithering things for my liking and a dodgy system for flushing.

I slipped in, performed a visual sweep for spiders that could bite in unmentionable places, did what I needed to do and scooted out.

As I stepped into the twilight shadows, something slipped over my head. A dense, velvet blackness engulfed me. My eyes were open but I couldn't see. I went to scream but a hard pressure whacked against the scratchy material covering my mouth and nose. I dragged in thick air. There was a smell. Strong, chemical. It burnt my nostrils. I twisted my head but the material pressed even harder against me. A viselike grip wrapped around my body and my back was rammed against a warm, hard surface as my feet stumbled.

*What was happening? Was I being attacked by an animal?*

No. I lifted my arms and found hard, corded forearms holding me tight. I dug my nails in and clawed hot flesh. I squealed and attempted a backward shin kick against my attacker. But my foot would barely move. It wasn't cooperating with my brain. The nerves refused to do as they were told.

The smell was like sucking in a rancid, drugged fog. My spine curled, suddenly watery and weak. The arm tightened around my waist. My legs were Jell-O, dissolving Jell-O. I couldn't stay upright and my hands no longer gripped my attacker. Nausea swept my system, the smell was awful, sickening. My neck strained as I gagged at the disgusting flavor.

"Stop fucking wriggling." A man's voice, deep, husky, urgent—it was the last thing I heard before everything went quiet and still.

\* \* \* \* \*

The midday heat was the first thing I noticed. Like thick syrup in the air, clinging to me, enveloping me. My head pounded, pulsing as though my brain had grown too big for my skull.

I was flat on my back on a hard mattress. I couldn't remember how I'd gotten here. *Had I been out partying and collapsed back at the hostel totally inebriated?* I went to open my

eyes, to search out water to rehydrate my poor, desiccated mouth, but I couldn't see. I reached for whatever was blinding me but my arms were stuck, trapped above my head.

I tugged. Unyielding metal dug into my wrists and a solid clank rattled through the stifling air. I couldn't see, but instinctively I twisted to look at what was securing me. My legs were thankfully free from restraint and I rolled on to my stomach and yanked my shoulders.

They ached but panic made it easy to ignore the shooting pains darting down my spine. I drew to all fours and pulled again. The same sharp metal on metal sound rang out. I tugged over and over, frantic. I pulled, shook, threw my body weight into it. Snarled, grunted, yelped.

"Hey, hey, calm down," said a male voice.

I froze.

"You're not going to get them off, Penny. They're proper ones, police ones, not something pink and fluffy from a sex shop."

He was on my left. I skittered to the right and felt the edge of the bed below my knee.

He laughed, a coarse rumble of a sound that didn't hold an iota of humor.

"Who are you?" My voice trembled, my mind whirled. "How do you know my name? Let me go."

"Penny Tipping, daughter of Richard Tipping, it wasn't hard to recognize your face off his website. How foolish of him to show off his beautiful daughter and boast how she's having a wonderful, albeit illegally extended, gap year before law school."

Anger surged side by side with fright. *Who did he think he was nosing into my life, kidnapping me and tying me up?* Because that was exactly what this was. Kidnap. "If you know who I am, then let me the hell go, 'cause you're in so much crap for this," I said in what I hoped was an authoritative voice.



"But that's the whole point." The bed sagged, he'd sat down next to me. "It's who you are that makes you so valuable to me."

Through the sticky heat, I could feel his body warmth radiating toward me. I suddenly felt, if it were possible, even more vulnerable up on my hands and knees with my butt in the air. I was still wearing my bikini and it felt ridiculously flimsy, obscenely tiny.

I struggled into a half-sitting position with my arms bunched awkwardly behind me, straining my poor shoulder blades even more. "You have to let me go," I said.

"I don't have to do anything." Big fingertips cupped my cheek and he traced my bottom lip with the pad of his thumb.

I twisted from his touch.

"Oh, you're all coy now," he said, "that wasn't the vibe I've been getting over the last few days."

My brain sprang to attention. *Had I seen him before, did I know my captor?*

He laughed again, as though he could see and was amused by the turning cogs of my mind.

"Who are you?" I asked. My teeth clenched with frustration. I didn't recognize his voice. He had an Aussie accent but that was as much as I could glean.

"You really want to know?"

"Yes. Yes I do."

His hand left my face, smoothed to the base of my neck and his fingers curled against my clammy flesh as though he was about to strangle me. "But if you see me, if this all goes wrong...I may have to kill you."

I swallowed a lump the size of a crocodile through the tight, scratching channel of my throat. But I needed to see him. I needed a face for my attacker. If he was going to kill me, I wanted to see my murderer's eyes. "Take the blindfold off," I said, hoping it wasn't the worst mistake of my life.

He leaned in closer. Coconut sun cream mixed with fresh sweat invaded my nostrils and there was a hint of coffee on his breath as it washed over my cheek. He fiddled behind my head, tugged the roots of my short, blonde hair and undid whatever was bound around my skull.

Daylight hit me, a blinding flash of light. I blinked and squinted as my retinas shriveled. But I drove through the discomfort and stared straight into the bluest eyes I'd ever seen. They were the color of the ocean at its deepest. Perfectly clear and unblinking as they bored straight into mine.

But no, wait. I had seen those eyes before. They'd been following me like a hawk for the last few days at the beach and Kangaroo Bill's.

"You!" I exclaimed. "What the bloody hell do you think you're doing?" I yanked at the cuffs. "You could have just talked to me or bought me a beer, this is way too elaborate and quite honestly it's freaky."

He stood and rubbed his hand over his dragon tattoo. "You think this is because I fancy you?" he asked through a frown.

"Isn't it?"

"Hell no." His face hardened. "Of course it isn't." He moved to a rickety table. "Want a drink?"

"Yes."

He reached for a bottle of water and tipped it to my lips. I swallowed.

"This," he said, "is about your father. Your father and my best mate, who just happens to be British." He sat back down next to me.

"But...but, who... Do they know each other?"

"They do now, well, not personally, but your dear daddy received an email last night telling him his daughter would only be returned if James Hill got unwavering support from the British government." He shrugged. "As well a generous fund for a human rights lawyer of course."

"What?" Confusion washed through me.

He flicked his brows up. "I'd say James' name has been swirling around your father's head like yabbies in a creek for the last few hours."

"Slow down, I don't know what you're talking about. Crabs, creeks?" My mind was whirring, this was blackmail and I was the hostage. "And what do you mean support from the government, human rights lawyer?"

"James was wrongly accused of drug smuggling in Thailand last year." He pressed his fingers to the bridge of his nose and squeezed his eyes shut. "He's up for the death sentence." His eyes opened and he looked straight at me. "I'm desperate, taking you was the only thing I could think of to get his case attention and get the money to pay for a damn good lawyer."

"But maybe..." I pulled at the cuffs. The headboard rattled against the wall. "If you'd just spoken to me—"

"Oh yeah, like someone all pretty and cute with a father who can do anything to make her world right would listen to my troubles?"

"You could have tried, I—"

A sudden dart of movement in the corner caught my attention. I looked over. My heart lurched. I screamed.

"What?" He spun around.

I rammed my knees into my chest to make myself into a ball. "Snake!"

But before the word had left my mouth, the snake was dead. He'd pulled a short, thick knife from his boot, flung it across the room and sliced the creature just below its head, pinning it to the floor.

"Bloody hell," I gasped. "What are you, Crocodile Dundee or something?"

He shrugged. "Me and James spent some time in the outback."

"Thank god, I have a real phobia of snakes."

"I don't like to kill things, but if I have to I will..." He reached forward again and his fingertips pressed into the hollow of my throat. They headed lower, over my sternum toward my cleavage. "I'd hate to kill you though, Penny. You really are exquisite."

I pulled in a hot breath and looked at his eyes. They clouded over as he watched his hand move down my body. I wasn't sure if he was still thinking about his incarcerated buddy or if it was lust causing his eyes to become glazed. The crazy thing was, I'd been obsessing about this man touching me for days, I just never thought it would be this way. Me chained to a bed, dead snake in the corner and my poor father frantic with worry.

His big fingers tickled under the soft material of my bikini top, brushed over the tip of my nipple and cupped the slight underside of my breast. My mouth opened, full of protests, questions... This was so wrong. But I stayed silent, unable to speak for fear of breaking the delicious darts of white-hot electricity searing across my chest and heading straight for my clit. His hand was so big, so gentle. Warm but with a small callous over the pad of his palm.

"I have to go," he said, suddenly standing.

"Where?" I gulped in a breath.

"I'm not a rapist." He took several hasty steps backward.

"No, but you are a kidnapper."

He shoved a hand through his mop of sun-blond hair and strode from the room muttering something I didn't catch. The door slammed and his boots thudded into the distance.

## **Chapter Two**

The silence was deafening.

I trembled and shook. Soon the shaking became uncontrollable and the handcuffs rattled manically behind me.

I would die if he didn't come back. I couldn't even reach the bottle of water. I looked out the window. Acres of burning blue sky shimmered through the glass. Moisture built in my eyes, a sob escaped my throat. Before I knew it, I was heaving out uncontrollable wails that racked my ribs and squeezed my belly.

I felt sick, hot and terrified.

"Don't cry...please don't cry. I'm sorry, really I am."

He was back.

Seeing him made me cry all the more. "Don't go again," I sobbed. "Don't leave me here, I don't want to be alone here."

"I won't."

"Do you promise?" I blubbered.

"Yeah."

"'Cause I'll die if you leave me here, tied up in the middle of the desert."

"I won't, I promise... Hey, come here." He wrapped his muscular arms around my shoulders and leaned his hot body into mine. Soft chest hairs brushed my cheek and he made soothing noises as he stroked my messy hair.

Gradually my sobs calmed and he used my forgotten sarong to wipe my face. "No more crying," he said. "I didn't want to make you cry."

I nodded. He was the one who'd put me in this position, so why did I feel like he was my protector? It was weird. But then, he had just knifed a poisonous snake that

was looking my way, and he had come back for me and, most importantly, he hadn't actually hurt me. "Can I have some more water?" I asked through a sniff.

He let go of me with one hand and stretched for the water. He tipped it to my mouth and held it whilst I took several big gulps. As he pulled away, a fat drip landed on my inner thigh.

We both watched it slide toward the crotch of my bikini bottoms. Just before it hit the blue material, he caught it with the tip of his index finger. He lifted his hand and sucked the drip into his mouth.

A sudden, furious whack of arousal seared through my body. His mouth was divine, wide and soft with a little fuzzy soul patch beneath his bottom lip.

Our eyes caught.

"Please," I said.

"Please what?" His voice was low and husky.

I looked at my chest. My nipples were tight peaks. Straining against the flimsy material of my unpadded bikini and giving away the fact that I was seriously aroused.

He followed my gaze and stared at my breasts. "I told you, I'm not a rapist." He swallowed and I watched his Adam's apple bob way down low and then back up.

"It's not rape if I ask you to." I tipped my head up and pressed my lips to his. I couldn't help it—my body was in control of itself.

A deep rumble like a growl vibrated through his chest. "Penny," he murmured into my mouth. "You're really asking for trouble."

"I think you already asked for it," I whispered, then poked out the tip of my tongue and traced the seam of his lips. "When you just took me, like I was yours to take. When you grabbed me and tied me up, you asked for trouble."

Suddenly he wrapped his hands around my hips and yanked my body flat on the bed. I gasped as my upstretched arms locked and he flattened himself over me on his

elbows. His steely erection pressed through his shorts against my leg. Hot, thick and hard.

"I took you to save the life of another," he said in a gruff voice.

"Not so you could tie me up and fuck me?" I parted my legs.

"No! I told you, this..." He ground against me. His shaft slid up my thigh and the head of his cock prodded my entrance through his shorts and the thin material of my bathing suit. "This is not part of the plan," he said.

I twitched my hips for more contact and tugged my arms. I wanted to touch his beautiful golden skin, feel it beneath my palms and trace the intricate details of the dragon tattoo with my fingertips. "Untie me."

"No."

"I'm not going anywhere, not with you lying on top of me."

"No," he said again.

"Untie me and I'll make it worth your while."

"What the hell does that mean?" He grabbed my face and squeezed either side of my mouth until my jaw opened.

Scared by the flash of anger in his eyes and his tight grip, I let out a whimper.

"You're a beautiful woman," he said. "Think about who you are and what that means."

I twisted my head and dislodged his hold.

"Don't let just anyone touch your body." He shifted his weight again, and this time he made perfect connection with my clit.

I groaned and my eyes fluttered shut. "Please," I said, desperate for more. I shouldn't find his domination such a turn-on. I knew I shouldn't, it was wrong—it was sexy as hell.

"Please what?" he growled.

"Please...touch me."

His mouth suddenly rammed down on mine in a hard, urgent, open-mouthed kiss. Our tongues connected in a frantic dance. His hands were wild, as though he wanted to touch me everywhere at once but didn't know where to start.

I arched into him. Knowing I was totally at his mercy and desperate to take what I could, whilst I could. I wrapped my legs around his and writhed beneath his big, powerful body as it overtook mine.

He kissed down my neck and pulled aside my bikini top, exposing my small, excited breasts. "I'd been wondering," he said breathlessly, "on the beach, what color your nipples were. I couldn't decide between chocolate brown and petal pink." He leaned forward and took my left nipple into his mouth. Created a long, hard suction as he cupped the surrounding flesh and nibbled the tight, delicate bud straining for his touch. "Mmm, delicious," he said, licking his way across my chest. "The perfect red cherry drop, sweet and hard and great for sucking." He latched on to my right nipple and treated it to the same heavenly suction.

I groaned in delight as my insides liquefied and my legs dropped back to the bed. He kissed down my stomach, tapped his tongue into my navel and curled his fingers into the waistband of my bikini. I wanted to run my hands through his floppy hair, encourage him on, but I couldn't—I was anchored to the headboard.

He pushed up and knelt between my legs. Jaw set, breaths coming hard and fast. In one quick movement, he dragged my bottoms over my knees, looped them over one foot and then the other.

With glazed eyes, I looked over my bare, moist breasts as his head dropped to the juncture of my thighs. I wanted him to kiss me there so badly it was a need as essential as breathing. I didn't have to wait long. He pressed a palm over my small landing strip of blonde pubes and pushed the flesh upwards. Then he went straight for a long, gliding lick, right through all my soft folds and ending with his tongue flattened over my clit.



"Oh, b-bloody hell," I stuttered, my eyes fluttering shut. My legs were suddenly heavy and flopped open wantonly. He began to circle my needy nub, rotating the tip of his tongue in hard, confident movements.

A tightness in my pelvis bloomed and took shape, then pulled insistently at every fiber of my body. My heart beat loud in my ears. An orgasm was on its way and I could hardly wait for it to hit.

He pushed two long, thick fingers inside me.

"God, yes," I groaned. "That's it." I thrashed my head and gripped him as tight as I could with my vaginal muscles. He began to pump his fingers in and out, fucking me with his hand as his devilish tongue sent me higher and higher. "That's it...yes, yes." Flashes of color exploded behind my lids. My body shook, I was about to be rocked by an amazing climax.

Suddenly he was gone.

I shot open my eyes.

He was backing into the corner. Toward the dead snake and the knife.

"What...what are you doing?" I demanded, puffing for breath. I squeezed my thighs together, desperate to continue the delicious pressure, but it was no good, it wasn't the same as having him there. I couldn't tip myself over the edge.

"This is so wrong," he said, wiping my moisture from his face with his forearm.

"Felt damn good to me."

"No...this isn't the plan."

"Hell to the plan, get back here and finish what you started," I said angrily.

His face was flushed, his breaths were as hard as mine and his erection tented his shorts. He rubbed at his dragon and his brow creased into three neat lines. "I can't."

"From where I'm lying, I would say you most definitely can." I tried to take the irritation out of my tone. "Come back here," I said with a strained smile and opened my legs wide.

His eyes dropped to my moist, swollen sex. "But I've taken you against your will, tied you up and demanded a ransom. How can I have sex with you after all that, how can you want me to?"

"We were attracted to each other before," I said. "If you hadn't taken me, we would still be in this position." I settled my eyes on his. "We'd still be having sex, it was always going to happen." I tilted my mouth into a smile. "Perhaps the cuffs would have been optional though."

He swallowed and I sensed he was swaying. "Come back here," I said again. "Because out of all the things you've done, this is the worst. Taking me to a point where I was just about to come and then running away, hell, I can't even finish myself off." I tugged my wrists and squirmed my back.

His boots thudded on the dusty floorboards as he took several quick steps over to the bed.

"That's it." I licked my lips. "Now take off your shorts and stop torturing me."

"Are you sure?" His blond brows drew together and his blue eyes flashed. "'Cause if I get caught for all this, then I don't want rape on the charges, or if it is I at least need to know myself, in my heart, that it wasn't rape, that you wanted it, that you want it now and I—"

"Jesus," I groaned, spreading my legs wider and tilting my hips up to him. "Can't you see how much I want it?"

That move was like showing a red rag to a bull. He shoved at his waistband. Let his glorious, engorged cock spring free and dropped down on top of me. "Okay," he said into my mouth. "You asked for it...you're gonna get it."

His hips rammed forward, the first stroke missed and his cock butted the top of my leg. But then he pulled back, curled under his pelvis and surged forward again, this time with deadly accuracy.

I cried out, part pain, part pleasure as he invaded my hot wetness. He was big, bigger than I'd anticipated, and he rode right to the hilt on that first pound. Nudging up against my cervix, stretching me wide and filling me completely.

He stilled and looked into my face. "Fuck, you're so tight," he said. "So tight and hot and wet, and I promise I'm gonna make all this up to you."

"Good," I said breathlessly. "Now get the hell on with it."

He pulled back, not all the way, so just the head of his cock was sitting inside me. Then he slanted his shoulder, reached his hand between our bodies and pulled at the flesh under my pubes. My clit, swollen and stiff from his previous attention, revealed itself and as it did so he pressed forward again. His cock glided back in and his pubis hit where I needed it most. He began to circle his hips, rotating against my clit at the same time as he was pulsing into me.

"Oh god," I moaned. "That's...that's..." I couldn't describe it. It felt wonderful. My stomach tightened and my legs trembled.

"Am I hitting the spot?" he asked, rising above me on his hands and looking down at my jiggling breasts.

"Just a bit," I panted. He was wicked, I didn't stand a chance. My orgasm was there again, hovering within reach. "Please, don't stop, not this time," I cried. I tugged at my handcuffs and curled my fingernails into my palms.

"I won't," he grunted and picked up the pace. He slammed in even harder and with even more power behind each beautiful move of his hips. It was the signal my body needed to explode. I bucked to match his speed as ecstasy reached a fantastic, pulsing crescendo. I rode through it, wave after wave of sumptuous spasms. I couldn't remember ever coming so hard or so fast.

Through my juddering climax, I opened my eyes and saw his head tipped to the ceiling. The tendons on his neck strained as his lips curled back over his teeth. "Fuck, yes," he said and then he pulled out. He reached down and grabbed his cock, worked it hard and fast in his fist, moaning and groaning above me as white strands of cum

spurted onto my stomach, filling my navel and pooling in a perfect circle. "Ah, that's too good," he groaned, rubbing his thumb over the slit of his cock.

"It was amaz—" I paused and tipped my head to the window. "What's that?"

In the distance, a faint siren murmured a long, low drone.

"Shit!" He leapt to his feet and pulled up his shorts. "Police, it's the fucking police."

I looked up at his twitching body. Beads of sweat had caught in the golden chest hair in the center of his broad chest. "What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I gotta get outta here." He picked up my sarong, hastily wiped the cum from my stomach, then dragged my bikini bottoms back over my feet. "Lift," he ordered when the material reached my hips.

"But what about your friend?" I asked as he pulled them into place.

"This isn't over." He tucked my quivering breasts back into my bikini top. "I'll be back." He dropped a hard, fast kiss onto my mouth. "When you least expect it, Penny, when you are all alone, in the shadows, I'll come for you and I'll take you...again."

He caught my eyes for a split second, then turned and slipped out the window. I heard a thud as he landed on packed, dry earth.

I arched my body into the bed. My heart was still pounding from my orgasm, my breaths still shaking my chest. It occurred to me that this must be a record for a man leaving a postcoital scene. I squeezed my knees together and felt a final pulse of climax jolt my clit.

The sirens were growing louder, more insistent. They would be here soon.

I wondered what the police and the press would make of the British foreign secretary's daughter trussed up on a bed, rosy-cheeked, sweaty and beyond satisfied. Of course I'd have to make a show of terror and relief. Hide the fact that deep inside I was hoping my sexy captor's getaway was going well and that it wouldn't be long before he was back. Back to take me, hard and fast and this time without asking permission.

## About the Author

Lily Harlem lives in the UK with a workaholic hunk and a crazy cat. With a desk overlooking farmland, she allows her imagination to run free and revels in being able to use the written word as an outlet for her creativity. Lily's stories are made up of colorful characters traveling on everyone's favorite journey — falling in love. If the story isn't romantic, sexy and exciting, it won't be written, at least not by this author.

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

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