

# Leseutdrag fra “High-Risk Fever”

*Knock, knock.*

Anne spun around and, with a fake smile, opened the door.

A gust of cool air blew in, filling her nostrils with acrid wetness. Torrential rain would hit anytime.

Outside, two young men sat on tall bicycles, greeting her with expectant gazes. Both carried rucksacks. Wearing only tight, colorful spandex clothes from top to toe, they were far from equipped to tackle the bad weather.

Behind them, across the narrow street, houses similar to the bed and breakfast stood shoulder-to-shoulder. Fast-moving storm clouds loomed above their black-tiled rooftops.

The nearest bicyclist, a thirtyish suntanned blond with the looks of a movie star, gave her a frank smile. His deep-emerald eyes drew her to him so intensely, she almost forgot his companion, almost erased Brian’s hard cock from her memory, and almost ignored the rumbling thunder at the entrance of the village.

“Yes?” She studied the blond.

His well-toned arm and torso muscles worked beneath the thin yellow spandex, and a visible pulse beat in his throat. As he sat on his bicycle—a modern, thirty-something-gear mountain monster—his “package” bulged on the front of the leather seat, reminding her of what Brian had offered seconds ago. She swallowed hard, imagined peeling the spandex off this beautiful man’s svelte body and discovering what sexual beast hid inside. She might be married, but admiring another man could not possibly do any harm.

“We’re looking for a place to stay for the night.” The young guy’s voice, low and confident, with a clear American accent, brought her back to his face. Bedazzling green eyes met hers with a grin displaying a row of perfect white teeth.

“Oh.” She shook herself and took a deep breath, then pointed backward into the living room. “Um, Brian, my husband, will be happy to accommodate you.”

*Happy, my ass. I should be the one handling this.*

@ Lea Bronsen