

Hiding Love's Hunger: Illicit Seattle Book 4 (Sample)

Hidden in the Seattle underground, a clan of Vampires sells sex, power and information, controlling politics and influencing an illicit world of human-looking creatures with incredible powers and intense hungers...

In this exciting fourth book in the *Illicit Seattle* series, get to know Vampires and Sirens locked in steamy romance and suspenseful adventures, using their powers of manipulation and seduction on each other. You know you want it.

Dear Reader: we're providing you this advance reader sample free! We'd LOVE your feedback! Email me direct at sheri.ellis@dragonsightpublishing.com. Even if it's just a 1-liner, I'd LOVE to know if it's hitting the right "notes." And if you would be interested in reading the whole thing FREE in exchange posting an honest review on Amazon, please reply "I want to be an ARC Reader!" Thank you so much!



Cassandra

Her hunger growled as she bustled around the kitchen. It was getting harder to control and Cassie knew she had to feed it soon. But it wasn't in her heart to just feed off of anyone, like the other Vampires. Like her roommates. She knew Linda was in her room feeding from that UW kid again. Their sex was wild and loud.

Might be time to report her, Cassie thought. It was dangerous to let Humans get fed off too much. At the brothel, they had ways of dealing with it, but here in the suburbs, away from Greta's constant eye, sometimes it went too far. And the real danger was when Humans fell in love with Vampires. That's why love was so taboo in the Clan. If they are fed off too much, Humans eventually will go insane. And that was not something Greta was willing to tolerate. The Clan could not risk exposure.

As a relatively young sexual Vampire, Cassie needed to touch humans to really get all their beautiful energy, but there were too many dangers in that. She could hurt them accidentally and even kill them. And if she got romantic, they could break her heart again. It was way too dangerous for her and the Clan. But Linda didn't have to worry, since she didn't have a heart to break.

The kid came out of Linda's room, eyes glowing wildly, clothes disheveled. He grabbed some candy from a dish and ate ravenously. Cassie nodded at him, and he looked at her with hollow eyes. He hardly saw her. His beautiful energy smelled so delicious. The smell of sex was intoxicating. Cassie's hunger came out and she growled audibly.

Linda's nasty laughter broke the spell. "Nate, you should get going." She opened the penthouse door and spanked him. Nate scurried out, walking strangely. Linda shut the door and strolled slowly toward Cassie.

She casually grabbed a candy and ate it very close to Cassie's face. Cassie knew Linda was showing off the feed and her satiety. Linda's face was a beautiful, pink color, and her skin was luminous. Cassie's heart was still pounding with need, and she knew her hunger was plain. But she stared Linda down with strength.

"Don't let Greta see you like that," Linda cackled as she headed towards the bedroom.

Hiding Love's Hunger: Illicit Seattle Book 4 (Sample)

Oh God, she wanted more! She could run after Nate and make him give her some if she wanted, right in the open hallway of the condo, until he went insane. The Vampires at the brothel were experts at it. But she couldn't be cruel. She could see how drained he was. And crazy-looking. About how Cassie looked probably.

She ran into the bathroom to check. Her skin was looking pale, tired, papery. Her ice-blue eyes looked hollow, sad, lonely. The backs of her hands looked wrinkled and old. She definitely looked like she was starving.

She glanced over at the clock and panicked. She would have to rush to be on time for her meeting with Greta. She would have to hide her hunger as best she could, with makeup and caffeine. Luckily, she was really good at it. She grabbed the emergency-kit makeup bag, a Monster from the fridge, and dashed out the door.

Cassandra arrived at the Pioneer Square nightclub *Greta's Place* and parked. It was quiet since the nightclub wasn't open this early. She paused outside and sniffed the air, feeling for the energies of Humans and Vampires. She liked to be safe. And nothing was safe with the Clan. Or in Pioneer Square. She tried to quiet her heart from pounding.

She entered through the back door and took a hidden elevator down below street level. The red neon sign on the wall said *The Second Circle*. The reception area was a large room with a wood bar along one side, red leather trimmed bar stools, red leather sofa, and a reception desk. This was the brothel owned by the Vampire Clan and was its base of operations.

Behind the reception desk as always stood Onyx, wearing a tight, low-cut black dress. She cut a stunning figure with her black hair, electric-green eyes, and ruby-red lipstick that contrasted with her pale skin. As outwardly friendly and professional as Onyx may seem to the average Human, the Vampires knew Onyx was a formidable champion for Greta. And Greta was feared by anyone with a brain.

Onyx looked up from her desk. "I was worried you would be late."

"I'm sorry you feel that way." She met Onyx's gaze as steadily and confidently as she could. Onyx was someone to be careful with. She had never felt comfortable trusting Onyx much.

Hiding Love's Hunger: Illicit Seattle Book 4 (Sample)

"With Greta, on time is late. You should know that. You'd better go right in."

The air felt cold, sterile. Onyx looked away. Something was up. Cassie took a deep breath and went in.

Just behind the desk was the door to Greta's office. Cassie opened the door and stepped into the office. The room was about fifteen square feet and had a large ebony desk that was devoid of any clutter. Greta liked to keep it clean. Some days like today, she had a pad of paper and a pen, but otherwise nothing was on the desk. Greta had red hair and looked to be in her mid-thirties, but everyone knew she was much older than that. She had a classic beauty with an air of command added to it. The air felt even more cold and sterile. Cassie wavered at the door, terrified but firmly keeping her composure.

"You'd better not be late in your meetings with our new partner. Take a seat."

Cassie nodded silently and sat. She tilted her head and met Greta's gaze. Banking on silence usually paid off.

"I have a new assignment for you. I think you are ready for more responsibility."

"I'm ready."

"We will see. One of the politicians we have in our pocket is involved in a tight race to keep her seat on the Seattle City Council. I have invested in a new startup company here in Seattle that can help us keep her in office. I want you to manage the project with them. Our contact in the company, Curtis, can tell you more."

"Understood."

"See Onyx for the details."

Cassie looked Greta in the eye, nodded, and left silently.

Onyx handed her a folder and pointed at the sticky note on the front. *Curtis Andrews, Emerald Social Insights, 2815 Elliott Avenue, Suite 100. 206-555-2237.*

"Give Curtis a call and set up a meeting. We want their help in advertising Valerie Higgs' reelection campaign. Don't get specific about the budget yet. Just find out how they would approach the project. Timeline is ASAP."

Cassie reached for the envelope and nodded. Onyx held it back and looked in her eyes.

"This project is really important to Greta. Make it a success."

Hiding Love's Hunger: Illicit Seattle Book 4 (Sample)

Cassie nodded and took the envelope silently.

Quinn

Quinn's mind drifted as he swam his laps. The feeling of the water rushing past his body was his daily meditation. After thirty minutes, his mind was clear, and his body energized for the day. As he approached the side of the pool, he noticed a beautiful woman standing there with a towel. His time must be about over. He held up a finger in the air as he touched the side and turned for one more lap. His body glided with practiced smoothness, making it look effortless. He savored the water's warmth, knowing the air would be cool.

Her eyes drank in the sight as he lifted himself out of the pool.

Quinn reached for the towel. "Thanks, Susan. You know you don't have to do this."

The magic in his voice melted her even more. He could see her wild eyes. He knew she had it bad. She grabbed the towel back and began massaging his arms with it. He smiled and took it away gently.

Her eyes pleaded more than usual. "But I do, Quinn. How else will I get to see you? It's not like you're training for your 5k race right now."

He just grunted and shook his head. He knew if he said anything more, she would jump him right there.

Her voice begged him. "You still need to eat." She started nuzzling him, stuck her tongue in his ear and even pushed her fingers into his swim trunks.

She had it bad, and he knew she wouldn't stop. It had been a while since he had been out with a woman, and the longer he went without sex, the stronger that people came on to him. He knew he needed to do something soon to release his hunger, but he didn't like taking advantage of women seduced this way. And secretly he hated the way everyone wanted something from him. Even if they were Human and couldn't help it.

He added some cooling-off magic to his words. "I have to work through dinner tonight to be ready for a major client tomorrow. Maybe some other time."

He could feel her disappointment in the air as he turned and walked away. His body felt disappointed too. The towel hid his disappointment until he could get into a private moment and release some of his hunger.

Hiding Love's Hunger: Illicit Seattle Book 4 (Sample)

Time for a shower and getting to work. He did have a lot to do today.

Even after his workout, Quinn still made it to work before his office mate, Fred. They were part of a small group in this company and this project had limited resources. To make things more efficient, the company made him share a space with the guy that took his ideas and built them into reporting. At least that was the excuse he was given.

“Nice of you to show up for work today, Fred.”

“You’re welcome. What’s got you going today?”

Quinn could tell his voice was a little tense. He cleared his throat and put some cooling-off magic in his voice. “Curtis says we have an important client meeting today, so we need to be at the top of our game.”

Fred sounded a little peeved. “When are we ever not giving one hundred percent? We work our asses off on this research.”

Quinn clapped him on the shoulder. “We might be the smarts, but without the company’s investors and connections, we would still be doing our research at UW. At least here we can get paid to do what we love.”

This was a long way from the University of Washington and the possibilities were limitless. As long as they stayed funded.

“But it’s your research that is making this project possible.”

“I know, Fred. We just couldn’t get ahead on it on university salaries and grant money.”

Fred looked down and sighed. “I agree, sometimes I just have to bitch a little. I will be on my best behavior with the new client.”

Quinn nodded. “Thanks, Fred. I know you will be.”

Meeting

Cassie got on the elevator and selected the floor for *Emerald Social Insights*. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. This was her chance to prove herself to Greta, and she didn’t want to mess things up. The air smelled active, sparkly and a little salty. She straightened her skirt and pushed her shoulders back. Be big, Cassie. You got this. Her hunger growled.

Hiding Love's Hunger: Illicit Seattle Book 4 (Sample)

She approached the desk. "I'm Cassandra Medford from The Knightly Foundation, here for a meeting."

The receptionist smiled and nodded. "We're expecting you. Someone is on their way to get you."

Moments later, the reception area was filled with a dazzling energy, as if the sun had burst through the walls. The hottest guy she'd ever seen walked toward her and smiled. The air was filled with his golden energy, and her hunger choked her. She fought her body for control while nodding at him silently. She bent over, pretending to be gathering up her bag, and managed to get her face under control. Once she was sure she looked calm again, she stood up and smiled as confidently as she could, hoping she wasn't panting. Deep breaths, girl. Stay calm.

He smiled at Cassie. "Hello, you must be Ms. Medford. I'm Dr. Quentin Hale, but you can call me Quinn."

His voice sent more shock waves at her body, and again her hunger almost choked her. She tried to stay smiling as she shook his hand, but his energy shot through her hand and up into her body. It made her hunger scream with the need to feed. She couldn't help it. With their hands still touching, she took a sip of his energy. Something in his face wavered a little. She forced herself to release his hand. Pull it together, girl!

"Please call me Cassandra. Do they normally send doctors out to greet guests?"

He laughed, maybe a little too loudly, and again the room was lit up with his dazzling energy. "PhD, actually. We're going to be working together and I felt it would be nice to meet you sooner than later. Let me show you to the conference room." He touched her back and gestured the way. Another jolt went through her body. She knew he wasn't Human.

As they walked through the building, Cassie noticed all of the women in the company were following Quinn with hungry eyes. Every area sparked with sexual need for him. He was hot and all, but she had never seen a reaction like this even when a Vampire walked through a crowd. Vampires fed off lust and normally attracted attention. His sunburst energy was something she'd never before experienced. And WOW did his energy taste good. She sniffed the air

Hiding Love's Hunger: Illicit Seattle Book 4 (Sample)

again, wondering how safe she was. The air was full of desire and unfulfilled longing from him. Her hunger was growling in anticipation, and she fought for dignified, silent control.

Quinn opened the door to the conference room and invited her in. "Please have a seat. This is Fred Young, and I believe you talked on the phone with Curtis Andrews. This is Cassandra Medford."

Cassie nodded at them without smiling. Humans, both of them. Play it cool, Cassie. She reached out to shake hands with Curtis and took a tiny sip of his energy. His face went white, but he recovered quickly and laughed a little nervously. She reached out to shake hands with Fred, who pumped her hand vigorously. She decided to take a long sip of his energy and smiled at him. His face went red, and she knew she had him. She pried her hand loose from Fred's and sat down.

The energy in the room had definitely shifted and she knew she commanded it. She opened her notepad and looked up at them all. "Mr. Andrews and I spoke on the phone, and he assures me that you can provide what we require."

Curtis smiled nervously and stood up to go. "Ms. Medford, Quinn and Fred are an amazing team and will have no problem developing a campaign to help Councilmember Higgs retain her seat on the Seattle City council. I will leave you in their capable hands."

Quinn nodded. "Thank you, Curtis."

Curtis left the room.

"Cassandra, maybe you can tell us more what you are looking for."

Cassie gave them a requirements document she'd prepared that listed Ms. Higgs' positions and described the demographics she did well and not so well in the last election. She knew she sounded a little terse and distant, but the words came easily, and she let herself give lots of facts. Quinn and Fred took copious notes as she talked, and she felt herself loosening up with them. Quinn smiled his dazzling smile again and promised they would have a proposal ready for a meeting the next day.

Cassie felt her hunger choke her again. She didn't want Quinn to notice, so she looked down at her document and thought about her requests. She tried to organize her brain to be sure she was driving them to get exactly what Greta

Hiding Love's Hunger: Illicit Seattle Book 4 (Sample)

wanted. She had to get this right. She didn't want them to see that she felt scared. And she sure wasn't used to being off-center without control. Her hunger be damned. They looked at her expectantly. She deliberately waited another long moment with a serious look on her face. "Quinn, can you explain to me what you actually are going to do for us?"

Quinn smiled and nodded. "We provide psychographics, which are like demographics that everybody uses, but are built on psychological evaluation of people. We use metrics that we developed in-house to analyze social media, spending habits, and lifestyle data to create micro-targeted ads to influence groups of people. There is not much about a person that is private anymore and we can use that for you."

His warm, sensual voice made her feel relaxed and off-guard, she realized. But she wouldn't allow herself to be caught up by him. She kept her face expressionless. "I've heard of other companies doing things like this. What makes you different?"

"Those companies don't have our research or the special things we do with the video assets that vastly increase the effectiveness of the message you want to come through."

Fred laughed over-confidently. "Quinn is being humble. He developed the psych evaluation and we have found it to be quite accurate. His research on applying sound to trigger emotions is beyond belief."

That did sound amazing. Did Greta know about this?

She still felt off-guard and fought herself for control. She decided the meeting was over and stood up. "Thank you for the explanation. I'm looking forward to our meeting tomorrow."

Quinn stood. "It's been a pleasure discussing your requirements. I would be happy to walk you out."

Her body tingled and her ears kept repeating how he had said '*pleasure*'. Cassie followed Quinn back to the reception area. It actually had been fun working with them. They were so attentive when she described the situation, and she could see their faces light up as they must have been running through what they would do to help. On the way out, she focused again on the reaction of

Hiding Love's Hunger: Illicit Seattle Book 4 (Sample)

the people they passed. Their attention shifted to Quinn on his passing as if they could feel him move among them. Their looks of jealousy and hate also followed her. If his work were even a fraction as good as this, the project would be very successful!

Quinn and Fred went back to their office.

Quinn wrote some of their talking points on the whiteboard. "I think I know what metrics we will need for the new job. I'll need your input on level of effort today."

"If it's as standard as you're suggesting, it shouldn't be a problem." Fred sat back in his chair with a grin. "Quinn, did you get a good look at her?"

Sometimes Fred was such an ass. "I got a good look at you drooling like you've never seen a woman before. Am I going to have to ban you from all the meetings with her?"

"Oh, I want to meet with her all right."

Quinn had had the same thoughts about Cassandra. But he couldn't let himself think about that. His hunger was burning too. Without meaning to, his voice had extra force in it. "Fred, I need you to stay professional. This is an important project for the company."

Fred scowled. "I see how it is. Don't worry, I'll get my work done."

Quinn felt bad about calling Fred unprofessional. What was it about Cassandra that was firing him up with so much magic? When they shook hands at the elevator, it felt like something electric passed between them. Cassandra was absolutely beautiful, and yet something else about her gripped him. She had seemed so emotionless, so aloof, and yet so charming. And those eyes. Those ice-blue eyes, so hungry, so alive. He was lost in those eyes.

He felt a deep need to get to know her better. Maybe he should have asked her to lunch? Why didn't he when he showed her out? He knew the reason. Women always asked him first. But she hadn't. And he wasn't sure she would have accepted. He really didn't know if she was interested in him at all. He found the thought intriguing.

When Cassie arrived back at *The Second Circle*, Onyx looked her over closely from behind the reception desk.

"How did your meeting go?"

Hiding Love's Hunger: Illicit Seattle Book 4 (Sample)

"It went well. I think they will be a good partner for us."

Onyx's face was expressionless, but she nodded quietly. She looked closely at Cassie's face, and then looked down.

"Greta is free. You should go in."

Cassie wondered what she was thinking but didn't dare ask. She nodded.

"Talk with you later, Onyx."

Greta looked up from her desk. "Please take a seat and tell me how things went."

Cassie sat in one of the red leather guest chairs. "Curtis was just as you described him and ready to do anything for us. I was impressed by ideas the team had for our campaign."

"What are the next steps?"

"A meeting is being set up for tomorrow to go over the plan for helping Valerie Higgs' campaign. After approving the plans, they will come up with the assets needed to be created for the different targets. Did you know about their psych research and applying sound to trigger emotions?"

"Of course, I knew. I help fund different research projects going on in the company through a shell corporation. Did you notice anything special about the people you met?"

Cassie knew Greta was testing her. Her heart pounded but she kept her face calm and emotionless. "The researcher who is working on the project feels very different, not Human. The others appear to be Human."

Greta looked at her sternly. "Be careful around that researcher. Keep me informed of the progress. This project has the highest priority, but you need to keep the other projects moving as well. I expect a status report for all your projects on my desk by morning."

Was this a test? What wasn't she telling me about Quinn? Now I really need to understand him and quick before Greta doubted my abilities.

Dinner

Her cat Lewis was waiting in his normal spot on the couch when Cassie came in the door. He pretended to not notice her, but his twitching tail gave him away. She didn't notice any sounds of her roommates.

Hiding Love's Hunger: Illicit Seattle Book 4 (Sample)

She plopped on the couch and patted her lap. "Come greet me after my day at work!"

He yawned but stayed where he was.

"I guess you don't need dinner and I should get mine going."

The cat snapped his head up, jumped to the floor and ran over to rub on Cassie's leg. She laughed and petted him.

"I missed you too. I guess I can open some food for my handsome guardian of the house."

His purr was almost deafening.

Cassie bent down and scratched behind his ears. "Okay, let's go get your dinner going."

Cassie went to the kitchen, grabbed an IPA, some leftovers from the fridge, and took them to the couch. She drank the beer but picked at the food. All she could think about was Quinn.

Maybe *Poldark* on TV would distract her. There was something about Cornwall that she loved. It seemed so beautiful but so gray and stark. And that the actor playing Poldark was so sexy. He was so intense. And that voice. That amazing voice. And that body.

Lewis came strutting back licking his lips and jumped up to sit beside her. She scratched him behind his ears.

"I met someone today that reminds me of Ross Poldark. Very similar looks and all the women seem to love him."

Lewis looked up with a tilted head.

"Don't worry, no one can replace you."

Lewis pushed himself closer into her side and purred.

"You're not getting any of my food."

Lewis shrugged and curled up next to her.

Cassie smiled and patted him wistfully. "He had a different energy. Everyone else tasted of lust, but not Quinn. His energy tasted warm and sweet. And that voice..."

Her hunger growled, remembering Quinn's energy, choking her entire body with desire. But fear gripped her again. She couldn't allow herself to be lost. She would lose everything. She firmly pushed the hunger away and thought about Greta and the situation.

"It's good I said something to Greta about him. I wonder if I passed her test."

Hiding Love's Hunger: Illicit Seattle Book 4 (Sample)

What do you think her game is?"

Lewis was too busy licking himself to be bothered with an opinion.

"Nice talk, Lewis."

Her cheeks felt hot, and her hunger growled loudly. Those little tastes today barely offset her extreme hunger. She was going to need to feed soon if she was going to stay professional.

She slipped on a slinky dress and went down to the club in the lobby of her condo. It was early, so the nightclub wasn't very full. Other Vampires would be only too happy to feed without remorse, but in her heart, she couldn't make others suffer, and she was terrified of breaking Clan laws. She fought her body's needs every moment of every day. She knew a few cheesy ways of feeding, just enough to stop her hunger from being noticed without causing trouble.

She nodded at Joey, the bartender, and he poured her a shot of Patrón. She sat on the stool, legs crossed provocatively, her hunger on display. She looked around with a bored air.

An older gentleman came up and sat on the stool next to her. He stared at her with a bemused smirk, looking her up and down. "A gin and tonic, Joey," he called out without taking his eyes off her. His voice had a Southern drawl and way too much confidence.

Her hunger pounded but she kept looking away. Better to let the Humans wait and want. She took her shot without looking at him and nodded again at the bartender. Joey came and refilled her glass without a word. She let her finger slowly trace the top of the shot glass.

"Honey, you are one fine lady. Allow me the pleasure of your company this evening." He put his hand on her shoulder.

She took his hand away and brought it to her mouth. His eyes went wide as she rubbed her mouth against the palm of his hand and started to gently draw energy from him. She could feel his lust move up a notch and his face flush. Ohhhh this one would do nicely.

Leaning over him, she brought her mouth close to his, sucking his energy as hard as she could. His energy tasted sublime. He was putty in her arms, and she could feel his hard penis rubbing her thigh. His energy bubbled and surged with need. His hands grabbed at her ass, but she had gotten enough to at least stop her hunger from burning.

Hiding Love's Hunger: Illicit Seattle Book 4 (Sample)

In another quick motion, she was safely away. She drank her second shot, nodded to Joey, and walked away. She heard Joey call one of the working girls, to take over for her with the gentleman.

She wished she could've gotten the full feeding, but at least her hunger was back under control. And she hadn't hurt anyone.

Quinn walked into his empty house and sighed.

I turned down Susan for this? An empty house?

He checked the messages on his home phone and Rebecca had called and left a message.

"Hi Quinn! When are we going to get together? We should see more of each other if we're going to get married someday. Call me."

There was something demanding in her voice that he hated, but Quinn called her back. "Hey Becks! How are you doing tonight?"

"I was just thinking of you, Quinn. Have you been avoiding me?"

"I have been really busy at work."

"When was the last time you went out on a date?"

Quinn hated it when she got nosey. "Let me think... it was the last time I saw you."

"Oh, Quentin! You know you are going to be endangering Humans soon."

Quinn wondered if this was really about him or if men were starting to pound down her door. "It's not so dire as all that."

"I wish you would take me up on my offer to live together. Someday we're going to be married."

As if he could forget. "Are you in a hurry to be the next Countess of Hale-Song?"

"That's not fair. You know I wish your parents a long life, but our union has been arranged since we were kids."

"You don't have to keep reminding me of my duty."

"You really know how to make a girl feel wanted."

He knew he had stepped in it now. She was a beautiful woman and was fun

Hiding Love's Hunger: Illicit Seattle Book 4 (Sample)

to be around, but they had known each other since they were kids and she always wanted something from him. It was draining. She was also immune to his abilities, which made him uncomfortable. But he was burning with need. He needed her brand of love. Right now.

"I'm sorry, Rebecca. It's been a long day and you're right. I haven't been taking the best of care of myself."

"Take me out for dinner and drinks and all will be forgiven."

Rebecca was dressed to the nines. Her long wavy auburn hair flowed over her right shoulder. She must have spent the afternoon at the hairstylist. She looked like Amy Adams walking down the red carpet at the Oscars. Her jewelry cost more than he made in a year, if not much more. He didn't understand why she went to all that trouble when everybody in her vicinity would always say she was the most beautiful woman in the room anyway. It was part of the benefits of being a Siren.

His body reacted to how sexy she was. Memories of them in bed flashed by. She gave him a hard look. This was going to cost him. At least he knew the places that met her lofty standards.

Quinn used his abilities on the hostess to get them a quiet table where they could talk.

"Rebecca, I hope this restaurant is to your liking." He smiled with every bit of charm he could.

She smiled back and took his arm. "Apology accepted."

The server came by for their orders. Rebecca went with the Chilean Sea Bass and a dirty martini. Quinn decided on the ribeye and a Diet Coke. He noticed the server staring helplessly at him and his hunger reacted. He focused his eyes on Rebecca and tried to pull himself together. The server left.

Rebecca frowned. "I have to drink alone tonight?"

"You know me, I'm driving and can't afford to be hung over at work tomorrow."

She pouted those ruby lips. "You should come work for Daddy. He would make you a VP and you would make plenty of money."

"You mean enough to keep you in the comfort you're accustomed to."

Hiding Love's Hunger: Illicit Seattle Book 4 (Sample)

She tilted her head. "What's wrong with that?"

Quinn felt annoyed for the millionth time that she didn't respect his work. He was starting to feel another headache. "Nothing is wrong with that, but I have a job I love and am doing all right for money. I'm not into lavish parties and putting up with all of the people who would just be trying to impress me."

"Quinn, you are better than that. You have royal Siren blood flowing through you. The two of us would make an amazing team if you would only let me in."

"I'm not that special. In today's society, being royal doesn't mean much."

"Stop being so modest. You have stronger abilities than any of us normal Sirens."

"It doesn't feel like it. And it's not that important to me."

"It's my understanding that when you have shown you're ready, your Father will instruct you in what is needed so you can replace him when he retires. He just needs to know you are ready to honor your traditions."

It was definitely true. And it was definitely becoming another headache.

"Am I so horrid?" She leaned toward him, making sure her cleavage was in full view.

She wasn't at all, especially when she smiled so seductively at him. He was immune to her magic but not her charms, especially now. His hormones were raging. He reached across the table and traced her fingers with his. "Rebecca, you're a beautiful woman."

She sniffed, not convinced. "But you don't love me. Sirens like us don't get the luxury to marry for love."

His fingers closed over her hands. "Do you want to marry for love?"

She sat forward and pulled him close. "I want a real partner. I want you, Quentin Hale. It's time to put aside childish things and become the man you are meant to be. Over time, our love will deepen along with our partnership."

Her pushiness turned him off. He let go of her hands and looked away.

"Let's set a date, Quinn. The families expect this. I expect this. You expect this."

Her sexiness faded for him. All he heard was demands. He shook his head silently.

She knew she had crossed a line. She put some purr back in her voice and smiled, running her fingers up his arm. "Oh baby, I would be a good wife for you. You know I would."

Hiding Love's Hunger: Illicit Seattle Book 4 (Sample)

She purred in his ear, knowing how much he liked it. She whispered, "I will show you tonight just how good I can be."

His body responded. Damn how this woman played with him.

When it was time to go, Rebecca smiled at him. "She slipped you her phone number, right?"

Quinn looked down at the bill. "Yes."

"Unless you plan on calling her tonight, you better take me up on my offer."

She had a point. If he was going to get any work done at the office tomorrow, he needed to get his hormones under control. And they were out of control. He knew it.

"Your place or mine?"

He could see the sense of victory in her eyes as she whispered, "Mine."

...

Dear Reader: thank you so much for reading this sample! We'd LOVE your feedback! Email me direct at sheri.ellis@dragonsightpublishing.com. Even if it's just a 1-liner, we'd LOVE to know if it's hitting the right "notes." And if you would be interested in reading the whole thing FREE in exchange posting an honest review on Amazon, please reply "I want to be an ARC Reader!" Thank you so much!

Sheri and Jeff Ellis