

Wedlocked by Erin Aislinn

Excerpt

Farhad put a finger over her lips. "Shhh." He took her hand and kissed it. His own trembled. "You're safe." He picked up her other hand, lifted it to his lips then pressed both her hands to his chest and held them there with one of his. The way he cherished her caused a new warmth in her belly and a strange tremor in her knees. Her eyes misted. She blinked to keep tears from leaking out, but she couldn't.

Farhad swept a tear with his thumb then kissed the spot. Her heart slammed itself into another orbit. He kissed her forehead, her cheek, her other cheek. She couldn't move except that every part of her shook like she'd just grown an extra set of joints.

More tears flowed, and she dropped her head to hide them but he didn't let her. With his finger under her chin, he brought her face up.

"Sweetheart," he whispered so softly that it might have been the breeze playing tricks on her. He brushed and kissed away more tears then stepped back into the stall, pulling her along. His thumb brushed over her cheek, her lips, which trembled and parted. She'd kissed him a year ago, but this was different. She'd never seen that glow in his eyes and she could not stop trembling.

He still held both of her hands at his chest when he stepped so close that the air between them suddenly seemed vacuumed away. He guided one of her hands behind his neck. Then the other. She breathed out loud when all movement stopped except for the breath that passed between them. Only then did she notice that his labored breathing mirrored her own.

In his gaze, a tension danced for one long moment before his face came closer. The lips she'd longed to savor fell against her own. The whole world exploded. He kissed her hard, and her lips responded as if they took direction from some outside force. How she knew what to do, she had no idea. She'd never done anything like it before, and this kiss was a million miles from what she'd seen in movies. This took her completely out of control and filled her with so much fire that she needed to tear at her clothes as well as his.

The air evaporated and she gasped for more. She couldn't get enough of it into her overworked lungs, but who cared. She'd rather pass out than stop kissing him. Her hand found its way under his shirt. His brushed over her breast. The sensation bit against the raw flesh. She snapped back, but the wall barred her way. When did they end up against the wall?

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