



GET

WYLDIE

A CATALOG OF THE WORK OF
BETH WYLDE



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BIOGRAPHY

Author Beth Wylde writes what she likes to read, which includes a little bit of everything under the rainbow. Her muse is an equal opportunity plot bunny. Her books range in theme from paranormal to contemporary and in pairings from lesbian erotica to straight hetero as well as bi, ménage and beyond.

When she isn't writing she can still be found in front of her computer either typing, chatting or working on promo. Her first story was published in 2004 and her reviews have been top notch.

Beth is currently published with Phaze and Torquere Press plus has releases scheduled from Logical Lust Publishing and eXcessica. Some of her most recent awards include, The Romance Erotica Connection (REC) 2007 & 2008 F/F Author of the Year, REC's Best Gay short story (co-written with Cassandra Gold) and Best Lead Female Character in a Lesbian short story. She was nominated for the first time in 2008 for the GLBT Author of the Year Award from Love Romances Cafe (LRC) and her werewolf themed story, A Little Taste of Red, earned her a 5

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Angel Recommended Read from Fallen Angel Reviews (FAR) Beth has been on the Phaze Top 20 bestsellers list more than once.

Keep an eye out for more from this talented author in the upcoming year, including several print releases! You can visit her online at her website:

<http://www.bethwylde.com>

or her Yahoo!Group where she is very active:

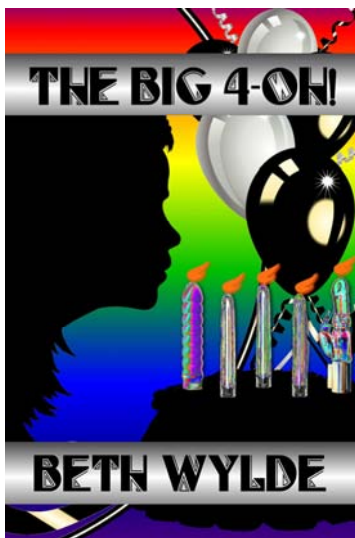
<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/bethwylde>

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THE BIG 4-OH!

Beth Wylde
Phaze Books

Dave and Abigail have the perfect relationship. They are more than husband and wife, they're best friends, with an active sex life to rival even the youngest of couples. The two of them can talk about anything, even their wildest fantasies, but



they're rapidly running out of ideas to keep things spicy in bed. When Dave broaches the subject of attending a swinger's party Abigail is willing to give it a try. The end result is nothing short of disastrous. Abigail thinks trying a threesome would be better. She even has a person in mind and with her fortieth birthday rapidly approaching she decides to give it a go. Little does she know that Dave already has birthday plans of his own. When they both come home with an extra partner their threesome quickly turns into a

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foursome and as the clothes come off the sexual intensity skyrockets. Everyone's fortieth birthday should be this good.

EXCERPT:

I looked up to find my husband and one of his co-workers standing in the doorway staring at us with identical looks of shock on their faces. I had no idea how to respond to Dave's question because what Candice and I were doing seemed pretty self explanatory and I couldn't think of any other way to account for our actions without looking stupid. In the end I decided to keep quiet and shrank back down beneath my best friend, using her body as a shield to hide behind. As I slumped back against the sofa I counted off the seconds, waiting for Dave to go ballistic. After several moments of complete and total silence I worked up enough courage to face my husband for what I thought might be the last time. I expected to find him red with rage. Instead I peered over Candice's shoulder and found him flushed for a totally different reason.

His cheeks were tinted with a dark pink blush and though his eyes were focused in my general direction I noticed that his gaze kept straying downward towards Candice's ass. From the obvious tent in his khaki

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dress pants it looked like my birthday plans might be salvageable after all. Apparently his friend was just as aroused as Dave even though the bulge in his black slacks was a little bit less noticeable due to the fact that he had both hands crossed in front of himself in an effort to hide his rampant erection.

Craig sighed loudly and gave my husband a clearly envious look. "I'll let myself out. It looks like your wife already has something arranged for her birthday." He patted Dave firmly on the shoulder. "You are one lucky son of a bitch. Good luck dude."

As he turned to walk off my husband did something totally unexpected. He grabbed Craig by the shoulder and pulled him to the side of the living room. Even though he was whispering his voice carried to where Candice and I were seated.

"Hold on a minute. Let me talk to Abigail and see what we can work out. There's no need for anyone to have to go home alone tonight."

Craig nodded and looked back over at the couch like a starving man eyeing an all-you-can-eat buffet. "I hear you, but if Abigail thinks four is a crowd then I understand. Don't get me wrong though. I wouldn't mind sticking around to watch her blow out the candles, if you know what I mean."

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After overhearing their conversation I slowly realized why Dave had brought Craig home with him. It was the same reason I'd invited Candice over. He'd been planning a threesome for my birthday too, just with someone else in mind as our third. Since my hubby has never been intimate with another man it made his arrangements seem so much more heartfelt than mine were. In an instant the entire evening took on a whole new view and I figured that if three promised to be fun then four would probably be even better.

I reached down and took Candice by the shoulders, urging her to scoot herself higher up on my body until we mimicked the standard missionary position. We were lacking some very important equipment at the moment to complete the actual act of intercourse but with two extremely virile looking men standing just a few feet away the possibilities for enjoyment seemed endless. She gave me a wicked grin and I realized she'd overheard Dave's suggestion as well and was willing to go along with whatever I felt comfortable with. At the moment I was feeling extremely comfortable.

I gave her ass a squeeze and raised my lips up to meet hers. "How about a kiss sweetheart?"

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She gave me a flirty wink and descended on me with a lip lock that made my toes curl. It looked like my party was back on after all.

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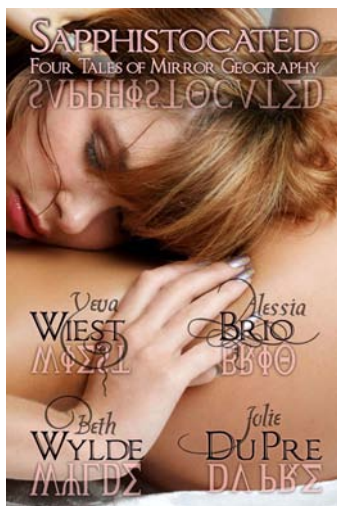
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SAPPHISTOCATED

Four Tales of Mirror Geography

Beth Wylde, Alessia Brio, Jolie du Pré, Yeva Wiest
Phaze Books

Four rising stars of women's erotica come together in this sometimes funny, sometimes heartwarming, and totally engaging collection of stories about women who love women.



Better With Age by Beth Wylde: After nearly twenty years, Olivia runs into her first love, Aleesha. While time seems to fade as they reunite, Olivia isn't sure their passion could possibly have survived. It takes a surprising discovery at home to convince her to find out for certain if she's gotten better with age.

Double Decker by Alessia Brio: Tess is determined to win the big Karaoke contest at the Double Decker bar, and the heart of the woman organizing it. Will her evening end on a high note?

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I Know What I Want by Jolie du Pre: Allie is an up and coming model who catches the eye of a wealthy, dominating woman. While the attentions and money from "special" modeling sessions, Allie wants more...but how much is enough?

Drawn by Yeva Wiest: Manga artist Sydney loves 'em thin and leaves 'em shortly afterward, so why is she obsessing over the big, beautiful daughter of her publisher? As her Yuri artwork torments her and friends advise her, Sydney struggles with these new feelings and learns that where love and passion are concerned, she doesn't have to draw the line at any particular size.

EXCERPT:

"Come on in." I led her into the living room, pausing in front of the couch. "Would you like something to drink or maybe a snack? I could fix us something real quick."

Aleesha shook her head and stepped forward until our bodies were just inches apart. "I wouldn't mind something to eat but you won't find what I want in the kitchen. I've already got her standing right in front of me."

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"Oh my God! We're going to go at it right here on the floor." While I tried to pretend her comment hadn't rocked me to the core she reached out with one hand and touched my cheek, stroking her fingers lightly down my face. I expected her to stop there but she continued downwards instead. As she traced over my neck and paused just above my breasts I thought I might just embarrass myself and come without any sexual stimulation whatsoever. I don't think I'd ever been so turned on in my life. "Please tell me I'm not dreaming." I didn't realize I'd said the last out loud until Aleesha smiled and moved in for a kiss. Her lips grazed against mine, her minty breath ghosting over my mouth as she answered.

"This is no dream but it's definitely a fantasy. One I've been having for a long time."

There was no further conversation. She grabbed my hips in her hands and jerked me forward the last half inch, pressing our bodies together from head to toe. It was like being thrown into a raging inferno. Every part of my anatomy was on fire. My nipples hardened into painful buds, my clit swelled and begged for attention. My toes curled in my black flats and my hands itched to yank off her clothing, throw her on the floor and dive between her thighs until she came so

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hard she screamed my name. I wanted to do her every way humanly possible and then some. Reading was beyond my capability at this point.

Our lips met and my thought process came to a grinding halt. I expected it to be like our kiss earlier in the day but there was nothing gentle in Aleesh'a assault. She went right to the heart of the matter, her tongue thrusting in and out as she added more pressure and even a hint of teeth. I groaned and she nibbled harder, pulling back and dropping to her knees. Her hands found their way up my thighs and I trembled as she urged my legs apart.

"God, I want you. I planned to take things slow. Just a quiet evening alone catching up on all that we'd missed in each other's lives but I don't think I can play this casual. I need you too much. Tell me that this is okay with you."

I could only nod in response as her hands slid higher, pushing up my dress and exposing the little black panties I'd picked out just for her.

"Holy shit." She grazed one finger over the nearly see-through crotch. "I don't know whether to thank you or spank you but those panties are definitely inspiring some wicked thoughts." She moved her finger away and reached around to squeeze my rear, her eyes

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focused on me like a starving man at a banquet.

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A LITTLE TASTE OF RED

Beth Wylde
Phaze Books

When Tinsel Redleigh Sawyers, affectionately nicknamed Red, finds out her grandmother is seriously ill she immediately drops everything and rushes to the hospital. En route her best friend calls from college in the midst of a major social crisis. Katie is having boy trouble again and she's frantic over being left dateless so close to her sorority's yearly charity event. Tinsel promises to come to her aid once she makes sure her grandmother is going to be okay. She never makes it to either destination though because an unexpected car accident leaves her badly injured. With no hope of rescue in sight Tinsel is convinced she's going to die until a handsome stranger comes along to save her.



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Lance Waverly is out on a hunting expedition with his young nephew when he detects the smell of smoke and blood in the air. What he finds is totally unexpected. A young woman has been thrown from her vehicle and is seriously hurt. She's human but Lance's body doesn't care about that. Her scent is intoxicating and one sniff stirs Lance's most animalistic senses to life. She's elated over his rescue but Lance knows immediately that they are headed for dangerous territory. He's not only a werewolf, but a young, unmated one in his prime and on the lookout for a woman to call his own. He's afraid he may have just found his missing mate in Tinsel.

Sparks fly between Lance and Tinsel but the romance is short lived when a crazy hunter tracks Lance and his brother down and tries to kill the entire family. Lance must protect them all but there is only one way to save Tinsel. He must change her into a werewolf. By Den law he has to get her permission before biting her. Will Tinsel accept his offer or run to the hunter for protection?

EXCERPT:

Lance could hear Dalenna as she worked on Tinsel's leg. He kept his head down to

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avoid her gaze as she moved back and forth between the bed and the supply table. He knew his face was flushed and he didn't want her to see the reaction he was having to the human, plus it gave him the added bonus of being closer to Tinsel.

She was still nipping at his collarbone and playing with his hair, but her movements were slowing, as if she had finally succumbed to the medicine's effects. He worried about her falling asleep, but he worried even more about her remaining awake. He knew if she kept up her teasing bites, he'd forget himself and bite her back. The problem was that his bite would leave her with more than a permanent mark. She'd also inherit a permanent lifestyle change and a partner as well.

The urge to leave his imprint on her throat for the entire world to see was driving him crazy. There was just something about the petite woman beneath him that brought all his animal instincts into play. If he didn't get some time away soon, he wasn't going to be responsible for his actions.

The feel of a dainty hand cupping him between his legs forced a growl from deep in his throat. He rose up just enough to see Tinsel's face and was shocked by the sight that greeted him. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was drawn up in a seductive bow,

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like a naughty nymph indulging in a secret fantasy. She looked dreamy and content as she slowly stroked his shaft through his jeans. If she kept her movement up, Lance knew he was going to embarrass himself and come in his pants, something he hadn't done since he'd been an adolescent.

"Dalenna, hurry up!"

Lance turned his head and bit down on the pillow, praying his sister-in-law was almost done. The news that came along after his plea proved otherwise.

"I can't. I've encountered a serious problem and I'm going to need some help. Even then I can't promise she'll ever have use of her leg again. I'm going to call Twila and get her to come over. She's been taking classes at the community college and she's due to graduate this year with her BN in nursing. Hopefully she can offer me some suggestions. The break is just too severe for me to set regularly. Her kneecap has been completely dislocated and there are several small fractures in her lower leg as well. Our kind don't injure like this, so it's out of my league. If Twila can't help, then we'll have to wait for the drugs to wear off and then take her to the local hospital, though if they draw blood she's going to get in major trouble."

Lance was having a hard time comprehending Dalenna's explanation when

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all he really wanted to do was rip off the remainder of Tinsel's clothing and bury himself inside her. "Dalenna, I have to go out for a bit."

She moved up next to him, into his line of sight. "You can't get up yet. If she moves, she could undo all the work I've done. There's too much at stake for you to take a bathroom break right now. You'll have to hold it."

Someone else is holding onto it for me right now, and she's doing a real good job, too. Lance barked out a tight laugh as he bit his lip to keep himself from saying his current thought out loud. His sister-in-law thought he needed to pee, but it was much more important than that. "This is a bit more serious, Dalenna!" He gripped the sides of the bed in his large hands, squeezing until the cloth threatened to tear. His body wanted to thrust forward so badly, to give in to the pleasure and let her bring him to climax, while the human side of his brain told him it wasn't right to take advantage of Tinsel while she was under the influence of mind-altering chemicals. He knew the Green Dragon was strong, half a jar often put his kind to sleep for hours, but he'd never seen it used on a human before. He wondered if the illegal drugs used to make the brew reacted funny with a human's chemistry.

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"Dalenna?"

She finally noticed his hands fisted in the bed sheets. "Lance, are you okay?"

He shook his head. "No, I'm not. I'm not trying to be difficult, but we've got a problem here and I'm talking about more than Tinsel's leg. Could the Green Dragon possibly be used as an aphrodisiac?"

"I don't know. Why?"

He sighed and raised his lower body just enough to let his sister-in-law see what Tinsel was doing to him down below.

"Good Lord. Has she been doing that the entire time?"

He nodded. "Just about. I'm not going to lie to you and tell you I don't like it, but the consequences for her could be really bad if I don't go outside for a much-needed breather."

"Okay, let me get Thomas and then you can take a break."

As Dalenna rushed out of the room, Lance wanted to scream. Just the thought of his brother touching Tinsel made the hair on his neck stand at attention. If Thomas restrained her like this, Lance was sure a fight was going to break out. His inner beast had marked Tinsel as his property and with every passing moment, the bond grew stronger. The chances of Tinsel leaving alive and mortal were looking bleaker as time passed.

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ALPHA-OMEGA

Beth Wylde & Cassandra Gold
Torquere Press

It's been a year since Adam met Shaun and was inducted into the Pride as the Alpha's werelion mate. He has the perfect anniversary planned until his lack of culinary skills rears its ugly head. As he tries desperately to fix the mess, Shaun arrives home only to wonder what all the fuss is about. Adam is devastated that Shaun has forgotten their anniversary.

He's even more upset when he realizes it isn't really their anniversary--he's a week early. The revelation leaves him angry at himself and full of adrenaline that needs to be used. He decides the best way to expend his energy is to top his top. The ensuing battle for dominance in the bedroom is hot enough to singe their fur.



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EXCERPT:

His teeth grew sharper and as I watched in fascination he leaned forward and bit me right on the shoulder.

I yelled, "You fucker!" Then I bit him back.

He gasped in surprise and let go of my collarbone. "Adam, what the fuck has gotten into you? Get off me before I kick your ass."

I pulled back and looked him dead in the eyes, knowing I was challenging his authority and not caring the least little bit. "You can try."

His growl this time was much louder than the first, and he hauled off and kicked me. I spun about two feet away and immediately jumped to my feet, tearing off my boxer shorts in preparation for the change. Shaun had just finished shedding his shirt and was working on his pants when I dropped down on all fours and shifted partway into my lion form, keeping my body more human than animal except for my sharp teeth and long, retractable claws. My dick was hard as stone from the fight and I was more determined than ever to get Shaun below me for a quick fuck. I knew it would have to be quick. Shaun didn't look like he was willing to lie down and let me ravish

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him. The idea that I would have to take what I wanted left me even harder.

Shaun flung his jeans and underwear across the floor, doing his own partial shift at the same time. He was the Alpha for a reason, and I noticed he had a raging erection as well. It looked like we were both enjoying the fight, he just didn't realize it yet. I decided to bring it to his attention.

First I would have to get him under me, which would be tricky even if he wasn't pissed off and half-shifted. To confuse him, I fainted toward the right. On any normal day Shaun wouldn't have been fooled for a second, but he actually went for it. Taking advantage of his momentary lapse of attention, I came in from the left and tackled him. We fell to the bed in a tangle of arms and legs and warm, naked skin.

At first, Shaun seemed too surprised to struggle. After a moment, however, he resumed fighting me with a vengeance. "What the *fuck*?" he snarled at me, so angry he could barely get the words out.

Using his attempts to buck me off as an excuse, I rubbed myself against him. Despite our struggle, or maybe because of it, he was rock hard. He stilled as I did another long, slow grind. A strange sound halfway between a hiss and a moan escaped him, and his eyes narrowed. They'd gone gold, showing how out

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of control he'd become. The sight of those eyes made me hot. The scent of our arousal made me even hotter. I had to touch him. Reaching down, I gripped his dick. My grip was a lot firmer than I normally would have used, but I didn't think the sound that escaped him was pain. To test my theory, I stroked him several times, roughly.

Shaun moaned, his head falling back onto the bed. I knew I had to press my advantage. Continuing to jack him with one hand, I used the other to tilt his face toward me for a bruising kiss. I forced my tongue between his lips, mimicking what I wanted to do to him somewhere a little lower.

Shaun lay stiff and frozen for a few tense moments, and then he began to kiss me back, thrusting into my hand. "You want me?" he murmured against my lips. "Try and take me then."

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SWITCHING SIDES

Beth Wylde
Torquere Press

Girl meets boy...boy
dumps girl...girl meets
girl.

Elizabeth is the wild girl on campus, known for her loose reputation and her inability to keep a man. She strikes out once again with her newest boyfriend Brad when she finds out that he's gay. Now Elizabeth is pretty sure her luck at finding true love has run out, until she meets up with Kara.



Kara doesn't hide the fact that she's a lesbian or that she has a definite interest in Elizabeth. The only question is, is Elizabeth interested in Kara? After a bit of persuasion and an extremely hot night spent in Kara's dorm room, Elizabeth is about to give her the answer she's been waiting to hear.

EXCERPT:

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I leaned forward, keeping my eyes open until the last moment and focused directly on Kara. Her pupils dilated slightly in shock, and then appreciation, as our mouths met.

The first few kisses were chaste and timid. I was exploring totally uncharted territory and felt very unsure about what I was doing. Kara noticed my hesitancy and took control. Her eagerness to dominate aroused me immediately and dissolved the last of my inhibitions. When her tongue slid across my lips I threw myself headlong into the kiss. I wasn't disappointed with my decision.

I've kissed lots of guys, and enjoyed most of them, but what Kara was doing to my mouth felt almost obscene. I was so hot I couldn't sit still. I rocked forward in my seat and Kara's hand pressed back against me, teasing and stroking me until I wanted to scream. I arched my back and broke away with a gasp. I was on fire and I needed to cum so badly I was about to beg for it. Sudden applause halted my plea though and as I looked around I noticed all eyes were on us. My face reddened in embarrassment but Kara just looked pleased. She threw a twenty on the table, grabbed my hand, and pulled me out of the restaurant behind her.

Once outside I started to question my actions until we rounded the corner and she

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pulled me into the alley, pushing me up against the wall of the bar. There was nothing restrained about our kiss this time. She plundered my mouth while her hands stayed busy on the rest of my body. I felt like I was going to shatter at any minute. My knees were weak and I was afraid I'd fall but Kara tightened her grip on my upper arms and pressed her body against mine to help hold me upright. Her hands slid under my tank top to caress my breasts as her knee wedged in between my legs. When she moved her thigh back and forth I cried out.

“Oh God!”

“That's it,” she urged as her hands dropped to my waist and encouraged me to rock against her. “Ride me. Show me how you like it.”

I was grinding back actively now, aching for a release that was just out of my reach when she pulled back suddenly enough that I almost screamed.

“My roommate has gone home for the weekend.”

It took me a moment to realize what she was asking. She wanted me to go back to her room with her and there was no doubt in my mind about what would happen if I did. I didn't even need to think it over.

“Yes.”

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Her lush lips parted in a sultry smile and before I knew it we were running down the sidewalk hand in hand. We stopped in front of a stunning red Corvette and as she pulled the keys out of the front pocket of her skintight jeans I realized I was more interested in admiring her figure than looking at the gorgeous car.

She was tall and thin, with legs that looked incredibly long and a nice curvy ass. Her skin was a deep bronze color and her dark brown hair hung in waves down her back. The crop top she was wearing showed off her small breasts which were obviously unrestrained by a bra, something that my thirty-eight D's could never do without. She had a beautifully flat stomach and out of the corner of my eye I noticed the twinkle of a rhinestone barbell piecing her navel. I had the urge to run my hands over her rear and decided to do so as she bent over to unlock my door.

She gave me a heated look over her shoulder and I nearly ignited on the spot. She opened the door and I dove inside, eager to get back to the business at hand.

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LOVE ON THE LINE

Beth Wylde
Torquere Press

Libby is eagerly awaiting her girlfriend Tasha's return home after a long separation due to a medical convention. She has a special evening planned for the two of them until Tasha calls with bad news. There's a terrible storm raging in Florida and all flights have been grounded until further notice. Libby is devastated and also quite sexually frustrated too. After a bit of small talk she turns the tables on Tasha and decides to engage in some heated phone sex to help relieve some of her tension. The resulting conversation is explosive for both parties but Tasha has an even better treat in store for her sweetheart when she gets home.



EXCERPT:

"I was thinking about you earlier."

"You were?" Her voice was husky, barely above a whisper, and the change in tone made me anxious and achy.

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"Yeah, I was." My next sentence was risky but I was too aroused to concern myself too much over her reaction. The possibility of engaging in some heated phone sex while we were apart was something I needed more than a good night's sleep, and hearing her talk naughty to me was one of my favorite forms of foreplay. "I was in the shower. The water was warm and I was covered in soap. I was leaning up against the wall, just letting the spray pound down over me, and wishing you were there to scrub my back."

I heard her suck in a deep breath over the line, and I shivered in anticipation. I hoped Tasha was willing to play along. Her response would tell me for sure if she was up to it or not. I wasn't disappointed. "God Libby, I can picture you in my mind. Standing there, with your long brown hair hanging near your waist, all covered suds and bent over slightly with your ass in the air. You always like the water extra hot and it makes your skin turn the prettiest shade of pink." Her next question was so quiet I almost missed it. "Can I ask you something?"

"Anything." My voice was deep and breathy, and I sounded as horny as I felt. She paused so long I thought she would stop the conversation altogether. I was so wrong.

"Did you touch yourself?"

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I was so shocked it took me a moment to answer. "Yes, I did. I imagined it was you. I wanted it to be you."

"Oh shit. Are you as turned on as I am right now?"

"Even more so, I'll bet. You know I love it when you talk dirty to me."

"I know but it'll only leave us both frustrated if we start something we can't finish."

"I'm not so sure about that. If you keep talking I'm almost guaranteed to get off."

Her voice showed her surprise. "You really like it that much?"

"Mmm, yes. Does knowing that excite you?"

"Yes. I love the sounds you make when we have sex. You squeal, and bite your lip and try so hard to be quiet, but in the end you always end up screaming. It makes me want to tie you down and ravish you for days just to hear you yell my name."

The temperature in the room shot up a thousand degrees. I turned on the ceiling fan but it did absolutely nothing to cool me down. Only an orgasm would give me what I needed to calm the burn currently raging between my thighs.

I pulled my shirt away from my chest, fanning it back and forth in an attempt to bring myself some relief, even though I knew

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the effort was futile. Finally, I just took the damn thing off. I decided to get things going again by letting Tasha know what I'd just done. "I'm lying down on the couch. I got so hot I had to take my shirt off. I'm not wearing a bra."

She moaned in response. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

"Yes. I need to. I want you so bad. I have to come or I'm going to go insane."

"I wish I could see you right now."

"Do you know what you'd see?"

"Tell me."

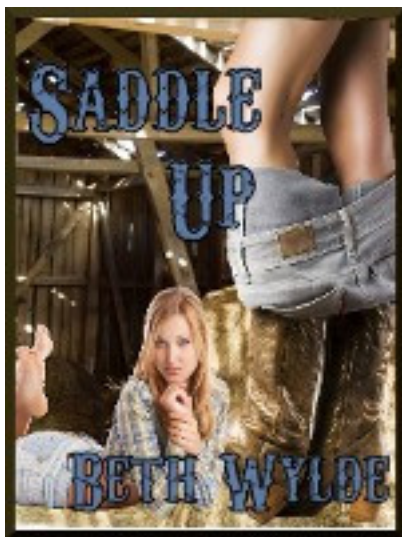
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SADDLE UP

Beth Wylde
eXcessica

After several successful years on the GLBT rodeo circuit, Samantha 'Sammy' Taylor has fought and won the right to compete against the regular guys in the yearly Texas Rodeo. The prize money is big and her



need for it is even bigger. Without the money the bank will foreclose on her late father's ranch and she refuses to lose his legacy.

Winning is sweet but what she finds waiting for her in the barn after the event is even sweeter. Amanda looks like she could give a cowboy a run for their money and then some. Does Samantha have the skills and stamina left to 'Saddle Up' and tame this wild, little filly?

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EXCERPT:

By the time I walked back behind the stadium Amanda was gone. I'm not sure what bothered me the most, the fact that she was missing or that she'd taken my favorite hat with her.

"Stupid, stupid, stupid." I'd let my hormones get away with me. "At my age I should know better than to think with my pussy."

I followed the path around the back towards the parking lot where my truck was parked, passing by the smaller barn where the horses and calves were housed while they awaited their turns in the ring. Now it seemed eerily quiet. Something strange caught my eye so I abandoned my intended destination and headed cautiously into the barn. What I found was infinitely more interesting than anything I could have expected. Amanda was in the back, near where they kept all the food for the horses, laid out on a hay bale with my hat over her face and her little skirt down around her ankles. Her little white panties were caught on her knees and she had both hands between her legs, one working away on her clit as her other jammed three fingers deep inside her pussy. The sight was truly inspiring, and had me hotter than a mare in

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season, but it was her words that left me no doubt as to who she was fantasizing about.

“Oh shit. Please Sammy. Please fuck me! Suck my clit. Harder.”

My earlier doubts about her sexual orientation vanished completely. As I watched she spread her legs as far as the panties would allow, pinching and smacking her clit as her other hand began to pump in and out wildly. “Now Samantha, now. I’m going to come.”

It seemed cruel to make her jill off by herself when she could have the real thing. I made it to the back of the barn faster than I’d taken down the calf earlier, pulling my Stetson off her face so I could look her in the eyes. The minute we made eye contact she fell over the edge, screaming and creaming her satisfaction. I gave her a minute to regain her wits before starting up a conversation by taking a second to put my hat back on. It smelled like vanilla and wildflowers, a scent I knew I’d associate with Amanda from now on.

“Looks like you took real good care of my hat for me. Maybe I should thank you properly.”

<http://excessica.com/index.php/books/saddle-up-by-beth-wylde/>

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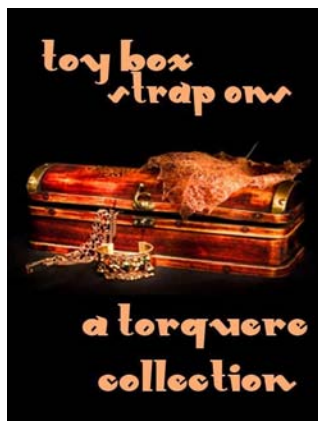
TOY BOX: STRAP-ONS

Beth Wylde, Lara Zielinski, A.J. Wilde
Torquere Press

Perfect Fit

Beth Wylde

Jane Dennison has always been the quiet, shy type but when her girlfriend breaks up with her she throws caution to the wind and tries something spontaneous. Hence her impromptu visit to the sex shop she passes by every day. After an embarrassing encounter with the owner she finds herself in a dressing room trying on a strap on for the first time in her life. The experience awakens all sorts of dormant sexual tendencies that the owner is more than happy to help Jane explore.



EXCERPT:

"Are you sure you're a lesbian?"

I nodded. "I think I would be the one to know."

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She burst out laughing and I felt the heat stain my cheeks.

"What's so funny?"

She took a deep breath and slowly regained her composure, pointing to the item I still held in my right hand. "You are. No offense but there's no way you can be a lesbian and not know what a harness is. Are you a virgin or maybe you're just bi-curious?"

I was appalled. "Not that it's any of your business, but no, I'm not a virgin and I'm not bi-curious. I don't like guys at all. For your information my girlfriend and I just broke up. I came in here on a whim. I guess I shouldn't have. I've just lived a bit of a sheltered life, that's all. I'm sorry to have taken up so much of your time."

"That's all? Honey, that's not sheltered, that's sinful. Your last girlfriend obviously wasn't doing her job correctly if you've never seen a strap on harness." She patted my shoulder. "Don't you worry about my time. I've got plenty of it." She took me by the arm and started pulling me off to the left side of the store, where several flowing, rainbow-colored curtains covered three obvious doorways. I wasn't sure what was behind the curtains and I didn't really want to find out. I was pretty sure nothing good was going to come of my impromptu visit. I should have

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known that deviating from my regular schedule would get me in trouble.

As we walked she hollered back over her shoulder towards the man at the cash register. "Carlos, close things down and take the rest of the night off. I've got to fit a client."

I heard him snicker as he got up and walked off. I planted my feet firmly on the floor and halted us dead in our tracks, stopping our forward motion with a squeak and a slide in my flat business casuals. Determined to find out why she was closing the store, I jerked free of her grip and rose up on my tiptoes to get a better view.

As I watched, Carlos put on his coat, flipped the open sign over to closed and walked out. The sound of the dead bolt sliding home was almost ominous in the otherwise silent store. It was then that I realized I was the only customer in the place and I was suddenly all alone with a stranger. I needed to leave, and fast.

"Um... thanks for the offer but no thanks. I'll just go now. I'm sorry to have bothered you."

She put her hand back on my arm. "You've been no bother at all. Besides, I can't let you leave yet."

I had to ask. "You can't? Why not?"

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She smiled and her face lit up with pride. "I'm Leah, the owner of this fine establishment." She waved one hand in the air to encompass the entire store. "I'd be neglecting my civic duty if I let you walk out of here without showing you how much my toys can improve your life. It's part of my job." She leaned closer until our lips were just inches apart. "And I take my job very seriously."

www.torquerebooks.com/index.php?main_page=index&manufacturers_id=170

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SWING!

Jolie du Pré, editor

Logical Lust

(Coming Spring '09)

Caught in the Act

Beth Wylde

EXCERPT

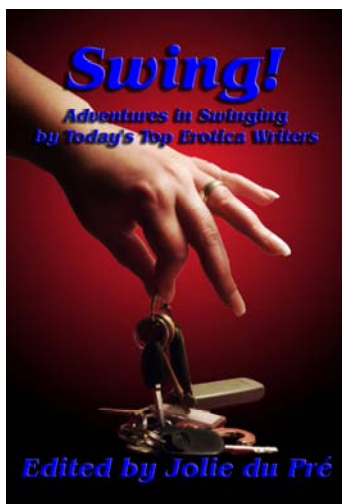
(unedited):

I took another sip of my rum and coke. "It's really nice. You were right. I do feel safe and comfortable." I caught sight of a

slim brunette standing by the bar who kept looking over at me every now and then. A minute later a waitress walked by and handed me a fresh drink. I shook my head. "I didn't order another one."

The waitress set it down in front of me and tilted her head toward the woman at the bar. "Courtesy of Ms. Thompson."

As she walked off the brunette saluted me with her glass and took a long sip, smiling at me over the rim in a way that made my blood pressure rise. I mouthed a



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thank you and leaned toward Daniel. "Would you think I was a complete slut if I decided to do something tonight?"

Daniel choked a bit on his beer before he regained his composure. "Lord no. Did you have someone in mind?"

My throat felt suddenly dry. "There's a woman that keeps looking at me. She's over by the bar." Daniel turned slightly in his seat so he could see who I was talking about. "The one with the long brown hair and the stiletto heels. She's the one that sent me the drink."

"Wow. Um..." Daniel turned back to face me with a deep flush of arousal plain on his cheeks. "You do whatever makes you feel good. No pressure. Can I let you in on a little secret though?"

"Sure."

"The thought of her kissing you, on both sets of lips, has me hard as a rock right now."

I moaned, I couldn't help myself. "What should I do?"

Before I could decide my next move she approached our table, towing a thickly built, yet handsome older gentleman by the hand behind her. "Hi there." She stuck out a well manicured hand with short, unpolished nails. "I'm Greta Thompson and this is my husband James. I couldn't help but notice you from across the room." She sat down in the empty chair right beside me. "I've never

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seen you here before and my husband and I come to Celebrations quite often. Are you both new members.?"

"Yes we are. My name is Samantha and this is my husband Daniel. This is my first time anywhere like this." I looked down into my drink. "I'm a bit nervous."

James sat down and started talking to Daniel while Greta kept all her attention focused on me. It was a heady feeling to have such a gorgeous female flirting with me.

She patted my knee but didn't withdraw her hand. "No need to be nervous. We're all friends here." She stroked lightly over my skin, inching her hand up just a bit under my dress. "You're so beautiful. Such soft creamy skin." She halted just shy of the crease where my leg met more intimate flesh. "Would you like to play?" She leaned forward until our mouths were just a hairsbreadth apart. "It can be just the two of us if you like. James doesn't mind. He likes to watch and truth be told I'd like to have you all to myself. Of course if you'd rather swap or make it a group thing we can do that too."

I wanted to kiss her so bad but I was afraid to initiate it. Her offer had me almost dizzy with need but I knew I needed to be honest about my wants up front first. "I'm not looking to be with another man."

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She nodded her understanding. "I totally understand. I'm quite partial to the women as well." One slim finger slid beneath the edge of my black bikinis, stroking the smooth skin I'd just recently shaved. "Have you ever been with another woman?"

I shook my head and her sudden smile lit up the room. "You don't know how much I was hoping you'd say that. I just love virgins. Why don't we go upstairs? James and I have a private room already booked. We can get a bit more comfortable and see if we can't make your first time something you'll always remember."

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BROADLY BOUND

Broad Horizons Book 1

(GLBT BDSM anthology)

Beth Wylde, Syd McGinley, D.L. King,

Kathleen Bradean, Cassandra Gold

Phaze Books

(Coming July 2009)

Welcome to Broad Horizons, the world's first and only strictly GLBT

BDSM entertainment facility.

It's opening night and the owners, Dani and Maryanne, want to invite you inside for a first hand look at what they've

created. With ten themed bondage rooms, a main stage with several smaller performance areas, a second level observatory, two bars and a dance floor, plus a few extra surprises, your pleasures are only as limited as your desires. Tonight's event is by invitation only so bring your RSVP, your proof that you're over twenty-one years of age and your imagination because this evening almost anything goes.



Broadening Our Horizons

Beth Wylde

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Dani is a Domme that's been neglecting her sub while working to open up her own GLBT BDSM club. After a very vivid nightmare she realizes what she's done and vows to make it up to her partner. With opening night rapidly approaching she has just the thing in mind to make her Maryanne happy. Together they are both about to broaden their own horizons.

The Leash Has Two Ends
Syd McGinley

Jake is an ex-military top who needs some healing – and not just from his physical injury in Afghanistan . He's very worried that he'll lose his benefits and medical care if the military learns he's gay, so he's avoiding some of the help he needs. Worst of all to him, he thinks he's lost his ability to top -- and that's struck at the core of his identity. Matt is idealistic and scrappy. Nothing pushes his buttons like Don't Ask, Don't Tell. He's a sub --perhaps not looking for a 24/7 lifestyle, but he longs to be fisted. Trouble is, he's a tiny man -- all of 5" 4' -- and many tops won't take him on as they fear damaging him. Add in his firecracker political views and managerial talents and he's starting to wonder if he'll ever find a dom to settle down

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with. Jake is almost too good to be true -- dominant, ex-officer, and in need of his help! They've been striking angry sparks off each other and their different needs look like they'll ruin the relationship before it starts -- can a night out at Broad Horizons help Jake recover his top abilities and let Matt prove he really is a sub who can take it all?

Family

D.L. King

Alison, the "daddy" of a polyamorous family, is getting worried about Matt, the sole male in the house. Matt is gay, and while he'll play with the other members of the poly clan, all of whom are female, what he really wants is another guy in his life. When the invitation comes for the opening night party at Broad Horizons, Ali, Glenda, and Missy plot to give Matt a special surprise. The family that plays together stays together.

Opening Night

Kathleen Bradean

Everyone at the grand opening party at Broad Horizons is excited about the Shibari - Japanese rope bondage - show by the mysterious, androgynous master Zell. But Carrie, the fetish model/rope manikin who

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performs with Zell, is looking forward to it more than anyone. She can't seem to tell Zell how she feels, but with each press of the ropes and each touch of Zell's hand, her body does. Zell gets the message, but what will happen after the curtain falls Opening Night?

Trust

Cassandra Gold

Detective Zach Davis has always prized his iron control. Life has taught him that emotions and trust are things to be avoided at all costs. Then his lover leaves him, citing the distance between them, and Zach realizes something has to change. Could a night at Broad Horizons be the perfect way for him to show Lane he really can let go and build an equal relationship?

EXCERPT (unedited):

I started unhooking her cuffs and she began to cry once again, only this wasn't a happy sound like before. "Don't stop, please. I'll beg if you need me to."

I laughed lightly and freed her arms and legs. "No need to beg. At least not yet. I just need you to turn over while I get a fresh candle."

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She sighed in what seemed like relief as I lit another wick, this time in red. After securing her again I started out on her stomach, leaving a ring around her belly button before working my way up her chest and down her thighs, all the while ignoring her most vital parts. Maryanne's voice took on a pleading tone as she tried to shift sideways enough to get the next drops to fall directly on her slit. I slapped her thigh and pointed a finger in her direction. "You'll get it there when I want you to and not a second before."

She whimpered but remained still from then on out. After several more minutes I finally had mercy on her and directed the flame above her right nipple. The wax slid down the hardened tip just slightly before cooling, leaving a teardrop effect that held my gaze.

"The other one. Please do the other one."

I gave in to her request and covered her other nipple the same way, the glint of her nipple ring muted by the wax that now covered it.

"It hurts so good. More, I need more."

I tapped her right foot, pointing to the slack I'd left in the chains around her legs. "Spread 'em. Further."

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The table was a bit short and left her legs hanging awkwardly in the air. I needed to find a better position. "Put your feet flat on the surface and bring your heels up close to your ass. Now push your knees apart." I could see her pussy clearly now. She was soaking wet and in desperate need of relief. My own cunt throbbed in response. "Do you want me to do your clit?"

She groaned and nodded and clenched her hands on the edge of the table until her knuckles turned white, too far gone for words. I had a good idea what would happen the minute the wax touched her swollen nub. I was right. The minute the large dollop of melted wax hit her clit her back arched off the stone and she came with a wail, her whole body trembling as her pussy flooded the table with wetness. I'd never seen her come so hard or so long and my own body was jealous of the reaction. It was time for her to pay me back a bit before she enjoyed the next treat I had planned.

I unhooked her and helped her sit up, her body still covered in wax and sweat from the work over I'd given her. She slumped slightly in my arms, still breathing heavily as she wrapped her arms around my shoulders and held on tight. Her small body was light as I lifted her into my arms and took her into the small bathroom that

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adjoined each playroom. Cleanup was a frequent necessity after a thorough session. If you didn't get messy then you weren't doing something right.

She sat on the lid of the toilet as I grabbed a washcloth from the cabinet below the sink and started cleaning her off. A couple times she had to flake the wax off with her nails when I couldn't get it to come loose but otherwise she sat quietly and let me take care of her, still a bit overwhelmed at what she'd just been through. Her ecstasy was obvious but I felt the need to ask just to be sure. Being dominant isn't just about putting your partner through their paces for your own enjoyment, it's also about trust and taking good care of your submissive so you can each enjoy the experience again and again.

"Did you like that?"

"Yes." Her voice was slightly hoarse and scratchy. She cleared her throat and tried again, this time with more success. "Yes I did. It was wonderful. Thank you."

"My pleasure." I bent down and looked her in the eye. "Are you feeling up to more or do you need a little break?"

"I'm okay." Her voice was a little breathless as she asked, "What would you like me to do next?"

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I kicked off my shoes and started undoing my pants. "Me."

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