

# THE CROWN OF GILDED BONES: A BLOOD AND ASH NOVEL: BOOK 3

By Jennifer L. Armentrout

...“Are you watching them?” Casteel asked, his voice full of smoke. ...“If so, you wouldn’t be the only one, nor are they the only ones being watched,” he said, one of his fingers stretching over the thin material of my gown. “They find no shame in any act of affection, whether they are involved in it, casual observers... or more active watchers.”

...He joined them as Casteel shifted behind me again, leaning forward to slip his hand under where the hem of my gown was gathered at my knees. ...The fingers on his right hand continued creeping lower and lower as I saw the man lower himself behind the one who moved on top. My pulse pounded as Casteel’s fingers hesitated under my gown at the vee of my legs. ...“Poppy, Poppy, Poppy,” Casteel murmured as a finger above the gown reached the sensitive bundle of nerves. “Does what you’re seeing in that tent answer any questions you might have had about how three lovers can enjoy each other?” ...I saw the woman who had been riding the man under her still, her back bowing as the man behind her pulled her close to his chest. “The newcomer is either moving inside her or against her,” Casteel explained as his finger moved in those damn circles above the gown and along the crease of my thigh and hip. ...The heat from my skin had entered my veins, stirring up my blood as I nodded. “It did.” I wet my lips. “It sounded like it could be... painful.” “It can be if not done with care,” he said. ...A strangled sound left me as he lazily drew a finger through the gathering wetness there.

...Pulse thrumming as Cas’s finger slowly plunged in and out of me as he continued worrying the sensitive flesh, I gave up on remaining still before I even started to try. I lifted my hips against his hand as I forced my brain to remember how to form words. ...“We were friends, and then we were more,” he said, the tension curling deeper and deeper inside me as my gaze darted across the fire, the canopies, and the shadows. ...Lyra’s head was at his waist again, and his hand was balled in her hair, his hips moving— ...The shattering release left me trembling. ...His hands fell away from me, hovering at my sides as I unhooked the flap of his breeches, feeling the rigid thickness there.

The taste of smoky spice consumed my senses as I reached

in, wrapping my fingers around his warm, hard skin. ...His skin felt like heated steel encased in silk as I tipped forward, halting when I felt him spasm in my hand.

...“This? My cock in your mouth? I’d have to be dead and nothing but ash to not want that.” ...“You are—” He groaned as I glided my fingers from his base to his tip.

...The salty taste of his skin was a surprise, dancing over my tongue. Tentatively, I moved my hand down his length, exploring as I brought him deeper into my mouth like I had read about in Willa’s diary. ...“Poppy,” Casteel groaned, his palm flattening against my cheek. ...I drew my tongue over his taut skin, finding a little indentation under the ridge of his head and swirling my tongue over it. “Fuck.” His body jerked. ...Fighting a smile, I did it again, and he swore. ...I hummed out an agreement, and the act seemed to vibrate through him. His entire body flexed, and I felt him throb.

“Fuck,” he rasped. ... A laugh escaped me then, and based on the way his hips jerked, he liked how it felt. There was nothing in Miss Willa’s diary about laughing while doing this, but as I curled my hand around his base, I stopped thinking about that damn journal and just let instinct take over. I flicked my tongue across the head of his cock, marveling at his reaction—at the lazy heat swamping my senses. ...It was a... supportive presence as he continued letting me learn what made his body move in short, shallow thrusts, what caused his breath to catch, and what made the spicy flavor intensify. I realized something. Not only did I like this but I also enjoyed the control, the way I could slow his breathing or increase the way he throbbed against my tongue just by the pressure of my mouth, or how hard or soft I sucked on his skin. “Poppy, I’m not... gods, I’m not going to last much longer.” His grip on my neck tightened as he rocked against my hand, in my mouth. ...I drew my hand up the length of him, closing my mouth over his head. He shouted my name, and then his hips stiffened as he pulsed and spasmed against my tongue.

-Page 330-336

4  
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