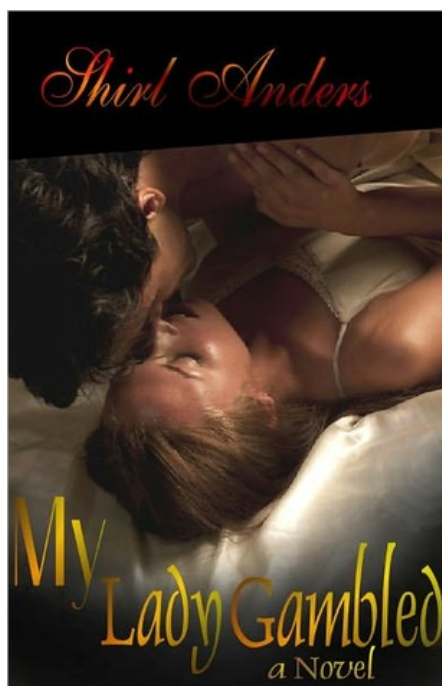




My Lady Gambled

Shirl Anders

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This is a novel length Regency erotic romance

The conclusion of Shirl Anders bestselling Archangel series.

Kit Montoya fears that the lethal Order of the Satyr has caused her brother's disappearance. She will gamble everything to find her brother, and then she discovers the Archangels interest in The Order and she offers herself as bait. Lord Brynmore Duneagan disagrees with the idea of using her and putting her into danger. Yet Kit will try to infiltrate The Order with or without the Archangels help.

This erotic romance pits the all Archangels and their ladies against evil as they try to find and destroy a serial murderer. Brynmore and Kit are in the lead as they challenge each other. Exciting love scenes and challenges involving each one of the Archangel men and their women that run the gambit of sexual adventures from spanking and bondage to veil dancing.

Favorite Lines:

Through slitted eyes, Brynmore watched the door open. His gaze first caught wisps of gossamer blue, until his sight took in the whole of what entered his bedchamber on bare feet. His arousal instantly thumped and he felt his entire muscular structure tense with an explosion of lust, quickly followed by reins of restraint. He fought to remain lying unaffected on the bed.

His gaze traced the shadowy thatch between, following the slender curve of her hips, up to the bottom of her breasts etched in half circles. Brynmore crossed his heavy knee-high booted feet at the ankles with a flummoxing of nonchalance as his gaze halted on dusky nipple circles and tips taunt and jutting.

In his peripheral vision he picked up soft buttercup-colored waves of short blond hair framing Kit's comely oval face. He knew her lips were lush, her eyes smoky colored, but anxious, and the desires that made him a man shouted that she was here for sex.

He was lust-stung, but also stunned. Caught off guard by this advance. Perhaps, if he had one chance of thinking forthrightly, he could comprehend the reasons for Kit's barely clad presence in his bedchamber past midnight. But his mind was latched onto dark, sweaty, and vigorous couplings. He was bloody lucky to still be lying on the bed and not leaping forward to consume Kit right on the floor.

"We . . . we have to talk," she said, with a voice that sounded half-whispered huskiness to him.

Talk! Right, he thought. "Do ye often want to talk to men while yer fairly nude in their bedchamber, lass?" Brynmore watched Kit's right hand jerk, lift, then press, palm down over her lower belly near the top of her mound. His upper lip curled as his inner thighs twitched with one heated tremor.

"I . . . I," she hesitated, then she seemed to find a firmer voice. "Yes, for this I do," she finished.

Well hell, Brynmore thought. All that left him with was a hard prick, still wondering what the bloody hell she was up to. He muttered a curse under his breath as he lifted upright and swung his legs over the side of the bed. He was amazed he managed to stop there as he moved, he watched Kit falter, stepping backward.

The chest of a bull rider or a weighty wrestler was all Kit could think. She'd never seen a man's bared chest as magnificent or appealing to her senses. Her gaze skittered from the molded mounds of sinew, covered like a pelt of fur with dark brown hair, up to Brynmore's eyes of green-edged potency. She felt her body flush as if an internal moan of desire swept through her. No man had ever looked at her like this before.

"You need to shave," she asserted, tilting her head in what she hoped was a seductive manner as she let one sleeve of her nightgown fall off her shoulder giving it a slight undulation, until it hung above her elbow.

"I do?" he smirked at her.

"If we are to have sex you do!" she blurted out. She could not believe that she was doing this.

Brynmore laughed once, outright and sharply, moving the mounded muscles on his chest. Kit's temper flared instantly. "Sex?" he said. "If anything, we will naught but fuck, lass."

The word he used struck like lightening in her mind, and then sizzled down through her body straight into her sex. Oh lord! This man would fuck. And a woman would feel it to her core, she thought.

My Lady Gambled Details

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From Reader Review My Lady Gambled for online ebook

Bonnie says

I've thoroughly enjoyed this series. There is something naughty about Regency romances that appeals to me. We are brought up to date with what is happening with the Archangels, and finally the Satyrs are brought to their end.

Mary Larsen says

Great book but ending abrupt

I enjoyed the last of the archangel books very much. However my only complaint is how it ended with a few loose strings. An epilogue would have tied this up nicely and I would have given it 5 stars, but the series is still well worth reading for those who like erotic romance.
