



Who loves a bargain?

G'day, !

Well, what a month it's been since my last newsletter.

Firstly, our eldest son turned 20! Yeah, 20! I don't know where the time went and when I look at him, I still see the little boy he once was. *sigh*

I've also been playing around with TikTok. Oh my gosh! What a time suck looking at cute little cat videos. If you've got a couple of hours to kill, you might like to check out my favourite little guy:

[totorotheexploro](#)

You can follow me too, while you're over that way ;)

[debrastjamesbooks](#)

Secondly, I made a huge decision to put my books into Kindle Unlimited. It was tough, but I think (hope) I've made the right choice. It means they are no longer available on any other platforms as Amazon likes to have titles exclusive to them.

So if you've got KU and haven't read my books yet, what are you waiting for?

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Do you remember when Toby cooked dinner for Cassia in **Second Chance Summer**?

Here's a reminder ...

[c]

Standing on Toby's doorstep, I feel equal parts nervous and excited. I think the butterflies in my tummy have multiplied on the way over. As I raise my hand to knock on his door, I notice my hand's shaking in anticipation of seeing him again. The door swings open before my knuckles make contact with the surface, revealing a relaxed-looking Toby wearing ripped jeans with a basic long-sleeve t-shirt with a heartbeat line running across his chest, only part of the heartbeat is a guitar. It's very fitting for him; even in high school, he was always caught up in his guitar or notebook during breaks. He's got nothing on his feet and his hair's loose around his chiseled face complete with a trimmed beard. I like this look on him—really like it. *A lot!*

A smile breaks out as he assesses me. I'm wearing something similar to him except I've got a watercolor poppy on my t-shirt. I tug my tote higher on my shoulder. "Hey."

He moves to the side, gesturing for me to come in, stopping me as I step in line with him. "Hey." He nuzzles his nose into my neck before placing a gentle kiss there. "You always smell so damn delicious."

I giggle in response as his beard tickles me as much as his words do. Closing the door, he slides my tote off my arm, placing it on the sideboard in the living room, where we pretty much mauled each other the night of the reunion. My body flushes with the memory of being pressed up against the window.

"I'm trying to be a gentleman and not maul you the instant you step inside my home, but you make it—" He looks down at his crotch, then back up to me. "—fucking hard." God, his words don't help to cool my overheated body.

The guy's so sexy without any effort.

He smirks at me before taking my bottom lip between his teeth, nipping it gently before soothing it with his tongue. I open on a sigh, inviting his tongue inside as Toby cups my head with both hands, guiding my head where he wants it, so he can deepen the kiss. He steals all the breath from my body, leaving me limp, relying on his strength to keep me upright.

"We should definitely stop before I get carried away."

My whole body pouts in disappointment, as he pulls away from me.

I'm not ready to stop kissing him, so I grasp onto his t-shirt to pull him back into me to continue the kiss. He guides me until my back is against the window I was just reminiscing about, the coolness of the glass seeping through my clothes to my heated skin. I maneuver my hands underneath his t-shirt until I feel his warm, smooth skin beneath my touch. His muscles shift and tense beneath my hands as I glide them up to pull him tighter against me. It doesn't seem to matter how close our bodies are—it's still not close enough for me.

He pulls away leaving us both panting hard, working to catch our breath. Toby rests his forehead against mine as a slow smile spreads across his chiseled face, producing one of my own. "I made dinner—"

"Will it keep for a while? I don't think I can wait any longer to have you inside me." I plead. Remembering last time, when I got carried away and he made me wait, I bite my bottom lip to shut myself up. He likes to be in charge of the sexy times, so I need to be patient, trusting he'll look after me; but it's hard to hold back with him.

He must read the desperation in my eyes because he steps away. "Take off your jeans and panties." He points to the couch. "Bend over the couch. Wait for me. I'll be with you in a minute." His tone is sure, demanding—it says 'do as I say.'

Why would I argue anyway?

I'm about to get exactly what I want. I do as he said and wait, feeling as awkward as hell. My ass is bigger than the average girl making me feel self-conscious about it. I generally use longer shirts to cover as much as possible. I'm so caught up in my head, worrying about the size of my behind that I startle when I feel Toby glide his hand up from the inside of my ankle toward where I want him most. Without missing a beat, his tongue follows the pathway, stopping at the top of my inner thigh, where I hear him take in a deep breath.

"You smell delicious as usual. I can't wait until I finally get a taste." His hand moves to my other ankle and he repeats the process, following with this tongue. Goosebumps break out in his wake.

He spreads my legs further apart, wedging himself into position. It's then I feel the first swipe of his tongue. It's enough to have me tensing my thigh muscles in anticipation for the pleasure about to be bestowed on me. I know from experience Toby can make my body sing. His tongue swipes through my lips, lapping up the moisture my body's producing in preparation for his onslaught.

My body's on fire as he licks, nips, and plays me like he does the strings on his guitar. It doesn't take all that long before I'm almost flying over the edge toward my first orgasm. Before I can get there, he replaces his tongue with his fingers causing me to lose all sense of cohesive thought. His fingers are then replaced with his dick, as he impales me in one clean thrust. Pushing me down further into the cushions with one hand, he tightens his other on my hip and slams into me repeatedly.

"You're dripping all over my cock. I think you like it a little rough."

I nod my head, barely able to release the moan from inside me as he slams hard and fast into my body over and over again. My hip bones repeatedly connect on the timber frame of his couch as he pushes me down as far as possible. I feel like I'm almost upside down, but I'm not about to complain when it feels so amazing.

"You make me lose fucking control. I just wanna keep slamming my cock into your body all night." My walls spasm around his shaft. I'm so close to losing control. "Yeah, you like my dirty mouth *and* my hard cock."

"Mmmmm—"

He wraps one hand around the front of my throat, tilting my head back and to the side. He slams his mouth onto mine as he continues to thrust in and out of my body at a steady pace, keeping my orgasm balancing on the brink. I pull away from his mouth slightly so I can see him. The blackness of his pupils almost completely swallows the gorgeous cobalt color of his irises. He looks like a wild man barely holding onto his humanity.

"Please, Toby." My whispered plea is enough to push him into action. He drags my t-shirt off my body then scoops my breasts out of their fabric cage, pinching each nipple in turn, causing me to cry out.

"I'll get you there in good time, Cass. Trust me." He bites my neck before soothing the tender skin with his tongue. He uses one hand on my boob to hold me in place as his other hand finds my clit, pinching it hard before rubbing it in smooth, firm circles. That's enough to send me flying over the edge into oblivion. My vision blurs around the edges and I'm thankful for the couch holding me up at this point because I've lost all ability to hold myself. His thrusts continue through my orgasm and it feels like my internal walls are never gonna stop spasming. My legs shake as Toby still thrusts in and out of my pussy. Both of his hands come up to play with my swollen, achy breasts. "Let's get another one. You ready, Gorgeous?"

"I... I'm not sure I—"

He cuts me off. "Yes, you can. Hold on."

I thought he was pounding into me before, but he really lets loose now, skin slapping against skin, his balls slapping against the inside of my thighs, his fingers tight around my nipples ... and I'm falling again.

Into oblivion.

My body convulses from the tip of my head to the tips of my toes and everywhere in between. It's never been like this before for me, making me feel overwhelmed by how big my emotions are.

It's scary.

Toby follows me over the edge into his own oblivion, pushing his dick as deep as possible before pausing, his dick pulsing as he fills the condom. His hands smooth up and down my spine, followed by delicate kisses spanning from one shoulder to the other. I love the feel of his raspy beard trailing over my skin followed by the silkiness of his hair.

"Fuck, that was so good. I'm sorry. I don't seem to be able to control myself with you. I meant to at least feed you dinner first. I was gonna try to be a gentleman." He sounds so annoyed with himself. I can't help but giggle at the hopelessness in his voice. "Stop fucking laughing. You're not helping my dick to calm down." He finishes on a groan, thrusting slowly in and out of me. I can't believe he's still semi-hard after what we just did. As he slides in and out of my pussy, I can feel him getting harder by the stroke.

Twisting around, so I can see him. "You can't be serious."

He leverages himself back up to a standing position, grasping my hips.

"Deadly."

Thrust.

"This is what you do to me."

Thrust.

"Every time you're near me."

Thrust.

"Ever since I was sixteen."

Thrust.

"Why do you think I had to always make a quick getaway?" He smirks, thrusting again, eliciting a moan from me. I'm going to be sore if we go again, but I don't have it in me to stop him. I want this, I want him again.

What the hell is wrong with me?

His hips are slower, more methodical this time around—almost leisurely. I feel him slide almost all the way out, before sliding back in slowly, playing my clit with his masterful fingers. He's not in a hurry and I'm enjoying the slow slide of his cock in and out of my body, relishing in the sensation of this slow build.

"Oh yeah, fuck. Feel those pussy walls tightening around my cock." God, his words undo me, then I break. This time's different—slower, more languid as he breaks along with me—both of us falling over into the abyss together.

We stay connected, Toby laying over my back as I'm still laying over the couch. Sweating, heaving bodies feeling satiated from multiple orgasms within minutes of one another. I close my eyes, allowing myself this moment to just *feel*.

I come back to reality when Toby presses gentle kisses to the side of my neck before peeling himself from my body and slowly, carefully sliding his softening

dick out of me. We both moan at the feeling of disconnection from the other. I'm worried I won't be able to stand, my legs turned to jelly.

Toby carefully removes my bra before he turns me over to lift me bridal style, carrying me through his home. He disposes of the condom before stepping down into his hot tub. The warm water feels heavenly against my jelly muscles and my well-used vagina. I sigh in delight at the feel of being wrapped in Toby's arms in the warm water as he places delicate kisses over my face—my heart pounds in happiness.

We sit, wrapped in each other's arms for silent minutes, enjoying the intimate connection. Toby breaks the silence first. "Cass?"

"Mmmm?" I don't want to break the spell surrounding us as the warm air collides with cool, forming a blanket of mist, blocking out the real world.

"I really want this to work between us." The vulnerability in his voice swiftly drags me out of my stupor, so I lean back to study his face. He reminds me of the boy from high school in this moment. *Where did my confident lover go?*

Looking between his eyes, I feel the need to put his mind at ease. "You remember what I told you at the reunion?" He looks puzzled. I can tell he's working through our many conversations from that night. "I told you I had a crush on you, too. It wasn't all one-sided then and it's not all one-sided now. I really want this to work, too."

He moves forward swiftly, slamming his lips against mine, but as soon as they make contact, he gentles himself. His lips pressing against mine, exploring softly—quite the contrast to how he just took me bent over his couch. This man is a dichotomy of different facets and I'm looking forward to learning about each and every part of him.

The kiss slowly deepens, it's a languid meeting of lips, tongues, teeth. He's kissing me as though he's learning every part of my mouth. I maneuver myself, so I'm straddling his legs, my most private place cradling his hard shaft. His hands cup my ass to slide me back and forth, ensuring he rubs my clit on the way forward.

Pulling away from my mouth, he grunts, "I love your ass. It's like a juicy peach I just wanna bite."

His words are enough to have my pussy convulsing and me coming on a loud, wanton moan. I've never been as vocal during sex—Toby brings out a different side to me, one I like. It turns me on that he loves my ass so much because I've always been so self-conscious about it. I feel it's out of proportion with the rest of my body. Jake added to my self-consciousness about it when he would often comment about its size and how much it would jiggle whenever I walked or ran.

"I love watching my dick disappear into your pussy between your delicious cheeks. So fucking hot, Cass. Everything about you is so fucking hot—you always make me so fucking hard."

I move forward, quickly pressing my lips to his in appreciation for his words. He makes me feel beautiful exactly as I am; no need to be fancy or try to be something I'm not. I want to show him how much I love his words, so I move off his lap. "Can you sit up on the side of the tub?" He looks confused, so I put on my best puppy dog face. "Please."

That seems to do the trick and he hoists himself up the side of the tub. His nipples peak instantly from the cold air, and I'm second-guessing whether this is such a good idea. It's a bit chilly out of the water, but I go ahead. I move forward, pressing my body between his thighs, using one hand to massage his balls, which have contracted up tight against his body in an attempt to stay warm. I move my face closer, licking his gorgeous shaft from the base to the tip, followed by a squeeze of my hand at the base.

Toby lets out a low groan, then focuses his cobalt stare on me. I make sure to maintain direct, solid eye contact with him as I take his dick to the back of my throat. My gag reflex kicks in for a moment so I have to pull back slightly, but I make up for it with an intense suction action as I moan around him. He's no longer a passive participant as he grabs hold of my hair, dragging my mouth up and down his shaft. Even though he's taken over, he's careful with me, not pushing too much, just enough to make me even more desperate to feel his cock inside my mouth. He thrusts forward, so I moan as I swallow deeply around him.

"Fuck, Cass. Your mouth feels so fucking good. Swallow again."

I do as he demands, causing him to release another long groan as he attempts to pull my head away. I try to shake my head to maintain my position, indicating I want to take him all the way. His jaw tenses as his brows furrow in intense concentration, so I moan around his shaft again and swallow hard. I feel the pulsing of his cock, followed by warm ribbons of cum shooting down my throat. I can't keep up with swallowing it all down. I'm certain I look a mess with excess cum and saliva dripping down from my mouth.

He looks down at me with a crooked smile on his handsome face. The look in his eyes almost undoes me. He's looking at me with immense gratitude, as well as care and affection, as he slides back into the tub, pulling me in for an open-mouthed kiss. It's so sexy that he can taste his cum on my tongue. He's kissing me right down to my soul and I never want him to stop.

Pulling back slightly from each other, we rest our foreheads together as we share a secret smile. Unfortunately, my emotions are getting the better of me. I'm beginning to confuse the intense feelings of lust I have for Toby with love.

It can't possibly be love this early on.

Closing my eyes, I work to center myself by blocking out his potent stare. When I open them again, I feel calmer inside; more in control of my emotions. I remind myself it's all the hormones released by awesome sex, running rampant which have me feeling so discombobulated.

"C'mon. Let's get dry. I need to feed you." He helps me out of the tub. Together, we race inside, leaving puddles of water all over his hardwood floors as we make our way upstairs to his bathroom. Goosebumps cover my skin and his as we make a run for it. I never got to appreciate his bathroom the last time I was here. I stop dead in my tracks in the doorway when I get a look inside. It reminds me of a fancy day spa with a giant shower head over the open shower area, but it's not the only shower head. There are ... hang on, let me count. Six. Six showerheads are coming out of the walls surrounding the space. It's going to feel amazing.

Toby steps in, turning on the faucet to get the water up to temperature, before inviting me to join him. Steam fills the area as I step into the decadent space. I close my eyes, raising my face to the water surrounding me, soaking

up the luxury when I feel Toby's slippery hands glide up the sides of my body, from my hips up to cup my breasts. He's soaped up, ready to clean the hot tub chemicals from us.

Silently, reverently, he washes every single inch of my body, paying special attention to his favorite part—my ass. I return the favor, ensuring his gorgeous cock gets extra special attention. As we're drying off, I remember all of my clothes are downstairs and begin preparing to head down to grab them when Toby comes up behind me, slipping one of his sweaters over me. The arms are way too long while the body comes mid-thigh, but it feels so cozy and warm. An additional bonus is the fabric smells just like him, which I inhale like a druggie trying to get my next fix. He gives me a pair of his woolen socks so I put them on before we both head downstairs together, holding hands.

He sits me on the kitchen counter, exactly where I sat when he carefully removed the adhesive residue from my bra. I slide my fingers across the smooth surface with a smile on my face as I remember that night as Toby finalizes our dinner. "Can I help with anything?"

He turns around, smiling. "Nope. You sit there and keep looking gorgeous in my clothes."

It's not often I get spoiled like this, so I happily oblige. "Okay. Let me know if you change your mind. I'm happy to help."

He presses a kiss to my forehead then keeps going about his business. "Whatever you've made for dinner smells absolutely amazing. I can't wait to taste it." My tummy grumbles—loudly. Toby laughs, and I love the deep rich sound of it; the crinkles around his eyes, the lightness in his face.

The table's already set so he places two bowls filled with the most delicious smelling dish. I begin to wiggle my way off the counter when he comes over to carry me across to the table, sitting me on the chair. "I can walk, you know." I laugh.

"I know. But I want to spoil you. I want to ruin you for any other man. That way you won't want to leave me." He's saying the words as a joke, but I sense it's a sensitive topic for him.

"Trust me, I love having you spoil me and I'm not thinking of any other men while I'm here with you." I lean forward to kiss him gently on the lips. I take the first bite of my creamy pasta with shrimp, sighing in appreciation of the delicious flavors. "Oh my God, this is so freaking delicious. Did you make this from scratch?"

"Yeah, I like to cook when I have the chance. Of course, I don't bother so much when it's just me, but this is one of my favorites."

"The avocado's so creamy ... and with the shrimp and feta—it's superb. Thank you so much."

"You're welcome." He smiles at me and we eat in silence for a few moments, enjoying the delicious meal.



I hope you enjoyed that snippet from **[Second Chance Summer](#)**! Here's the recipe for the meal mentioned in the story. Enjoy!

creamy shrimp

Pasta

- your choice of pasta, spaghetti, or fettuccini
- 100 g butter
- 1 heaped tsp crushed garlic
- 1 small diced chili
- 500 g shrimp (prawns in Australia)
- 200 g smooth feta
- 2 avocados

1. In a large pan, set the water to boil, add cooking salt to taste. Once water is boiling, add the pasta of your choice. Cook until al dente, then drain.
2. In a fry pan, melt butter.
3. Add garlic, chili, and shrimp. Stir regularly until shrimp is cooked. This doesn't take very long at all.
4. Cut feta into 1.5-cm cubes.
5. Dice avocado to about the same size as the feta.
6. In a large serving bowl, add drained pasta, shrimp in it's cooking sauce, cubed feta, and avocado. The shrimp and pasta should still be warm. This softens the avocado, making the dish creamy.
7. Mix until combined. Serve.

SERVES 4



**I'd love to know what you thought of this recipe!
When you make it, let me know by replying to this email.**



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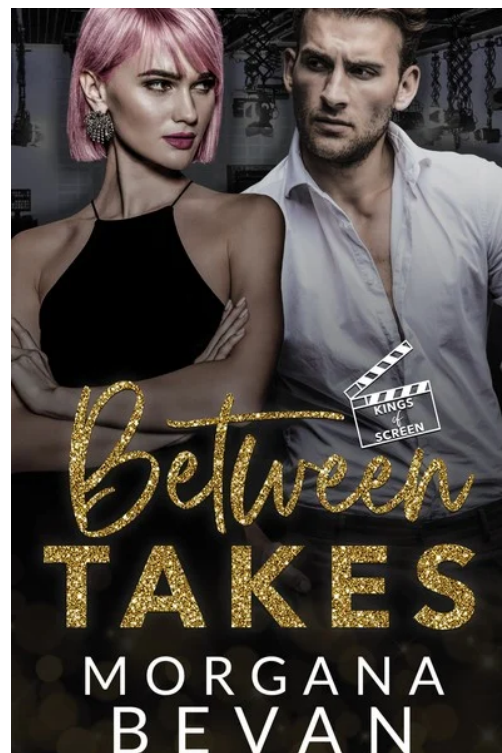


Sheriff Frank Wilson has rules when it comes to women. But when he has to help a certain sexy redhead take care of his godson while their best friends are away on their honeymoon, his carefully crafted rulebook goes out the window. He can't seem to stay away from her. She's feisty, and fighting with her has become his favorite pastime. The more time they spend together, the more explosive their chemistry becomes.

After all the heartbreak she's witnessed in her life, Mindy Clark's heart is not available. Especially not to the cocky, loud, obnoxious sheriff of Oak Springs. Frank grates on Mindy's every nerve—two weeks together may be more than she can handle. Just because she loves her godson doesn't mean she has to be nice to Frank. But the more Mindy learns about Frank, the more she is tempted to let him into her life. How can she protect her heart from the unexpectedly tender side of Frank she uncovers?

This small-town, enemies-to-lovers romance with an arrogant hero and a feisty heroine will have you falling in love. Grab your copy today!

One-click!



A new beginning. A career in flames. A chance at a happy ending?

MONA'S stuck in a directionless rut. She hates her job. Her family moved out of Edinburgh. Now time is passing her by, and she's desperate to do something with her life.

When Shaun Martin's agent calls with an urgent, uproot-everything-and-move-down-the-country job offer, Mona takes it without a second thought.

For the chance to start over, she can easily whip TV's fallen golden boy into shape. Really, how hard can it be?

SHAUN MARTIN was the award-winning star everyone loved—every studio wanted him. But one devastating breakup, and now he's the guy who smashed a million-dollar stunt car because a girl dumped him. He's spiralling out of control, and if he doesn't shape up soon, his haunted past will destroy the one thing he loves.

Then Mona knocks on his door. Shaun finds her feisty attitude irritating—and sexy. She's a force of nature that tests him and makes him re-examine his life. Will she be the salvation he needs?

Between Takes is a full-length steamy movie star, boss-assistant romance. It is the first book in the Kings of Screen series.

[Take me to the preview](#)



Gaby finally got the job of her dreams, working with athletes and traveling the world. Except that her first assignment was to go to Belarus and recruit Sanya, the hot BMX rider who would rather cut off both his arms than ride for Gaby's team.

The infuriating man insisted on riding hundred fifty miles to the other side of the country. If Gaby wanted to get a chance to pitch her team, she had to suck it up and ride with him. Sure, it sucked to have to listen to his idiotic jokes, and the ride made her sore all over, but at least she got a great view of Sanya's backside.

The further they rode, the more Gaby learned about everything else that came with Sanya' perfect body. The old wounds. The softness. The need.

No matter how much Gaby wanted to continue this adventure and be with the man she was quickly falling in love with, she had to go back to the States. Why did the world have to be so big? Why did Sanya have to be so stubborn about staying in Belarus?

FREEBIE

Much Love and Happy Reading ...

Debra xo



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