



Playing Easy to Get (Vikings Underground Book 3)

By Sherrilyn Kenyon, Kresley Cole, Jaid Black

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New York Times bestselling author Sherrilyn Kenyon and rising stars Jaid Black and Kresley Cole unlock the pleasures and perils of embracing the boldest and most powerful of lovers -- 100% alpha males -- in three sensually erotic tales. Discover the physical rapture of his muscular arms.... Become a prisoner of passion, swept away by an encounter with his primal side.... And get lost in the all-consuming thrill of white-hot pursuit by a relentless stranger who may be your most dangerous foe, the best lover you've ever had -- or both.

Let your fantasies run wild with these unforgettable novellas where bigger is most definitely better -- and playing easy-to-get is the only way to go!

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Editorial Review

About the Author

Kresley Cole

Kresley Cole is the #1 *New York Times* bestselling author of the electrifying Immortals After Dark paranormal series, the young adult Arcana Chronicles series, the erotic Game Makers series, and five award-winning historical romances. A master's grad and former athlete, she has traveled over much of the world and draws from those experiences to create her memorable characters and settings. You can learn more about her and her work at KresleyCole.com or [Facebook.com/KresleyCole](https://www.facebook.com/KresleyCole). Sign up for Kresley's email newsletter to receive the latest book release updates, as well as info about contests and giveaways (KresleyCole.com/Newsletter).

Jaid Black

Jaid Black is the founder and driving force of Ellora's Cave Publishing, the award-winning online source for erotic literature. She is also the founder and publisher of *Lady Jaided*, a sexy new magazine for women. Her novella "Hunter's Right" appears in the collection *Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down*, and her novel *Deep, Dark & Dangerous* is forthcoming from Pocket Books in March 2006. Visit her on the web at www.jaidblack.com.

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Chapter One

If there was a Richter scale for erotic experiences, this one would shatter the record.

Robin Daniels moaned deep in her throat as her lover's hand slid slowly up the inside of her thigh in an electrifying caress that culminated with his long, lean fingers stroking her between her thighs where she was wet and hot, waiting for him. She'd been craving him for weeks now. This man with the perfect male body, killer smile and eyes so green they didn't seem to be real.

Perfect lips that quirked up with a wicked charm. Lips that did naughty things to her body. She couldn't wait to feel his cock deep and hard inside her. To hold him close while he thrust himself into her over and over until they were both sweaty and spent.

His touch set her on fire.

But if either one of them were ever caught during one of their secret meetings, their lives would be over.

Their love would be over.

So he came to her at night like some incubus who needed to feed from her body.

She could deny him nothing. Whatever he asked, she would gladly cede.

Opening her legs, Robin gave him full access to the part of her that craved him most. The part of her that was

aching and wet, desperate for his touch.

It was an invitation he took boldly as he slid his fingers even deeper inside her, seeking out her warmth and making her body burn with frenzied lust.

Robin hissed, arching her back. Her breasts tightened, straining against the cotton of her T-shirt.

"That's it," he said, his voice deep and husky. "Show me how much you want me."

"I want you, baby," she murmured, barely recognizing her own voice as she took his hard cock into her hand and toyed with the sensitive tip of it.

Oh yes, he felt good there. She let his wetness coat her fingers while she stroked him, exploring the hard, long length of him. She ran her hungry fingers over the thick, heavy vein, down lower until she could cup his sac in her palm.

He groaned at her gentle caress.

She captured his lips with hers, tugging his bottom lip between her teeth as she tasted him fully.

Before this night was over, she would make him hers for all eternity.

After tonight, Brendan would never want another woman.

She was going to ride him until he begged her for mercy....

"Allison. Cleanup, aisle five."

Allison George jerked her head up from her book as she heard her name called over the intercom. It wasn't until the manager had repeated his command that she left her dream world completely.

Damn. She was just getting to the really good part.

It never failed.

Sighing, she flipped to the front of the book and looked wistfully at the advertisement.

What's your fantasy?

Do you ever dream of getting away from it all? Just for a week or two?

Have you ever read a romance novel and thought...

What if?

Have you ever, just once, wanted to be the heroine in a book and to have the man of your dreams come in and rock your world?

Your dreams could come true. Enter the Hideaway Heroine Sweepstakes and you too could be headed off to be the heroine in your favorite romance novel. Just send in your name, address and phone number, the title and author of your favorite book and the reason(s) why you need a

break from your everyday life.

Two lucky winners will be selected every three months. No purchase necessary. Enter as many times as you like.

For more information, please visit HideawayHeroine.com.

Good luck!

Allison ran her hand over the words. Had she ever dreamed of getting away?

Was Brendan about to give Robin the best sex of her life?

Was he primo fabuloso?

Of course she dreamed of getting away. Every minute of every day. Unfortunately, that seemed about as likely as Brendan stepping out of his book and making her his fantasy lover.

Or of a house landing on top of her evil floor manager during a tornado and putting him out of her misery.

And speaking of the devil, he was headed straight for her. Allison hid her novel behind her back as her manager came down the book aisle with a stern grimace on his face. At fifty-two with salt and pepper hair, Dan might have been attractive at some point, but the constant disdainful sneer robbed him of any appeal.

"Allison, there's a toddler who threw up on aisle five. Move your butt. We can't leave it there for someone to step in." He barely looked her way as he went past her.

Oh yeah, her life was just one great big bowl full of cherries.

If she was really lucky, maybe on her way home some uninsured driver would plow into her beat-up Dodge Neon and total it while leaving her completely hale and whole enough to walk back to work tomorrow and mop up more vomit. She sighed in disgust.

Wondering if she had just in fact conjured up another visit from the Bad Luck Fairy, Allison tucked the romance novel into her smock pocket.

For weeks now she'd been carrying it around, rereading the entry form and debating on whether or not she should enter.

But why bother?

No one like her ever won anything anyway. It was always some rich doctor or lawyer. Someone other than her. Someone who didn't really need the money or the break.

Still that tiny voice in her head kept saying, "Yeah, but maybe this once..."

She hated that voice. It had gotten her into plenty of trouble in her life.

Grabbing a broom and the special dry solution she needed to clean up the mess, Allison went to the aisle and tried not to think about just how much she truly hated her job.

As she worked, a small smile hovered at her lips. *Hey look, I'm already Cinderella. All they need to do is send me over to housewares with the fireplaces and have me clean those out and I'm in business.*

"Ally?"

She looked up and it took a full second for the voice to register. It was one she hadn't heard in way too long.

Margaret Dale.

The two of them had been best friends in high school. And in the ten years since they had graduated, Margaret hadn't changed a bit.

"Maggie May!" she exclaimed, using her old nickname for her friend.

The broom forgotten, Allison hugged her tight, grateful to see a friendly face again. "Good Lord, how long has it been?"

"Six or seven years, at least."

Allison's eyes teared up as she stepped back. Maggie's elegant blond hair was pulled back in a sleek ponytail. She wore a black pair of slacks and a chic, short-sleeved black sweater. But then Maggie had always looked like some fashion model walking away from a shoot. "You look fantastic!"

Maggie beamed, until she looked Allison up and down and then the smile faltered. Not in a condescending way, but in a way that said, "I'm sorry I got out and you got trapped in this godforsaken place."

Allison offered her a joking grin, even though a part of her was mortified at what she knew Maggie saw.

She stood in front of her elegant friend in her dark blue polyester smock, ill-fitting jeans and faded-out, oversized shirt. Worse, her own frizzy blond hair was in bad need of a trim and deep conditioning. Neither of which she could afford at the moment.

"I'm sorry about your mom," Margaret said quietly. "Had I known, I would have been here for the funeral."

Allison patted her arm as her throat tightened. She'd loved her mother more than anything. Ten years ago when she and Maggie had graduated high school, Maggie had gone to the University of Georgia, then moved off to New York after graduation to be an editor. Meanwhile, Allison had stayed home to help her mother, who was dying of cancer. For nine years her mother had fought hard and then last spring, she'd lost the war.

God, how she missed her. It was still a raw, aching pain inside her. Her mother had been everything to her.

"I know," she said, rubbing Maggie's arm. "I'm sorry. I didn't even think about sending word to you until after the funeral was over. I just wasn't in my right mind."

Maggie nodded in understanding. "You've been busy. My mom told me that you're engaged to Gary Mitchell. Congrats. I know how much you always loved him."

Allison drew a shaky breath as she thought about her rattlesnake ex. "Yeah," she said in an overly exaggerated tone. "Just l-o-v-e him to pieces."

"Uh-oh. That sounds ominous."

She sighed as she picked up the broom. "Well, I found the dog in bed a week ago with one of the strippers from the Night Owl."

Maggie's face showed the horror Allison had felt when she'd stumbled in late from work to find the two of them going at it in her bed. "No!"

"Oh yeah."

"What did you do?"

"I grabbed my broom, swept both pieces of trash out of my house, then I went through and decided it was time to do a little fall cleaning. I gathered up everything of his I could find, threw it into a pile on my front lawn and then proceeded to have a weenie roast. I'm told you could see the flames for up to a mile away."

Maggie laughed. "What did Gary do?"

"He called the cops and I spent the night in jail. But it was so worth it. I just wish I'd been able to get my shotgun loaded before the police got there and had had a chance to fill his backside with buckshot..."

"Allison? Are you on break?"

Allison cringed at Dan's voice coming from behind her. She looked around to see his soured frown. "I'm just helping a customer, Dan. She wanted to know where the lightbulbs were."

He didn't buy it for a minute.

Allison led Maggie away from his hearing. "Sorry, Maggie, I can't really talk right now."

Nodding, Maggie let her gaze dip down to the pocket of Allison's smock where the top of her book was peeking out. She smiled. "*Sugar and Spice* by Rachel Fire. You like it?"

"I love it. It's a great book."

Maggie's smile widened. "I edited it."

"You did not!"

"Yes, I did. She's one of the authors I discovered last year." Maggie tilted her head and looked back down the aisle to where Dan was still watching them. "Look, ...

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Do you have favorite book? Should you have, what is your favorite's book? Reserve is very important thing for us to learn everything in the world. Each reserve has different aim or maybe goal; it means that guide has different type. Some people truly feel enjoy to spend their time and energy to read a book. They are reading whatever they acquire because their hobby is usually reading a book. Consider the person who don't like reading a book? Sometime, particular person feel need book if they found difficult problem or perhaps exercise. Well, probably you will want this *Playing Easy to Get* (Vikings Underground Book 3).

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