

The Mating: Wild Cats Part 1

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SmashWords Edition

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## Chapter One

"HELLO. What can I get you today?"

Iliana's heart was pounding as she walked towards the man in one of her tables. He should have become familiar by now, but he still confused her like no one she knew.

As if she knew anyone even remotely like him.

His almond-shaped, green, piercing eyes were on her face. He was dressed in black. With his dark hair a little longer than usual, his dark complexion and sensual full lips, he looked like a pirate.

A pirate dressed as an aristocrat.

His name was Nickolas Benson. Or that's what her co-worker Anthony told her after he researched about him. And he was supposed to be sinfully wealthy.

But that was beside the point. Whenever he's here in the coffee shop, his sheer presence overwhelmed the place.

When he was here, he was only this powerful-looking, handsome man who confused her with his focused attention.

As she approached him, his posture changed. He pulled his long legs in and sat straight on his chair.

*Not a pirate, she corrected herself. A panther, ready to attack his prey.*

She almost shivered at the reminder of the most exotic, dangerous cat that ever passed through her life. How could she have likened him to a *panther*, of all animals?

"Coffee. Black," he answered in a deep, husky baritone.

"Thank you very much," she replied, smiling automatically.

His eyes burned into her back as she walked back to the bar to get the order. She wanted to run but the manager's eyes were surveying the room at the moment.

Anthony was smiling. "Let me guess. Coffee. Black. Right? Did we at least get a hello or something more today? Or just the usual silence?"

She didn't answer. She couldn't.

She could still feel the stranger's eyes on her and she felt as if she were on fire.

*Delicious fire.*

If only he wasn't so handsome.

*Too handsome.*

He had the kind of magnetism no woman could resist. And it was hard for her, too, even when she constantly denied it.

And of course, Anthony and the others could see. Except for Iliana, her co-workers enjoyed the hour Nickolas spent in the shop everyday, drinking his coffee, watching her as she steadily gets nervous, and leaving a huge tip for her afterwards, which she shared with everyone and the manager as per regulation of the shop.

This torture has been going since that first time he came in to have coffee with clients almost a month ago.

She remembered his eyes locking on her that first day-and the sizzle of heat she felt as she froze, staring back involuntarily at his perfectly handsome face.

And since then, every afternoon he would come in. He would order coffee and would stay for one hour.

Every-freakin'-day.

She wondered at his discipline. She hadn't even seen him look at his watch. But in one hour, he would leave.

He was the weirdest, handsomest man she had ever encountered.

Anthony's teasing whisper intruded in her thoughts. "Oh... if I were in your place, love, I would have gotten a date by now. A god like him, coming to the shop every day just for me, sitting for hours with a coffee he never drinks... staring at me constantly... and then leaving the hugest tip we've ever received from anybody-hell, not just a date. He would already know how big my bed is!"

"Right. And next morning you would be found in some gutter with your throat cut like a chicken," she said under her breath. "Or maybe?" Her voice held the curiosity and confusion that she felt. "As far as we know, this guy could be the next Ted Bundy. He is rich, and he is good-looking." A *huge* understatement. "What could he possibly want with a waitress from a coffee shop at the edge of the city? It's not like I'm some model!"

She told that as much to herself because it was the truth.

"Honey... how many times have I told you? You are a piece of candy with that red hair. If you'd just take care of yourself a little better." Anthony was now looking down at her so critically. "I mean... that dreadful ponytail. And no makeup!"

She straightened her wide black blouse and tight trousers. "I'm fine the way I am, thank you very much."

She did not say what was really on her mind-even if she tried making herself beautiful, she would only look merely presentable compared to the hundreds of women who undoubtedly vied for his attention.

She was not one to fool herself. She might not know the man, but no one could dispute this other truth. She was highly inappropriate for someone like him. And she knew without a doubt what plans he would have for her if given the chance.

Of course she knew. She had been through that road before and she was able to escape.

She has no intention of going back.

She took the coffee and brought it to the man's table, and then got busy with other customers.

Or at least she tried.

His eyes bore into her back at every turn. And as resolved as she was to ignore him, she still got so nervous that she would take orders from customers twice, only to realize that

she couldn't even understand what she had written in her notebook. The second time, she had to go back to a table to retake the order.

Committing stupid mistakes weren't like her. It was beginning to irritate her. The black high heels she was wearing, obligatory rule of the management, were killing her legs and adding to her irritation.

Her boss had picked this day to come to the coffee shop and check things out. He was already giving her a look because he had noticed her mistakes. She did not know if he even knew about Nickolas Benson, because he would only come here in the mornings.

But she noticed how critical he was now of everyone, especially of her, once he's spotted the lone man in one of her tables. He has been guarding her every move. She couldn't afford to make a mistake. She would be punished.

Or, if the look the manager was throwing at her right now was any indication, she could get fired.

She was sure he has already noticed how Nickolas Benson watched her.

And Iliana couldn't afford to lose this job.

**She** lost her cool an hour later. A tray with four coffee pots slipped through her fingers onto the floor. She was cleaning up the mess when the boss approached her and said the cost for the loss would be deducted from her salary.

Now she'd have to cut back on food in order to pay the rent again.

As she was throwing part of her month's payment into the garbage, angry tears flooded her eyes.

It was *his* fault. That green-eyed panther-pirate.

This really has to stop now.

She rushed straight to his table as soon as the manager entered his office.

"Could you *please* stop staring at me?" she hissed at him. "What are you? Some kind of a pervert? Stop this now! Stop staring at me. In fact, stop coming here! Go somewhere else to order coffee you don't drink anyway! You are *not* welcome here!"

She did not realize her voice had gone up until she noticed how quiet the coffee shop was. Horror-struck, she turned.

Everyone was staring at her.

The man from the table stood up and she abruptly turned to him again.

*God, he's taller than I originally thought. Oh, why did I get angry again?*

"I am terribly sorry, Miss Iliana," he said, not looking at her name tag.

He already knew her name. His voice was soft, with no hint of anger. Then he smiled.

She lost her breath because the smile literally brought light to his face.

"I never meant to make you nervous. On the contrary- "

"W-who told you I was nervous?" she replied defensively.

Instead, he reached over and softly held her hand with his.

His touch, how her hand looked enclosed in his big ones, gave her a sudden feeling of security that confused her so much it did not even occur to her to pull away.

He gave her such a sweet and innocent look that she felt a smile tug on her lips.

She managed to suppress it before it got obvious.

This was a *very* dangerous man. And not just from a physical standpoint.

He was a danger to every woman who could see and feel how virile he was.

He was a danger to *her*.

And oh, she thought with a moan, she had a feeling his virility was just the tip of what she was sensing from him.

## Chapter Two

**SUDDENLY**, the nervous voice of the manager broke her chaotic train of thought. "Oh... Mr. Nickolas Benson. What an honor for us to have you in our coffee shop!"

Iliana jumped, realizing the change in atmosphere she instigated, and slipped her hand out of his to usher herself away.

"A thousand apologies. My employee shouldn't have spoken to you this way. She will suffer the consequences of her actions..." and sneaking a glare in her direction, he added: "...*immediately*."

Iliana's heart sputtered to an abrupt stop. In the course of a few mere words, her boss had just snatched the future she was so desperately hanging on to.

And with a forced and almost mechanical twinkle in his eye, he hastily continued, "I assure you, this type of behavior is not acceptable in our shop, especially towards a fine member of our business society as yourself."

Her boss was now beside her, talking to the man, drawing his attention away from her.

She noticed the man's smile turning into a wide, fake one.

She was certain ten minutes from now she would get fired, but she wanted to see this. As she always believed, if you're going to go out, go out with a bang.

Seeing her boss kissing this man's butt was a show she wouldn't miss for the world.

"Please, Miss Iliana has done nothing reprehensible. The truth is that my approach was clumsy, to say the least. She is totally justified to think I am some kind of pervert- especially since she obviously had no idea who I am. I would never, in any circumstance, wish this insignificant incident be the reason for her getting in trouble. That would be extremely unfair, don't you think, sir?"

Her boss looked confused. And he wasn't the only one. She could hear the unmistakable gasps of a few of the coffee shop regulars who were watching since the commotion first started.

"Well... yes, of course... since you put it that way... if you really think so. Obviously, it would-"

"Excellent. And now that everything's settled, could I please have Miss Iliana at my disposal for a few minutes? In private?"

Iliana's face flushed at the idea. "Me? In private?"

The manager didn't even look at her. "Why... certainly! For as long as you wish. I will serve the tables if necessary."

She only had time to cast a surprised look at her boss and receive a warning from him before Nickolas grabbed her hand and pulled her out of the coffee shop.

The narrow road outside the shop was empty. He dragged her a little further away from the windows so they wouldn't be observed by curious eyes.

He saw how his actions made her feel awkward. When he started talking, his voice was deeper, hoarse, frank.

"I'm sorry I caused you trouble. That was not my intention. My name is Nickolas Benson, and I am a businessman. I am certainly not a freak, nor am I a psycho. I promise you. But ever since I saw you at the coffee shop, I can't get you out of my mind. That's why I've been coming here every day. I should have asked you for what I wanted but I was worried of scaring you away. You evidently don't scare easily, though. So..." He sighed deeply. "Look how this turned out."

He hadn't let go of her hand and was now caressing her palm gently. Chills coursed all over her body but she couldn't pull it away.

There was a moment when she felt like she would die if she pulled her hand from his.

Because it felt so good, so right, for it to be there.

"I'll pick you up tonight? Please, Iliana. Give me a chance. Dinner, dancing, drinks...anything you want. I would be delighted to get to know you better and for you to get to know me better yourself."

She stepped backwards, finally pulling her hand from his. She almost winced at the abrupt emptiness she felt. It was really ridiculous, but she couldn't explain it.

She took a deep breath, regaining her self-control.

Only then did she dare to look at him.

"What time?"

Her eyes widened.

That was not what she had planned to say.

He was already smiling broadly, his eyes crinkling at the corners, his full lips looking sexy.

She felt breathless.

She decided that she could certainly say no next time.

Couldn't she?

**ONE** month later.

Nickolas looked at his reflection on the mirror.

His long, thick hair reached the back of his neck, swept back and neatly controlled by a comb.

Sometimes, a woman would try to say he should cut it short after a romp in bed.

But they did not really mean it.

Nor would he, if they actually did.

It was the one thing from the old days he insisted on keeping.

Black jeans and black casual shirt, both expensive brands, on a well worked-out body.

Only the best for Nickolas Benson.

A long way from old devil Nick DiAngelo with the old jeans, the filthy t-shirts and the worn black leather jacket.

If he had chosen to wear his usual expensive suits with the matching ties, he knew he wouldn't have gotten past the first date with Iliana.

After a month of dating, she was more comfortable around him.

At least she had stopped looking for an obscure spot every time she talked to him.

For a month now, he had been taking her to the hottest spots in the city: the theater, ballet, dancing clubs, restaurants. Almost every night, he would pick her up from outside her apartment and be the escort of her dreams.

Kind, chivalrous, obliging.

And every night, he would return her at home before twelve and see her safe inside her apartment.

He hadn't kissed her once.

That was not part of the plan.

She had to feel completely safe before he entered phase two.

A strong attraction between them persisted. He couldn't just kiss her and then suddenly stop.

He had to follow the plan.

He'd lived the better part of his life by planning well, brilliantly, meticulously. He wanted to take Iliana the same way.

He could not allow the possibility of losing.

Of losing...her.

Besides...tonight was the night.

How could they be together in one place with no one around and not touch each other?

It would be too tempting.

He was afraid it would be, at least, for him.

The wait was over this night.

He just hoped that Iliana would be ready.

### Chapter Three

"**MEDIOCRE**," murmured Iliana to herself.

Iliana stood naked in front of her closet mirror. She was trying to find the thing that made Nickolas notice her a month ago.

She had a very common pale face that always seemed to be redder than any other face when she was blushing, with a pert nose and red, puffed lips that looked about ready to burst. She had long, red hair she always kept controlled in heavy plaits or tight ponytails because it was wild and insanely curly, and when loose unfortunately made her look like a person engulfed in flames whenever her face was blushing. She had very light blue eyes that she always thought made her look like a blind person.

So she always looked like a blind person on fire. What could Nickolas possibly like with *that*?

She had a body that was thin but fit since she was always working.

She had a chest she could do without because she had breasts men liked to stare at.

*Hey, jerks. My eyes are up here, okay?*

Idiots...

As a consequence, she hid them in smaller and tighter bra cups and unshapely shirts.

She supposed she wasn't really ugly. Anthony always said that she was quite attractive to the opposite sex. She'd grown up trying to fend off men's attention. On the other hand, some men were so horny they'd hump a post with a skirt, so that wasn't exactly enlightening. She would have to leave the observations to the men.

Like Nickolas.

But he hadn't kissed her yet.

While every time they touched, even accidentally, she wanted to rip his clothes off and kiss him all over.

But he didn't seem to have the same urge.

If he didn't feel what she felt, why was he taking her on these big, expensive dates?

It was very perplexing.

Iliana had never felt like this, nor had she ever experienced anything like this before. And although her sexual experience had been limited to just one lover a long time ago, she was not so ignorant to realize this was no ordinary fling.

When he had invited her out tonight, she felt something different. Like this night would be a milestone to them.

She didn't know why she knew or how it would happen.

She just knew.

She had grown up listening to her instincts. She had no formal education-there was no money to pay for that. She had been able to go to school for a while and the teachers had

said she was intelligent. But they had to let her go when she couldn't pay her way through school. She had to do whatever she could just to put food on the table and buy medicine for her grandmother, who had lived with her when she was still alive.

She wouldn't have survived that neighborhood without her instincts. They had never let her down.

And right now they were telling her that something was up.

Her heart could not stop its incessant heavy thudding.

He was coming for her.

He would arrive in half an hour and she hadn't decided what to wear.

Her options weren't many-nothing controversial or extraordinary. Her wardrobe totaled six articles of clothing.

If she were Nickolas, she would be embarrassed to take her out to anywhere.

*And if I was a little less proud, I would be embarrassed to walk inside all these luxurious places, dressed in rags.*

She smiled to herself.

Because she was who she was, she did so anyway.

Iliana would pass women in expensive dresses as if she was the Queen of England, secretly wishing the floor would suck her in but outwardly showing nothing of the sort as Nickolas held her hand. He didn't seem to mind.

He was one of those few men who could talk with her without ogling her breasts. He steadily held her gaze while she spoke her mind, which grew more frequent as she got to know him.

It was because he listened. His focus was always on her. He would ask questions, and pretty soon she would be talking.

He would answer in ways that told her he totally understood what she was saying, and she wondered how he could easily understand her.

She supposed she was glad that his entire attention was on her despite being in the presence of one actress who had just won her latest Oscar and a state senator with fawning celebrities in tow. None of this seemed to deter him anyway, since he saw elites fairly often. His eyes never strayed far from her face.

It drove her insane sometimes because she wanted him to look down for a moment so she could see what he was *really* thinking about her body.

He never did.

So in control.

That was Nickolas Benson.

She finally picked a long-sleeved grey dress that ended at her knees and had a tall neck. It had belonged to her mother.

She sighed. She had worn it twice with Nickolas but it would have to do.

Maybe her instincts were wrong.

At the rate they were going, he probably only needed an employee who could serve him good coffee.

Maybe he wasn't really mysterious, but was just weird that way.

At least by then she could probably be able to afford better clothes.

"**Tonight**, I will be offering you dinner at The Castle. I think it's about time you see my house, don't you?" he told her as they drove away in his car.

She felt her body freeze at the mention of the name.

"The Castle? As in that place with the capital C?"

His lips twitched in amusement.

"Yes. It's my home. It was named this way by the paparazzi and in the end I got to like it, so I kept it."

She knew about the history of the name but she didn't realize he owned it. It was supposed to be this place that was picturesque but very private, highly secure and inaccessible, which was why the media dubbed it The Fortress. They could not get in without special passes. And then they could only stay outside.

She could only guess why Nickolas lived in such a house.

"Why?"

"You'll see."

They drove out of the city on a road that led to a big hill. Large swaths of woods covered either side as far as she could see.

She was surprised because she thought no buildings existed anywhere in this area. She supposed it was appropriate a place that was dubbed a fortress could be found here.

Iliana was getting nervous.

Just before they reached the peak of the hill, they turned onto a small, narrow road that was hardly visible. They continued for about fifteen minutes until a huge metal double door suddenly loomed before them, bathed in the vehicle's powerful headlights.

It was heavy and thick. Tall walls spread from both sides. Adorning the top of these walls were reels of sinister-looking barbed wire.

The heavy doors opened almost silently, automatically.

Chills went up her spine.

As they drove through it, Iliana felt as if they were passing through a barrier to another time.

It was eerily exotic.

## Chapter Four

**ON ONE SIDE** of the long driveway was a standing canopy.

A large man, wearing a dark suit and holding a walkie-talkie, stood outside it, motioning to Nickolas to proceed as they passed.

"Tell me again... what line of work did you say you are in? A mob leader, maybe? How many of *him* do you have?" she asked.

He smiled. "Some unfortunate past encounters with the paparazzi made me realize that I need a very good security staff to protect my privacy. I have a few others like him. But I assure you, I'm a simple businessman."

"Yeah. So was Capone," she joked.

Somehow, she felt that if he wanted to know her background, he could know whatever he felt like uncovering. There was nothing that she could hide from him.

Then she suddenly had a strange thought.

*God! Did he know?*

*Why would he want to?*

The large man's image appeared inside her head.

She almost cringed.

Sure, it was just a paparazzi problem.

They continued in silence for five more minutes. Whatever she wanted to ask, she knew she never would.

As they reached the top, Nickolas stopped the car.

"The Castle," he said softly.

They were at the opening to an enormous, heavily-lit plateau surrounded by tall trees. In front of them spread a colorful pandemonium as far as the eye could see. Small gardens of all sizes and shapes lay filled with flowers of all kinds and colors. They were separated by a road branching off in a dozen different directions, forming numerous intersections.

Beyond, she could see the house.

*The Castle.*

She stared in awe.

Enormous, it occupied almost the entire back side of the plateau. It resembled a castle straight out of a fairy-tale, replete with towers and turrets. Except for the dark-red towers and window frames, the entire structure gleamed a bright white. Behind it lay the forest, while the hill continued upwards in dramatic fashion.

"Dear Lord...!"

**Nickolas** watched her put a hand to her chest and he smiled. He could only imagine what she was thinking.

It was a ridiculous place, but it served its function well. Whatever he thought of it, he knew she would find it beautiful. Or at least, he hoped.

That was why he brought her here.

He was suddenly anxious. He wanted to know what she thought of it *now*.

"Well, what do you think?"

She gulped.

He could only wonder if it was the huge mansion or what they would possibly be doing inside it in a few minutes that made her nervous.

"So... are Snow White and the seven dwarves making an appearance now? Or will Sleeping Beauty pass by first? And what about Walt? Will he join us for dinner?"

He blinked. Then he started laughing.

Loudly.

He suddenly realized he was doing this a lot since he met her, and it always felt wonderful.

She just looked at him, an oblique, playful smile on her lips. It was like she somehow knew he did not laugh often and she thought that insane.

He couldn't help but notice how sexy her expression was.

How seductive her eyes looked.

She was incredible.

She was scared, yet she found reasons to relax.

And she was so beautiful.

His cock responded to that thought.

*Darn...*

This waiting was becoming ridiculous.

He couldn't hold back any more.

He was hoping they could at least reach the house, but that now seemed impossible...

**Nicholas** grabbed her by the shoulders and pulled her roughly to his body. She only had time for a brief, surprised scream before his lips crashed into hers.

He squeezed her body to his, his lips besieging hers passionately and getting more aggressive by the second. His tongue invaded her mouth ferociously, found hers immediately and started playing, dancing the ancient dance of a male and a female in heat.

There was only a moment's hesitation before she started to reciprocate, and when she did he could tell how wholeheartedly she did it.

She wanted this, too.

There was nothing holding her back.

He smiled inwardly.

And heard her moan of protest when he took his mouth from hers for a moment.

"My brave, wild cat..." he murmured, looking at the beautiful flushed face, before kissing her delicious full lips again.

An eternity later, he pushed her gently back to her seat.

"We can't do this here," he whispered in a hoarse voice. "I don't want our first time in this cramped space. I want to make love to you under the stars."

She nodded like she was ready for anything. She was trembling and he knew that both of them couldn't wait anymore.

He started the car again and drove to the Castle.

The spell had set in, and they were both under its power...

## Chapter Five

### **HIS BEDROOM.**

Manly, luxurious, and modern. There was nothing fairy tale-ish about the place. It was what a rich bachelor's bedroom should be.

Lit softly by a small lamp on the bedside. King-sized bed conquering the room, leaning on the wall. Right above the bed, a series of windows providing a panoramic view of the forest, now covered by dark curtains.

The most beautiful part of the room was above the bed.

There seemed to be no ceiling, and she suddenly understood what he had meant about the stars.

The ceiling was just a glass partition with an amazing view of the stars in the sky. Thousands of them, sparkling and glowing. She gaped at them, open-mouthed, until he kissed her again. And she forgot about them.

He took her in his arms and sat her on the edge of the bed.

He stayed, standing still in front of her.

His hand lifted her head so that she could see him.

He started unbuttoning his shirt slowly, sensually.

One button at a time, not hurrying a bit.

He locked her eyes with him as he took off the shirt and threw it to the floor.

He was simply gorgeous.

Muscles excellently worked out, not a single hair marring the perfection of his smooth chest.

Broad shoulders-no wonder he looked so large yet elegant on his suits.

He was a work of art and right now, he was hers.

His cock, rock-hard, its shape visible in the front of his trousers and at the same height as her eyes.

She enjoyed the view, wondering how it would be to make love to him. Her lips were dry and her tongue slipped out to moisten them.

She heard him groan from above.

He pulled her up and his lips searched for hers. He started kissing her madly, like a thirsty man finding water. His hands moved down her thighs and started pulling the hem of her dress upwards.

As the hem reached her hips, his right hand slipped below it, between her legs, and worked its way upwards to her inner thighs.

It crossed softly along the slot of her love nest, over her underwear. The spasm his touch produced was intense, causing her to rock a little.

He gently pushed her down again until she was sitting just on the edge of the bed, guiding her deliberately.

He kneeled before her, in front of her separated knees. With soft movements, he raised her right foot and took her shoe off, then did the same with the other. Grabbing the hem of her dress once again, he lifted it beyond her head, doing the same with her bra.

He still looked so much in control, but she saw his nostrils flare up once her breasts were free from her bra.

*Ahh...* at last she knew how he felt about her breasts.

She felt his hands quiver slightly when he moved to pull her panties off. Her heart was rejoicing.

She didn't think he wanted her this much. He'd never given this much of a clue. He's been holding out on me, the brute, she thought.

But her heart, if it could, was smiling.

She was left with nothing now, totally naked.

His eyes glittered as they watched her.

"Oh my God...you are magnificent..."

And she *did* feel magnificent.

**ILIANA** was much more beautiful than he had imagined. Thin yet fit, slender and elegant like a statue of Venus.

Her skin was shining white, her legs long and sexy. And her luscious breasts... perfect spheres of beauty, overly generous and defying the laws of gravity. Soft red fluff covered the spot at the apex of her thighs.

His eyes went lower and his mind filled with images of pink pleasure.

His mouth went dry.

He took her in his arms and placed her in the middle of the bed. In his mind, he saw himself attacking her, because his need was great. He was ready to fuck her until she screamed and came with lust...but that wasn't his plan for her.

Even when he felt feverish with hunger.

He would make love to her, please her, do everything in his power for this first mating to be perfect.

Before he changed his mind, he stood from the bed and started peeling everything else from his body.

Her eyes followed every movement of his with a hunger he hadn't seen in any woman's eyes before, and it almost undid him.

Her look said she was ready to rush up, attack him with want.

But she remained lying down, bare and naked and waiting for him. Quivering, yet remaining motionless.

Finally, he set his cock free, and her eyes widened a little as they fastened on him. He knew he was larger than average. That's what all the women he'd ever bedded said to him. This seemed to be of advantage, especially since he seemed to know exactly what to do to make a woman happy.

He finally laid down beside her, careful not to touch her prematurely, very careful not to lose control.

There was a wild insane side within him that he did not want Iliana to learn.

Not yet.

Sometimes he could feel a familiarity with her that he could not explain. The way she would sometimes receive his stare with her eyes, the way those eyes would seem to challenge his.

As if there was someone else inside wanting to get out.

Wanting to meet him.

Wanting to greet the wild part of him.

Those eyes were staring into his own now, directly challenging him again.

She wasn't moving.

She wasn't talking.

Just heavy breathing now, the fast movement of a pulse on the white skin of her neck, as she anticipated the next moment.

It was his lips that first touched her. His lips covered her own and he started kissing her while his hand reached out to caress her hair. His lips seduced her, slowly. Methodically.

She returned his kiss hungrily, eagerly, more demanding than his controlled kiss.

He almost smiled.

His wild cat, eagerly showing a little teeth.

His lips left her mouth for her neck.

His kiss was fierce now, devouring her flesh, biting, sucking, licking.

With every breath, he became brash and bolder.

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