

Sword of Fire
(Immortal Knights: Book Two)
By
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“So how do you know Morgan?” Sophie asked.

Michael took another sip of water and studied her. “She belongs to a group called Sisterhood Circle. They—study old goddess religions. Sometimes I join them.”

Sophie frowned. “Don’t tell me you’re like those New-Age Druids who go to Stonehenge at the solstices? Dancing around in white robes?”

Michael smiled. He had two kinds of smiles, Sophie decided. This one showed a dimple that made him look angelic. The other one was all bad-boy and made her body want to do very lustful things.

“Too much tourism at Stonehenge these days,” he said easily. He grinned suddenly and reached over to wipe a drop of salsa off Sophie’s chin with the pad of his thumb. “But you shouldn’t knock something until you’ve tried it, right?”

That was his wicked grin. She wondered if he knew that her nipples had just tightened with that slow brush of his thumb? He probably did since he was giving her a very perceptive look. Damn it. Better to change the subject. Fast.

“So, tell me about the riddle from the manuscript,” she said as briskly as she could. “It’s how you coerced me into spending time on lunch.”

“You’ve got to eat to keep up your strength. Never know when you’re going to need it.” His grin widened. “Or for what.”