

Enjoy the following excerpt from Fated

Desires:

She had drifted closer to him. Or him to her. Jenna couldn't be sure. But it would take only a shift of balance to touch her body to his. Life was about balance. And the shifting of worlds. In the space of a day her world had changed for better and for worse. She'd spent the previous nine years trying to find her balance again.

Jenna felt the familiar kick of desire. She'd never understood the girls who spoke of butterflies and stirrings. For her it was more akin to a donkey kick—pleasurable, sure, like the first jolt of caffeine in the morning and as sure and swift and strong. Her pulse sped up and she knew the vein in her neck would visibly pulse; it did when she was angry and when she was

aroused. Gabe was sure to notice it. As she noticed his heart pounding against her palm in a rhythm she found seductive.

She raised her gaze from the back of her hand. His mouth was aligned with her own. She hadn't realized how close in height they were. All she had to do was...shift.

“This is the longest conversation we've had.” Her voice was husky; she heard it, knew he would. He shifted, imperceptibly but she sensed it.

“Maybe this,” his voice was husky too, “is why.”

She thought she knew what he meant. The tension between them was awareness.

“The day we met I wanted to get close enough to see what color your eyes were. They're gray. Like storm clouds. Perfect.”

Jenna could feel his breath on the flesh of her lips and her nipples tightened.

“Mom!”

Finn’s shout was punctuated by his feet drumming down the stairs. Gabe brushed his lips over the curve of her cheek, his eyes conveying amused regret, and slipped out the back door, barely making a sound. Jenna grabbed the counter and breathed. She needed to settle herself before her son found his way to the kitchen.

What the hell?