

The Dare

Oh hell, why did I agree to this? Pressing herself back into the wardrobe Sofi prayed Josh had come back just to drop his bag off. She'd been so stupid to accept this dare, but with Marci and Ellen goading her she'd not been able to resist. Marci had gotten hold of the master-key to the dorm, and as Sofi knew Josh was at football practice, she'd agreed. After all how hard could it be to sneak into Josh's room and borrow one of his shirts?

It was going well—she had gotten in the room, and was about to grab a shirt from his dresser—when she'd gotten a text from Marci that Josh was halfway down the hall. Sofi barely had time to lock the door and dive into the wardrobe before Josh walked in.

So here she was hiding, watching Josh through the crack in the door. After he'd dropped his bag to the floor, he turned his back to her to grab a drink from the fridge. Sofi felt the familiar tingle in her stomach as she watched the muscles of his arms and back flex as he drank.

He had a tattoo down one arm; a black tribal design that she found fascinating, but as she'd never seen him with his shirt off Sofi didn't know how far the tattoo extended, though there were little hints of it past the neck of his t-shirt. Sofi had spent many hours day dreaming about tracing those sleek black lines to see just how much of his delicious body they covered.

A second later she found out as Josh put down his drink and pulled off his t-shirt. As he turned she got a full view of his torso and the black swirls that ran across his shoulder and down over his pecs and six pack.

Wow! It was all Sofi could do not to gasp out loud at the perfection before her but when Josh pulled off his jeans, leaving him clad only in tight pants, her face flamed red, her blood racing through her veins.

Josh stilled instantly, his head lifting. Sofi saw his nostrils flare, as if he were scenting the air, and then with his face flashing fury he strode towards the wardrobe straight for her. Gripped by panic Sofi burst from the wardrobe and raced for the door.

She registered the surprise on Josh's face as she flew past him, but before she could reach for the door handle she felt his hands take hold of her. With a gasp she was spun round and slammed back against the wall, Josh's hard body pressed to hers, pinning her in place. For a second she was staring directly at his tattoo as it swirled across the defined line of his chest and her heart started thumping wildly.

Josh's hand tracked up her arm and twisted in her hair, tilting her face up to his. He looked furious; his jaw clenched, his brows drawn down in dark slash across his forehead, and his eyes so dark with emotion they almost seemed black.

Sofi opened her mouth to offer her apology, but before she could speak Josh's lips pressed to hers in a forceful kiss, his tongue sweeping forward to claim her

mouth. She was too shocked to resist, and as she'd been fantasizing about this very thing for months she eagerly opened for him. He held her so tight she couldn't move, but she ran her hands over him, exploring the hard lines of his back and arms, exploring the man she'd wanted from the first moment she'd seen him.

Josh skilled kiss fanned a flame inside her, desire building until her body seemed to thrum with energy and need. She clutched him hard, her nails digging into the smooth skin of his back, and with a growl he broke away from her lips to trace a line of fire down her neck.

Sofi moaned as his hand twisted in her hair to tilt her head to the side, desire like she'd never known coursing through her, and when Josh's sharp fangs pierced her neck she exploded with pleasure.