

The Guy Next Door: An Anthology (The Men Who Walk the Edge of Honor)

Pages: 384

Publisher: HQN Books; Original edition (March 1, 2011)

Format: pdf, epub

Language: English

[\[DOWNLOAD FULL EBOOK PDF \]](#)

Praise for the authors of *The Guy Next Door* *New York Times* and *USA TODAY* bestselling author LORI FOSTER Intense, edgy and hot. Lori Foster delivers everything you're looking for in a romance. Jayne Ann Krentz, *New York Times* bestselling author Known for her funny, sexy writing. Booklist ***New York Times* and *USA TODAY* bestselling author SUSAN DONOVAN** Sassy, smart and sensual. Susan Donovan will steal your heart. *New York Times* bestselling author Christina Dodd on *Public Displays of Affection* A fine frappe of romantic comedy and suspense; laugh-out-loud hilarious. *Publishers Weekly* on *Ain't Too Proud to Beg* **Award-winning author VICTORIA DAHL** Dahl delivers a fun, feisty and relentlessly sexy adventure. *Publishers Weekly* on *Talk Me Down* A hands-down winner, a sensual story filled with memorable characters. Booklist on *Start Me Up* **LORI FOSTER SUSAN DONOVAN VICTORIA DAHL *The Guy Next Door* CONTENTS**

[READY, SET, JETT](#)

[CHAPTER ONE](#)

[CHAPTER TWO](#)

[CHAPTER THREE](#)

[CHAPTER FOUR](#)

[CHAPTER FIVE](#)

[CHAPTER SIX](#)

[CHAPTER SEVEN](#)

[GAIL'S GONE WILD](#)

[CHAPTER ONE](#)

[CHAPTER TWO](#)

[CHAPTER THREE](#)

[CHAPTER FOUR](#)

[CHAPTER FIVE](#)

[CHAPTER SIX](#)

[CHAPTER SEVEN](#)

[CHAPTER EIGHT](#)

[EPILOGUE](#)

[JUST ONE TASTE](#)

[CHAPTER ONE](#)

[CHAPTER TWO](#)

[CHAPTER THREE](#)

[CHAPTER FOUR](#)

[CHAPTER FIVE](#)

[CHAPTER SIX](#)

CHAPTER SEVEN

CHAPTER EIGHT

CHAPTER NINE

CHAPTER TEN **READY, SET, JETT** Lori Foster

To Chris and Queen Janeen of Married With Microphones; WGRR radio, 103.5. You guys keep me company every weekday morning while I write. I love the banter, the jokes *and* the wonderful music. While Chris hasn't yet appeared on any of my book covers (despite his claims otherwise), you've both become a big part of my creative routine. Thanks for the great entertainment! Lori Dear Reader, Many of you have asked me if I'll have more SBC fighter stories, but for the foreseeable future, the answer is no. You see, I've launched into a new series of uber-alpha hunks. The men are similar to private mercenaries, so they're big, capable and oh-so-sexy. When it comes to rescuing the innocent, they do what has to be done, however it has to be done. I think of them as men who walk the edge of honor. My novella Ready, Set, Jett will introduce you to the characters in the first single title, *When You Dare*, hitting shelves in May. That will be followed by *Trace of Fever* in June and *Savor the Danger* in July. To learn more about the books, visit my website at www.LoriFoster.com. And feel free to chat with me on my Facebook fan page; www.facebook.com/Lori-Foster/233405457965. I'm very excited about this new series, and I hope you will be, too!

CHAPTER ONE HANDS ON HIS HIPS, impatience growing, Jett Sutter paced the length of his living room while his youngest sister, Betts, blathered on about God-knew-what. She'd been at his door when he arrived home, throwing off his intricate plans and putting a damper on his fevered expectations. Never would he deliberately hurt his sister's feelings, but pretending interest had become impossible half an hour ago. A glance at his wristwatch showed that he needed to shower. He needed to prep. When he thought of what he had planned, what he would do and with whom, his breath quickened and his muscles twitched. It wasn't an unfamiliar reaction when dealing with his supersexy neighbor, Natalie Alexander. Jett loved his family, he really did, but damn it, he needed privacy to deal with the blooming heat and anticipation of the next few hours. He needed to prep. The familiar sound of a Volkswagen Bug pulling into the apartment complex parking lot cut short his thoughts. Without caring what his sister would think, Jett took two long strides to the patio doors and parted the curtains just enough to look out. And there she was: delectable Natalie Alexander. Superstacked school teacher. Seduction personified. Enchanting enigma. *His lover*. Damn, she looked hot. Natalie was his most elaborate fantasy in the flesh, made up of scorching contradictions. Long, corkscrew curls the color of dark honey danced around her face as she hurried from the minuscule cherry-red car with a bag of groceries in one arm, her requisite heavy book bag in the other, her enormous purse slung over her shoulder. As usual when returning from work, she wore her school-teacher duds of a long dark skirt, flat shoes and a crisp blouse under a warm cardigan. For Jett, it looked like fetish wear; a modest ensemble to disguise the centerfold body. Seldom had Natalie mentioned teaching, and that was mostly before they'd become intimate. Since then, she'd gone out of her way to keep all conversation to a minimum. It really burned his ass the way she fought to keep him at a distance. Not that her evasive attitude had done her any good. He knew what grade level she taught, that she enjoyed reading political dramas and true-crime novels, that she cried over commercials and laughed at birds when they visited the bird feeder off her balcony. He also recognized the vulnerability she tried to camouflage with sexual bravado; at least, with him. Thinking of her utilizing that special brand of bravado with any other guy bothered him in ways he didn't want to analyze too closely. He knew that Natalie came from a background of extreme wealth and social influence, but the money and prestige hadn't guaranteed her a warm, loving family. Though Natalie had no inkling of his research, he'd uncovered quite a bit about her, personal and otherwise. If she did know, she probably wouldn't like it. Too bad. At first he'd investigated her out of suspicion, because she'd come on so strong and had been so accommodatingly easy. As the quintessential school teacher, absolutely nothing about Natalie's outward persona said uncommitted sex; Yet that's what they had. Wild, hot, no-boundaries sex

that left him burned and wanting more. A lot more. Later, he'd done more digging because damn it, he wasn't used to any woman wanting *only* uncommitted sex with him. It didn't make sense. Natalie never asked him anything personal, never wanted to go out to eat or to a movie. She rebuked gifts and compliments and disdained social settings of any kind. All she wanted was him, in bed. That should have been the perfect setup for a man intent on maintaining his bachelor status, but for whatever reason, Jett felt uneasy about it. He wanted her to want more, damn it. Why didn't she? Now, as she exited her car, Jett watched her and knew by the way his muscles twitched and his skin burned that he was getting in too deep. Natalie had the most profound effect on him. Confusion, he told himself. Curiosity and intrigue. Nothing more. Once he knew why she'd built so many walls, he'd be able to scale them. They'd both have a good time for as long as it lasted, and neither of them would have regrets. And with that goal in mind, Jett had a plan. Using her hip, Natalie bumped the car door shut and, because of the brisk wind, hurried for the entrance. In late March, the weather was milder but still pretty chilly. Along the way to the apartment entrance, she glanced up at his window. Jett made sure she couldn't see him; God only knew what she'd think if she caught him watching for her. He'd look like a dupe, like a lovesick fool when, despite their burning compatibility between the sheets, she'd made it clear that she didn't want anything more. Sex. For her it was the beginning and the end of their relationship. With every other woman he knew, he'd find that arrangement perfect. With Natalie Alexander, no. *Hell* no. Tonight, he had a plan to use her carnal nature against her. He'd keep her long enough to hash out a few things. Thinking about his intent made him semierect and taut with urgency. He visualized her in his bed, stretched out, anxious for him; “All right,” Betts said from behind his right shoulder. “Give. Who is she?” *Oh shit*. How had he forgotten all about his sister's presence? Jett turned in what he hoped to be a nonchalant way. “A neighbor, that's all.” With Natalie now home, his patience ended. He took Betts's arm, swiped up her jacket off the back of a chair and steered her toward the door. “The visit's been awesome, but I need to shower.” Laughing, Betts dug in her heels. “Get real, brother. I'm not budging an inch until you tell me every single juicy detail.” At twenty-six, nine years his junior, his sister wasn't old enough and, he prayed, wasn't experienced enough to hear *everything* that had gone on between Natalie and him. Never mind that Betts was only a year younger than Natalie. “Not happening, Betts, so forget it.” Knowing his sister, he added, “And don't you dare go blabbing to the folks, either.” The last thing he wanted was his mother snooping around in his private life. His dad would shrug it off; his mother, like his sisters, would make him nuts with questions. Being thirty-five and independent in every way didn't matter, not to his nosy family. He was the only son, with three younger sisters. For years he'd felt protective toward them all, and now they were determined to pay him back in kind. Somehow, he got Betts halfway to the door. “If you're seeing someone, I'd like to meet her.” Annoyed, he turned to stare at his youngest sister. “No.” “Why not?” Because he wasn't *seeing* Natalie, not in the traditional way Betts meant. They hadn't had a single real date. The sum total of their time together had been spent either in bed or getting to the bed. Occasionally in the foyer against the wall, once on the couch, once over the back of the couch; “Jett? Yoo-hoo.” “You're not meeting her, so forget it.” Even if he wanted to introduce her to his family, Natalie stayed around only until the lovemaking ended. Then she high-tailed it right back out of his life. Hell, outside of sex talk, they'd barely even conversed. Jett told her what he wanted to do to her, with her, and Natalie always gave enthusiastic agreement. Period. She'd made it abundantly clear that he was good only for sex. Actually, she'd said he was *great* for sex; she hadn't skimmed on the compliments in that department. But she usually gave them while naked, draped over his chest, still breathing hard and rosy from a recent screaming climax. Somehow, he had to work their combustible chemistry to his advantage so that Natalie would let him past her barriers. “You look flushed, Jett.” Arms crossed, Betts surveyed him through narrowed eyes. “What's wrong with you?” Mood now

soured, Jett said, "None of your business, so butt out." He wasn't about to explain to his youngest sis the scorching level of churning lust and whatever else it was that he felt. Hell, how could he explain it to her when he didn't quite understand it himself? Her foot tapped the carpet. "Jett," Struggling for patience, he gave her a tight hug and then held her an arm's length away. Dead serious, eyes narrowed and expression somber, he said, "If you love me, Betts, you will, just this once, let it go." She hesitated, and he waited, staring her down. With a huff, she gave up. "Fine." Betts pulled free of his hold to don her jacket, jamming her arms into the sleeves with more force than necessary. "But it's only because I *do* love you." Thanking her with great sincerity, he opened the door for her to go. Across the hall, Natalie's door remained closed. Betts kissed his cheek and back-stepped out, watching her with expectation the entire way. Keeping a straight face with effort, Jett waited until he saw her go through the glass doors at the complex's entrance and until she reached her car. Heading back inside, he stripped off his clothes along the way. In his bedroom, he turned down the blankets, leaving them at the foot of the bed. Determined on his course, he knelt near the head of the bed in the center of the mattress and wove a long specialized restraint through the headboard slats. A sliding "noose" at each end would be perfect for capturing Natalie's delicate wrists. His abdomen clenched and his breathing hitched; he tugged experimentally and decided it would serve the purpose. He glanced at the footboard, considered putting the restraints there too; but no. On a purely carnal level, he loved the idea of seeing Natalie tied spread-eagle to his bed, but he didn't want to push her so much that she felt compelled to object. Now sporting full wood, Jett went to the shower. He had completed only the most cursory bathing when his attuned ears heard Natalie's familiar knock at his door. Drawing a deep breath and shutting off the water, he propped a hand flat against the tile wall, dropped his head and took a moment to regain his control. After doing a half-assed job of drying, he wrapped the towel around his hips and strode to his apartment door to let her in. There wasn't anything he could do about the tenting of the towel. He wanted her, bad, more so with every minute that he knew her. Today he'd make sure she wanted him just as much, in just as many ways. "HER HEART FLUTTERING in excitement, Natalie knocked twice on Jett's door. Anticipation rode her hard; she felt more alive, her every sense acutely heightened, whenever she was with him. Even before leaving school she'd thought of this, of him and what they'd do, and now fire licked along her nerve endings, leaving behind a throbbing heat that pooled between her thighs. Before Jett, Natalie hadn't been a sexual woman. But now, it didn't matter how many times she had him; she wanted him as if it was the first. Maybe that was because the first time had been so mind-blowing, like the hottest of fantasies. Even her sister, a bestselling author, couldn't write anything so amazing. The things Jett did, with precision and expertise and a complete lack of inhibition, were almost surreal. The first time she'd laid eyes on him, she'd done an interested double take. So had he. Tall and strong with an athletic build, Jett Sutter was drop-dead gorgeous in a disheveled, comfortable, I-don't-give-a-damn way. His attitude was a refreshing change from the tailored, GQ men in suits, the type of men who sought her out because of her father's wealth and social standing. She doubted Jett had any social standing; if he did, he wouldn't be living in their moderately priced apartment complex. His body was enough to leave a woman tongue-tied, but it was his dark glittering eyes that had the ability to arrest all thought and movement. When he looked at her, his expression was teasing, interested, but also so intent that Natalie felt it in the most intimate ways. She, decorum personified, had surprised herself by flirting with him. She'd been surprised even more when he dished it right back. They spoke only a little, all of it light, sexy and fun. That in itself, the teasing and the flirting, had been a complete aberration for her, something she enjoyed but had never really indulged before meeting Jett. Then one day, months ago, she'd found herself alone in the hallway with Jett as they'd each started into their own units. For the longest time they'd stared at each other, no doubt thinking the same thing, wanting the same thing. The tension had built to an excruciating level. Natalie had waited, breath held, anticipation keen. Without a word Jett unlocked his door

and pushed it open, but then walked over to her. Her heart had tried to punch right out of her chest. Ever so slowly, he moved his hand over her cheek, under her wildly curling hair to curve warmly around her nape. Little by little his eyes narrowed and darkened even more, captivating her, making her knees weak until he leisurely bent to her mouth and brushed the lightest of kisses over her lips. When she didn't pull away, he lingered, teasing at first, but then she leaned into him and he given in with a harsh, hungry groan. In minutes, she found herself in his apartment, each fumbling with the other's clothes, arms and legs tangling while the kisses grew hotter and longer and deeper; In mutual participation, they ended up in his bed having the hottest, most satisfying sex ever. Other than a few moans and gasps and heartfelt expletives, neither had spoken a single word. Afterward, as she tried to figure out what to do or say, he smiled at her, a smile of triumph, of confidence and cocky attitude. Uncensored gratitude had left her bemused. She hadn't known sex could be so satisfying, or so consuming, and she spoken without really thinking it through. That was; She had no adequate words, so she settled on, Thank you. His smile slipped into a grin. Anytime. She had been surprised and inexperienced enough to say, Really? Oh, yeah. His gaze went molten as he looked her over, making it clear that he liked what he saw. All you gotta do is knock. Natalie had taken him at his word, and from there they'd fallen into an unbelievable routine that was both scintillating and simple. The first time she'd knocked at his door, feeling very tentative, alternate excuses at the ready, he answered a mere second later. His look of expectation had sharpened to satisfaction then quickly turned to lust. With that dark gaze devouring her, her worry dissipated as if it had never been. After that, it got easier. And now, when she wanted him, she had no issue at all going to his door to let him know. No, that wasn't entirely true, because she always wanted him. Minutes after she left him, she ached for him again. Trying to keep her obsession with Jett under wraps wasn't easy, so at least three times a week she went to him. The rest of the time she lectured herself on moderation, on keeping things uncomplicated. If she pressed him, if she took up too much of his time, he'd grow tired of their uncomplicated arrangement. But Natalie relished the lack of expectations. There were no awkward dates for her to flub or conflicting opinions to put them at odds or, God forbid, any uncertainty about his intentions. So far, Jett had been very accommodating. Of course, one of these days he'd have other plans. Or not be home when she knocked. Or; She gulped. One day he'd find someone else, someone important to him who wouldn't appreciate him having a no-strings affair with his neighbor across the hall. But not yet. *Not today.* Natalie was sorting through her feelings about the indistinct future when Jett opened his door. Her breath caught. Forget the future; she wanted to concentrate only on the here and now. Wearing nothing more than a damp towel and his wet hair uncombed, Jett's dark-eyed gaze burned in a look she recognized only too well. He stood with his feet apart, one hand on the doorknob, the other on the frame above his head. The towel parted over one muscular thigh, showing an old scar, almost like a gunshot wound, on his right leg. So many times Natalie had wanted to ask him about that scar. How had he gotten it, when. *Why?* She had no idea what Jett did for a living; she didn't know anyone who'd been shot. It'd be so easy to ask him; but she knew she shouldn't. If she asked questions, it left him open to do the same. Eventually he'd find out that her father was ridiculously wealthy and well respected in the business world. He'd find out that she and her sister had been effectively disowned. And he'd find out about her mother. Her chest tightened with the thought. No, she didn't want that. The effortlessness of their straightforward sexual relationship was too enjoyable to modify it with idle curiosity. Shaking off all other concerns, Natalie stepped toward Jett. As if her movement broke a spell, Jett dropped his arms around her and drew her in close, taking her mouth in a hungry, devouring kiss. Still with his mouth on hers, he lifted her inside and kicked the door shut. Wow. Today he rushed things, and she loved it. In two steps Jett had her pressed to the wall in full-body contact, his big hands framing her face while he ate at her mouth with an all-consuming kiss. His tongue moved over hers as he adjusted his hold, turning his head for a better fit. He smelled fresh

and hot, felt damp and strong. Whatever his occupation might be, Jett stayed in prime physical shape with admirable stamina. In appreciation, Natalie contracted her fingers over his chest muscles. He made a sound of pleasure and ground his erection against her belly. After her quick shower, she'd changed into a casual, oversized sweatshirt with a wide neckline, and loose drawstring leisure pants. The clothes weren't all that complimentary, but they were easy to remove, and she knew she wouldn't be wearing them for long. When Jett's hand traveled down her spine to the waistband of the pants, then slipped inside to knead her backside, he discovered her lack of panties. "Damn, woman," he rasped against her throat. "You know how to make me burn, don't you?" Natalie couldn't reply, not with him touching her, drifting his fingers around to her belly, down between her legs. She went on tiptoe in reaction, her head back, her shoulders pressed hard to the wall. Voice low with satisfaction, Jett said, "Ah, baby, you're already wet for me." While teasing her with his strong fingers, he lightly kissed her throat, behind her ear. "Been thinking of me?" "Yes." *Always*, Natalie could have said, but she held back that telling confession. Right now her involvement with Jett was uncomplicated and burning hot. So what if she occasionally got the urge to just *talk* to him? Thanks to a father who didn't care, a mother who'd left her and suitors who'd cared more about impressing her father than her, she'd learned to keep her relationships simple. If Jett got to know her, he'd get to know her family and the very misleading background of wealth. Then how could she ever trust him again? She'd found out the hard way that when most men looked at her, they saw only dollar signs. Never again would she put herself through that. Near her ear, Jett whispered, "Hey, where'd you go, Natalie?" Her heart softened; Jett was so attuned to her that he always sensed her mood, and he never failed to react to it. She forced away the faint edge of melancholy, the niggling urge to reach for more than *this*, and said, "I'm here, with you, getting dangerously close to coming." "Not yet," he told her. He took one step back, and when she reached for him, he caught her hands. With a level look of instruction, he kissed each palm and pressed her hands down at either side of her hips. Breathing hard, Natalie acquiesced with understanding. Jett often liked to take control sexually, always with combustible results. He never, ever hurt her, never even caused her a twinge of discomfort. He was an openly giving partner, unselfish and talented. Regardless of any details that Natalie didn't know about him, she knew *him*. She didn't have a single doubt that anything Jett wanted to do to her was for her pleasure. She could hardly wait. After licking her lips, she said, "Why don't you take off the towel?" Looking at his body always thrilled her. She loved it that he was all man, hairy in the right places, solid and hard, so much taller and stronger than her. "You first." He caught the hem of the sweatshirt and tugged it up. "Raise your arms." When she did, he lifted the sweatshirt off over her head, baring her breasts. Cool air-conditioning drifted over her skin. Her nipples were already tight, aching. "Stand still." Jett lowered his head to dampen each one with his tongue, teasing, circling. Her thigh muscles tensed, her belly hollowed. She waited for him to suck; but he didn't. He just kept teasing, lightly kissing, licking, but stopping short at what she wanted most. She closed her eyes on a wave of sensation that felt sharpest between her thighs. "Jett;" "Shh." He straightened again, cupped both her breasts in his hands and used his thumbs now to circle her wet nipples. "God, you have the most gorgeous body ever." Both she and her sister were large-breasted, but the rest of her? Average at best. Not that you could tell that by the way Jett reacted to her. From the beginning he'd seemed very drawn to her physically. While working her nipples with his thumbs, Jett took her mouth again. He kissed her soft and deep, and he kept on kissing her long after she needed and wanted more. Growing desperate, especially with the mounting sensitivity of her breasts, Natalie turned her face away to catch her breath. He recaptured her mouth, not giving her time to think, to speak. When she moaned, he only tilted in his hips, pressing his solid erection to her so that she'd know he was in the same shape. Situated between her thighs, he stroked against her in a parody of sex but without the ultimate satisfaction. She loved how Jett built the need until her entire body felt alive, every nerve ending

sparking. Sometimes he kept it up until she couldn't take it anymore. She was there *now*, and still he seemed relentless. When he pulled away suddenly, a haze of lust left her disconcerted. Without giving her a chance to regroup, he knelt and tugged the pants down to her ankles. Step out. Using his shoulders for balance, Natalie lifted each foot free and he pushed the material and her flip-flops away from her. She was now naked, and he was still on his knees in front of her. Her lungs struggled to get enough air. Slowly, far too slowly, Jett slipped his hands around her hips to her backside and held her secure. Knowing what he would do, her voice quavered. Jett? He leaned in, nuzzling against her, breathing deeply of her scent, and Natalie thought her knees would buckle. She wove her fingers into his cool, silky hair and inadvertently tightened them when she felt his open mouth against her. Oh, God. His tongue moved over her, *in* her, and then suddenly he stood to take her hand in a rush. You're killing me, honey. Let's go before I lose it. At that moment, losing it seemed like a pretty good idea to her. She gave him a look, letting him know that sex in his foyer worked just fine for her. Wearing a half smile, Jett shook his head. Sorry, honey, but tonight, that's not part of the plan. What plan? Shh. Just wait. Gently, he urged her toward his bedroom. So that he could keep his gaze on her, he back-stepped all the way, staring at her breasts, how they jiggled with each step. His gaze sharpened and his jaw firmed; he made a sound of appreciation. Beside his already turned-down bed, his voice gravelly with need, Jett said to her, Lie down in the middle of the bed, on your back. Natalie had no issue with that. Anything to hurry him along worked for her. But the second her head rested on a pillow, Jett dropped the towel and came over her to straddle her hips. She was just reaching for him when he caught her wrists and raised them up over her head. Jett, she complained. She didn't think she could wait much longer. She wanted to touch him. She wanted to feel him alive, throbbing in her palms. Not yet. Holding both her hands loosely in one of his, Jett fiddled with the headboard and then she felt the smooth, braided rope slipping over her hands, felt it pull taut with a gentle tug from him, closing around her wrists like a noose. Alarm slammed into her. She jerked her arms, but they remained secured over her head. Jett? He surveyed her upper body, his face taut with lust. Relax. You'll like this. But? Again she pulled, and accepted that there was no way for her to break the hold. Her heart began pounding for an entirely different reason. Satisfied, Jett stretched out next to her, propped on an elbow and rested his free hand low on her belly. He looked from her bound hands down her arms, over her face and to her chest. Even like this, all stretched out on your beautiful back, you have an impressive rack. Natalie tried to calm herself. She wanted Jett. But she just didn't know about this. Trying to decide what to say, she whispered, I'm not sure. Trust me. He bent and drew one nipple into his mouth, shattering her thoughts. She felt the gentle pull of his mouth everywhere: on her nipple, in her stomach, between her legs. It was a potent mix; sharp pleasure with an edge of uncertainty. Danger. Lust. Again she tested the restraint, and this time, the feel of being powerless, at his mercy; excited her. She'd never been one to live on the edge; never, ever had she had this type of purely sexual encounter. She remained nervous but not really afraid. However, she had to know.

Three sexy new spring-fling novellas from three of today's hottest contemporary romance authors!

Ready, Set, Jett by Lori Foster

A vacation from her no-strings romance with her sexy next-door neighbor. *That's* what Natalie Alexander needs to get her head—and heart—together. But her solo trip south turns into a disaster when gorgeous Jett Sutter turns up with *another* challenge.

Gail's Gone Wild by Susan Donovan

Single mom Gail Chapman insists on chaperoning her teenage daughter's spring-break trip to Key West. But *she* never expects to face temptation—in the hunky form of Jesse Batista, the mysterious man in the cottage next door.

Just One Taste by Victoria Dahl

All-work-and-no-play businessman Eric Donovan won't be distracted by a "businesswoman" who's all wrong for him. Beth Cantrell owns a women's *erotica* shop! And she has a juicy little secret. Can she tempt him to put pleasure before business for once?

Avengers X Heartbroken Reader - claudia-rohnke-fotografie.de - SIXTY original and creative illustrations honor the darkest heroes and twisty books we She is the best-selling author of five erotic romance novels and seven anthologies. Wanted by a Dangerous Man (Erotic Suspense Romance BDSM) - Ebook.. You walk on the edge, danger. prone to crushes on boys in books alpha Up In Flames: An Anthology - Eliot's Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats, Grizabella does not appear in the published source material. Old habits still make us think we hear a meow at the door. Because I bend not to the will of man They call me a mystery. here and there; from the author of speculative feminist classic Woman on the Edge of Time. Daoc Scripts - The second L.L. Foster book was named Amazon's Number One Editors' PI & Men to the Rescue Men Who Walk to the Edge of Honor Series (In The Guy Next Door) (Harlequin HQN, February 2011); When You Dare In Anthologies. the fable of all our lives - ResearchDirect - Joanna Hogg's semi-autobiographical feature The Souvenir introduces Honor Swinton Byrne in a tour de force performance. It's a stunning evocationContinue Henry David Thoreau - Wikiquote - A Moment on the Edge 100 YEARS OF CRIME STORIES BY WOMENEdited by users and we assume good faith they have the permission to share this book. Variety - Lori L. Foster is a best-selling American writer of over seventy romance novels as Lori Foster. 1.3 Anthologies and Collections. 2 Awards A Buckhorn Summer, Harlequin HQN, in June 2015) [E-book] Men Who Walk to the Edge of Honor Series[edit] (Harlequin HQN, Feb 2011, in The Guy Next Door); When You Dare Scariest Shows On Shudder - So, in honor of the milestone here, we're going to be doing somethingâ€¦ for the future, I'm curious since

you opened that door, what do you have? for a while that is going to be sort of a short fiction anthology podcast... And I always felt like I sort of owed it to her to live up to that and to be a better man. Hero Complex - Los Angeles Times - Book stands, Lori Avengers X Heartbroken Reader - claudia-rohnke-fotografie.de - The NOOK Book (eBook) of the Ready, Set, Jett (Men Who Walk the Edge of is a vacation from her no-strings romance with her sexy next-door neighbor. Time Out & Body Check: An Anthology. Annie, Get Your Guy. Search results for "YA" - Editorial Reviews. From Publishers Weekly. Spring flings are the theme of this sexy escapist The Guy Next Door: An Anthology (The Men Who Walk the Edge of Honor) - Kindle Trace of Fever (The Men Who Walk the Edge of Honor Book 2). Men In Black 4 Aliens - Glasfaser Issum - ... talker who often speaks in run-on sentences that jump from one big idea to the next. which is how I got started with books like Marge Piercy's Woman on the Edge of Time, Joanna Russ's The Female Man, Ursula K. Le Guin's The Left. speed, in sequence, at the direction of the human being who has walked the course

Relevant Books

[\[DOWNLOAD \]](#) - Dark Nights (Horror Stories Collection Book 1) pdf

[\[DOWNLOAD \]](#) - Download ebook Some kind of Freak

[\[DOWNLOAD \]](#) - Download ebook Death on a Pale Horse: Sherlock Holmes on Her Majesty's Secret Service

[\[DOWNLOAD \]](#) - Download We Have a Box (My Adventures) free pdf online

[\[DOWNLOAD \]](#) - View Book Fungi: Biology and Applications free epub, pdf online
