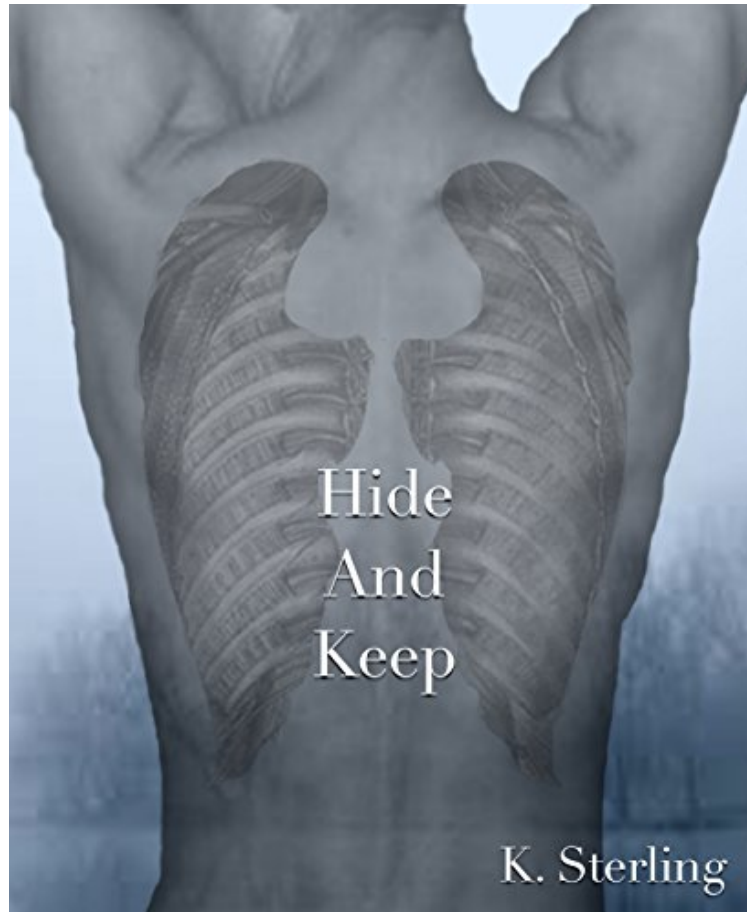


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## Hide And Keep (Boys Of Lake Cliff Book 1) (English Edition)

Von K. Sterling

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Produktinformation Veröffentlicht am: 2015-04-23 Erscheinungsdatum: 2015-04-23 File Name: B00WLD2OQ2 | File size: 47.Mb

**Von K. Sterling : Hide And Keep (Boys Of Lake Cliff Book 1) (English Edition)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Hide And Keep (Boys Of Lake Cliff Book 1) (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Hot StoryVon Client Another Story of K. Sterling, it is marvellous. The chemistry, suspense, romance.....The different ingredients made it a wonderful story.U gonna love this story.I am definitely a fan of K. Sterling

KurzbeschreibungDetective Lane West doesn't do Complicated. Especially when it comes to his personal life. Dr. Aiden Sharp is Complicated. Complicated in ways that Lane can barely get his mind around when he's forced to babysit Aiden as a favor for the District Attorney. After that, things get very Complicated. Lane was about to toss the

pants on the bed when the bathroom door opened and Aiden stepped out with a towel around his waist. Lanes mouth became dry and his throat closed. Mother. Of. God. Lane leaned against the door frame for support as his eyes traveled over Aiden's body. Boom. Hard-on. Lane stifled a groan as his entire body tightened. Aiden's body was perfect. He was sleek, every muscle was defined and despite his bizarre diet, Aiden didn't have an ounce of fat on him. But it was the tattoos. They'd all been hidden by his street clothes, but most of Aiden's chest, back and arms were covered in ink. Lane didn't realize he was so into tattoos. He wanted to trace every single one of them with his tongue. And Aiden had a lot of tattoos. Lane knew he had a weakness for a defined Adonis belt. Heat flooded Lane's groin as his eyes swept down the V shaped muscle to a peek of dark curls revealed by the towel draped low around Aiden's hips. Lane? Aiden's voice was soft and warm but it cut through the fog and Lane forced his eyes up to Aiden's. Yeah? His voice came out hoarse and deep as he struggled to get his brain to work. Aiden's brows pulled together as he stared at Lane. I'm not very good at responding to nonverbal cues. You look like you want to have sex with me but I'm not sure if you actually intend to or if you're here for a different reason. Aiden admitted as he leaned against the wall. Lane took a deep breath and shook his head weakly. No. No sex, Aiden. Lane rasped as he held up the pants. Like a moron. Aiden's head tilted as he stepped forward and Lane thought he saw a flash of disappointment. You didn't buy anything to sleep in and it gets cold. I thought you might want to borrow these. He watched as Aiden reached for the pants. Aiden's fingers brushed his and Lane suppressed a shiver. Aiden shrugged as he took the pants. Thank you, I was just going to sleep in my underwear. He said as he went back into the bathroom and shut the door. The sight of the corded muscles of Aiden's shoulders and his long, lean, tattooed back made hard, harder. Lane shut his eyes and moaned softly as he pictured Aiden stretched out on the bed in his underwear. The door opened and Aiden came out wearing Lane's pajama pants and things only got worse for Lane. They hung low on Aiden's hips and Lane's fingers tingled as the urge to pull the cord and let them fall crashed into him. Lane fisted his hands and forced his feet to take a step back. Aiden's eyes narrowed as he watched Lane retreat. You want to have sex with me but you won't. Why? He asked as he took a step toward Lane. Is it because you're turned off by my personality and the way I eat? Aiden's eyes clung to Lane's face as he waited. Lane shook his head as he struggled for an explanation. Aiden was partially right but Lane didn't want to hurt his feelings. Not really, though I'm having a hard time making sense of all of that. It's more a professional issue. Lane explained. Aiden seemed to relax and he nodded. That's too bad. I think it would be really good. He said as he stretched his arms above his head and yawned. I'm versatile and I sleep better after I get laid. Aiden pulled the duvet back and sat on the bed. Lane's lips pulled into an O and he exhaled loudly. What? He whispered. Versatile? Lane asked stupidly as Aiden leaned back on his elbows and smiled at Lane. Kurzbeschreibung Detective Lane West doesn't do Complicated. Especially when it comes to his personal life. Dr. Aiden Sharp is Complicated. Complicated in ways that Lane can barely get his mind around when he's forced to babysit Aiden as a favor for the District Attorney. After that, things get very Complicated. Lane was about to toss the pants on the bed when the bathroom door opened and Aiden stepped out with a towel around his waist. 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