



Ready & Willing
by Selena Blake

Part Twenty Four

Ava was ready to storm the castle but when they arrived at her parents' home, cars lined the road. Kaden stopped the big truck in the circular drive. A valet dressed in a dark suit waited next to the fountain.

"What's all this?" Kaden asked, his neck craning as he looked at the long line of cars.

"I have no idea." Her stomach was sinking like a stone. "You don't think--you don't think he'd announce something without us being here, do you? It's not even full moon yet."

“We’re going to find out. Sit tight.” He leaned out the window and said something to the valet. Then he was circling the truck again, reaching for her.

The chaos of the moment managed to stifle her intense attraction. Her desire to mate. The slow simmer of hurt and annoyance she’d felt the whole ride home was quickly becoming a boiling anger.

Even if she wasn’t appointed Alpha, like hell she was going to let anyone other than Kaden take the spot.

He unbound her wrists and quickly unbuckled the belt. “Zip your shorts,” he murmured, looking around on full alert.

After the few days away, after the conversation they’d just had, she had a new found admiration for him. Nothing to do with his looks, but who he was as a person.

Once she was composed, she took a deep, steadying breath. Kaden reached for her and wrapped his hands around her waist, easily lifting her to the ground. She braced her hands against the solid wall of his chest to steady herself. The urge to kiss him overwhelmed her.

But now wasn’t the time for that. She shook her head quickly and realized too late that the fast back and forth motion did nothing to clear her head. Keeping her gaze locked on the center of his chest, she murmured her thanks.

She needed to stop touching him if they were going to make it through this evening.

“You all right?” he asked, not letting her out of his grasp. He sounded so sincere, so caring, so...unlike the wolf she was used to.

Unable to stop herself, she tipped her chin up and locked her gaze with his, licking her lips. Was she all right? Confusion was the word of the hour. Her world had turned upside down in a matter of days. And somehow, she wasn’t sure how, she was at peace with that. But still, the urge to fight for what she knew was right held her firmly in its grasp.

The next few minutes would determine the rest of her life. A week ago she'd been so set on her future, so ready, so determined. In this moment, the only thing she was sure about was her desire for this man.

A couple in cocktail attire eyed them curiously as they strode by. Ava didn't recognize either of them.

Mouth set in a grim line, Kaden slid a hand to the small of her back. They were massively underdressed. "Just a second," he murmured, then reached into the bed of his truck and pulled out his bag. "Let's go."

When it came to fashion the woman and the wolf were always at war. The wolf preferred things au natural. The woman understood the importance of being well dressed. Though the Garnier's mostly did business with their own kind, they interacted with plenty of humans. And in California, appearances counted for a lot. She had the foreign urge to tug her shorts down as they made their way up the stone path. More chicly dressed people spilled out of the foyer.

"We should get cleaned up first," Kaden said, low enough that no one else could hear.

She glanced toward the service entrance. "My thoughts exactly."

It wouldn't do for either of them to come in looking like they'd just rolled in the hay...even if that's exactly what they'd been up to a few short hours ago.

She made a beeline for the secondary door and found it unlocked. "Come on. You can shower in my old room," she said. She crossed her fingers, hoping she'd left something suitable to wear in her closet.

They made their way up the back stairs without running into anyone. From her room, she could hear laughter and music on the terrace below. Her parents had left everything in her room just as it had been when she'd moved into her own place. Striding to the window she looked out, glad the lights were off and she was hidden in the shadows.

It was a familiar sight. A party in full swing. But normally she helped organize such events. The fact that she hadn't even known about this one created a pang of hurt in her heart. Her inner wolf snarled at the weakness.

She simply needed to march down there and set things straight. But as she spun for the door, Kaden stopped her with a single, well placed hand to the abdomen and gentle pressure.

“First things first. Go take a shower,” he said, his tone authoritative. But then his gaze gentled, the slight creases around his eyes lifted as he smiled. “You smell like sex and hay.”

“So do you.”

He nodded toward the bathroom doorway. “I’ll be right behind you.”

“Really?” She certainly hoped so.

“Just go take your shower.” He pulled his hand back and stepped over to close the curtains. She was entirely too tempting.

Even when simmering with anger, her passion excited him. If he had any sense at all, he’d walk out that door and go get ready in the guest room. But his common sense had taken a vacation. And he couldn’t tear his gaze away from her as she walked into the bathroom, her hips swaying gently.

She turned on the light and then looked back at him over her shoulder. A come-hither glance if he’d ever seen one. She turned on the shower and ever so slowly pulled her tank-top over her head. It dropped into a ruby red puddle on the floor.

He growled low in his throat but somehow managed to keep his feet rooted to the floor. This was going to be a long damned night.

The short shorts went next. Then her bra.

Completely naked, she reached into one of the vanity drawers. After retrieving something, she turned back to him. With one hand on her hip, the opposite knee bent, she could have been paused on a runway. But rather than prancing down the catwalk in high fashion or lingerie, she was completely, deliciously naked. He let his gaze trace over the curve of her hips, the nip of her waist, the globes of her breasts. And there, right between them she held a small, square packet.

He barely had time to recognize what it was before she flung it at him. It whirled through the air like a tiny silver Frisbee and plopped down at his feet. He stared between the packet and the gorgeous (naked) woman in the bathroom.

Kaden was many things. Cocky. Self aware. Stubborn. But he didn't consider himself a fool. The answer to his prayers lay at his feet. All he had to do was bend over, pick up the condom, rip open the foil and sheath himself. Five seconds later, that's exactly what he did.

Ava was in the shower by the time he got there.

Years of unrequited passion drove him against her. She leapt into his arms in a single, graceful movement. Luke warm water washed over them courtesy of the opposing shower heads. Her arms and legs wrapped around him and held tight as he pushed her against the tile wall.

A part of him, the civil side, recognized that this wasn't how he'd intended their first time to be. But the more primitive side said to hell with that. He slid a hand between her thighs and found her wet and ready.

"Hurry," she moaned against his neck.

Holding her hips, he let her slide down the tiled wall a few inches and then slid his cock between her silky folds.

"Mmm..."

His thoughts exactly.

With her breasts flattened against his chest and her hips shimmying against his, he forgot the foreplay and thrust the first glorious inch into her tight, wet heat.

"Yes..." Her head dropped back against the tile. He slanted his lips across hers, kissing her like he'd been wanting to for so long.

When he let her up for air, she gazed up at him with lust filled eyes and full, well-kissed lips. He couldn't resist kissing her again before he burrowed into her further.

"More," she whispered.

Her breathless order pleased him. “I knew you wouldn’t be a quiet lover,” he murmured, almost more to himself, as he trailed his lips down her throat.

“Mate with me Kaden. Don’t hold back.”

When he straightened and gazed down at the beauty in his arms, her lips parted a quarter of an inch. Heat gripped the back of his neck and spread over his shoulders, down his back, like the hot water dribbling from the rain shower overhead. But this heat was different. Hotter. More intense.

Why had he denied himself of this? Of her?

No more. Never again.

He took her mouth again, caught her gasp, then swept his tongue inside to tease hers.

He laced his fingers with hers, holding them overhead, against the wall. She locked her ankles behind his back. Mouths mating, he drove himself home, sinking as far as he could into her tight channel. The tender muscles of her pussy shimmered and twisted around him, giving his cock one hell of a massage. He felt every inch of her, inhaled her delicious scent and promptly lost his control.

Three hard, deep strokes later he spilled himself inside the condom, inside her. Groaning, he pressed his cheek against hers.

Fuck. When had his control been reduced to a single thread? A thread so thin that he couldn’t hang on.

“Sorry,” he murmured.

She slid a hand around the side of his neck and cupped his jaw. Gently, she turned his face to meet her gaze. He was so handsome. Breathstealing really.

Tan. Dark, intelligent, passion filled eyes. Kissable lips.

Right now he looked forlorn, frustrated with himself. She used her other arm to pull herself up so that she could kiss the corner of his mouth.

“Don’t apologize,” she whispered. “Take what you need.” She’d already had a blissful orgasm of her own.

“I need another condom,” he said, his lips moving against her cheek.

“You saw where I keep them.”



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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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