



Ready & Willing
by Selena Blake

Part Twenty Three

The buzzing sound from down by her feet killed the last of the exquisite high. Holy Moly. She'd never felt so energized and yet so at peace all at the same time. When the buzzing sound broke through the silence a second time, Ava huffed out a sigh and reached down to grab her phone.

Now she had proof that Kaden's talented tongue could be used for more than talking. A smile on her lips, she sat up and crossed her legs.

"Hello?"

Kaden sat up behind her, curling an arm around her waist. He kissed her naked shoulder. Who knew the man was a cuddler? She laced her fingers with his, resting their hands on her stomach.

“Ava? Are you okay? You sound out of breath,” Brianna said, her voice colored with concern and confusion.

If only you knew, sis.

A half second later, her sister’s voice sank through Ava’s lust. “Brianna?” Where was she calling from? Ava didn’t recognize the number. “Why are you calling me again? Do I need to explain how a honeymoon is supposed to work?” Ava hated the idea that her little sister felt the need to check up on her.

Unless... “Is everything okay?”

“We’re fine.”

Ava got a sinking feeling. Everything wasn’t okay... Brianna didn’t sound like her normal bubbly self.

“What is it?”

“Ava, it’s Bryan. Is Kaden with you?” The sinking feeling turned to a ball of dread. Taking a steadying breath, she hit the speaker phone button.

“I’m here,” Kaden said.

For as long as she lived, Ava would never get used to the way Kaden’s voice made her go all soft and gooey inside. She was barely down from the high of her recent orgasm and already his voice, his touch had her yearning for another.

Greedy much?

“I take it you haven’t heard the news.” Bryan’s words were like ice water.

Ava glanced over her shoulder at Kaden. He brushed his lips across hers briefly. Despite the joy she felt being so close to him, her stomach twisted.

“What news?” Kaden asked, completely calm.

“Ava’s father has announced a new Alpha candidate.”

The phone slipped from her fingers into her lap. Frantically, she reached for it.

Kaden cupped her hand in his and together, they stared at the screen.

“Who?” Ava asked.

“Alain somebody.”

“Son-of-a-bitch!” Kaden roared.

“You know him?” her sister asked, sounding surprised by his outburst.

Ava ignored her sister’s question and instead asked one of her own. “Are you sure?”

“That’s what I heard,” Bryan said. “What’s going on, K? I thought you and Ava were battling it out.”

Ava shot Kaden a questioning glance. He’d been talking about her? About their competition for Alpha?

“Bryan, we’ve got to go,” Kaden said. “I’ll call you later. Give Brianna our love.” He hit the disconnect button and stood up quickly.

He tossed her clothes into her lap and plucked the cell phone from her hand. Feeling like the world had just fallen out of orbit, she wrestled with her bra. Kaden held out his hand to her, his dark gaze frighteningly stormy.

“I can’t believe it,” she muttered, sliding her palm against his. Effortlessly, he pulled her to her feet. She stepped into her shorts, straightened her shirt and they took off for the house.

“I should have decked that guy when I had the chance.”

“I can’t believe I danced with him at my sister’s wedding.”

Kaden was several steps ahead of her and he whirled around. "I couldn't agree with you more."

"Don't you dare put this on me, Kaden Black." She stepped toe to toe with him.

The hand he'd used to point at her slid ever so slowly around her waist. "I just meant that...you should have been dancing with me." He pulled her forward a single step. "You should have been dancing with me." His voice was lethally quiet and it turned her insides to mush again.

He was right. But she couldn't resist reminding him, "if I recall correctly you were dancing with Carrotop."

"Jealous?"

They'd come too far for her to fudge the truth now.

"Of course I was."

His eyes widened briefly. Was he surprised she'd admitted the truth? She'd been ready to rip every red hair from the woman's head. The wolf inside her gave a delighted growl at the very idea.

He glanced at her lips. "Dancing with her was a mistake. It won't happen again."

Oh hell. A wolf who admitted his mistakes? Maybe the world was coming to an end. If that was the case, then she shouldn't hold back on the urge to kiss him.

But before she could lift her lips to his, he stepped back, pulled out his cell phone and dialed a number. "Wesley," he said a few seconds later.

Heading back to the ranch house, he laced his fingers with hers. There was a momentary pause. "That's good news." His frown softened. "Thanks Wes. Ava and I need to head back to the coast for Pack business. Will you be all right?"

Another pause.

“Okay. Take care.”

“What’d he say?” Ava asked the instant he disconnected the call.

“They caught the poachers.”

“That’s great.”

“He said I can go back to the coast, but the men will revolt if you don’t stay on as the cook.”

Despite her anxiety over Alain and the latest twist in the fight for the Alpha position, she smiled. It was nice to be appreciated. And she was glad that Wesley and his men had the poachers in hand.

Hopefully they’d deal with them in such a way that no one else would consider stealing Garnier property.

“Is Alain with him?” she asked.

Kaden shook his head. “He left this morning. I thought you knew...”

After the night they’d had, she hadn’t kept up with anyone else. Certainly not Alain. She had a feeling if she’d shown the slightest hint of interest in Alain after the way Kaden had reacted last night, there would have been serious bloodshed.

But knowing now that her father considered him for the Alpha spot drove home the fact that he’d only been using her. Getting close to her because she was the daughter of the Alpha.

“Which probably means he’s back on the coast.” Ava shoved both hands through her hair. That slimy, no good, gorgeous freaking werewolf.

A glance at Kaden told her that his temper was getting the better of him too. After everything she’d done, after all her hard work for the pack, she was not about to let some punk she’d only known for a week sweep in and woo

her father.

“We’ve got to get back there.” Her finger sliced through the air, pointed in the general direction of the coast. “That’s our position!”

Thoroughly fired up, she started for the ranch house again and she’d only taken a handful of steps before he caught the back of her shorts, stopping her. The maneuver pulled the material taut against her clit and she moaned as she fell back against him.

“Our position?” he murmured into her hair.

The way he said the two words sounded so intimate, like they were a couple. The Alpha couple.

The Alpha Couple.

What would it be like to wake up next to this man for the next...forever?

To be mated to him?

To trust and support him?

To lead with him?

To have children with him?

That was a question she’d pondered a lot during her youthful crush. But somehow, in all that time, she’d never thought of them leading the pack *together*.

He squeezed her gently, obviously awaiting her answer.

“You know what I mean,” she said quickly. “Yours. Mine. One of ours. It certainly shouldn’t go to some outsider we’ve only known for a week.”

No matter how handsome and well bred the other wolf was, she and Kaden had worked hard for this pack. By birth, the position should have been hers. And through hard work and utter loyalty, the Alphaship should have been Kaden’s.

Unable to help herself she shimmied her backside against his erection, eliciting the groan she loved so much.

“Ava, stop it,” he ground out.

“Sorry.”

“I’ll make you sorry, sweetheart.” He gave the back of her shorts another tug. The pressure brought another way of pleasure.

“Kaden...”

He let her go.

“We don’t have time for this, no matter how much we might wish otherwise. Let’s go pack up and keep our hands to ourselves.”

Easier said than done.

They packed liked they had tigers on their heels. Bags in hand, Ava met Kaden in the entry way. Without even trying, he drew her like a sliver of metal to a magnet. Even though time was of the essence, her more primitive side wanted to finish what they’d started. Her cycle made her more sensitive than usual to scents and sounds. He was obviously keeping a tight rein on himself. But she could still hear the quick thump-thump-thump of his pulse. The quickening in his breath when she stepped toe to toe with him.

She needed another kiss, to tide her. As far as she knew, he hadn’t even come. Did they have time to--

“No touching...”

His words were like ice water, but the heat in his gaze, the barely banked desire warmed her again.

She gave a single nod and reached for the door handle. Business first, pleasure second.

He shouldered her luggage and headed for the truck. She couldn't help but admire his ass as he made his way across the porch and down the steps.

Pleasure first, the wolf growled.

Straightening her spine, she pulled the door closed and started after him.

"They should have plenty to eat." She'd left the refrigerator full of casseroles, chili and stew.

Kaden gave her a funny look as she hopped up in the truck.

"What?" Why was he frowning like that, as if she were a puzzle he couldn't figure out.

He opened his mouth but snapped his lips shut again. Shaking his head he said, "it's nothing."

He shut the door and trotted around the front of the truck. The sooner they got back, the sooner they could get to the bottom of everything.

They had to get to the bottom of it. She wasn't just going to step aside and let an outsider take over her pack.

She'd been born and raised in White Paw and she had the white socks to prove it. There had to be some mistake. Some misinformation on Bryan's part. A miscommunication. But Ava knew one thing for sure, she would fight for what was hers.

The beast inside her surged forward, ready to do battle. There was no soothing the *Shewolf*. She wanted blood. And *if* for some stuck-in-a-Twilight-episode reason this wasn't all some bad dream, she'd spill blood if necessary.

Ava buckled her seatbelt and took a long, deep breath, exhaling slowly through the mouth. *That didn't help much.*

"What the hell is my father thinking?" Her jaws ground together as Kaden whipped the truck onto the long dirt drive out to the main road. "I still don't agree with the whole 'you can't be alpha because you're female' bit.

I understand it, but I don't like it. But he has you. You were born to be the Alpha of White Paw. Why would he pick someone else? Why would he even consider it?"

Though darkness was coming quick and the cab was cast in shadows, she saw Kaden's head whip around. "I'm no longer considered an outsider and now I was born to be Alpha," he echoed her words. "Do you have a fever?"

He reached over and held the back of his hand to her forehead.

The innocent touch thrilled her...made her want more, less innocent touching. The kind that involved kissing and no clothes, her on all fours and him driving them to the brink of pleasure and beyond.

"What about the no touching rule?"

"Screw the no touching rule," he said, his voice low and lethal.

The possessiveness made her wet.

She unhooked her seatbelt and slid across the bench seat. "You're right," she whispered as her thigh touched his. "Screw it."

He threw his head back and howled. It felt good, damn good, to be snuggled up against him. Almost as if she was made for this spot. With his arm around her shoulders, she soaked up his heat and fought the urge to crawl up in his lap, straddle his thighs.

"You make it hard to concentrate on the road."

Feeling a little daring, she slid her hand along his crotch. "Something's hard."

"Ava..." he growled in warning.

"Yes?" She batted her eyelashes up at him for good measure.

Pleasure first.

"Move your hand."

The corners of her lips curved upwards. She'd never felt so powerful. So *frisky*. Maybe it was the cycle. Maybe not.

She pushed her hand lower. "Like this?" she asked innocently.

From the corner of her eye she saw his hand tighten on the steering wheel. "Remove your hand." He stressed the first word.

Night was almost upon them. The few cars passing in the opposite direction had on their headlights so she could see just how hard he was grinding his jaws together.

"You know I had a crush on you when I was younger," she confessed, not moving her hand an inch.

"You've got to work on your timing, sweetheart."

The endearment rippled through her. She stretched up so she could brush her lips against the strong line of his jaw.

"I used to think you were the hottest wolf in the Pack." Oh to be sixteen again, just becoming a woman. Some days she missed being that young. That carefree.

"And now?"

"Now I *know* you're the hottest wolf in the Pack." She laughed.

"Seriously, Ava. Move your hand. You're making Mr. Happy ten shades of blue."

Did she dare? A thrill shot through her. She'd never done anything so naughty. Speeding down the road, snuggling beneath Kaden Black's arm was not the only memory she wanted when she was older, looking back on her youth. Just like the blissful memories of that first summer she'd really noticed the gorgeous man at her side, she wanted heat, passion and sex that she could reminisce on.

“I can fix that,” she murmured, giving him a slow caress through his jeans. “And you did say to screw the no touching rule.”

“Ava...”

“I think you deserve some payback. Perhaps you should put both hands on the wheel.”

Emboldened, she grabbed the tab of his zipper and pulled down slowly enough to torture a saint.

The growl that rumbled from his chest made her smile. It was her turn to drive him wild. She twisted on the seat, driving her fingers into the opening. Hot. Long. Thick. She pulled his cock out, inspecting it in the dim, passing light.

Despite his protests, he slid forward on the seat giving her better access.

Mate, her wolf whispered.

Trailing a fingertip up the underside of his penis, she was rewarded with a deep, masculine groan.

“You’re messing with fire, sweetheart.”

“I’m already on fire.”

Wrapping her hand around the steely length, she gave him several slow strokes. She’d known he was big, but she hadn’t expected the skin on his shaft to be so velvety smooth. Crisp hair tickled the back of her hand as she caressed him. Up and down. Fast then slow.

Careful not to bump the steering wheel, she scooted back and then, bracing a hand on his thigh, leaned forward.

Kaden sucked in a breath. She wasn’t going to-- Holy fuck. He licked his lips and tightened his hands on the wheel. Sweat beaded on his brow. She smelled too good. Felt too good. And heavens help him, her breath was fanning across the head of his dick.

Fuck.

Her hand around the base of his cock, held him at attention. His gut tightened as she leaned closer. The first touch of her tongue was tentative. But it was enough to shatter his concentration. How the hell did she expect him to focus on the road when--when her lips moved over his dick like it was a lolly pop?

Not to mention the fact that he was already at the edge of his control thanks to days of intense attraction, her cycle calling to his inner wolf, and the foreplay in the field. Now that he'd tasted her...

“Ava...stop.” He never should have called off the no touching rule.

She lifted her head just a fraction.

“Not a chance, wolf.”

Where was this brashness coming from? And why did he like it so much? Her tongue swirled around the crown of his cock before engulfing him in the sweet wet heat. He slowed down and turned on the cruise control. Hands locked on the wheel he forced his eyes to the road, no easy task when her ministrations made him want to close his eyes with ecstasy.

When her hand slid lower and cupped his balls he looked for the nearest exit.

“This is torture.”

Her head popped up like a gopher. A car passed in the opposite direction, lighting up her alarmed expression. He thanked his lucky stars that his truck was tall and the cover of night was deep. There was little chance anyone could see just how worked up she had him.

“I’m doing it wrong?”

“No,” he said. “You’re doing it right.” Completely right.

“Then why is it torture?”

Fuck.

Her words hung in the air as he pulled over onto a dirt road. The tires stuttered on the gravel and he threw the truck into park.

“Because,” he turned toward her, “when I’m driving I can’t touch you.” He reached for her, cupping her cheeks in his hands, pulling her up to meet his lips.

“Because your mouth feels so fucking good on my cock but I’m willing to bet not as good as your pussy will.” He let his gaze dip down to her lips, remembering the sounds she’d made as he’d made her come.

“And finally, because I can’t pull you over here and satisfy us both. Not completely. Not the way that we’re meant to.”

She didn’t argue with that. They both knew that if he came inside of her she’d get pregnant. What he didn’t know was how she felt about that. There’d been a moment after she’d found out her sister was pregnant that everything about her, everything in him, had changed. In that instant he’d imagined Ava, round and glowing, plump with *his* baby.

The knowledge didn’t dampen his libido. Not one little bit. Less than a week ago, she’d told him to go to hell...he’d been there ever since. And it was only getting hotter.

Mate.

“There’s more than one way to make a man come, Kaden.” She leaned forward again. This time she brushed her lips across his before reaching for his cock.

He threaded his fingers through her hair, guiding her mouth over him. Damn, if this wasn’t the most uncomfortable and yet delicious position he’d ever been in. Unable to do more with his hands, unable to really thrust his hips like he wanted to. He was her prisoner.

His head fell back as she applied suction. *Oh, hell yes. So damn good.*

His left hand squeezed the handle on the door. The plastic caved beneath his grip. His balls tightened and he had just enough space to jerk his hips

up a fraction of an inch. That fraction sank him deeper into the hot, wet recess of her mouth. Her lips tightened around him, as did her fingers.

This was not how he'd wanted to come.

So...horny-teenager-in-the-back-of-a-car-unable-to-control-himself.

But he was too far gone. So close. Ecstasy rising.

Her luscious mouth sank down until the tip of his cock touched the soft palate at the back of her throat.

He tightened his hold on her hair, holding her steady as his come rushed up from his balls.

With a guttural cry, he released his load. Her tongue worked against his cock in smooth, even strokes. Her lips made a tight seal around the head as she milked every drop.

Heart pounding out a rapid thump-thump-thump in his chest, he tipped his head to the right. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. With her hair disheveled like that he thought her the most beautiful sight he'd ever seen. Mused, seductive, sassy.

Unable to resist, he leaned across the seat, wrapped a hand around the back of her neck and pulled her in for a kiss. The problem of course was that he didn't want to stop with a kiss. And her hands...when they touched him, trailed across his chest, cupped his balls, made it even harder to resist pulling her into his lap for round two.

"We can't," he murmured. He knew he had to be strong.

She bit his bottom lip softly. And when she looked at him, so sure, so confident, so on fire, he knew he was in trouble.

Kaden leaned back and reached for the air conditioner. Ava reached for his cock.

Need.

"Ava--" He stopped her hand.

Her inner wolf was having none of that. Pleasure. *First*. She scrambled to her knees and unbuttoned her shorts.

Mate.

Mindless with desire, she jerked down the zipper and started to push the thin denim material over her hips. Cursing, Kaden bolted from the truck.



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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://selena-blake.com> or become a friend at <http://www.facebook.com/authorSelenaBlake>

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