



Ride the Lightning

Lex Valentine

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Red dragon Emily Carrington found her mate in black dragon Vahid Delrey, but misunderstandings, painful secrets, and distrust keep them apart. Emily thinks Vahid doesn't want her. Vahid thinks Emily is a stuck up snob who could never truly love him. Both dragons hide crippling secrets from their pasts as their pain at being apart escalates. Emily falls for the strong, sexy black dragon and hides her need of him behind an icy facade. Vahid longs for Emily to need him but can't bring himself to mate with such a cold woman. When Emily's secret pain fetish threatens her life, Vahid must decide whether to save her or let her self-destructive ways rid him of the mate he never thought he'd love.

Warning this book contains one asshole hero, one cold as ice heroine, mating in shifted form in a haystack, a suicide attempt, spanking, anal play, BDSM and it's all needed to create a very happy ending.

Ride the Lightning Details

Date : Published November 2009 by Pink Petal Books (first published 2009)

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Author : Lex Valentine

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Genre : Adult Fiction, Erotica, Romance, M F Romance, Bdsm, Fantasy, Paranormal, Dragons, Contemporary



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From Reader Review Ride the Lightning for online ebook

—•(-•The Insomniac Book Hoarder•- says

proper feedback and rating to come. But know this.. This book is an emotional wreck, or actually, it will turn you into one.

rm2h says

Book has BDSM in it. I really do not like that in a storyline but it is part of series that I enjoy.

Mel says

This has to be my favorite book out of the entire series. Yeah, yeah the series isn't complete, but who cares really? None of the books written before or after it have made me just feel so many different emotions. I was literally on an emotional roller coaster throughout the entire book. The characters were well developed, the plot just continued to thicken as the drama unfolded; it was just all around amazing. I was always on the edge of my seat reading this. At times I wanted to slap both Vahid and Emily, then at times I wanted to just hug or even kiss them. I've read this book numerous times and I'll most likely read it again after I'm done typing this. If you haven't read it, give it a chance; don't let one small displeasure (tastes in certain things in the bedroom) hinder you from reading a wonderful romance story.

Shaleen Morris says

Dragons need love too.

3.5

Nice writing. Something new for me, dragon shifters. Not big on shifter books, this one was really good. Short story. Quick read.

Miz Love says

This small passage is from the prologue of Lex Valentine's Ride the Lightning, but—even this early in the story, with so few words—I fell for black dragon Vahid Delrey, the CEO of Antaeus International, the hero of the story. He's dark-haired, which of course attracted me immediately, and built like a tank with wide shoulders and thick muscles bunching and rippling beneath his clothes as he moved. As they say, what's not to like?

His dragon scent is one of allspice and nutmeg. For some reason, the fact that his scent was so comfortable

and warm, I sensed a heart deep in the man. After all, how could a man NOT be an angel when he smells like oatmeal cookies?

Ah, but beautiful Vahid is not quite an angel. In fact, from his very first meeting with the heroine, Emily Carrington—a red dragon and Vahid’s destined mate—he’s pretty much the High Priest of Arseholes.

Ms. Carrington and our hero clash from the moment they meet. It didn’t help that Emily overheard Vahid in a heated conversation with Sean Antaeus, the head of the company, in which he had this very uncomplimentary comment to say about her, “I’ve heard she could freeze the balls off a brass monkey,” he went on. “No emotion. No personality. No tits.” Well, ouch.

Ah, but the fact that beautiful Vahid DID begin as a donkey’s arse was what intrigued me and endeared me to him. I’d never encountered a hero who was SO unlikable. I loved him immediately. I’ve always loved rascally characters, and young Vahid was right up my alley. The fact that I KNEW, if he was the hero of the story, he surely would redeem himself before the end, and I was hell-bent on finding out HOW.

Emily Carrington’s scent is baby powder. Baby powder. Ms. Valentine did the perfect pairing with these two, and I couldn’t help but feel a warm, sensual chemistry between this dark, powerful man with the warm allspice scent and this beautiful, delicate, blonde woman with the baby powder scent. Ultra masculine/ultra feminine. Big black panther and soft little kitten. Ay-ay-ay. The perfect pairing for this reader who is a powder puff herself and who just happens to KNOW the intensity that comes when the two strengths—fragile and intense—collide.

As always, I ain’t telling the plot! My gushing is for the loving, careful pairing of these two souls—a masterpiece crafted by Ms. Valentine.

Here’s the heart of the heart. What I love, love, love about Vahid Delrey is the way this hard-core Lord of Asses finds love for the troubled, seemingly aloof Emily who, as he says, can’t find a mate because “no man’s willing to risk sticking his cock into a block of dry ice.” Well, hell’s bells.

In time, my man will discover more about Emily, will learn why she puts on a phony cold front. And, when he does, when he finds himself so deep in love with this baby-powder-scented woman, the moment is pure ecstasy. The stuff a good romance is made of. Perfect.

Something about the way this powerful cyclone of male testosterone transformed into a tender, passionate, delicate lover without losing his masculinity was sheer joy, gut-wrenching beauty. I already loved the beefy, hunky jerk, but seeing his heart ache and cherish his beloved Emily made him beautiful to me. Made me shiver with a wonderful rush of arousal. Yeah, buddy, it turned me on.

When Vahid saves the suicidal Emily from destroying herself, this scene solidified my love for the hero: He eased her naked body into the king-sized bed and gently pulled the blanket from her so he could tuck her between the sheets. His fingers brushed over the old scar tissue. The ridges beneath his fingertips made him ache. He moved his hand and brushed her silky hair back from her face.

So tender in contrast to the prickly guy I met at the beginning of the book. And, a little later: Vahid touched her face gently and she nuzzled his palm in her sleep, his name a faint murmur on her lips. His heart turned over, pain radiating outward from the center of his chest. Kicking off his shoes he crawled onto the bed with her and took her in his arms, holding her tightly against him.

Again, the powerful, angry beast who, as it turns out, has a heart much bigger and softer—for his true love, that is—than the average hero. I didn’t see that coming, and it knocked this gal off her feet. Vahid, Vahid, Vahid. My man.

I’d never read much shape-shifting, nor had I read much BDSM. The author offered a glimpse into the BDSM world, which I found interesting. And I even took much pleasure in the unique bonding of Vahid and Emily in their own master/submissive relationship.
