

Baiting Ben

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A Literary Road Press Publication

Literaryroad.com

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Seattle, WA 98136

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Chapter One

Benjamin Sallen walked into the club with wide eyes and a hopeful heart. This was why he scrimped and saved for months after finding out about this place. It was a toss up what was more fascinating, the flashing lights, the flow of dancing bodies writhing half naked across the floor or the scantily clad waiters sashaying around with trays of food.

His enhanced senses absorbed the smells swirling in the air, tasting on the back of his tongue the flavors of sweat, lust and sex. The combination heat and need weighing the air went straight to his cock like the finest aphrodisiac. Even the lack of pack status weighed lighter on him as he felt the brush of a fellow were in passing. Ben left his Alaskan pack six months ago and the life of a lone wolf was a harsh one. Hunting under a full moon didn't have the same luster alone and the prey he could catch was more of the rabbit variety than a fully grown deer.

Purchasing a club membership was his chance at a new life. If he met and mated with a local were he could challenge for acceptance into the pack or if the pack wasn't welcoming a pack of two was so much better than one.

As a half-were with a human mother Ben was smaller than the average shapeshifter. For once his size was an advantage as he was able to slip through the crowds easily and make his way to the long wooden bar. Manning the bartender was a sleek man who moved with the fluidity of a cat shifter.

"What can I get you?" The bartender batted his long sable lashes over a pair of piercing green eyes. "Besides me."

Ben chuckled. "A rum and coke please."

"Oooh a polite one." The bartender's hands moved so fast the motion blurred. He presented Ben's drink with a flourish. "Anything else."

He put a tip for the cute cat in the tip jar beside him flashing a grin of his own. "Not right now but I'll let you know if that changes."

It wouldn't. He was looking for one of his own kind. In his wilder days the cat would've been a prime hookup but these days he was looking for something more permanent. At the Great Claiming none of the weres had stepped forward to claim him. Maybe if Dillon had been home things would've been different.

The image of the tall dark were with forest green eyes flashed in his mind but Ben pushed it away along with all his feelings of need. Dillon was part of his past and tonight was about securing his future.

“Hello there cute stuff.” A rough voice sounded behind him. Ben turned to see a huge man with cold black eyes looking him over like he was the last drink of water in the desert.

“Um. Hi.” A sniff proved the other man was also a were but not one that had any mate potential. He flashed a short smile and stood and started to go around the other man.

To Ben’s shock the man settled a heavy arm around him in a show of ownership. “What do you say you and I get to know each other better? I’m Ned. What’s your name?”

“B-Ben.” Panic rabbited in his chest. Great, his first time in the club and he was already in trouble.