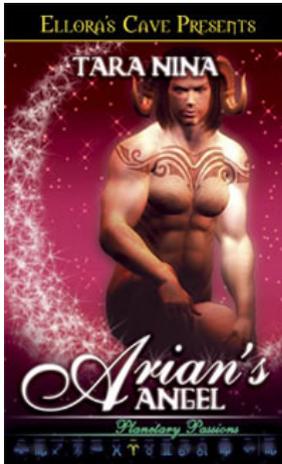


Excerpt From:
Arian's Angel



Every fiber of his body ached and begged for the sanctuary of his cozy bed. He reached for the knob pursing his brows, *odd*, his bedroom door was closed. But that didn't matter, he shrugged. He knew what lay on the other side. He opened the door, stepped inside and closed it behind him. Moonlight filtered in through the partially opened curtains so he didn't bother with the light. He knew every aspect of the room by heart.

He dropped his jeans to the floor beside the bed, slipped off his socks then tossed his shirt onto the chair across the room. Lifting the covers, an unfamiliar scent laced with a hint of lavender and the essence of fresh air graced his exhausted senses. A new fabric softener, he mused sliding into his bed. Radiating heat flushed his back and he shifted inching closer to that side of the bed. A pleasant scent soothed his soul and the added warmth under the covers beckoned him to rest. Something didn't feel right but he was just too tired to care. Arian rolled over, snuggling deeper into the heat source then every muscle jerked taut against it.

His chest pressed unintentionally against *its* back and he went rigid. Someone was in his bed. His face landed in a cushion of feather-soft hair spread out on the pillow, tickling his nose. His arm fit nicely over the curve of *its* waist with his hand splayed on *its* taut lower abdomen warming his palm. *It* jumped arching its back and brushing a tight derrière against the front of his boxer shorts sending an instant spark to his groin igniting the immediate interest of the suddenly semi-hard cock in his shorts. Pure feminine essence washed over him, making him smile. Her scent filled with a faint hint of arousal made him lick his lips. Acting on pure male instinct, he tucked his growing hard-on tight against the small of her back. But, just as quickly as he had touched her, he eased away placing a slender gap between them the moment he felt her tremble. Who was she? But he wasn't given the chance to ask.

The splendid unexpected welcome-home present cut short his wanting perusal with a sharp elbow jab to his midsection. He sucked air in deep between clenched teeth. Whoever the vixen in his bed was, she had the jab of a prize fighter.

It-or she as he'd quickly determined-leapt from the bed leaving an instant coldness in its wake and a twinge of disappointment in his shorts. Reflexes honed by the martial arts training he'd needed to perfect his action hero status automatically kicked in. Arian bolted upright and quickly blocked her escape. Standing beside the door, he flipped on the light switch.

"Who the hell are you?" tumbled from his lips. After his eyes adjusted to the light, he regretted his harsh words.

He was stunned to see that she wore his old football jersey but knew it had never looked this good on him. It swallowed the raven-haired woman, ending below her knees. Slender feet and ankles connected to firm calves made his palms itch to start at her toes and work his way up, massaging every aspect of her feet and legs until he reached the treasure between her thighs. His tongue darted across dry lips at the sight of hardened nipples jutting against the material just above the numbers of his jersey and he ached to taste the teasing mounds. But it was her eyes that stopped his heart. The palest blue eyes he'd ever seen pierced the very core of his existence. She was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen though she stood with sleep-tousled hair, her body lost in his oversized jersey and those eyes directed at him. He shivered.

Never had he wanted a woman more than he did right now. The bedroom door behind him creaked open.

"Ahem," Arian knew without looking it was his dad. He heard his subtle chuckle as he spoke. "I see you've met Angel, son."

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