

# HOUSE OF EARTH AND BLOOD

by Sarah J. Maas

*She couldn't stop it—the image that blazed over her senses: Hunt putting those big hands on her waist and hoisting her onto the counter currently pressing into her spine, shoving her T-shirt over her midriff—his T-shirt, actually—and spreading her legs wide. Fucking her with his tongue, then his cock, until she was sobbing in pleasure, screaming with it, she didn't care just so long as he was touching her, inside her—*

-Page 508

**H**is tongue danced with her own. She whimpered, and he let out a dark laugh as his hand wandered under the back of her dress, down the length of her spine, his calluses scraping. She arched into the touch, and he tore his mouth away.

*...She slid her hand down his front. To his pants—the hard, considerable length straining against them.*

*...She palmed his cock, eliciting a hiss from him...*

"Thank fuck," he breathed against her neck, and she laughed....Tongues and teeth and breath, his hands artfully unhooking her bra under her dress. She wound up straddling his lap, wound up grinding herself over that beautiful, perfect hardness in his lap. Wound up with her dress peeled down to her waist, her bra gone, and then Hunt's mouth and teeth were around her breast, suckling and biting and kissing, and nothing, nothing, nothing had ever felt this good, this right. Bryce didn't care that she was moaning loud enough for every demon in the Pit to hear. Not as Hunt switched to her other breast, sucking her nipple deep into his mouth. She drove her hips down on his, release already a rising wave in her. "Fuck, Bryce," he murmured against her breast. She only dove her hand beneath the waist of his pants. His hand wrapped around her wrist, though. Halted her millimeters from what she'd wanted in her hands, her mouth, her body for weeks... "Not yet," he growled, dragging his tongue along the underside of her breast. Content to feast on her. "Not until I've had my turn." ...And any objections died as he slipped a hand up her dress, running it over her thigh. Higher. His mouth found her neck again as a finger explored the lacy front of her underwear. He hissed again as he found it utterly soaked, the lace doing nothing to hide the proof of just how badly she wanted this, wanted him. He ran his finger down the length of her—and back up again. Then that finger landed on that spot at the apex of her thighs. His thumb gently pressed on it over the fabric, drawing a moan deep from her throat. She felt him smile against her neck. His thumb slowly circled, every sweep a torturous blessing.

He just tugged aside her underwear and put his fingers directly on her. She moaned again, and Hunt stroked her, two fingers dragging up and down with teeth-grinding lightness. He licked up the side of her throat, fingers playing mercilessly with her. He whispered against her skin, "Do you taste as good as you feel, Bryce?" "Please find out immediately," she managed to gasp.

His laugh rumbled through her, but his fingers didn't halt their leisurely exploration. "Not yet, Quinlan." One of his fingers found her entrance and lingered, circling. "Do it," she said. *If she didn't feel him inside her—his fingers or his cock, anything—she might start begging.*

"So bossy," Hunt purred against her neck, then claimed her mouth again. And as his lips settled over hers, nipping and taunting, he slid that finger deep into her. Both of them groaned. "Fuck, Bryce," he said again. "Fuck." Her eyes nearly rolled back into her head at the feeling of that finger. She rocked her hips, desperate to drive him deeper, and he obliged her, pulling out his finger nearly all the way, adding a second, and plunging both back into her. She bucked, her nails digging into his chest... *She buried her face in his neck, biting and licking, starving for any taste of him while he pumped his hand into her again.*

Hunt breathed into her ear, "I am going to fuck you until you can't remember your gods-damned name..." "I have plans for this beautiful ass, Bryce. Filthy, filthy plans. She moaned again, and his fingers stroked into her, over and over. "Come for me, sweetheart," he purred against her breast, his tongue flicking over her nipple just as one of his fingers curled inside her, hitting that gods-damned spot... Hunt's name on her lips, she tipped her head back and let go, riding his hand with abandon, driving them both into the couch cushions. He groaned, and she swallowed the sound with an openmouthed kiss as every nerve in her body exploded into glorious starlight.

-Page 590

