



HANNAH'S CHOICE

s e l e n a k i t t

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Hannah's Choice

By Selena Kitt

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“I’m no man’s play toy.” Hannah finished the last of her latte, standing to go.

The headhunter, Zach, grabbed her wrist and she frowned at him. “Listen to me—you’ll regret it.”

She shook loose, slinging her purse over her shoulder and picking up her empty latte cup. “Not interested. I don’t make coffee, I order it.”

“Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year,” he said in a low voice as she walked by.

She stopped, turning, and put her trembling cup back on the table. “Don’t fuck with me.”

Zach shrugged. “He has more money than God.”

“He pays a quarter mil a year?” Hannah sat back down in her chair. She felt like if she didn’t she was going to fall over. “What do his employees have to do? Give him daily blowjobs?”

He didn’t respond from behind his coffee cup, but his eyes met hers over the rim and she suddenly felt cold.

“He’s eccentric,” Zach said, glancing toward the door and then at his watch. “You’ll be one in about two hundred with a shot at the job.”

She contemplated him for a moment, imagining the possibilities. For a quarter of a million dollars a year, she suddenly didn’t care what she might have to do.

“What’s the number?”

* * * *

Zach’s figures had been off. Way off. She was one in two thousand women interviewing for the job, according to the man who did her physical exam. She had already been through a battery of tests, and not just those in office skills. An intelligence quotient test and five different psychological and personality tests had been part of the initial process, along with a strength training and physical endurance test.

If the number \$250,000 hadn’t kept flashing in her mind, she would have given up halfway through the process, and apparently a lot of women did. They had whittled it down to a thousand by now, the doctor told her—at least, he said he was a doctor, his nametag read Ralph Schultz, M.D.—and they would probably lose several hundred more after the physical.

“Why?” Hannah asked, fidgeting on the examining table in her little paper dress as he snapped his rubber gloves on.

He had already checked the basics—heart, lungs, ears, nose, throat, tummy sounds. Now it was on to the “female” part of the exam, and she was dreading it.

“Please lie down, Miss McLean,” he instructed, pulling the stirrups out.

She’d already had an annual pap, just six months ago, but the company insisted on a complete physical by their personal physician. Putting her feet up in the stirrups, she assumed the usual “pap smear” position, scooting down as far as she could.

“Very good, Miss McLean,” the doctor said, draping a sheet over her legs. “To address your question, he has particular physical specifications. Let your knees fall open, please.”

Hannah did as she was told, looking up at the ceiling at the “If you can dream it, you can be it” poster up there. She wondered why there wasn’t a nurse in the room. Didn’t they have to have a nurse there, just for liabilities’ sake?

“My fingers are going to enter you, now,” he said and she felt him probing between her lips, sliding two fingers inside of her. “Your history form said you’ve never been pregnant, correct, Miss McLean?”

“No,” she replied, feeling his fingers sliding further inside of her, pressing the walls of her vagina open, first to the sides, then front and back. “I’ve never had children.”

“Excellent vaginal muscle tone and response,” he murmured. “Clearly a natural redhead.”

She flushed, surprised at the observation. “Yes.”

This wasn’t going to be a normal physical exam, she realized, a little too late, as she felt him parting her lips with both hands.

“Clitoris slightly larger than average,” he remarked, nudging it with his finger and making her jump. She stared, wide-eyed, up at the ceiling, holding her breath. “Vulva is aesthetically pleasing, quite full for such a slender build.”

Hannah bit her lip as she felt his gloved fingers pulling at the inner lips of her vagina, spreading them open. “Labia minora are thick, a little distended, and have a healthy pink color.”

She couldn’t believe what she was hearing, that this was really happening. What had started as a routine physical exam was turning into some sort of genital inspection?

“Fine healthy anal opening, good color and shape,” he noted, brushing the puckered hole with his finger, making Hannah’s eyes go even wider. She clutched the sheet at her sides, her hands making fists. “You’ll feel a little pressure now.”

She gasped as a slippery, gloved finger slid into her rectum, twisting as it went.

“Excellent, tight sphincter muscle here,” he remarked, sliding his finger back out.

She heard the snap of his gloves and the squeak of the garbage can lid as he pushed the foot pedal. He pulled on another pair of gloves and stood between her legs.

“Please relax, Miss McLean,” he said as something cold slid between her lips. She thought, at first, that it must be a speculum, but then it began to hum.

“Wh—what are you doing?” Hannah asked, going up on her elbows and trying to see past the sheet draped over her thighs.

“Your questionnaire indicated that you have a normal orgasmic response,” the doctor replied. “I need to verify your information.”

“You... verify?” Hannah gasped as the vibrator slid up towards her clit, rubbing there. The doctor’s eyes were on her face.

“Please relax, Miss McLean.” He took a look at his watch, moving the vibrator over her clit, back and forth. “It will help to achieve the desired outcome.”

She couldn’t believe this was happening. Her face was burning and her limbs trembling with her embarrassment, but the vibrator against her clit was humming furiously, sending delicious waves of pleasure through her. She couldn’t fight it, and she lay back with a gasp, feeling that powerful buzzing sensation filling her pelvis.

“That’s it, Miss McLean, very good,” he murmured, and she felt his fingers slipping inside of her.

“Wh—what—?”

“When you have an orgasm, I’ll be able to feel it,” he said, pressing his fingers downward in her vagina, toward her bottom. “Right here in your perineum. There is a characteristic spasm that happens, and the muscles will rapidly contract. It’s completely involuntary. You will have no control over it.”

Hannah whimpered, already feeling that familiar tighten and tingle in her lower belly. He was right, she couldn’t stop it, she couldn’t control it—she was going to have an orgasm right here on a physician’s examining table!

“Ohhh,” she breathed, her body flushing, her pussy beginning to flutter around the doctor’s fingers as the vibrator sent her over the edge. She bit her lip to keep from crying out, shuddering all over with the delicious heat of her climax.

“Again, very good, Miss McLean,” he said as she gasped and caught her breath on the examining table. “Your orgasmic response seems to fall within acceptable parameters.”

His fingers were still pressing inside of her, massaging, feeling the last of the spasms slowing, fading. He didn’t, however, move the vibrator away from her clit, and it was making Hannah squirm with the intensity of it.

“You’ve done very well so far, Miss McLean,” he said, moving the head of the vibrator back and forth over her clit. “I trust you’ll offer your continued cooperation as we proceed to test for a multiple orgasmic response.”

“Oh god,” Hannah moaned, swallowing hard. She could see the doctor watching her face as he rubbed the vibrating tip over and over her sensitive clit. She made a sound like she was in pain, her toes curling. “Please.”

She felt his fingers turn upward, pressing the smooth walls of her vagina up towards the ceiling with a fast, crooking motion

“What’s—oh!” Hannah gasped.

She closed her eyes against it, but couldn’t help being carried away by the sensation. The vibrator was making circles around her clit, sending her on a dizzying spiral towards another climax. His fingers were still making that motion, rubbing deep inside of her.

“Ohhhhhhh,” she moaned as another orgasm swept quickly over her, leaving her legs trembling in the stirrups.

“Excellent, Miss McLean, you exceed expectations,” the doctor noted and she saw him looking at her laying breathless and quivering on the table. “Your secondary contractions are strong and tight.”

He turned the vibrator off, but his fingers stayed buried inside of her, still rubbing that spot. “Now, I need to observe your response to stimulation of your Gräfenberg spot.”

Hannah had never felt anything like it before. Her pussy was still swollen and wet from the two orgasms he had given her, and now his fingers were stimulating her even more, creating a mounting pressure between her legs.

“What are you doing?” she gasped, her eyes going wide as she had a sudden urge to pee. Embarrassed, she tried to close her legs, but the stirrups wouldn’t allow it. “Please, stop...”

“It’s quite alright,” he replied, rubbing faster, even harder, using both fingers to sweep against the walls of her vagina in that one, sensitive spot. “You may feel as if you have to urinate. That’s quite normal.”

She bit her lip, feeling that pressure building. “But...”

“This can take quite a while for some women.” He looked at his watch. “But your second clitoral orgasm followed the first quite quickly. I have a feeling your g-spot orgasm will—oh!”

She didn’t know what was happening, but whatever it was made her whole body feel alive and on fire. It was like an orgasm, but it wasn’t—deeper, fuller, radiating in hot waves through her as she twisted and bucked against his hand. She was moaning, she knew it and couldn’t help it as she flooded him with her juices.

“Well, Miss McLean,” the doctor said, clearing his throat as he removed his hand. “You seem to exceed all expectations. We don’t get many female ejaculations.”

Hannah felt a heat filling her face and knew she was blushing. She pressed her hands to her cheeks to cool them and wished she could pull the sheet up over her head.

“Give me a moment...” The doctor was moving around between her thighs and she could feel wetness on them as he used dry paper towels to wipe her off.

“I’m sorry,” she apologized, feeling like she wanted to sink through the table into the floor.

“No apologies necessary,” he replied, pulling off his gloves and throwing them away. He quickly donned another pair. “A rare response, but not unheard of. You exhibit one of the higher level job qualifications that Mr. Harper is seeking.”

Hannah stared up at the poster on the ceiling, still not quite believing that this was happening. She knew, now, why Mr. Harper’s “not-exactly-a-secretary” was paid such an exorbitant amount of money, and she knew, too, that she couldn’t possibly take this job. All of the tests up until now had seemed a little much, but she had just kept remembering Zach’s words: he’s eccentric. This, though... this was too much.

“You’ve done very well so far,” the doctor said, coming to stand beside her. “One more procedure and we’ll be complete.”

She looked up at him, shaking her head. Whatever it was, it couldn’t be any worse than what she had already allowed this afternoon. She just wanted to get it over with, get out of here, and never look back.

The doctor’s hand slid under the sheet, palpating in the familiar circles of a breast exam. He pulled the fabric down as he worked, squeezing each nipple, checking for signs of fluid.

“Breasts are firm,” he noted. “Pleasingly shaped, no implants, I would say a B or a C.”

His other hand came up and cupped her breast, squeezing her nipples between his thumb and forefinger.

“Large nipples, very pink.” He rolled them gently, around and around, watching Hannah’s face. “They get quite red upon arousal and the areola darkens.”

She squirmed and felt her pussy responding, still aching and swollen from his earlier attention, in spite of herself.

“Close your eyes, please,” he murmured, his fingers rolling faster now. “Breathe and relax, we’re almost finished.”

She did, gratefully, and that alone increased the sensation, as if her nipples were directly connected to the sensitive bud of her clit. It felt so good she could barely stand it.

The doctor’s fingers worked magic around her nipples, tugging and pulling and squeezing. “Many women who are able to ejaculate like you did today can actually have a climax from nipple stimulation alone.”

“I’ve never—” she whispered, gasping when his lips covered one of her breasts, sucking her nipple deep into his warm, wet mouth.

“I didn’t mean to startle you,” he apologized, licking at the fat bud of her nipple. “An orgasm can often be more easily achieved through oral stimulation...”

Hannah moaned as he sucked and licked her nipple while squeezing and tugging on the other. She knew she should get up and leave, right now, indignant and outraged, but she couldn’t. Something was keeping her on the table, her body trembling, undergoing the most exquisite torture.

“And I need my other hand,” he admitted, sounding a little sheepish and she felt him slide his fingers down between her legs and into her open pussy. They pressed downward again, just resting there, waiting.

“Oh god,” she moaned, arching her back as his mouth made wet trails around her nipple, his other hand pulling and tugging until her breasts felt as if they were on fire, her pussy throbbing for release. “Oh yes, yes, that’s it!”

The doctor made a noise in his throat, his lips fastened over her breast as he suckled, fast and hard. She could feel the muscles of her pussy contracting around his fingers as she came, her orgasm a deep pulse that went on and on, rocking her on the table.

Hannah closed her eyes, pulling the sheet up to her neck, rolling slightly away. The humiliation of what she’d just done spread through her like a fever—she was burning with it.

“You did very well,” the doctor told her, his voice coming from across the room. “You can go ahead and get dressed. I’ll send the results on over to Mr. Harper in the morning, and the lab tests will follow, of course.”

He left the room and Hannah put her clothes on with trembling hands, taking three tries to do up her own bra. She looked at herself in the mirror over the sink as she fastened the last few buttons on her blouse.

I don’t look any different. Yet, she felt different, changed somehow, as if she had set foot down some dark path this afternoon that filled her with both excitement and dread.

“Good luck, and I hope you get called back,” the doctor said as she walked by him. Hannah didn’t meet the eyes of the receptionist, wondering what she thought, if she knew what kind of “examination” went on in those little rooms.

There were two other women in the waiting room, both professional-looking, wearing women’s suits, and Hannah hesitated as she looked back at them, her hand on the door. *They don’t know what they’re in for.* Shaking her head, she pushed the outside door open and left, knowing that she couldn’t tell them and knowing, too, that she wasn’t going to take this job. Even if it did pay \$250,000 a year.

The End

ABOUT SELENA KITT



Like any feline, Selena Kitt loves the things that make her purr—and wants nothing more than to make others purr right along with her! Pleasure is her middle name, whether it's a short cat nap stretched out in the sun or a long kitty bath. She makes it a priority to explore all the delightful distractions she can find, and follow her vivid and often racy imagination wherever it wants to lead her.

Her writing embodies everything from the spicy to the scandalous, but watch out—this kitty also has sharp claws and her stories often include intriguing edges and twists that take readers to new, thought-provoking depths.

When she's not pawing away at her keyboard, Selena runs an innovative publishing company (www.excessica.com) and in her spare time, she worships her devoted husband, corrals four kids and a dozen chickens, all while growing an organic garden. She also loves bellydancing and photography.

Her e-publishing credits include: *Rosie's Promise* published by Samhain and *Torrid Teasers #49* published by [Whiskey Creek Press](http://WhiskeyCreekPress.com) featuring two short stories, *French Lessons* and *I'll Be Your Superman* in 2008. Her stories and poems are in the following anthologies: [*Coming Together: For The Cure*](#), [*Coming Together: Under Fire*](#) and [*Coming Together Volume 1*](#) and [*Volume 3*](#). Two stories, [*Sacred Spots*](#) and [*Happy Accident*](#), have been published by [*Phaze Publishing*](#), and her novels *Christmas Stalking*, *Blind Date*, *The Surrender of Persephone* and *The Song of Orpheus* are coming soon. She has also been published online in [*The Shadow Sacrament: a journal of sex and spirituality*](#), [*The Erotic Woman*](#), and her story, *Connections*, was one of the runners-up for the [*2006 Rauxa Prize*](#), given annually to an erotic short story of "exceptional literary quality," out of over 1,000 nominees, where awards are judged by a select jury and all entries are read "blind" (without author's name available.) She can be reached on her website at www.selenakitt.com or email selena@selenakitt.com

If you liked HANNAH'S CHOICE, try:



ON CHERRY HILL

By Selena Kitt

Midwife Anne gets pulled over in the middle of the night on Cherry Hill Road. She's on her way to a birth, but her urgency doesn't sway the unsympathetic officer. When the cop discovers something suspicious on Anne's driving record and insists she get out of the car, she knows she's in real trouble. When he cuffs her and bends her over the hood, things go beyond trouble...

But the surprising outcome of this tale gives both Anne and the reader a jolt they never could have anticipated...

Warning: This title contains graphic language and nonconsensual sex.

EXCERPT from ON CHERRY HILL:

My stomach lurched when I saw the red and blue flashing lights appear out of nowhere behind me. I pulled over onto the grass on the side of the dirt road. I hadn't seen one car since turning down here, but that wasn't surprising—it was four in the morning and I'd been watching for a break in the farms and fields, looking for my next turn.

I rolled down my window, letting in the cool night air with just a hint of dampness. It was a relief after the heat of the day. I dug through my wallet for my license, hearing his boots crunching the gravel as he came up to my car, waving his flashlight in through my window. It was the only light out here—there were no streetlights at all.

“Ma’am,” he said, bending down to look into my window. I glanced over at him, my heart leaping as it always did whenever I faced someone in authority. “License, registration and proof of insurance?”

I handed him my license, flipping my glove box open and digging through. The papers were buried under fast food napkins and packets of ketchup and taco sauce.

“Here you go,” I said, managing to keep my voice from quivering, but unable to stop the way my hands trembled. “Officer, I’m sorry, but I’m really in a hurry. I’m on my way to a birth.”

He dipped his head back down, frowning. “A birth? Are you a doctor?”

“Midwife,” I corrected, adding softly, “Apprentice midwife.”

His gaze was level and cool, disbelieving. “There isn’t a hospital around here for miles, ma’am.”

“It’s a home birth,” I explained, pleading at him with my eyes. His face had that square, chiseled look that I always associated with cops. “I have the address. I swear I’m telling you the truth. There’s a woman in labor about half a mile from here who’s waiting for me to deliver her baby.

He fixed his eyes on me for a moment, assessing. It was close to the truth, but not quite, and I swear he could tell. Without a word, he took my paperwork, turned around and went back to his cruiser.

I grabbed my cell phone out of my purse, ducking down a little in the seat, hoping he couldn't see me. Charlotte's number was three on my speed dial, after "home" and "Charlie's cell." I pushed the button and waited, but nothing happened.

"Fuck," I swore, looking at the "Searching for service" screen illuminated on my phone.

I was in the middle of nowhere, of course there was no service. Charlotte had called me at three-fifteen to tell me that Katie's water had broken and told me to meet her there. This was only the fifth birth we'd done together, and I couldn't believe I might miss it because of some cop!

I heard his boots kicking gravel again and shoved my phone back into my purse, looking up at him as he leaned over to talk to me. "Do you know why I pulled you over, ma'am?"

"No." I shook my head, seeing him raise his eyebrows at me under his hat.

"You have a headlight out," he said, pointing to the front of my husband's car. I always took his car when I went to a birth, because he had to take the kids to the sitter, and the car seats were in the minivan I usually drove.

I sighed, closing my eyes in frustration. I thought it had seemed darker down here than the last time I'd traveled this road. Charlie had sworn he was going to have it fixed.

"I didn't know, officer," I insisted. "This is my husband's car."

He frowned again, his eyes narrowing just slightly. "It's registered in your name."

"Both of our cars are in my name," I explained, leaning my arm on the window.

"Officer, there's a woman in labor, I really have to—"

He took off his hat, revealing dark, close-cropped hair. "Ma'am, do you realize you're driving on a suspended license?"

I stopped, staring at him, blinking fast. "No," I replied, incredulous. "That's not possible."

"Can you get out of the car, please, ma'am?" he asked, taking a step back.

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And look for these other titles from Selena Kitt:



ESCAPING FATE

By Selena Kitt

Sam has an unusual interest in humans—well, considering she’s a fairy of fate whose profession it is to determine their futures, it’s no wonder! But it isn’t just Karma she’s curious about... Sam has what her fairy-pal Alex thinks is an inordinate and rather wanton interest in certain biological aspects of human behavior—most notably, s-e-x.

When Sam’s job leads her into the path of a handsome man who rocks her world, Sam’s interest becomes obsession. Alex reminds her that fairies get one Christmas wish – will Sam consider using hers to become human to experience one night of bliss?

When things become even more complicated—Sam discovers that Drew, the sexy stranger she’s been fantasizing about, can actually see her—Sam finds herself immersed in a complex and tangled web of human experience. She has to make a choice that will teach her a twisted lesson in fate, ultimately change the course of human existence and even reveal the origin of Santa Claus!

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



PAPERBACK ROMANCE

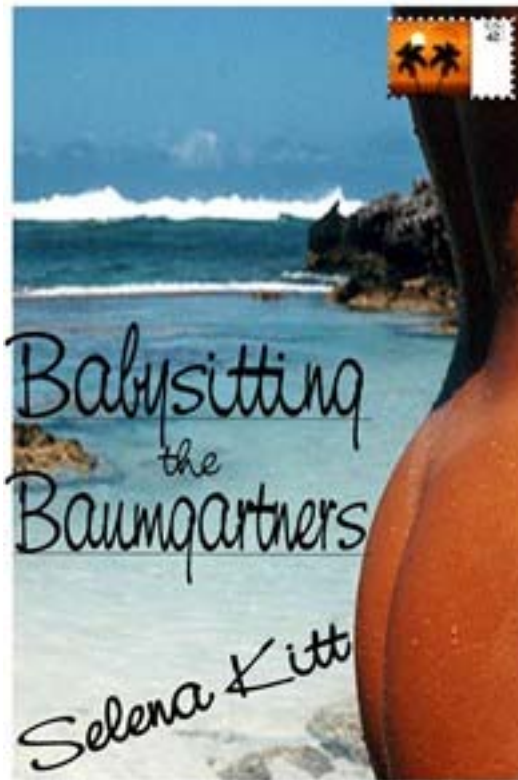
By Selena Kitt

Maya's heart yearns for romance and adventure, so that's what she writes about - but James Reardon, her college creative writing professor, insists she's wasting both time and talent. Determined to prove him wrong, Maya stumbles onto the fact that her professor's been keeping secrets - not the least of which is his attraction to her. Faced with a choice, she will have to decide whether or not to reveal his secret to the world—and her own desire for a man nearly twice her age.

Manic Readers Review from Nicole

"...A heartfelt love story...characters...well developed...the sex is hot and explicit. The professor's secret is a nice twist... Kitt earns a well deserved pat on the back for Paperback Romance."

Warning: This title contains graphic language and really hot sex.



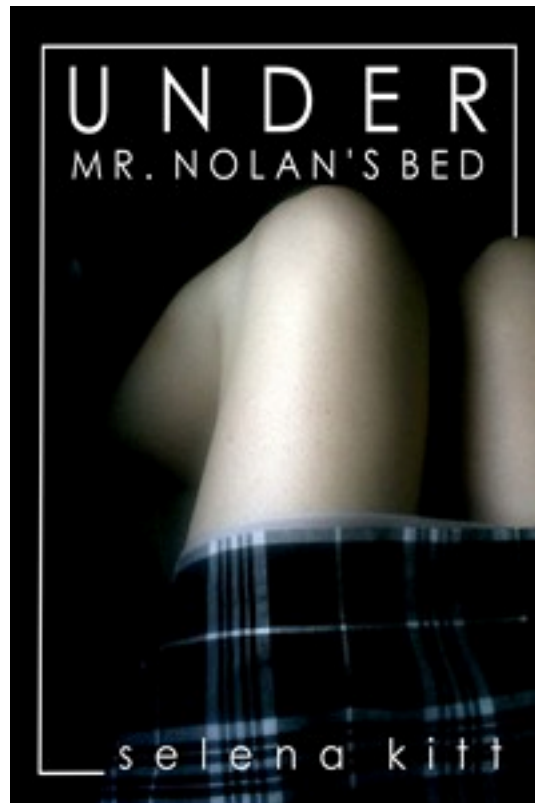
BABYSITTING THE BAUMGARTNERS

By Selena Kitt

A FICTIONWISE BESTSELLER!

Ronnie—or as Mrs. Baumgartner insists on calling her, Veronica—has been babysitting for the Baumgartners since she was fifteen years old and has practically become another member of the family. Now a college freshman, Ronnie jumps at the chance to work on her tan in the Florida Keys with “Doc” and “Mrs. B” under the pretense of babysitting the kids. Ronnie isn’t the only one with ulterior motives, though, and she discovers that the Baumgartners have wayward plans for their young babysitter. This wicked hot sun and sand coming of age story will seduce you as quickly as the Baumgartners seduce innocent Ronnie and leave everyone yearning for more!

Warning: This title contains MFF threesome, lesbian, and anal sex.



UNDER MR. NOLAN'S BED

By Selena Kitt

Leah and Erica have been best friends and have gone to the same Catholic school since just about forever. Leah spends so much time with the Nolan's—just Erica and her handsome father, now, since Erica's mother died—that she's practically part of the family. When the girls find something naughty under Mr. Nolan's bed, their strict, repressive upbringing makes it all the more exciting as they begin their sexual experimentation. Leah's exploration presses deeper, and eventually she finds herself torn between her best friend and her best friend's father—but even she couldn't have predicted the shocking and bittersweet outcome of their affair.

Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian sex and incest.



THE SYBIAN CLUB

By Selena Kitt

Tasha convinces her husband, Max, to buy her a the ultimate female pleasure machine – a Sybian – but he only agrees if she can come up with a business plan to pay for it. Determined to keep her promise, she creates The Sybian Club and begins bringing women to the basement room set up just for her new toy. It becomes so popular, she has to enlist the help of new friend, Ashley, to keep up with the demand, and the women enjoy an exciting ride as the business thrives. But Tasha has developed feelings for Ashley, and doesn't know how to tell her husband that she wants to add more to their sex life than just a new toy...

Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian and anal sex.



STARVING ARTIST

By Selena Kitt

Ellie is living the life of a true starving artist in a small efficiency apartment in dangerous downtown Detroit, but more dangerous than her surroundings are the men to whom she pays rent. Denied help by her prosecutor father, who believes his daughter is wasting her life in art school, Ellie finds herself in a precarious position and surrenders helplessly to her predicament. However, a strange twist of fate gives Ellie a chance at revenge. Will she take it?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, nonconsensual and anal sex.



NAUGHTY BITS

By Selena Kitt

David has been brightening up his gray Surrey, England days with the porn collection hidden in his parents' shed, but when he find that his older sister, Dawn has discovered his magazine collection, things really begin to heat up. Their parents insist that their just-graduated son look for a job, but their daughter has the week off and is determined to work on her tan. Distracted David finds himself increasingly tempted by his seductive older sister, who makes it very clear what she wants. Her teasing ways slowly break down the taboo barrier between brother and sister until they both give in to their lust... but what are they going to do about the feelings that have developed between them in the meantime...?

Warning: This title contains incest and anal sex.



TICKLED PINK

By Selena Kitt

Who says sex can't be fun - or funny? You'll find more than enough amusing mishaps and uproarious situations to tickle your funny bone—and more!—in this delightfully wicked and delightfully sexy anthology from Selena Kitt.

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



TAKEN

By Selena Kitt

Lizzy’s friendship with her older boss, Sarah, turns into something deeper and much more exciting one rainy day after work, and Lizzy finds herself drawn into a world she never knew existed. Sarah has a dominant streak, and as she leads Lizzy into the role of a submissive, the two women become closer than they ever thought possible. But while Sarah, hurt too many times, wears a ring, and tells guys she’s “taken,” Lizzy knows she secretly longs for a man. Determined to find one for them both to share, Lizzy is just about to give up when a dark, handsome, virile answer shows up right under her nose. Lizzy may think she and Sarah are going to seduce David—but she underestimates their handsome co-worker, and David turns the tables on them both. But will he be able to tame the untameable Sarah?

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and sex, a m/f/f threesome and mild bdsm elements.



MERCY

by Selena Kitt

Mercy was a typical lesbian in life - at least, that's what her beloved, dearly departed Dee always said - but she's definitely not a typical vampire. Mercy, known as Mary in her former life, is now secretly in love with Angie, her roommate, whose profession as a hospice nurse has taken Mercy on an unusual path in her journey as the undead. Like her acquired name, comes as a dark angel of mercy, delivering eternal life to the dying—but will Mercy's mission of compassion serve to save the one woman she loves most in the world?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and elements of horror.

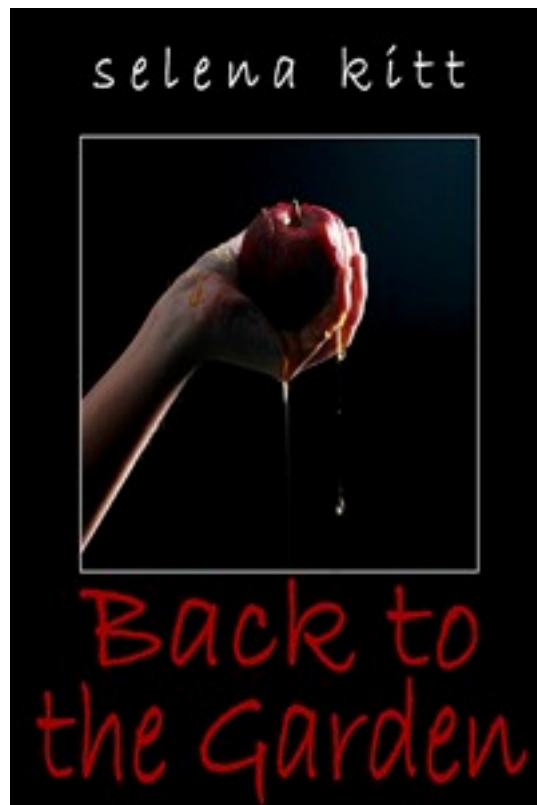


SILENT NIGHT

By Selena Kitt

Justine has left Bruce for another man, left him all alone with their young daughter - while he slowly goes insane. His building, impotent rage leads to sudden, unexpected brutality. But how far will he go?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, infidelity, sex and shocking, horrific elements.



BACK TO THE GARDEN

By Selena Kitt

Discover the deliciously taboo lure of an incestuous siren call with four stories bundled into a wickedly hot anthology that's determined to keep it all in the family! Stories included: Lassoing the Moon, Garden of Eden, Lost Souls and Man of the House.

Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and incest.