

They stared at her, their hot eyes raking over her breasts, her belly, and the golden triangle of hair between her thighs. A hot flush stained her skin a delightful shade of pink, evidence of her acute state of arousal. And the fact that she was naked, while they were both still fully dressed gave her a feeling of deep disorientation. She was filled with such hunger, such love, such all-consuming need, she could barely stand.

Shivering, dry-mouthed, she watched Rolf's expression as he reached out and touched her breasts with reverent fingers, his deeply tanned skin such a contrast to the soft creaminess of hers. His thumb rubbed across her hard little nipple and her face twisted, contorting with a mixture of love and lust so powerful, it presented more as pain than pleasure.

Spellbound, he watched his thumb dragging across her dusky nipple, his heated stare like fire brushing her skin. "By all the gods, *yndling!* Thou art bewitching, enchanting. Thou art perfection itself. And thy scent..." He leaned forward and inhaled deeply. "Thy scent is ravishing. Like the sweetest flower garden." He covered her breast with his palm while his other hand stroked down her belly and cupped her mound, sliding his long fingers through the slippery furrow of her slit.

She gasped. It was almost a sob. Her body jerked and would have collapsed if Nicholas's hands hadn't come beneath her arms from behind and held her up.

"I can't wait to taste thee here." Rolf's low voice was rough as sand, abrading her nerve endings, leaving her senses in chaos. Two wicked fingers found her weeping entrance and thrust up inside her hot, welcoming sheath.

Her throat closed on a yelp.