**MEDIA KIT – Sin With Me by JA Huss & Johnathan McClain**

**Sin With Me** (Original Sin Series Book One)

**By JA Huss and Johnathan McClain**

Romantic Suspense

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**DESCRIPTION:**

***Sin with Me is the first book in a four-book contemporary romance series by New York Times bestselling author, JA Huss, and veteran actor and writer, Johnathan McClain. Each full-length novel will release three weeks apart starting on March 6, 2018.***

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Two broken people in a city fueled by sin.

Maddie isn’t looking to be saved. She knows the only person you can count on is yourself. Her moral compass might not point true North these days—but at least she’s still standing.

The military taught Tyler about loyalty. Being there for your brothers is the only thing that matters—but when it mattered most, he wasn’t.

She’s got a ticket straight to Hell. He’s already been there and back.

She needs to win. He just needs to stop fighting.

Some sins scar your soul so deeply, you'll never be the same.

But this Devil in disguise might just be the angel he needs to forgive himself.

**SERIES LINKS:**

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**ABOUT THE AUTHORS**

Two accomplished writers come together to create unforgettable sexy romance. JA Huss is the *New York Times* bestselling author of 321 and has been on the *USA Today* bestsellers list eighteen times. Johnathan McClain is a veteran actor and writer whose work, either performed or written, is probably airing on at least one of the channels on your television right now. You can contact them on their website [www.hussmcclain.com](http://www.hussmcclain.com) or find them at their social links below.

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**EXCERPT ONE**

**TYLER**

I lift my gaze to look up at her face one more time. Her head is back, her eyes are closed, and I hear a moan of yearning as I press my mouth forward and she feels my warm breath on the entrance of her beautiful, bare pussy.

The world has disappeared. We are not in an alley behind a strip club. We are on a cloud. High above everyone and everything. We are ascending. And I am intent on taking her higher and higher until the earth falls far away and we are both transported from the poison and pain of this small world.

At least for a moment.

I gently kiss the inside of her thighs. First the right, then the left. Then I nuzzle my nose against the soft, already wet space between her legs. I breathe in deep, taking in every bit of the way she smells. I can’t get enough. I want to bury my face inside of her warmth and let her become my oxygen.

I can’t get close enough down on my knees as I am, so I grab her around the waist, throw her legs over my shoulders, and rise up to my full height so that I can keep her placed directly above my greedy mouth.

I flick my tongue against the folds of her opening and her knees shudder. So I lick more slowly—I don’t want her to come just yet—parting her wider with my fingers and letting my tongue slide inside. She tastes even better than she smells. Like the ocean on a perfect summer day.

I find her clit and wrap the whole of my mouth around it, building up pressure on her with my tongue and pulling back until I hear her say, “Oh, my God. Oh, my God, what are you doing to me?” And now I’m sucking and smiling at the same time.

I pull my mouth off long enough to look up and say, “Just getting started…”

**EXCERPT TWO**

**MADDIE**

He better just be getting started. Because I want more.

His hand slips around the curve of my ass, squeezing it so hard, I bite my lip to stifle a whimper. His fingers press into my skin, grabbing hold of me like he might never let go.

His tongue laps against my pussy, then flicks my clit. I fist his hair and let my head fall back—pressing against the brick wall. He does this little move with his tongue. Teasing me as he swirls it around, presses his mouth firmly against my clit, and moves it back and forth so quick, I drop a hand down to his shoulder and dig my nails in. Like I might never let go either.

It’s been a while for me. Too long, really. And I can feel the climax building and building, and then—

“Not yet, angel,” he murmurs.

“Yes,” I say, insistent. “Now. We’re in the alley and there’s people—”

“There’s no people,” he counters. “And I want to be inside you when you come. I want you to be fucked as much as possible before I let you finish.”

“Hey,” I say. I really need this guy’s real name. I can’t keep calling him that. Especially during sex. “We gotta hurry. I’m at work and—”

“You’re not at work. You’re with me, Scarlett.”

And I really need to tell him my name too. Because I feel like I’m morphing into Scarlett. This is the kind of thing she does, not me.

Isn’t it?

He lifts my legs, still pushing me against the wall, repositions them so they drape over the crook in his arms. He’s holding both ass cheeks, squeezing them hard and pressing against me with his hard cock. But we’re eye level and I’m looking at him like… like we’re *something*. Like maybe I am with him.

He grins. A devilish, mischievous grin. Says, “How do you like it?”

“Like it?” I say, my eyes darting around to make sure no one can see us.

“Scarlett,” he says, demanding my attention. “Look at me. And tell me how you like to be fucked.”

“Uhhh… good.”

He laughs. “Roger that. Anything else?”

“Just…” I start. Because I’m not really into the dirty-talking shit. I’m not into alley sex, or wall sex, or giving blow jobs for money. But I’ve done all those things since I met him. *Last. Fucking. Weekend.*

So fuck it. I’m Scarlett now, I guess.

“Hard,” I say. “I like it hard.”

He smiles.

“And dirty.”

“Filthy?” he asks. “Or just dirty?”

I take a moment to wonder how much difference there is between filthy and dirty.

“Scarlett,” he says, pushing his stiff cock up to the entrance of my pussy. God, I’m wet. And the way he’s teasing me has my whole body trembling. “Tell me how to fuck you. Because if you don’t, you’re just gonna have to get it the way I like to give it.”

Jesus Christ.

**EXCERPT THREE**

**TYLER**

“Oh, shit!” I cry out.

He is not just entering me, or fucking me, or anything as common as that. He is penetrating me. In every sense of the word. I have never in my life—not once—cried during sex, but I can feel the tears starting to well up behind my eyes. And I have no earthly idea why.

He must be able to tell because he asks, “Am I hurting you?”

I shake my head, willing the tears not to fall. He withdraws from inside me.

“Where are you going?” I ask.

He stands up—he is an impressive sight. He looks like Michelangelo’s *David*. But if David had fought his way through some kind of battle and emerged from it painted by the fury of the fight.

“Come here,” he says as he reaches for my hand and draws me up to stand with him. Naked and exposed, we both look at each other in the warm light of this nearly empty apartment, with the frivolous concerns of the rest of the world carrying on beyond his massive windows, unaware that we are here. And I feel vulnerable.

I think he feels it too because now he takes me by the hand and leads me over to the kitchen area, which is a little darker, a little more hidden. When we land there, he picks me up around the waist and plops me onto his kitchen island. “Ah! It’s cold,” I let out.

“It’ll warm up in a second,” he says and winks. He opens a drawer and I glance down to note that inside there are only restaurant menus, some extra chopsticks still in their paper wrappers, and an assortment of condoms.

“We ordering in?” I ask. He ignores me and rips open the wrapper on one of the condoms.

“I want to be inside you when I come. Not that coming on your ass wasn’t one of life’s great joys, but, y’know, been there, done that.” He winks again. Fuck, he’s hot. Scraggly beard and all. Although I’m suddenly trying to imagine what it’d be like if he shaved. What the face that’s hiding under that mess of hair might look like.

But instead, I follow up my previous question with, “And you keep them in the kitchen because…?”

“I keep ’em everywhere,” he says, unrolling the latex and sliding it on his still-hard cock. “Never know when the delivery boy might be up for a little somethin’-somethin’.”

I rub my foot up the inside of his thigh. “Mmm. It gets a girl so hot when guys talk about fucking delivery boys.” He smiles. I get the sense that he gets off on it when I talk shit to him. Which is fine by me, because I love talking shit. So…

“Now fuck me like I’m the pizza guy,” I say.