

Angel Bite Snippet

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Angel Bite Snippet: Claire and Seung

Claire's eyes narrowed on the odd tattoo running the length of Seung's spine. The Korean characters pulsed. Was that a trick of the eye? She felt a sudden need to know what they meant. It looked more like a burn. Yet, the skin wasn't taut or wrinkled like the typical scar left on burnt flesh. An urge to trail one finger over each letter surfaced. Before realizing she'd done it, she'd taken a step closer. His next move halted all progress.

Seung's jeans hit the floor. The boxer briefs followed. And though she knew it had to be her imagination, the entire reveal occurred in slow motion. One sensual act. A wicked heat spread through her body. And oh yeah, she

could get used to this show. One that was becoming her favorite. How could it not, when his tight ass was the finale every time. *Holy hell, that ass!*

He turned, grinning, aware she'd been ogling him. And as a matter of fact, continued to do so now, focused on the magnificent erection jutting up toward his abdomen, a little darker in color than the rest of his flesh. She licked her lips, anticipation triggering her pulse to thrum like white water rapids through her veins.

He chuckled, reached out, and grasped her hand, drawing her closer. His voice lowered to a sexy strum that vibrated every nerve. "Like what you see?"

"Uh-huh." Her jaw still gaped like a daft idiot with no knowledge of complex English. Then again, her

brain did feel a little mushy. She closed her mouth and staggered forward.

When they were toe to toe, his fingers slid beneath the hem of her shirt. He tugged it over her head as her arms raised to give an assist. Moving to a low squat, he shoved her boxers to the floor, letting his palms skim over the curve of her hips and thighs. Retracing the path up, something like a purr released from low in Seung's throat.

His chin snapped up, and that crooked smile spread across his face. "I definitely like what I see. You're gorgeous."

Fuzzy warmth filled Claire's chest. He didn't care that she looked like a hot mess. Circling her waist and hooking her knees, Seung lifted her

with effortless grace. She yelped, giggled, and clung to his shoulders when he stepped into the large shower. Her feet came to rest on the tiled floor. Seung's chest molded to her back. The warm spray from overhead flowed over tight muscles. Sighing, she let her head rest against one powerful pec.

A mystic vapor engulfed them, creating their own little world. As if theirs were the only two hearts that beat. She'd never felt anything more glorious than this man's body against hers. How she thought she'd push him away, she had no idea.

Her eyes closed as she soaked up the physical sensation. Leaning sideways, Seung reached for the jasmine-scented products on her tiled shelf. The shampoo top popped. A moment later, strong fingers worked creamy liquid

into her hair. Smooth fingertips massaged her scalp with such care, she felt it to her core.

Claire thought she enjoyed being independent, but a startling revelation surfaced. She enjoyed this more. Never had a man been so attentive. It didn't escape her notice that Seung's attentiveness began last night. He'd healed her emotionally, then made sure she ate and slept. Now, he gave her a thorough grooming.

She felt a crack emerge in the icy wall she'd erected around her heart. With any other man, now would be the time to panic. It's why she'd stuck to one-night stands. They were simple.

But the usual need to push away and run didn't surface. Instead, something more enticing took hold. A sense of completion. Could this be happiness?

Maybe. Claire couldn't be sure, but she liked it. Liked that Seung focused on her. Cared for her.

Seung's fingers slid through the tips of her lathered tresses, taking care not to pull the strands. The warm spray of the nozzle kept at arm level flowed over her head. He repeated the meticulous routine with her conditioner. A million hummingbirds fluttered inside Claire's chest. Again, she wondered how this fallen angel could trigger both a whirlwind and a calm.

When the water ran clear, he replaced the nozzle and lathered both hands with the jasmine-scented soap. Soft fingertips brushed her triceps a moment before his warm words caressed her ear. "Lift your arms and lie back against me. Hook your hands

around my neck.” She obeyed, feeling Seung’s erection nestle at the top of her buttocks, anticipation kicking her pulse up.

Strong fingers wrapped around her wrists. Despite the heated enclosure, goose bumps formed along her flesh. Each lathered pass down her arms created a seductive tease. On instinct, her back arched. Her backside slid against the hard length resting there. Seung’s breath hitched, hot against her ear. She realized the position gave him an unobstructed view down the front of her body.

On the third pass, he kept going, running soapy palms over her breasts, ribs, and abs. His fingers splayed across her flesh as if he meant to stroke every curve. When his thumbs brushed her erect nipples, she inhaled,

then released a soft sound. Good God, he was working her up at a leisurely pace, and she was so looking forward to where this was going.

Whispering husky words in her ear, he re-lathered. “Press your hands to the wall.” Keeping her lashes lowered, Claire placed both hands flat on the tiled surface. Hot soapy palms skimmed her back, then circled the cheeks of her backside in a sultry caress. Seung dropped to his knees. “I’m infatuated with your ass.” He chuckled, continuing the lazy caress. “I have been since you flashed it to me that first day.” Claire stifled a laugh, remembering the torn skirt. “Your workouts have been good to you.” She smiled against her bicep, the comment justifying all the time spent sweating in pole dancing, aerobics, and

kickboxing.

Claire nearly choked on an inhale when Seung's hot mouth came down on her hip bone, his satiny lips pressing to her skin. His tongue swirled a teasing path over the taut flesh. Both hands continued to explore her lower body. Soft fingertips dragged down her hamstrings and calves, then back up, over her shins and quads. His lips and tongue trailed open-mouthed kisses across the small of her back, where he sucked and licked, making his way to the other side.

Desire pulsed through Claire's body. It seemed Seung touched every part of her, even running soapy fingertips over the tops of her feet and between her toes. By the time he stood, she blazed hot and was sure the

water sizzled against her flesh.

Seung dragged one finger up the crevice between her buttocks. Her breath caught on an inhale when the pad brushed her most intimate spot, swirling with soft pressure over the tight ring. The muscles in her lower abdomen spasmed so furiously she thought she might come from that one touch.

Seung's panting breath feathered her neck. He leaned forward, kissing a spot below her ear. The heat of his tongue licked a lazy path along a sensitive tendon, lapping at both her skin and the water.

Claire groaned, now having trouble filling her lungs. Her head flung back. "Seung, I'm on fire. You're driving me insane. And, honestly, I don't know if I've ever been so clean. I think

you've touched places I never knew I had."

The corners of his lips lifted against her flesh. His mouth dragged upward to her ear. "You're so beautiful, Claire. But I haven't touched everywhere yet." On the last word, his lathered palms slid to the front of her hips. The lobe of her ear tugged between his lips, then released. "I dreamed about you when I was regenerating." One hand slipped between her thighs. His soap-covered palm cupped her core.

Claire exhaled his name on a breathy whisper. "Seung." *Please, now.*

"I tried calling you. Even before I left the medical unit." One finger slid between her slick flesh, circling and teasing her opening before diving inside.

Oh, yes. Claire gasped, arching and rubbing herself against his erection and his pumping finger.

Face buried in her hair, Seung sucked in a deep inhale. “I dreamt about your scent. The way your hair always smells like jasmine.” He changed tactics, moving upward, locating her swollen bundle of nerves to begin a circular caress. “About the sounds you make when you come.”

She moaned, sure that if he didn’t make her come soon, she might die. The tip of his tongue traced the ridge of her ear. On the verge of climaxing, a sharp intake of breath vibrated Claire’s ear.

With unnerving suddenness, Seung froze, and the fantastic rhythm ceased

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**Want to find out why Seung froze?
Stay tuned for *Angel Bite*, coming in
the Spring of 2026.**