

Teasers for first page: Lochs and Lasses

A Knight's Duel:

Adele shook her head briefly before Devon finished his sentence. "I...I'm fine." She took a deep breath and then repeated, "I do not remember seeing a boy at the battle."

Why was that so important to her? "I was not a boy," Devon answered. "I was twelve and Sir Lancelot had just sent me to King Rhydderch to be a squire." His own hand clenched on the reins, reliving the scene when the wounded messenger had arrived with the horrid news. Lancelot had been more of a father to him than Mordred had ever thought of being.

"I'm sorry," Adele said softly. "That explains why you do not like me, I guess."

Like her? He damn well should not. She was a Saxon. "I do not know you," he answered instead and tried to ignore the niggling voice in his brain that told him he wanted her, Saxon or not. His shaft swelled at the thought of her naked beneath him, face flushed with desire... He clenched his jaw. He would not duel with himself. His allegiance was to Rhydderch. He was taking her back to marry Broderick.

Sword of the Highlander:

She certainly did not sleep well. Cassidy opened one eye slowly as sunlight drifted in her window. The Highlander was still there, sitting in the chair with his eyes closed, the great swords crossed over muscular thighs. Not a dream then. Her body felt hot, unsatisfied, and needing to be touched. She didn't remember ever waking up to her fiancé with this longing *ache*...but then, Aubrey was an intellectual who compartmentalized his life. He would probably laugh at her if she tried to describe every nerve ending tingling...waiting...*wanting* to be touched.

But then, how many women in the twenty-first century work up to find a medieval warrior in their bedrooms?

Border Rogue:

"Ye are verra quiet, lass. What are ye plotting?"

Jillian nearly jumped in the saddle. Aidan must never suspect that she was anything but compliant. "Nothing. I am just weary from riding so long."

"Tis sorry I am, but we canna dawdle. We have three days' ride ahead."

Jillian groaned softly. He had held her pressed against him last night. How could she lie beside him the next two nights as well? She would truly go mad—or worse, her traitorous body would succumb to him and her slight hold on safety by pretending to be a virgin—would be gone. She had to find a way to escape and soon. By the time they got to the well-fortified Holyroodhouse, it would be too late.

Dark Kiss:

Brooke carefully avoided eye contact with Ian as she poured ale at the high table. As she turned to go, he placed a hand on her arm. Much as she tried to deny it, tingles shot

through to her very core, causing a clenching deep within her belly. She looked up slowly. His black eyes were mesmerizing.

He stood. “Ye may accompany me, lass.”

Brooke’s uneasiness grew. “To where, sir?”

He raised an eyebrow. “My chambers.”

Her hand trembled so much, ale sloshed over the rim as she set the pitcher down.

Several of the men guffawed which made her temper rise. No man—not even one as sexy as Ian—was going to *order* her to his bed like some common whore. She lifted her chin. “And if I don’t wish to let you bed me, sir?”

A corner of his full mouth quirked up. “I doona recall saying anything about taking ye to bed. But if ye wish it...”

