



Ready & Willing
by Selena Blake

Part 15

Kaden didn't give Ava time to respond to his declaration. He was feeling far too primal for his liking. Afraid he'd succumb to temptation; he set her away from him and reached for the doorknob. As he strode away from the house he heard her shout of frustration. But it was the way her scent, aroused and willing, lingered on his fingertips that made him smile.

He circled around to the back of the house and scanned the area for any onlookers. Coast clear, he shucked his pants and shifted back to his wolf form. The night air had cooled in the short time he'd been inside. He trotted up the slope behind the ranch house, ears up. At the top of the first hill, he took a deep breath. Grass, cattle, water, birds. Nothing unusual on the air.

Slinking back to the spot where they'd first spotted the lights, he paused,

belly to the ground. Ears flicking back and forth he picked up a soft, far off sound. Hoof beats. And...squeaking leather. Narrowing his gaze he watched the ridge, still beneath the moonlight.

Ava's frustration vanished the instant Kaden stepped back across the threshold and pulled her into the circle of his arms. The look in his eyes was predatory and if she'd ever had any doubt of the powerful wolf lurking beneath his skin, the notion was cleared up the instant she felt his iron grip. Solid muscle coiled beneath her palms. Her fingertips, ten small points of contact, each one a sensor to his desire.

Time and place forgotten, she stretched up to meet his lips. To show him just how much she wanted him, how much she'd always wanted him. They moved against each other, mouths exploring, hands roaming, in a singular motion of need.

For an instant, Kaden severed the kiss. Bending down, he scooped her into his arms, then ever so gently laid her on the couch. The leather was cool against her heated skin, but the look in Kaden's eyes wiped away all thoughts of catching a chill. He studied her so slowly, thoroughly. His gaze swept up from her feet, over her knees, lingering so long at the apex of her eyes that she actually felt a blush climb her cheeks. Further north still...a slow, sexy smile pulled the corners of his mouth up.

Why had she been fighting this? And what the hell made her think that Kaden was a simple itch that she could scratch?

"You look good enough to eat," he murmured, staring at her lips.

Her breath caught as he settled himself next to her. Squeezed on the couch, there was no room to spare, not that she wanted any. She didn't want so much as a sheet of tissue paper separating them. He kissed her shoulder and she tipped her head away, everything inside her melting as his lips roamed over her skin. A strong hand slid beneath her shirt, splaying across her stomach.

How was it that he could make her dissolve into a bundle of desire with a simple, almost chaste touch?

“You’re thinking to much...” he whispered against her ear as his palm slid over her left breast. “Touch me.”

A fresh wave of heat raced over her skin and she turned to meet his gaze. Sliding her hand down his chest, over the flat plain of his stomach, she smiled when he sucked in an anxious breath. His eyelids shuttered. Amazed at the power she held over him she dipped her hand lower and traced the edge of his jeans with a fingertip.

“You’re messing with fire, Ava,” he warned.

“I’m already up in flames,” she told him.

He growled low in his throat and slanted his lips across hers. Entwined, he teased her nipple until it ached for his mouth. She returned his kiss, tongues mating, as she popped open the button of his jeans. He nipped her bottom lip as she slid the zipper down. Arcing into his touch, she closed her hand around his—

“Ava, wake up.” A strong hand on her shoulder shook her awake.

No. Not again.

“Come on sleeping beauty.”

She’d know that voice anywhere. Kaden gently shook her again. Her body felt like a mass of lava and frayed nerve endings. She took a deep breath and blinked up at early morning light.

He was dressed just as he’d been the night before. Shirtless. Well worn denim hugging his thighs. She licked her lips and he groaned.

Unable to stop herself, she reached for his hand and pulled him down. He didn’t protest, merely aligned his big body over hers, pressing her into the cushions. She had to kiss him. For real. Not a dream. Not a day-dream. Real, lips-against-lips, tongues mating full on kiss him.

Slipping her fingers through one of his belt loops she closed the distance between them. “I have to do this,” she whispered just before their lips met.

“Ava—wake up. It’s one of the mares.” An insistent hand at her hip jerked her from her dream.

Damn. Damn. Damn.

★ ★ ★

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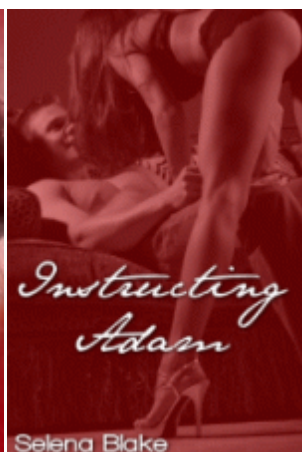
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About Selena

An action movie buff with a penchant for all things supernatural and sexy, Selena Blake combines her love for adventure, travel and romance into steamy paranormal romance. Selena's books have been called "a steamy escape" and have appeared on bestseller lists, been nominated for awards, and won contests. When she's not writing you can find her by the pool soaking up some sun, day dreaming about new characters, and watching the cabana boy (aka her muse), Derek. Fan mail keeps her going when the diet soda wears off so write to her at selenablake@gmail.com. Visit her online at <http://selenablake.com> or become a friend at <http://www.facebook.com/authorSelenaBlake>

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