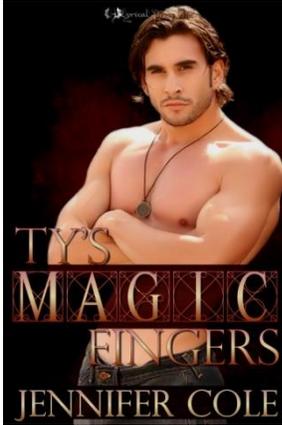


## Ty's Magic Fingers by Jennifer Cole



### Ty's Magic Fingers

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*Is it possible your fate and destiny can be found in a stranger's arms?*

Two years after the end of a bad relationship, Ty is forced to confront his deep emotional hunger. Then a lovely dark-haired stranger turns his life upside down.

With her self-esteem battered, Charlee Bannister takes refuge in picturesque Silverton, Colorado. Vowing to never again allow a man to control her, she finds herself on a sexually stimulating guided tour of self-exploration and awareness with the helpful hands of a handsome artist.

A passionate weekend in Ty's creative hands only raises questions. When Charlee storms into Ty's life, will he remain an artist without a muse? Will his desire for more than her touch send Charlee fleeing?

*Warning*, this title contains the following: graphic language, explicit sex.

### *Excerpt*

Engrossed in her mystery novel, Charlee tuned out the noises in the bar. Her thoughts so focused on the story, the call of loud voices made her nearly jump out of her skin. The greeting the new arrival received reminded Charlee of the sitcom 'Cheers,' whenever Norm made his grand entrance. Her head shot up and she found herself staring into the seductively gorgeous brown eyes of a handsome stranger. A dusting of dark whiskers shadowed his jaw line, complimenting his already rugged appearance. The spasming in her lower belly alarmed her, but not as much as what happened between her legs. A tingle began in her toes, working its way through her body, when it finally found its mark, she shivered.

\*

Shit! Cringing inside, Ty didn't think anyone had seen him enter. Damn, had he been caught ogling the cutie at the bar? What the fuck did it matter? He was a man. It was his right to look if he wanted to.

The voices from the hollering men made her jump. Assholes, he thought. The nerve of them, their outburst had disturbed his vision. When her head shot up, turned around, the dark brown windows into her soul blazed as she met his gaze. Christ, she did have doe eyes.

Ty felt his self-control heading right back out to his pickup truck. The slightly parted lips on her surprised expression were full, inviting, and he ached with a pain deep in his gut to taste her. A blush, a deep shade of crimson tinted her cheeks, like a vibrant hue in the setting sun, and when his eyes dropped to her small, perky boobs, she sucked in a deep breath. When her eyes met his again, Ty's own breath remained lodged in his throat.

"Hey everybody." He waved a casual hand to the group. Oh man, his voice sounded hoarse. With a purposeful stride he made his way up to the bar.

\*

The man's heated gaze held her. Watching his approach, Charlee sat stunned as her mouth went dry. The rapid rise and fall of her chest her only assurance she still drew breath. Never before had she ached like this, and her pussy developed a mind of its own merely based on a look from a man.

"Usual, Ty?" the bartender asked, while pulling a pint of ale.

"You bet, Mitch," he answered and flashed Charlee a warm smile. "Hello," his voice husky, deep when he greeted her.

"Hi," she replied, softly.

"You're in my usual seat." He gave her a wink, and then gestured to the barstool to Charlee's left. "Mind if I join you?"

His dark hair was damp with sweat, and a light sheen of perspiration covered the exposed skin of his forearms and upper lip. A pale blue golf shirt may have covered his upper body, but did little to hide the well-defined muscular form beneath. Giving him a thorough once over, Charlee noted pressed khaki shorts and well-worn leather sandals on his feet.

She felt like an idiot gaping at the stranger, but couldn't take her eyes off him. His facial features were pleasantly handsome, but not drop dead gorgeous, and his smile somewhat serious, yet offered her a hint at a playful side. A quiet confidence exuded from his every pore.

"Uh, yes, of course," Charlee stammered, when she realized he still stood beside her, awaiting her consent.

"Thanks." He smiled, settling himself on the barstool. "Can I offer you another?" He pointed to her empty glass.

Charlee looked at the glass on the highly polished wooden surface of the bar top, and nodded. Her voice having fled her for a moment.

"Mitch, another drink for the lady, please."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. I don't like to drink alone, so thank you for joining me." He chuckled.

Charlee took a sip of her fresh iced tea and studied the man beside her as he used his bar napkin to wipe the moisture from his brow and lip. The spicy cologne he wore, mixed with his scent had her skin dying for his touch. He's a stranger, she attempted to tamp down her wandering thoughts, however her mind and body refused to listen. Everything about the man thus far drove her sex-starved libido through the roof. If he actually touched her, she was sure it would nearly kill her.

"I'm Ty McQuire." He offered her his hand.

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