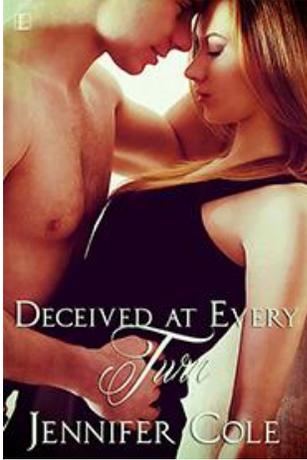


Deceived At Every Turn by Jennifer Cole



Deceived At Every Turn

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Genre: Romance/Suspense

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How can Agent Spence collect evidence when he can't keep his hands off his informant?

The Mission: FBI Special Agent Riley Spence must collect incriminating evidence against a high ranking law enforcement official--at any cost.

The Challenge: The evidence is in the possession of feisty exotic dancer Harper Rainier, and she's suspicious of anyone with a badge. To seduce her will be hard; to earn her trust, even harder. But Agent Spence just might be hard enough.

Content Warning. This title contains graphic language and explicit sex.

Excerpt

"Summer Rain?"

The timbre of his voice sent a ripple of sexual awareness to trip along each vertebra of her spine. Her nipples hardened into tight, painful peaks. The man before her was a stunning specimen of male perfection. Well-worn, faded blue jeans hugged his lower half in all the right places. A snug-fitting black t-shirt under his open leather jacket caressed a well-defined chest.

He stood six five easily, with broad, powerful shoulders. His dark wavy hair was short and untamed. A slight five o'clock shadow shading his cheeks and chin gave him a dangerously sexy look.

Very bad combination, Summer thought.

His face showed no emotion. "I'm Officer Spence. Are you ready to go?"

Her cheeks warmed when she realized she'd been leering at him as if he were nothing more than a piece of meat she couldn't wait to sink her teeth into. His piercing gaze locked with hers and never ventured lower than her face. That was new. Everyone she met, man or woman, was always drawn to her ample double D breasts before her face...but not this guy.

Must be gay, she decided.

"Where's your uniform, cop?" Summer asked sharply.

His body tensed, and she delighted in the slight tick that suddenly played along his jaw.

Struck a nerve! Sweet!

"I'm on special assignment and not required to wear my uniform." His voice carried arrogance as he glared down at her.

"Special assignment," Summer repeated. "How may I help you?"

"The station received a call you're in danger, and—"

"From who?"

He appeared caught off guard by her question, hesitating a moment before asking, "Pardon?"

"Who called the police department threatening me?"

"An anonymous call came into the station. The chief assigned a team to watch you around the clock," he explained.

Summer's body went rigid, and her face began to heat. "The chief?" she growled through gritted teeth. Unbelievable.

"Listen, I've been assigned to maintain surveillance, and I'm going to escort you home, Miss Rain."

"I'm a big girl, I don't need a damn babysitter," Summer snapped.

"I'd say that's not very nice language coming from a lady, but..." Officer Spence's voice trailed off as he glanced around the lobby of the club.

"How dare you." She swung an open hand at his face.

Without flinching, the son of a bitch caught her wrist in mid-air, inches from connecting with his cheek. Although his instant reaction told her he'd anticipated her move, he almost wasn't fast enough in stopping her hand.

"Are you ready to go?" he asked again.

Electricity surged through her where his strong hand wrapped around her wrist. She twisted in his grasp, glaring at him.

"How do I know you're really a cop?" Summer snarled, yanking her wrist free.

"Your guard dog there checked me out." Spence nodded toward Tiny.

Tiny growled low in his throat through a curled lip, and took a step forward.

The cop stood his ground.

Spence grabbed Summer firmly around the top of her bare left arm. "Let's go, I'm not playing games with you all night."

As their eyes met a look of supreme irritation crossed his face.

Summer gasped, and stumbling forward, she looked wide-eyed over her shoulder at Tiny as she was pulled through the open door.

"Hey! Get your hands off me!" She struggled to break free of his grasp. "I want my lawyer!"

"You don't need a lawyer, you're not under arrest," he replied coolly. "We're calling this protective custody."

"Well, I call it police brutality!"

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