

I saw the irritation in his tense jaw and intense eyes flicker for a second as another feeling entirely swept over his expression—was that lust? A shiver jumped down my spine that had nothing to do with the blizzard outside. At the base of my spine I felt a sudden and burning heat ignite.

His gaze seemed to look right past my own defiant expression and my retort died in my throat. A torrid rush of warmth flowed up from my thighs, retracing the shiver up to my neck, and I felt a blush wash over my neck. He was standing too close to me. I suddenly craved that irritatingly cultivated stubble along his jawline against my skin, and as I let my breath go, his own sigh turned into an animalistic growl. I felt his arm snake around me, and we were suddenly pressed against each other, my face tilted up, lips pressed against his.

“Isla—” Finn growled into my neck as he crushed me against him.

“Yes—” I breathed, “Yes!” I breathed into his hair as my hands found the back of his neck, his shoulders, his hair. I was weightless as he lifted me up onto the desk, and I heard the contents of his desk clash as he swept it all to the floor.