



THE MEN OF THE SPRAWLING A RANCH

To Have Faith

"ANNA WRITES BEAUTIFULLY  
AND HER BOOKS ARE WONDERFUL."

- ROXIE RIVERA,  
NYT BEST SELLING AUTHOR

ANNA  
ALEXANDER

House of Rosenorn  
To Have Faith  
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### **Excerpt —**

Ben's knees threatened to buckle, and for a second, he was tempted to fall back into the chair in order to catch his breath.

There she was. Little Faith O'Leary. Standing before him in her pretty blue shirt and black mini-skirt, asking him to teach her how to be submissive. This had to be a dream.

But damn him, he wanted this to be real. He wanted her to be his. He wanted her on her knees with her mouth parted, ready to take his cock down her throat.

Fuck him to hell and back. What was he thinking? Faith deserved more than to be treated with such objectification. She deserved to be romanced, to be laid on a mattress with soft music, candlelight, and have sweet nothings whispered in her ear. With him, she'd get a hardwood floor, the bite of leather around her wrists, and filthy commands growled against her breasts.

Now that wasn't to say a little down and dirty was a bad thing. Sure, he'd met his fair share of women who craved the darker passions like him, but Faith wasn't one of them. She was too pure to be depraved.

But didn't she make a tempting morsel, offering herself up to the devil with her big blue eyes, full pouty lips, and those pretty nipples straining against the fabric of her shirt, practically begging him to latch on and make her cry out in pleasure.

No. No. No. He blinked hard against the rush of desire that hardened his muscles and then some. He wouldn't take what she thought she was willing to give.

As he opened his mouth to tell her she was misinformed about whatever gossip the rumor mill had churned out, her shoulders slumped, and a tinge of pink raced up her neck as her lips trembled in what looked like embarrassment.

Silly girl. If there was one thing he was certain of, it was that a woman should never be embarrassed to ask for more, especially when it came to their sexuality. It was a struggle he heard many of his female friends in the BDSM community deliberate over and over again. For centuries women had been fighting the ideology that if they were meek in the bedroom, they were prudes, but if they demanded sexual fulfillment, they were whores. What the world needed to understand was they were human beings who deserved satisfaction just like their fellow men.

Faith had every right to take control of her sexuality. He just didn't think he was the best person to guide her on her journey.

He swiped his hand over his face and sighed. "I'm more of a top than a Dom."

A soft gasp parted her lips and the sparkle returned to her eyes. "Will you explain the difference?"

He sighed again and felt his throat grow tight. Where to begin?

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