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An Excerpt From: EARTHLY POSSESSION

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Deacon twisted her arm behind her back, grabbed her around the waist and shoved her against the wall.

Their bodies came together, and his face loomed a hairsbreadth away from hers. Passersby glanced over at them, whistling at what Deacon made appear like a meeting of impatient lovers.

"I thought I made myself clear," he growled. She relaxed. No point in fighting, so she closed her eyes and inhaled his scent. She might as well take the time to enjoy the feverish rise of her pulse. Deacon probably wouldn't give her another chance to get this close.

He twisted her arm harder. "I really don't want to hurt you," he said. If only her weeping arousal counted as pain.

"I live here," she said.

"I don't care."

"I don't have time to look for another hideout. I won't bother you. I swear I'll be gone in a few nights." The sooner he got his hands off her, the sooner the ground would solidify again. His grip loosened on her arm, only to be replaced with his body weight. Kheyra's breath caught. His chest pinned her breasts until they hurt. What would he feel like if they were naked? She, flat on her back, with Deacon on top? She swallowed, clamping her jaws hard.

What Deacon did next almost knocked her out. He sniffed. A long, deep inhale like he needed the effort to remember her better.

"Who sent you here?" he asked.

The accusing tone hinted at Deacon's reasons for keeping his boundaries firm. She knew nothing of vampire life on Earth. Perhaps, they battled each other, and Deacon only acted in self-defense. She shuddered. He might be stronger than her, but what if more powerful specimens threatened him so he could never let down his guard.

"Let me go," she pleaded. More than it hurt to be rejected, it hurt that he'd think she meant him harm, when all she could imagine was her body entwined with his.

"What do you want?" he hissed.

She laughed. Irony had become the curse of the day.

"What's so funny?" he bit off, jerking her so hard against the wall he forced her breath out.

"I'll get out of your way. Isn't that what you wanted?" she cut back.

"Why didn't you leave when I told you to?"

Now, he was starting to irritate her. "I don't take orders from you. Let go!"

He scowled. "Who do you take orders from?"

Even full of rage, his voice set her heart into a frenzy. Her nipples ached against the wall of his chest. As if he noticed, he pulled back.

"Who sent you?"

"No one!" she spat.

"Then what do you want?"

Suddenly, she got so tired. Why not simply tell him the truth? If Grace was right, telling him that she wanted him might just send him running faster than this stupid tug-of-war. What coming clean would actually do to her peace of mind was a whole other matter. Did it really make that much difference? She'd crossed galaxies to find him, so why was it so hard to actually tell him?

"You're testing my patience, wench," he said.

She looked down his chest. The top two buttons of his formfitting black shirt gaped undone, revealing the hair-covered flesh. Kheyra'sclitoris twitched.

"Please, let me go," she said in the most collected voice she could muster.

She'd never actually counted on having to verbalize her mission. The 'slut-wear', as Grace called it, served to get the message across. She understood, though, what Grace meant. Telling Deacon that she wanted him sexually would be a huge mistake. One, he'd laugh at her, and the image of that created a dull ache in her gut. Two, he'd reject her. Again. Only this time... Enough. She had to stop.

Frowning, he eased the pressure until she actually had room to take a breath. What an imposing creature.

"Okay," he said. "Just tell me what you want in Hollywood."

He pierced her with a "don't mess with me" stare. It was starting to hurt too. The pain of wanting him became real and worsened by the second. If he refused her, she had to get away from his eyes and from that body.

"You," she uttered. The whole world collapsed around her. He didn't laugh. He didn't move. He only drew in labored breaths.