

### **Saved By Venom (Grabbed #3)**

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On Sale November 29, 2013

### **Sneak Peek #5**

*\*Contains explicit language and a steamy encounter\**

“Dizzy?” Venom rapped his knuckles against the door. “Are you ready yet?”

She wasn’t but she could hear the impatience in his voice. Slightly amused by his typical male behavior, she reached out to open the door. It seemed that men weren’t much different from one end of the galaxy to the other.

With a tap on the door’s edge, it retreated into a wall pocket to reveal Venom leaning his arm against the frame and looking bored as hell. His expression quickly morphed from one of impatient waiting to one of utter desire. He raked his gaze up and down her body before taking a step toward her. “How many of these dresses did you pack?”

“Ten.” Feeling a bit nervous, she smoothed a hand down the front of her dress. “Do you like it?”

“Like it? You look amazing.” He fingered the delicate ruffle outlining the modest neckline. “I want you to wear dresses like this every day.”

His appreciation for soft, feminine things amused her. She considered their drab-but-functional surroundings and the fact that the ship was so heavily populated by men. No doubt it was a novelty for him to see something pretty. She had never been a fan of pants anyway so dresses were her usual daily garb.

“Lift your skirt.”

She reared back at his unexpected instruction. “What?”

“Show me what’s under your skirt.”

“No.” Remembering the order he had given during their heated tryst last night, she gulped nervously. Had he been serious about that? Judging by the look on his face? Yes.

“Dizzy.” There was a slight warning edge to his voice as Venom invaded her personal space and backed her up against the counter. His boot moved between her feet and his knee slid between her thighs, preventing her from squeezing them shut.

“What are you doing?” Her breathless question didn’t faze him.

He lowered his face until they were at eye-level. There was nothing angry or irritated in his expression. He looked calm and collected as he stroked her jaw. “I’m not the sort of male that requires complete and total submission from his bride. There are very few orders I will ever give you—but I expect the ones I give to be followed.”

Dizzy considered him for a moment. What he was asking wasn’t the worst thing in the world, was it?

With trembling fingers she grasped the bottom of her skirt and pulled it up to reveal her simple cotton panties. “I didn’t realize you were serious about not wearing undies. I thought maybe it was something you said to be dirty in the heat of the moment, not because you meant it.”

Venom cupped her womanly heat through the thin cotton. “You’ll soon learn that I mean everything I tell you.” He gave the waist elastic a little tug and let it snap back against her belly. “Take them off.”

“What? Now? But I’ll be out in public and...” Her voice died off as his unwavering gaze caused a naughty little thrill to rush through her core. With a dramatic huff she pushed her underwear panties down her hips. “I don’t know why you’re so insistent about this.”

She only got them as far as her thighs before Venom dropped down to his knees and dragged them the rest of the way down her body. Her pulse was sprinting so hard that she felt a little lightheaded as Venom pocketed her undies. He shoved her skirt up and tucked it into the front of her bodice.

“Ah!” Dizzy gasped as Venom pressed a soft, ticklish kiss to her bare mound. His lips danced between her belly button and the dipping vee between her thighs. He got dangerously close to kissing a certain throbbing part of her but refused to give her the satisfaction of finally feeling his mouth right there.

“You,” he carefully penetrated her with his middle finger, “belong to me.” He smirked triumphantly as he encountered the wet evidence of her arousal. “You like belonging to me, don’t you?”

There was no point in denying it, not when he could feel her inner walls clenching his thick finger. “Yes.”

“And you want to please me, don’t you?”

She licked her lips as she stared down at the ruggedly sexy sky warrior kneeling before her. “Yes.”

“I want to know that when I have a craving for this sweet, tight cunt of yours that all I have to do is lift your skirt.” He swirled his fingertip around her swelling, pulsing clitoris. “You seem to be forgetting that my pleasure is your pleasure.”

Oh, that wasn’t a mistake she would make again. Rocking her hips, Dizzy hoped to encourage Venom to continue doing these wicked, wicked things to her. “Please...”