

THE LOVER

EXCERPT

Sabrina shivered as Niall took the goblet from her and raised it in the air. "May I propose a toast, mistress? To our experiment."

"Experiment?"

"In lovemaking."

"I won't make love to you."

"Ah, but you must, my sweet. As I said, I have a very lusty nature, and I intend to make quite certain it is reciprocated in my bride."

She felt her breath catch as Niall's implied threat sent an intoxicating sense of peril scurrying across every nerve ending in her body.

"You're not afraid of me, are you, sweeting?"

She was indeed alarmed by the overwhelming maleness of him, by his dark beauty and power, yet she refused to allow herself to be intimidated. "I am not afraid, sir."

She raised her eyes to meet his fearlessly. He liked that.

The air between them crackled with challenge as their eyes clashed wordlessly.

Swallowing hard, she forced herself to gather her courage. "Very well... What must I do?"

"Perhaps you should start by kissing me..."

Excerpt from *The Lover* by Nicole Jordan
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