

# AN EMPATH AND A WEREWOLF WALK INTO A BAR...

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## Dance fever ...

"This isn't you, Harry," he said roughly, but still couldn't stop his hand brushing along the line of the zipper on the back of her dress when she stepped closer.

She curled her fingers into the front panels of his shirt, and tugged him close, her hazel eyes meeting his. "But this is me, Jude." She stood up on her tiptoes as she pulled him down to her, and pressed her mouth against his.

He slid his hand into her bobbed hair to stop her.

Her tongue was quick and agile, darting to brush against his, before she pulled back.

Jude's gaze met hers. She was staring at him intently, her breasts pressed against his chest, and he could feel the warmth of her breath against his chin. She was warm and curvy in his arms, her lips glistening from their kiss, and desire brightened the gold shards in her hazel eyes.

She wasn't herself. If he was really looking out for her like a big brother, he'd drag her out of this club and shut her in somewhere until whatever drug she'd taken wore off.

But as Josh had said, he wasn't actually her brother.

His hand tightened in her hair, and he swept her up to him as he lowered his head, pressing his mouth against hers.