

Excerpt: Camelot's Destiny

Lancelot plunged into the water and emerged beside Gwen. He ran his fingers lightly over her shoulders. "The water makes your skin feel silky."

She trailed her fingers across his chest, loving the feel of his smooth, tight muscles. He gave her throat a series of small kisses until he finally lifted her in his arms.

As they emerged from the water, Lancelot brought her down on the embankment. The grass was springy beneath her back and smelled of clover. The sun warmed her wet skin. She spread her hair to dry and stretched her arms over her head.

Lancelot caught them there, crossing her wrists and holding them easily with one hand. Very lightly, his fingertips touching her skin, he traced a path on the tender underside of her arms. Gwenhwyfar closed her eyes blissfully. She shivered in delight and tried to bring her hand to him, but he held them in place.

She opened her eyes to finding him watching her. "Let me hold you, Lance."

"Not yet." He began kissing her neck.

"Let me kiss you then!"

Obligingly, Lancelot brought his mouth to hers, kissing first her top lip, then her bottom one; then he drew back, kissing her chin and her throat. "Lie still, Gwen." His voice was soft as he ran his tongue over her belly. "I want to explore all of you..."