

CHAPTER SIX

"Hey, Astrid, why is my wet dream sitting outside at the curb?" I called as I walked into the tattoo shop carrying our coffees and pastries, letting the door whoosh shut behind me. Astrid's place smelled like a mixture of ink, leather and a bit of patchouli incense. The scents together were masculine; causing most women that came in to inhale and then shudder as they thought of whatever man might be in their life. Me? The unique combination made me think of rumpled satin sheets and sweat soaked skin.

"What wet dream are you referring to?" she called from behind a partially closed curtain, which meant she was tattooing someone. I could hear the buzzing of her equipment and could see two shadowy silhouettes in the small holes provided by the black lace drapes. I wonder if it's one of those celebrities she was telling me about. I looked down at the outfit I threw on haphazardly this morning and shrugged; nothing I could do about my appearance now. The jeans were relatively clean at least, only worn once since laundry day.

"Oh, you know me with my many wet fantasies. It has a big, huge...engine". I huffed out a long exhale and sighed dramatically, then continued on, "It purrs, roars and when revved up, gives you the ride of a lifetime. You know, that wet dream?" my lips parted, and I could feel the grin spreading up to crinkle my eyes. I found it hard not to grin. The car outside was awesome. It was a black, beautiful ride with red racing stripes. Ro would be in Mopar heaven; maybe I could take a picture with the car and text it to him. He'd shit bricks and probably find an excuse to stop by in the next few minutes. Hell, even I was in a Mopar wet fantasy.

I also secretly hoped the person who owned it was hot, single and available. Was that too much to ask?

"Ah, that wet dream. I imagine it belongs to the man sitting in my chair being worked on." Her equipment stopped buzzing, and she continued on, "So, Mr. tall and dreamy, you wanna take her for a ride?" Astrid paused, her eyes probably twinkling with mischief and her brows raised in challenge, as if waiting for his answer. "In your car of course." I heard her chuckle as I walked around the black lacquered counter, depositing her piping hot coffee and pastry bag. I ran my fingertips along the smooth top and headed towards the curtained off area, sipping my own coffee.

If you can call it coffee, really it was more dessert. Boasting mounds of whipped cream, loads of dark chocolate syrup and ice. Hot coffee made me want to hurl, but iced coffee? Iced coffee down right flipped my switch.

My brain caught up with what Astrid was spewing, oh good God, did she really just say that? She was as bad as my mother when it came to trying to hook me up with men.

I reached up and fingered the dainty lace before I pulled back the curtain with my free hand to chastise her. I stopped before pulling it back all the way and dropped my hand. I wondered if I should feel ashamed of our playfully erotic banter, but quickly shrugged it off and decided I didn't care what anyone thought about me.

I snatched the curtain and pulled it back. And sighed. Oh damn.

I wish I'd inserted my foot as I was greeted with the most amazing looking man I'd ever seen. My eyes locked instantly onto his, and I exhaled hard as my breath was stolen from my lungs. His eyes were large and slightly tilted. One was emerald green with gold flecks, and the other was more amber then green. He had the most lush eyelashes I've ever seen on a man. The kind women try hard to achieve using mascara-- thick and long. Almost feminine, but on him, gave him a playful allure, offsetting his hard jaw and chiseled cheeks. Aside from his masculinity and blatant sex appeal, his scent held me hostage, riveted to the spot, my feet encased in quick drying cement. My body recognized him before my brain could get with the program.

I knew his scent. Where did I know his scent? Delicious. Oh my god, the auction. Oh fuck, Mr. spicy, scary, and dangerous.

Spicy man had unkempt, wavy chestnut hair, just short of wild. The look said, 'I just rolled out of bed, don't you wish it was yours?' and can I get a hell yea? I wouldn't kick you outta my bed, babe. He wore dark jeans and a blue shirt. I snapped his mental picture, better to fantasize with later. Before I knew what transpired, he exploded out of the chair and launched himself at me. He kicked Astrid's tool tray, sending instruments sailing through the air, clattering to the ground around us.

I didn't have time to defend myself. I raised a hand to ward him off as he knocked my arm out of the way, hurling my precious coffee in the process. He clamped me to him; his large hands encompassed my head, holding me safe, as his forearms cradled my back. We fell to the floor, his muscular arms taking the brunt of the impact. Still, my teeth rattled and my jaw snapped forward, whacking into my clavicle.

Slightly dazed and a little out of breath from smacking the floor, I glanced around using only my eyes. Rule number one: when it comes to shifters, never move too quickly, especially when you are in the midst of a predator who is larger and stronger than you are— double, if he has you pinned. I knew the fastest way out of this was to lay still, go limp, and offer him my neck in submission. Though it grated on my nerves.

I hadn't been expecting to get mauled today, especially at Astrid's. But sometimes you gotta do what you gotta do.