

Romantic Days, Romantic Nights



Romantic Days, Romantic Nights is the bestselling anthology of love, romance, and sensuality on-sale now at Liquid Silver Books (www.liquidsilverbooks.com). Each story focuses on three strong women, their sensuous heroes, and their unique stories.

In *SpellBound*, the hero is a drop-dead gorgeous warlock. Jock Steele, prince of the Darklings, must convince his true mate, Lania Mills, princess of the Whitelings, to marry him. The stakes are high: the continuance of our plane of existence.

In *Love on the Top Rope*, Anne Seymour is a sheltered professor of Egyptology. Wes Myckale is an unpredictable sports entertainer. How do these seemingly opposites attract, find love, and live happily ever after? Their journey is a rollercoaster of a ride, vrooming when Anne poses as her twin sister at an IWC press conference.

The Romance Studio Raves:

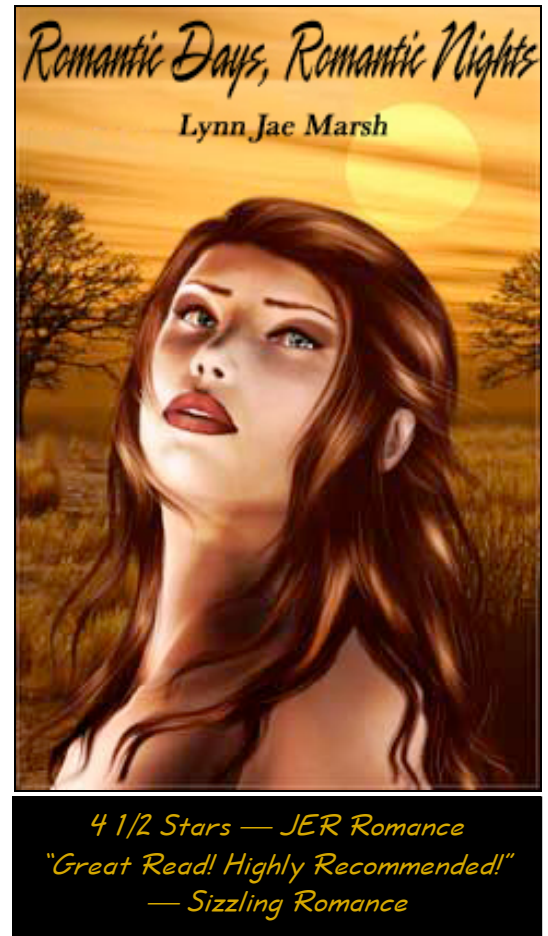
Romantic Days, Romantic Nights is an excellent read and combines wonderful stories of love and adventure. This is the first book I have read by Lynn Jae Marsh and I love her writing. Her characters are memorable and her stories are interesting. This book combines all of the good aspects of erotica, romance, action and even the paranormal. This book is going on my keeper shelf and I can't wait for Lynn Jae Marsh's next release.

—Angel Brewer

In *Risking All*, Alexis “Cash” Claremont is a cocky, reckless entrepreneur. Drake Smith is a staid lawyer-turned-corporate raider. In their journey, they face the darkly laid plans of Drake’s enemies, plans that not only threaten their happiness but Alexis’s very life.

Excerpt from Risking All—The Third Book in the Romantic Days, Romantic Nights Anthology

When Drake Smith strode into the lounge of the Silver Dollar casino, he saw her in the bright lights. She was sitting alone in a large booth, sipping sherry. He first noticed her because her alabaster skin reflected off the mirrors and strangely illuminated the lounge. But on second glance, he saw that she was beautiful. Staring, he stopped—dazed—feeling as if someone had kicked him hard in the gut. He was in pain from the vision that she presented and from his sudden desire.



He saw that she was tall and slender. Her face was ethereal. Her brow was porcelain. Her mouth was wide, but her bottom lip was full and made for kissing. Her eyelashes were long and thick, like dusters, so long that they brushed her face. She was small-breasted, no floppy abundance there, but he knew instinctively that she had enough sweetness to keep a man occupied on the coldest, winter night.

He looked lower, searching for her hips, but they were hidden by the shadows of the table. The shape of her legs was hidden too, but he could see that they were encased in tight, black stockings. He immediately wanted those stockings off and her out of them. Then, her panties, which he would try to gently remove, not rushing, not ripping them, but with slow, soft strokes. As he pulled her panties down, he would cover her and push, seeking entry. And, she would want him and take him.

As she raised the glass to her lips, Drake realized that he was not the only man staring. Every man in the bar was looking and having sinful thoughts. His thoughts were equally sinful: satin skin and deep penetration, touching and join climax, sweat and coming again and again, filling her with the essence of him.

He surveyed the room, checking every man's eyes with his eagle-like gaze. She belonged to none of them, but they all wanted her—in the worst way. He had an almost uncontrollable rage, a primal need to lock her away, to keep her for him and him alone. To make sure that she was his and that no man would dare to lust after her. He had never felt this way before: the urge to stake her as his woman.

When he looked at her again, an image of Beth appeared. In his mind's eye, Beth was a faint shadow, which flickered and then faded away. As she disappeared, he was free. He could love again, unhampered by his ghostly love for his ex-wife.

Watching Beth fade from view, Drake felt no regret. He felt no urge to call her back. She had taken her rightful place in his life. She represented what could have been, but never was. This unknown woman—this true vision with hair the color of brushed rosewood—was his future.

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