



Silk

EM PETROVA BP

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Silk Book Trailer: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IyXUoBxxArk>

Silk by Em Petrova

Blurb:

When Newlywed Wynne Marie receives racy texts from her ex, she's caught in a titillating game, which her husband finds sexy as hell.

Newlywed Wynne Marie Jackson has it all—delicious husband, beautiful New England home, high-paying job in her field. So why does her husband Jake discover her in tears? Two letters—AJ.

When Wynne Marie left Atlanta, she also left behind her well-known spa, Silk, and her co-owner AJ Albright. Together, she and AJ built their spa into a retreat sought by the stars. However, their relationship went deeper than the Tao massage they specialized in, and while she loves her husband Jake, she misses AJ's passion.

After a fearful confession, Jake is more understanding—and turned on—than Wynne Marie ever imagined. Can adding AJ to their lives be the realization of her dreams or the end of her marriage?

Excerpt Rated R:

The phone beeped, and Wynne Marie leapt to her feet. She tilted on her heels, and her hip struck the corner of her desk hard. She issued a squeak, and then fumbled for her phone. Heart thumping. Instant tears blurring her eyes, and not from the pain of her injury.

“What do I do if overbooked?” the text read.

An image of AJ rose in her mind, wavy brown hair falling into one smoldering brown eye, poring over the appointment book and wondering how the hell he was going to have enough hands.

She laughed into the silence of her office, glad she was between appointments. She'd dealt with a criminal receiving mandatory counseling and a victim of domestic violence this morning. Suddenly, none of it seemed as important helping AJ with his dilemma.

Her thumbs flew over the keypad. "Call Erin for backup. Give her overtime pay."

His reply was swift. "Thanx!"

A shiver ran through her at the sight of those five little letters. In a moment, she could have him on the phone, deep baritone voice filtering into her brain. God, she missed that liquid voice. From the moment she'd heard his dulcet tones drifting through the wall separating her massage room from his, she'd been hooked. Why hadn't he fallen for her the same way?

With a grin, she texted. "Ur welcome."

"How r u?" The words flashed across the screen, making her heart sing. Her hair swung forward to kiss her hot cheek, hiding her expression from anyone who walked in. She knew she looked like she was up to no good. If Jake walked in at this moment, how would she react?

She had to tell him tonight. He'd understand. It wasn't as if she was *sexting*.

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