

[PDF] Raine: The Lords Of Satyr

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Books Details:

Title: Raine: The Lords of Satyr

Author: Elizabeth Amber

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Description:

Review ". . . without question the best historical paranormal erotic romance this reviewer has ever read. . . a must read book for 2008!" -- *ParaNormal Romance reviews*

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"Amber has done another fine job of blending good storytelling, excellent sex and happily-ever-after romance." -- *Romantic Times Book Reviews (Rhomyly Forbes)*

"Superb. . .Very erotic sex scenes that will singe your eyebrows while you love every minute of it." --
CoffeeTime Romance

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Raine lifted his silver gaze to the mirror that hung on the wall in Jordan's bedchamber.....And saw himself.....Saw how horribly changed he was physically. Saw the soft down of sepia fur that now covered his legs from thigh to ankle. The fur not of a man, but of an animal. Having sprouted with the onset of the Calling, it would not disappear until the coming of dawn.....Though he wanted to turn away, he forced himself to look. To see himself for the half-beast, half-Human he was. To see the huge vein-roped man-penis jutting from his dark thatch, its blood-purpled head straining in search of quim. And to see its twin, a second ruddy penis angling high from his pelvis a few finger spans above it.....It was the way of the Satyr and he had experienced such changes before--at least a dozen times each year. But he'd always avoided looking at himself when he was this way. This was how his first wife had seen him. As Jordan would.....His eyes wandered over the bottles and vials on her dressing table, the cushion she'd sewn for the chair, the embroidery project she'd tossed in a basket nearby. Like her, everything here was feminine and delicate. Fragile.....Tonight he might hurt her. At a certain point, he might not be able to stop himself from taking her again and again, whether she was willing or not. It was a horrifying thought.....Had it been some last shred of decency in him that had made him come in here? he wondered. After all, he had salve of his own, in his room. At times, he resorted to using it to masturbate himself the multiple times necessary to assuage his nightly need. It was makeshift, but at least he hurt no one. Disgusted no one. Used no one, save himself. Maybe fate was offering him a second chance to regain his self-control before he made a terrific mistake. (Excerpted from Raine, *The Lords of Satyr*, copyright 2008 by Elizabeth Amber)

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