**The Square**

**By JA Huss and Johnathan McClain**

**Shape of Love Book 2**

Romantic Suspense

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**DESCRIPTION**

ALEC

Against all odds we found each other.

And then a single moment of betrayal ripped it all away.

I thought Christine had forgiven me. I thought we’d moved past it. I thought she’d healed.

CHRISTINE

I loved them both and they loved me.

But then Danny left and our triangle was broken.

So was I really *that* surprised when Alec put it back together again?

DANNY

We are meant to be together. We all know that.

But what did Alec do after I left?

What could he have possibly done to make Christine want revenge?

The Square is book two in The Shape of Love series collaboratively written by New York Times Bestselling author, JA Huss and actor/screenwriter, Johnathan McClain.

**SHORT LINKS**

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**LINKS FOR BOOK ONE – THE TRIANGLE**

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BOOK TRAILER FOR BOOK ONE – THE TRIANGLE

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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 or find them at their social links below.

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**EXCERPT**

**CHRISTINE**

The betrayal is still fresh. The lapse in loyalty still real.

And I need him to forget.

But even though he’s not pushing me away, and that’s a good sign, and I know with such certainty that we will be together tonight, he’s not embracing it the way I need him to.

So I say, “Danny…” Because I need to tell him this. I need to explain everything. But the words I need leave me in that moment and the whole act is just another bit of unfinished business.

“Christine,” he says, his voice low and throaty as he kisses me again. His mouth opens up and his tongue slides up against mine. And I expect him to say something like… *I want to fuck you now.* Or, *Everything will be OK.* Or, *Take off your clothes.*

Or maybe he’ll just rip this little dress off my body, toss it overboard, and throw me down onto the overstuffed pillows of the deck couch and make me obey him.

But he says, “You need to lower your expectations.”

And I don’t know why, because this is not the way this night should be going and that should worry me, but I laugh.

“I’m serious,” he says, his fingertips slipping under the strap of my dress and dragging it over my shoulder, leaving it like that. Unfinished, just like I left his shirt when I started the process of unburdening him. He looks down at me, his blue eyes catching the moonlight, making them sparkle in that supernatural way. Convincing me that he’s wrong. That he is my hero. Even though he says, in the same moment, “I’m no hero. You know what comes out when you poke me. Blackness.”

I stop breathing and study him. Shaking my head. Because it’s not true. He’s the bluest thing in the entire universe. But I don’t want to waste time explaining why he’s so perfect or how I know he’ll save me—save everyone—when the time comes. So I reach down and grab his cock through his slacks and squeeze.

Which makes him close his eyes and smile.

And reach for the other strap of my dress.

And drag that one over my shoulder too.

Unfinished.

But it’s enough to keep things going. Because the dress is loose. Just a simple shift that hides what’s underneath with soft white silk. So when I pull my hand away from his hard cock, it falls. Right down to my hips, exposing the lacy, white, strapless bra that covers my breasts. And one more slight tug from him is all it takes to make the white silk slide over my hips and drop to the deck. It flutters for a second, catching the night breeze the way his shirt did, and then settles at my feet in a puddle of brightness against the dark.

He stops and looks at me.

And I wonder what he sees. A beautiful, young woman in matching white lingerie?

A friend? A lover?

His goddess who will save him—save everybody—when the time comes?

Or… does he just see me for who I am? The traitor.

**EXCERPT 2**

**DANNY**

She holds her breath. And even though I can’t hear it, I know her heart speeds up. Her grip on the railing tightens and her back goes stiff.

She’s wondering who I am and what I’m doing and if I had an answer for that, I might offer it up.

But I don’t.

I have no idea who I am anymore.

I did. Not too long ago. I was Danny Fortnight, maker of custom motorcycles, partner to Brasil Lynch. Thief. Loner.

Then Christine came, and Alec came, and that Danny—he’s just gone now. But I’m not old Danny either. I’m something new. Some sick combination of the two.

I pump my cock a few more times, getting ready. Christine’s gaze wanders down to catch a glimpse. She’s already so wet.

It’s only been a few hours since we last fucked but it feels like we’ve been apart forever and we’ve got things to make up for.

Which isn’t far from the truth, really.

“Don’t let go,” I remind her.

She swallows, licks her lips, and nods her head. Silent submission.

Which makes me grin. And with that grin, in that same moment, I thrust my cock inside her, sliding her along the table’s surface with such force, her head bumps into the railing.

She does not let go. She does just as I hoped. Stiffens her arms, pushing back on me so when I pull back and then thrust forward again, there’s resistance.

Not that I could push any closer to that railing. Her head isn’t even on the table anymore. It’s suspended in mid-air over empty space. Just the very bottom of her shoulder blades and the force of her arms, now bent at the elbows, keep her from being pounded over the edge and disappearing into the depths of darkness. So she has no choice but to resist.

I do it again, and again. Fucking her faster, harder with each forward push.

She grits her teeth, watching me. Nothing relaxing or soothing about this.

In fact she’s so crumpled up against the railing that I have to kneel on the table, hike her hips up, and prop the underside of her thighs over the top of mine, just so I can keep fucking her.

It’s a messy, messy fuck.

Nothing artistic about the picture we paint. Nothing slow, or sensual.

It’s just… erotic and hard.

And she’s probably thinking, *What the fuck, Fortnight? What am I? One of your little sluts you pick up in random cities?*

But if she is, she doesn’t say it. And I don’t stop.

She’s not one of those whores.

**EXCERPT 3**

**ALEC**

The clenching in my stomach smarts just a tiny bit and I moan in discomfort. Christine can’t hear, I don’t think, with the sound of the water splashing down about her ears, but Danny senses it. He stops kissing me but leaves his mouth close to mine. He takes me by the back of the neck with one of his rugged hands, slides his lips along my cheek, and lands at my ear, whispering, “You OK?”

He rolls his forehead around to mine and presses them together, staring into my eyes with a probing look. Christine is still absorbing my cock entirely and stroking at Danny. Both Danny and I are heaving breaths, drinking in the shower as we gasp. I make sure I keep my eyes open so that he can see I’m telling the truth when I nod and whisper back, “Yes,” before I force my mouth back on his and bite at his lip as I kiss him with the exigency of a long-lost lover. Which is exactly what I am.

It’s been so long since I’ve had my cock in anyone’s mouth that I’m worried I’m going come too quickly. Especially with the power of Danny’s kiss intersecting with mine. So I pull back—both from Danny and Christine—and shudder as my body lands against the wall of the great, massive shower box.

Christine stands, a worried look on her face. It is matched by Danny’s worried look as he reaches out for me. “Are you OK?” they both ask now.

“Yes. Yes,” I assure them. “I’m very well indeed. Possibly too good, in fact.”

Danny chuckles a bit and steps toward me. There is a look in his eyes that I may have seen once. Maybe twice. But I’ve never seen it directed toward me. It is a look of power and seduction. Of anger and love simultaneously coexisting. It is frightening and electrifying. Competing emotions abound.

“C’mere,” he says. Rhetorically. I’m not going anywhere.

I take a step toward him and he takes my wrist and forces my hand onto his cock. I wrap my fingers around it, tightly, and I begin to pull. The burning heat from the water stings my back and chest. Danny throws his head back and with lips closed, he moans long and slow.

“Don’t stop,” he says as he now takes Christine’s hand and places it around my cock. She smiles at Danny. He smiles back. They kiss as I jerk on him and she jerks on me. And now, Danny takes my other hand and places it at the entrance to Christine’s pussy. They are still kissing, but he guides me there with his eyes closed. Then he wraps his palm around the back of my hand and forces both my fingers and his up inside her at the same time. I feel the firm muscles of her stomach contract as he does this, and her thighs shiver as we finger her, slowly.