

# THE EARL'S ENTICEMENT

## By Collette Cameron

### Excerpt

“Ooh, you’re magnificent!” she breathed in awe.

“He is, indeed,” rumbled a harmonious baritone.

She whirled around. The Earl of Clarendon leaned across the stall door. His forearms rested on the top edge. He clasped a silver flask loosely in one hand. His shirtsleeves were rolled to his elbows, and he wore no waistcoat or jacket. The top of his shirt was unfastened too.

Just perfect. She wasn’t supposed to be anywhere near the earl, and here he was, in her sanctuary. She ought to be afraid, after his parting words, but she sensed something altogether different.

No, she wouldn’t stare at the crisp dark hair on his forearms or peeking from the collar of his open shirt. Bugger it. She curled her hands into fists against the oddest urge to run her fingers through the curly hair on his chest.

A bolt of unease speared her, though whether from his disquieting presence or her awareness of him as an attractive man, she couldn’t be certain.

Clearing her throat, she asked, “What are you doing here, my lord?”