

EXCERPTS FROM DIAMOND GIRL:

I turned to see who had come up to the table. I gazed up into the very intense blue eyes of one of the bikers. He was tall and muscular; his thick, dark hair hit the collar of his leather jacket. His face was rugged, yet young. He was gorgeous.

I pulled it back to my side; instantly aware of those magnificent blue eyes on me, taking a long, leisurely look as if he was checking for damage. I felt my face flush.

I quickly looked up into those smoldering blue eyes and saw his mouth twitch into a slow smile. (God he was hot!)

“Any time, Diamond,” he replied, giving me a sexy smile. He turned going back to his group. I watched as he sauntered away, totally mesmerized by his powerful presence. That was the only way that I could describe it. There was a sense of power he exuded; and it was sexy; damn sexy.

His blue eyes were locked on my green ones. All humor had left his face; his eyes were as cold as ice instantly. He perused me up and down; I saw his jaw twitch as his gaze came to rest on my left cheek bone; his eyes darkened. “Who fucked you up?”

His gaze was now burning into me waiting for an answer. I didn’t owe him a response let alone an explanation. I finished my club soda, turning my face away from him.

“I asked you a question, Diamond. Who the hell left that mark on you? I want to know who I need to fuck up.”

(Oh my God, his muscles bulged beautifully in all of the right places. He had an impressive tattoo of a snake winding up a sword on his back shoulder; another one of the Celtic symbol was on his left upper arm. A silver cross on a chain hung around his neck.)

*“I’m grabbing a shower. You sit tight. When I get finished you and I are going to have a discussion. I am going to educate you as to what is acceptable behavior now that you’re **mine**.”*

Slate had the door open for me when I got to the top. He was in the kitchen in front of the sink washing out his coffee cup. He was wearing Levi jeans, no shirt or socks; his hair was damp which meant he was fresh out of the shower. I loved the way his jeans hung low on his hips; he was so freakin' hot.

"Did we make love today, Slate?"

"We fucked baby. That is what you and I do. We fuck. And today we did it damn well."

"About all of this shit like, 'I missed you Slate; I care about you, Slate' - we are not going there; you do get that, right?"

"I can do that," he said, his wide grin allowing the appearance of his sexy dimple. "Well, I mean I can do that for one day."

I had to smile back at him. He was so freaking cute and hot at the same time.

"I want your scent on me just like I expect you to keep my scent on you, got it?"

"Quiet baby," he breathed into my ear, his warm breath sending shivers through me once again. His thrusts increased in rhythm; I could feel beads of perspiration on his smooth back; he was totally into this every bit as much as me. I felt the silver cross on the chain he wore around his neck brush back and forth against my breasts as his momentum picked up.

"I know every move you make, Diamond."

"Why in the hell are you calling me that? You know my name now."

"I won't call you Samantha - it's too hoity-toity."

"Hoity-toity? Is that a real term, Slate?"

"Okay how about pretentious then?"

