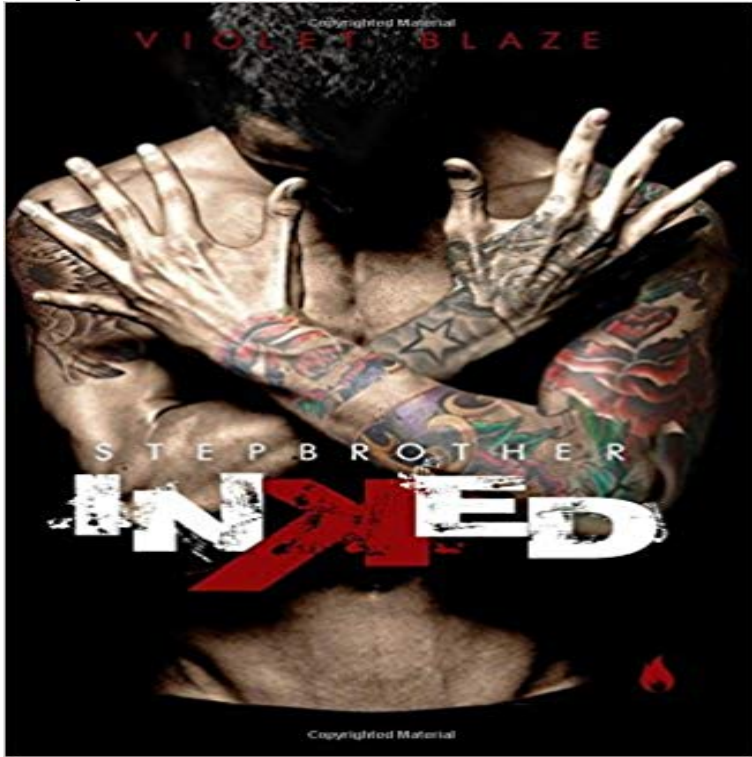


# Stepbrother Inked



Forbidden love shouldn't feel so good. It also shouldn't hurt so much. How could the one person I can't have be the only person I truly need? Florian Harper Riley has my heart and he doesn't even know it. I used to think that was okay, that I'd get over him, but no matter how hard I try, I can't purge his sharp green gaze from my thoughts. He's a tattoo artist, the love of my life, the man of my dreams. But he's also my stepbrother. Fate can be wicked cruel.

\*This is a 98,000 word, full length stand-alone novel from debut author Violet Blaze (and it's hot!)\*

**Stepbrother Inked EXCERPT**

Well, what are you waiting for, Abi? Take your pants off. The words went straight through me, piercing my heart like an arrow. Between my legs, an insistent throbbing began that I didn't know how to control. Wow. All the way off? I asked, knowing that was a stupid question. Florian laughed at me, hunching back over the table, pencil sliding across the page like it was nothing, like he could do this in his sleep. Unless you want to do it with your pants tangled around your ankles. The corner of his mouth twitched. Which I'm not opposed to. I huffed, knowing he was just teasing me and sat up, pulling off the gray leather boots I'd put on in an attempt to look somewhat stylish. Walking into this shop was like walking into a lion's den, one filled with gorgeous, perfectly put-together lionesses, dressed up like wafer thin models. I knew I'd never match up to them, no matter how hard I tried, but I couldn't seem to keep myself from trying. A pair of boots and some nice jeans weren't fooling anyone though; I had breasts and hips and a stubborn layer of extra padding that nobody wanted to see. I knew I wasn't fat (I wasn't that delusional yet), but I also knew I wasn't winning any beauty contests. I stood up, my bare feet hitting the floor with a slap and then started to unbutton my jeans. I could practically feel Florian's eyes on my back, yet when I turned around, he

wasnt looking at me. I swallowed and faced towards the wall, hooking my fingers in the denim and closing my eyes. This shouldnt be so hard and yet I felt like I was drowning again, smothered in the ashes of an unrequited love. I breathed out and up, sending stray strands of hair fluttering around my face, and then I dropped my jeans. Or I tried to anyway. Id squeezed myself into my tightest pair of dark wash skinny jeans, so I had to really struggle to push them down my hips and over my calves. The bikini bottoms Id slipped into at home felt suddenly inadequate. Alright, Florian said, and maybe I was imagining it but his voice felt like it was deeper, darker, huskier. I turned around and found him intently focused on the drafting table and his artwork. Okay, okay, so I really was imagining it. Come over here and just stand like you normally would, dont do anything special. I turned around and moved over to him, my feet cold on the bare wood floor as I paused next to my stepbrother and watched his expression as he looked up at me or rather at my crotch. He turned in his chair and reached out, taking hold of the strings on my right hip. I felt dizzy, this close to him, dressed in so little. It would take a split second for him to lift me up and set me on the table, undo his pants, and slide into me. Holy crap. Flors fingers tugged roughly on the strings and the knot came undone, the top corner of the bikini falling forward as I gasped and dropped my hand to keep the rest of it from sliding away. I knew I was breathing hard. H\*ll, I could hear my own breaths echoing in the tiny room, could feel the sweat forming on my lower back, between my thighs. The hand that held my bikini bottoms in place was shaking, just a little but enough that I knew Flor could tell.

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