



Ready & Willing

by Selena Blake

Part Five

Ava waved to her sister and watched the happy couple depart. As soon as they were out of sight she made her way back to the reception area and collapsed into a chair. With a reveré she kicked off the high heels and put her feet up on the next chair over. This wedding business was hard work. Tiring. Emotional.

She didn't have time to be tired. Or emotional. She'd just rest for five minutes and then see what needed attending to.

Just five minutes.

"You look beat," Alain said, approaching slowly. He smiled down at her and while he was easy on the eyes, he wasn't who she'd been secretly hoping to encounter.

"I *feel* beat."

"How about a foot massage?"

She looked down at her feet, slightly swollen with red stripes criss-crossing back and forth over the top thanks to hours in those stupid strappy heels. How did super models do it?

"Really?" was all she could think of to say as her disappointment waned and pleasure took over. "That would be divine."

She lifted her feet as he pulled back the chair and folded his tall frame into it. She was momentarily distracted by how perfectly his clothes fit. No man had the right to look so yummy after such a long, sweltering affair.

Day. Not affair – long day.

His hands cupped her heels, big, warm, and curiously soft. Not like Kaden's. Kaden worked with his hands and a girl could tell. But as Alain began a slow massage from heel to toe of her left foot, Ava forgot all about

that Kaden fella.

“You shouldn’t push yourself so hard,” Alain admonished quietly. He seemed genuinely concerned.

“Someone’s got to,” Ava quipped, as she had so many times. Taking on responsibility was what she wanted. When she was Alpha she’d have loads of responsibilities, so she just needed to get used to it. And buy some stylish but comfy sneakers. She mentally added the note to her to do list.

“Perhaps you should learn to delegate,” he said as she tried to calculate how many items were on her to do list.

She’s lost count lately. Delegate? Who had time to delegate? Especially when things didn’t get done right. No, it was easier to do it herself.

Except, she’d delegated cake saving duties to Kaden. And that’d worked out well.

“I do when I need to.”

Doggoneit. Couldn’t she go for five minutes without thinking his name?

Alain switched to her other foot and Ava’s eyes rolled back in her head. “Mmm...you’re very good at that.”

“My mother had circulation problems.”

His mother? Werewolves didn’t have circulation problems...

“My adoptive mother,” Alain corrected softly.

“Ahh. That explains it then. Practice makes per—“ he hit a spot mid foot that melted every nerve ending in her leg, “--fect.”

Holy bones that felt good. Really, really good. If he didn't stop she might start drooling at any moment. And that would be sooo embarrassing.

Kaden paused beside one of the porch pillars and took in the cozy scene. An irrational possessiveness swept through him, which was crazy since he had no claim on Ava. Except for the fact that he suddenly wanted to claim her in every way possible.

Sucking in a rueful breath he turned on his heel and headed for his car. He had an Alphaship to claim.

Which means you don't have time to fawn over a shewolf who doesn't want you in the least.

★ ★ ★

Also By Selena Blake



*



*



*



*



See what's coming soon from Selena Blake by [signing up to her newsletter.](#)

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>

Copyright 2011 Selena Blake