

Angus touched her lips to silence her protests, his body went up in flames. The last time he kissed her he had not truly let himself taste her, but this time was different. Her lips were soft and moist, pliant against his, burning a path to his soul that would never be the same. Once he felt her resistance dissipate, he leisurely explored their depths, drinking in the essence of her.

Angus ran his tongue along the sweet edge of her lips then dipped it into the cavern of her mouth, drinking her, devouring her with his boldness. He wanted their bodies connected in more ways than his smoke hazed mind could comprehend, yet he took his time. She was starting to yield to him, he had no intention of scaring her away, but it was growing harder for him to keep his rampant body in check. He had to keep reminding himself that she was still weak and wounded. She still had scars that had not fully healed from within.

Angus couldn't help it, his mouth wandered from her lips to caress the smooth contours of her neck, leaving tiny kisses down her throat to the top of her breasts that had become uncovered in his frenzy. His right hand caressed her flat stomach beneath the covers, bringing her closer to him.

Aeryn was lost in a maze of feelings she hadn't known she possessed. A fire started in the pit of her belly, sending liquid fire burning deep within. How could she want this when every fiber of her being rebelled against it? No, not every fiber, just her mind, her body enjoyed every moment of the heat Angus was producing. But she couldn't, shouldn't be enjoying this not after the terrible things Harper had inflicted.

"Angus—no—please," Aeryn whispered as his lips came dangerously close to a nipple. She shuddered with anticipation but knew she must make him stop before it was too late.

"I want to love you, Aeryn." Angus left the soft swell of her breast and leaned his forehead against hers in utter exasperation. He was having a hard time controlling the heat that begged to be released.