

UNDERCOVER SIREN

Excerpt

Chapter Four

Colton snapped off the radio and tumbled back into his seat. From God-awful love songs to burnt corpses, oh and dragging her into a rainstorm. He was a real pro at dating, as she could no doubt tell. Glaring out the windshield, watching the bounce of rain pinging off the rusted hood, Colton kept whipping himself for things beyond his control. He was so far gone, it wasn't until her hand shifted higher up his arm that he realized Kristen was touching him.

Twisting his head towards her, he found those dazzling eyes burning directly into his. She stared at him as if...as if she couldn't see anyone else. As if she'd never seen anyone else. Soft pink lips glistened with fresh rain, parting like she yearned for a drink. Colton dove towards her, his mouth puckering up just before it plunged against hers. Warmth erupted down his spine, the woman melting from his kiss. He let go of the arguing in his brain to fall into this moment. Fingers lifted off his arm to thread through his hair, gently guiding him deeper into her trap.

He was greedy to fall into it, their first kiss turning hotter than he'd ever have expected. Kristen tipped her head, her tongue darting up and down his scar before she tugged his bottom lip deep into hers. The nibble was little more than a whisper, but it broke down a wall inside Colton and a moan escaped from his throat.

Sliding back as if to catch her breath, those dazzling eyes darted up to his. The bliss of touching her dilated his pupils so much he had to blink a moment. As she focused into view, her cheeks bright from a flush and cleavage beaded in droplets, there was no denying how badly he wanted to take this further.

How in God's name did he do that?

"You're so..." he mumbled, his tongue clogging in his mouth as the words all stuck together, "pradortty."

"Pradortty?" her eyebrow lifted in surprise, but a smile stretched across her lips. The ones that tasted of hunger and the thrill of the run.

"I, uh..." Colton absently wiped the back of his neck.

"Is that some kind of word only you people in Sky City use?"

"Ye...yes," he sputtered out. "It means, it means a very beautiful woman."

The blush burned brighter on her cheeks and she turned to stare at the dashboard, "Oh. Well, you're handorablesome."

Colton chuckled at her catching him, but with a grateful nod said, "Thank you."

Her sparkling eyes darted around the truck, seeming to take in the state of it before landing upon the clutch. "This is a stick? You can drive a stick?"

"Sure," he shrugged, "I'm from the country. Who couldn't back in Winterset?"

"Right, right, just...surprised to see one here in the city," she smiled. "Isn't it hell on stop and go traffic?"

"Not if you're good," Colton said without thought before wincing. "Did you never learn?" It seemed odd to the man who cut his teeth on tractors, but not everyone was a farmer. There had to be townies in a town after all.

"A little," Kristen admitted, "but I'm happy with my automatic. When I don't lock myself out anyway."

"Until a helpful policeman comes along," Colton said as if he had nothing to do with it. She smiled sweetly at him, but silence threaded through the cab. Only the bounce of rain thudding into the metal over their heads filled the air. All the unsaid words grew thicker than the humidity, both people staring at each other not knowing what to do next.

He could take her back into the bar. To talk more. Or have another drink. It was getting kinda late. Maybe he should offer to take her home. Or that they wait out the rain here. She could snuggle up next to him and...

"Colton?" Kristen whispered, her eyes darting up to him, "do you want to get coffee?"