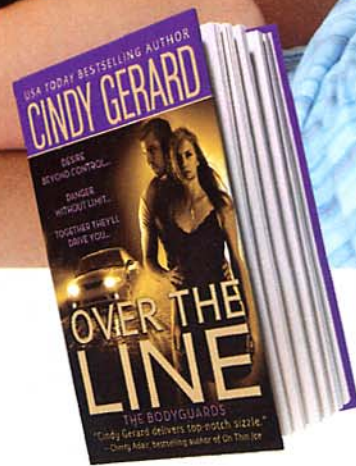


From the racy new read *Over the Line*, by Cindy Gerard...

Sweet Surrender

When Janey Perkins has a boxing match with bodyguard Jason Wilson, she loses the first round but makes a carnal comeback in the bedroom that puts her on top.



■ Megafamous rock star Sweet Baby Janey Perkins is about to begin a sold-out tour. But just when she thinks life can't get any better, her estranged mother is murdered. Soon, she starts receiving threatening notes, and the authorities are afraid that the person who killed her mother is stalking Janey. That's why Jason Wilson—a seriously h-o-t bodyguard—is assigned to protect her on tour. And while Janey and Jason spend time together, a major attraction develops between them. After a show in Mississippi, Janey and Jason find out that someone broke in and vandalized Janey's hotel room. To throw the stalker off their trail, Jason drives to a remote area to find a new hotel. Once they're in their suite, Jason decides to lift Janey's spirits by challenging her to a kickboxing match—and pretty soon their fighting gets very frisky....

Lust on the Run

Jason booked a suite with two bedrooms and a living area. When they walked in, he could tell Janey was still wired from the recent ordeal, and he had an idea of how to distract her. Janey usually worked off her tension in a gym with a skilled kickboxer. To get her mind off things, Jason would suggest a little match.

After Janey stepped out of her room, she noticed Jason had moved all the furniture to the edges of the living area. His toned biceps strained against his shirt, and he had a mischievous look in his big, blue eyes. Even though Janey was preoccupied, she couldn't help but notice that he was gorgeous.

"Okay, hot stuff," Jason said. "Show me what you've got. Let's work off a little of that tension."

Normally, she'd have loved to go a few rounds with him. But tonight she was on

edge about the break-in, and she didn't want to cry in front of him.

"I know what you're trying to do," she said, putting on her best I'm-fine-and-dandy face. "I appreciate it, but not tonight, okay?"

"Afraid of a little competition?"

"If you want to think so," she said, and walked away.

He made clucking sounds.

"Look, blue eyes," she said, aware that he was goading her, "when the time comes, I'll drop you like a bag of dirt. But now is not the time."

Or maybe it was, she thought as she turned back to him and struck like a snake. He landed flat on his back.

A Body-Slamming Session

"Ah," he said, grinning up at her. "The lady plays dirty. I respect that in a woman."

He held out a hand so she could help him up. The next thing she knew, she

“He knew that he should tell her no, but the prospect of kissing her again was very enticing.”

was lying flat on her back on the floor beside him. He'd latched onto her hand, kicked her feet out from under her, and within seconds, taken her down.

“So we've established that we're both cheaters,” Janey said after she sat up next to Jason.

Jason laughed. “Guess so,” he said. “You okay?”

“I'm fine,” Janey lied. Who was she kidding? A psycho had killed her mother, and now he was following her every move. Hot tears stung her brown eyes.

“Hey, it's okay. Just let it go.”

“I don't cry,” she whispered.

“Yeah, you're one tough hombre,” he murmured, wrapping his arms around her. His mouth was inches away from her long hair. While Jason needed to be professional, he still loved being close to Janey. She was so beautiful.

After a few minutes, Janey tipped her head back so she could see Jason's handsome face. As soon as they made eye contact, the lust that Janey had been trying to ignore suddenly surfaced. And finally, Janey did what she'd wanted to do—no, what she *needed* to do—for days now. She brushed her mouth against Jason's and began to kiss him.

Down for the Count

Before Jason could stop himself, he slipped his tongue inside Janey's mouth. Their kissing started out slow but gradually picked up speed. When Jason reached out to take Janey's shirt off, he came to his senses and stopped.

“Janey,” he said. “I was hired to protect you, not—hell, we just can't do this—”

“We can,” she whispered, cutting him off. She usually wasn't so aggressive, but

there was something about Jason that made her totally uninhibited.

“Um,” Jason hesitated. He knew that he should tell her no, but the prospect of kissing her again was very enticing.

Before Jason could finish his thoughts, Janey's hands were under his shirt and tugging it over his head.

Then she was kissing him with that hungry mouth that took him under and shot his good intentions all to hell.

Risqué Release

Allowing himself to give in, Jason picked up Janey and brought her into his bedroom. Once he placed her on the bed, he slipped off her shirt and made quick work of her bra. She gasped when he drew her nipple deep into his mouth. It had been a while since she'd experienced such intense yearning.

Frantic with desire, Janey parted her legs, and Jason positioned his body between them. He rocked his hips against hers, making her ache with every move. Just when she thought she was going to explode, he took off her jeans. Once Janey was completely naked, he plunged a finger inside her.

She jerked against his hand, and his finger glided in and out of the slick heat he had created. Currents of desire coursed through her.

Buy It Now!

Order a copy of *Over the Line*, the latest in Cindy Gerard's *The Bodyguard* series, by logging on to bn.com.



After she went over the edge, she gently pushed his hand away and caressed his bulging chest muscles. She trailed her fingers along his chiseled abs, then freed him from his jeans and boxers. Soon he was naked too. She teased him with slow strokes, and he groaned.

“Janey,” he said. “I can't wait.”

Janey felt the same way. All she could think was *more*. Jason slipped on a condom, and she guided him inside her. She lifted her hips to his...then pulled away. She lifted again, taking all he had to give her. Then he was grinding too, matching her rhythm. The sensation was so unbearably good. Rich, erotic, amazing. Soon, he increased the pace.

“Jase...oh, Jase.” She held on as she rode the peak, fiercely clinging to an orgasm so acute she could hardly bear it yet didn't want it to ever end. After she let go, he made his final plunge and came in a long, labored breath.

A Randy Round Two

Janey held Jason close, savoring the aftermath of what she had just experienced. No man had ever taken her this high. Jason faced her. He had to let her know he never slept with his clients.

“Janey—”

She touched her fingertips to his mouth. “No talking,” she said. “The rest of tonight, no talking. We can deal with everything in the morning.” She kissed him, and Jason brushed his tongue against hers, already wanting to take her again. Tomorrow, she would be his client. Tonight, she was his. ■

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