



Ready & Willing  
by Selena Blake

Part Twenty Two

So that was the answer. If she wanted the next Alpha of WhitePaw, she just needed to declare Warrior Rights and the position would be hers. Had Kaden told her that on purpose? To see what she'd do? To see how badly she wanted the top spot?

Something in her soured at the idea that Kaden would let her win so easily. That's essentially what he'd told her. He wouldn't fight her wolf-to-wolf, so if she wanted to be Alpha all she had to do was declare Warrior Rights.

The woman in her wanted to know why he wouldn't fight her. Wanted desperately to know if his reasoning had to do with more than the fact she was female.

*Just ask him, the wolf snapped. Ask him if he meant what he said.*

“Ava,” he whispered, cupped her cheek in his hand.

Dare she hope that he cared for her? That he was serious about claiming her?

He stared down at her, those gorgeous dark eyes searching hers and years of hope, lust, and yearning bubbled to the surface.

Yes. She dared.

Slowly, she slid her right hand up the hard plane of his chest and hooked around the back of his neck. His gaze turned expectant, the desire there barely banked beneath dark, thick lashes. She felt a tingle of anticipation deep inside. Excitement zinged downward, ricocheting between her ribs to settle between her thighs.

She realized that he was waiting for her to make a move. The ball was firmly in her court. All she had to do was pick it up and serve.

His fingers flexed into the flesh over her hips, a silent prod. She needed no urging, but his impatience made the corners of her lips curve upward. He growled: low, completely primitive, animalistic. The sound wove around her like a python around its kill.

The sun picked that moment to dip below the horizon, she was sure of it. Firmly, happily ensconced in his arms, she stretched upward, her gaze focusing on his lips as twilight embraced them. So kissable. So firm and warm and made to drive a woman out of her mind.

She licked her lips.

“Stop teasing me,” he ground out, jerking her hips against the steel-hard length of his cock.

“I didn’t mean to,” she whispered.

“Prove it.” His dark gaze dropped from hers and focused on her lips, everything in him throwing down the challenge. It was the most potent look she’d ever seen. Each fleck of gold in his gaze mirroring the fire in her womb.

If she'd been in her true form, her tail would be twitching. Hell, he made her want to roll over and show her belly.

That was the hell of it. She'd never been submissive. Not as the middle child. Certainly not when it came to her baser urges. But with Kaden...his strength, his raw, undeniable masculinity made her feel feminine and far more supple. More agreeable. Like she could relax and let him take the reins.

"How?" she asked, the word sounding like a sigh. With her head tipped back, there couldn't have been more than two inches between them.

"Kiss me," he ordered, his voice deep, velvety, delicious. She wanted to, badly. Needed to feel his lips against hers, nothing separating them, share the same air...

They were already to the point of no return, weren't they? Stretching up, she closed the space a quarter of an inch.

"This is crazy," she whispered, her gaze flicking from his eyes to his lips and back again. Even knowing that he might change his mind, that she might be hurt in the end, she was... in too deep.

He leaned closer. "I'm not feeling particularly sane."

She licked her lips. *One inch*. In fact, she could probably reach out with the tip of her tongue and lick *him*. "I told you, once--"

He cut her off, "You start, you won't be able to stop." His fingers flexed into her hips again, urging her silently. "Sweetheart, I'm bettin' on it," he drawled.

He felt so good, pressed against her, hard where she was soft. And his scent...so purely male: sandalwood, hay, and coffee. When had coffee become an aphrodisiac?

Pressing her fingertips into the solid wall of his chest, she closed the distance and sealed her lips against his. He groaned immediately and his hands tightened on her hips.

They moved against each other, kissing, caressing, a slow, sensual dance. His lips parted and his tongue darted out. She opened her mouth, sucking him inside. The

hard length of his cock nestled closer, burrowing against her belly. If she'd ever had any doubt about his size and masculinity, it was cleared up now. His hardness created a resounding desire between her legs. She needed him inside her.

Their tongues parried back and forth, tasting, dancing. His teeth grazed her gently, and she felt desire shoot straight down to her womb.

*So good.* She'd known it would be. Breathless, she wrapped her other arm around his shoulders. He turned them, hands guiding her, knees bumping together. And then he pressed her against the fence. Her breasts flattened against his chest as he closed the distance.

A strong thigh slid between her legs, brushing her clit. She tore her lips from his.

"Kaden!"

"Shh..." He trailed his lips down the edge of her jaw, delighting each nerve ending along the way. So solid. So strong. Whiskers scraped against her cheek as he nipped her earlobe.

"Oh--"

"Bend your knees," he murmured.

The next thing she knew, they were laying in the tall grass, him over her, his hand between her thighs. He lifted his lips from the side of her neck as he jerked the hem of her tank-top up, revealing her breasts.

"As sexy as this is, it's in my way," he muttered.

She couldn't agree more. Finally...finally she would know his possession. Thank her lucky stars that she wore a front clasp bra. He made quick work of dispensing it.

Ava ran her fingers through his hair and Kaden felt like his whole life had been leading up to this moment. He was about to have his heart's desire. Smoothing his hands over her luscious tits, he licked his lips in anticipation. Hard pink tips, perfect creamy skin. Though he'd seen her naked, somehow, this felt like the first time.

Ducking his head, he caught one of the pebbled peaks in his mouth. Her skin was like warm velvet beneath his tongue. He moaned in ecstasy.

Ava shifted against him, beneath him. Her eagerness pleased him, but so did the quiet way she laid there and let him devour her.

Some *shewolves* fought for the upper hand, didn't care for foreplay. Ava arced her back and gave a breathless sigh. Oh yes, she was enjoying this...just as much as he was.

As he moved to her other nipple, he slid his hand into her shorts. Trim curls led the way to decadence. He slipped a finger between her pussy lips, slippery cream easing the way. Her thighs fell open and another rush of moisture coated his finger. His gut tightened. He couldn't wait to taste her, for her juices to cover his tongue. Giving her clit a quick brush with his thumb, he let her nipple pop from his mouth. She gave an unhappy cry and tightened her grip on his shoulders.

He laughed softly and trailed his lips down her stomach. "It's all right, baby." Shifting so that he was kneeling between her thighs, he slipped off her shorts. Her golden eyes glowed up at him, so full of passion and life. So this was what he'd been missing.

He laid down in the tall grass, his erection a painful reminder that he had to take things slow. Ava Garnier deserved seduction and all the pleasure he could provide. He inhaled deeply, taking in her musky scent. It went straight to his head, making him harder.

*Mate.*

Her cycle made her impossible to resist, but somehow, he had to restrain himself from taking her fully. If he could just keep his cock to the ground...

Her hands thrust through his hair as he dipped his head and took his first taste. Warm, wet, delicious...just how a pussy should be.

He slid one hand up to play with her breasts while the other spread her silky lower lips. He used the broad flat of his tongue, gave a long, slow, thorough lick to collect her cream. Pink, dewy perfection, that's what she was.

She cried out as he took her clit between his lips and slowly sucked on it. His name on her lips, floating on a passionate sigh, was a sound he could get used to. Her thighs closed around his ears and her hands pulled him, none too gently, into her. She thrust her hips, her pussy, onto his tongue.

He groaned as he lapped her cream. Her thighs loosened a fraction, trembling around him. Throaty moans joined in as he gently squeezed her right nipple. Her hips bucked.

So responsive. Slipping a finger into her slick channel, he used the tip of his tongue on her clit. Teasing, up and down, fast strokes that would build her orgasm.

“Kaden!”

Her inner muscles rippled around his finger. He lifted his head, smiling. “Shh...do you want the whole bunk house to come watch?”

Her body tightened around him and her head popped up. Her gaze met his, urgent and wild. To his surprise, the flesh around his finger dampened and pulsed as she let out a breathy gasp. She released her grip on his hair and cupped her breasts.

“Hurry,” she whispered fiercely, her head dropping back.

He laced his fingers with hers, feeling completely connected, and then stared up the length of her body as he used his tongue to torment her.

His cock ached to sink into her. To feel the silky smooth glide as he found his release deep in her sweet body.

*Fuck.*

He couldn't give in to the wolf's demands. Not today. Not yet. He had to win her first. Convince her that she belonged to him. *With* him.

And there it was. The quickening of her pulse thundered in his ears, there was a delicate but needy catch in her breath, and her silky skin began to tighten. She was his for the taking. A heartbeat away from coming.

Her fingers gripped his as she let out a shuddering sigh. The sound drove him crazy. He wanted to lose control along with her. He wanted to feel the exquisite

sensations that made his body forget to breath because it was so swamped with pleasure.

*Mate.*

Not today. Not without protection.

Moisture flooded his tongue as she squealed. He hadn't thought her capable of such a sound. He would have smiled if his tongue weren't sweeping up and down, gathering every drop.

His balls drew tight. *Grasshoppers. Groceries. Glue.*

*Get control of yourself, wolf. You're too old, too experienced to shoot off in your pants.*

Besides, he wanted to save it. For her.



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

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