



## Ready & Willing

by Selena Blake

### Part Six

Ava strode off the elevator at precisely nine o'clock the next morning. A Styrofoam cup in each hand, she marched down the hall toward her father's office ready to demand the Alphaship. She wasn't going to let her attraction (and how crazy was that?) to Kaden distract her from her goal.

Shoulders back, chin up, she stepped through the open door and smiled at the handsome man behind the mammoth mahogany desk. She wanted to be a good leader like him. Firm and yet, fair.

"I figured I might see you here."

Ava whirled around at the sound of Kaden's voice. He strode into the room,

looking ridiculously handsome in a soft grey polo, dark jeans, and—was he wearing loafers? Dang, she was a sucker for men in loafers. She darted a glance to her father and then back at Kaden as he sauntered toward her.

She met his gaze head-on. *No backing down Ava. Do not melt at his feet. Wipe that smug look right off his face.*

“GQ called. They want their wardrobe back.” Damn, she’d almost said *they want their model back*.

He stared at her for a long moment and the room was absolutely silent. Then, a-not-so-subtle-and-very-sexy grin stretched his lips. “I’m pleased you noticed.”

She rolled her eyes, at herself as much as at him. Did he have to be so lickable?

Belatedly, she noticed that he too held two Styrofoam cups. He had the nerve to wink at her before strolling by and placing one on her father’s desk.

“Sir,” he said with a nod.

“Kaden,” her father said, returning the nod.

The stench of coffee hung heavy in the air. With a smirk, she placed the cup in her right hand on her father’s desk. “Your tea, daddy. Mom said you left in a hurry this morning.”

Sending Kaden a take-that grin, she tossed his offering in the trash.

“Coffee has too much caffeine in it. Tea is much healthier. Daddy’s doctor told him to switch last week,” she directed at Kaden, settling a hip against her father’s desk.

Kaden wasn't deterred by Ava's possessiveness. Her sharp mind and aggression made her an interesting adversary. And he understood where she was coming from. At least, he thought he did.

Without softening the grin he knew unnerved her so much he nodded. "Dually noted."

Her cheeks turned a little pink and he could swear that her breath caught the slightest bit. But she didn't avert her gaze, and she didn't back down.

Once again, he found himself wondering if she would be this take charge in bed. Would her passion fight with his or compliment it?

"When you kids are done pissing on my desk, there's work to be done."

Phillip's deep voice had Ava dropping her foot to the floor and standing at attention.

"Of course, sir," Kaden said. Obviously Ava hadn't been invited to a meeting. She was here to plead her case. The way she stared down at her old man, surprise making her eyes huge, almost made Kaden laugh. But he turned a serious glance to Phillip.

"You mentioned something about trouble at the ranch." He didn't give Ava any time to get a word in and he could tell by the set of her jaw that it annoyed her. She was used to being heard by *daddy dearest*.

"The human hands all have a bug. They're locked in the bunkhouse puking their guts out."

"Lovely," he and Ava said at the same time.

Phillip glanced between the two of them as if they were a puzzle he was trying to figure out.

Though he didn't say anything directly, Kaden could sense Phillip's

irritation with humans' weaknesses. Especially when they were being paid to get the job done. But Kaden wasn't going to be the one to remind him that it wasn't their fault that they'd gotten sick.

"Wesley needs all the help he can get out there. Round up some of the fellas and see what you can do to help out."

Kaden nodded.

"I'll go with you. I can help."

He was so concentrated on the task at hand and who he would call, he almost missed Ava's declaration.

Phillip's eyebrows inched upward almost comically. "You'll help?" he asked the question that was on Kaden's mind.

The next one was "*help how?*" but Kaden remained silent.

"I imagine Wesley's at his wits end trying to take care of the ranch and two dozen sick cowboys. They probably haven't had a decent meal in days."

Her delivery was so calm, so rational. Something inside him sparked, but he didn't want to figure out what it was. Right now he had damage control to do. He could not be stuck in a car with this woman for an hour and a half.

"You sure you want to be out in the boonies, away from the mall and civilization?" Kaden asked, hoping against hope that his point would send her scurrying in the other direction like a field mouse.

Unfortunately, a mischievous and somewhat placating look crossed her beautiful face.

"It might be nice to stretch my legs."

“I might not be back for days. Or a week or more.” Did he sound as desperate as he thought he did?

Her smile wasn't exactly triumphant, but it dazzled him nevertheless. “Then I'll pack an overnight bag,” she said simply, as if it was all settled.

Kaden wanted to argue.

“Bye Daddy.” She turned and sauntered out of her father's office. At the door, she paused and looked over her shoulder. She stared right at Kaden, not sparing her father a glance. “I'll expect you at my apartment in, say, an hour?”

Thoroughly defeated, and receiving no back up from Phillip, Kaden nodded. “Sure.”

She flashed him another grin before striding down the hall, taking all the oxygen with her. The darker side of him demanded he go after her and settle their battle of wills. A few mind numbing kisses...

“Watch her back, Kaden. The cowboys might be human, but they're not exactly civilized,” Phillip said, dismissing him.

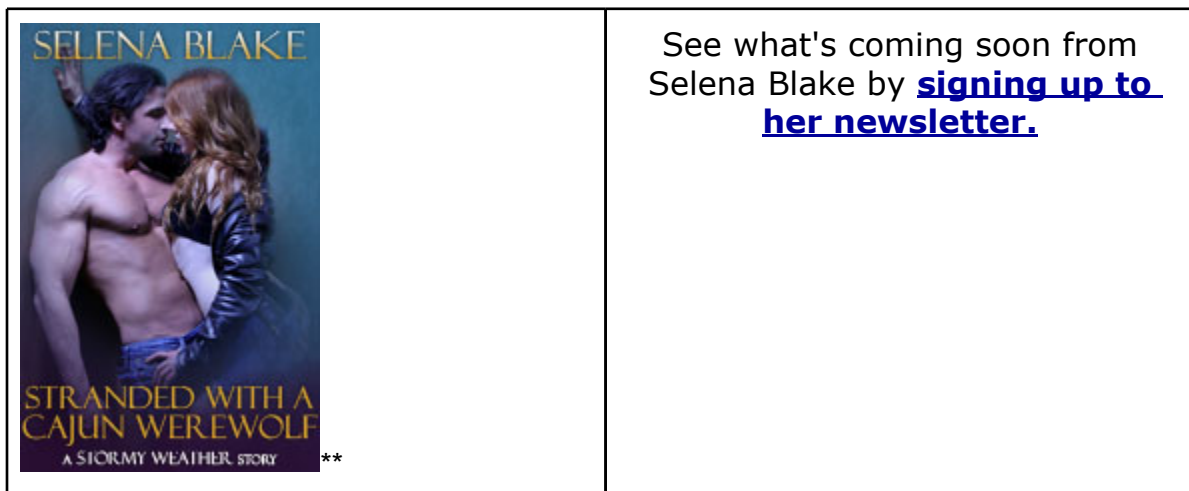
“Yes, sir.”

Kaden found Phillip's the statement humorous. Werewolves weren't exactly civilized either. No matter how much they'd progressed over the years. If Phillip thought differently, he was mistaken.

Pack members might live in nice traditional houses and wear human clothing, but that's where the civility stopped. Underneath his suit lurked a dangerous warrior, a beast that could kill a man in one second flat, a predator that would stalk his prey...and lick her from head to toe.

★ ★ ★

### Also By Selena Blake



### 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](mailto:selenablake@gmail.com). Visit her online at <http://selenablake.com> or become a friend at <http://www.facebook.com/authorSelenaBlake>

**Copyright 2011 Selena Blake**