

Excerpt from Cupid in Blue

“You said you’d pick me up.”

“I am.” Before she could protest, Aaron plucked her from the balcony and held her against him as he descended to the ground. “I just didn’t tell you how I’d be doing it.” For long moments, his arms remained wrapped around her as he gazed into the deep blue pools of her eyes. He could easily stay there for hours. Desire slithered through his gut when she shivered against him.

The box of chocolates slipped to the ground unnoticed and she pulled out of his arms as he leaned in to kiss her. “Back off, Lover Boy.”

Aaron stepped away, acutely aware she was the one who broke the embrace. “I’m sorry.”

By willpower alone, he kept the warmth in his neck from spreading to his face. “So, are you ready for dinner?”

Confusion clouded her eyes. “I’m not going anywhere unless you put those things away.” She glanced pointedly at his wings. “But before you do, can I touch them?”

“Why?” Suddenly suspicious, he retreated another step. Curiosity blazed in her eyes as she closed the distance between them. “Why are you so interested in them? They’re just wings.”

“I’ve never seen anything like them before.” Her eyes sparkled when she smiled. “Did you think I’d be afraid and run away? Maybe call one of the tabloids and sell your story for a couple thousand bucks?” She stretched out her right hand then stroked the feathers of his left wing.

Tremors rocked his body at her touch. Aaron had no idea his wings could bring such intense spikes of pleasure, but as Catherine drew her fingers over the soft, downy feathers, his knees buckled. Intense waves of need crashed into him with enough force to make him flinch.

“Catherine...” His voice was rough with a passion he couldn’t explain.

“You’d better be careful, Cupid. If a simple touch has you nearly doing cartwheels, I can’t imagine what a kiss would make you do.”

He met her gaze and almost pleaded with her to stop her torment, but he quelled the urge. He wanted to know what else would happen. “Catherine.” Urgency flooded his voice. She swept her palm down the length of his wing. Aaron shivered and clutched at the hand she placed on his chest. He groaned as his arousal strained against the front of his jeans. Never had he felt this way, and all because a woman touched his wing. “Enough.”

Catherine’s laugh was throaty and smugly feminine, but she removed her hand. “I can honestly say I’ve never turned a guy on quite like this before.”

“Damn.” He felt the loss of contact immediately, as the extreme sensations subsided and his ragged breathing returned to normal. “You almost killed me.” He stared at her with newfound respect and a healthy dose of shock.

“In order to be the authority on love and passion, wouldn’t you need to experience it for yourself?” She shrugged then turned away. “I’m going to the diner. You’re welcome to join me when you’re able.” At the last moment, she glanced over her shoulder. “I don’t know how you men function with those things between your legs. Seems to me they spring to life at the most inopportune moments.”

His jaw dropped. He stared after her for long moments as “that thing” calmed down enough so he could walk about town without embarrassing himself. Not for the first time did he wonder what exactly went on behind Catherine’s confident façade.

Aaron folded his wings beneath his skin, cringing when joints snapped and the skin on his back stretched. He’d never get used to that sensation. He took a deep breath and let it hiss out between his teeth. Being Cupid was not the problem. Being Cupid with the hots for an unattainable woman definitely was.