

HOUSE OF SKY AND BREATH

by Sarah J. Maas

Bryce had read the list of commandments one night after they'd fucked in the shower, and had been so wound up that Hunt had gone down on her to take the edge off. He'd taken this time tasting her, savoring each lick of her delicious, enticing sex. Even fucking her at night and before work, he couldn't get enough. Would find himself in the middle of the day aching for her. They'd already fucked twice in her office, right on her desk, her dress bunched at her waist, his pants barely unbuckled as he pounded into her.

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He dipped his head, kissing her neck, breathing in the subtle scent of her. His cock instantly hardened. Fuck yes. This scent, this female-...Her hand began stroking up his spine again. His balls tightened with each trailing caress. Then her mouth was on his pec, flaming lips grazing over the swirling tattoo there. The pierced nipple on his left pec. Her tongue flicked at the hoop, and his brain went haywire as he realized he was naked, or had somehow willed his clothes gone, because that was his bare skin she was touching, kissing... "I'm not even sure we can have sex like this." "I don't see why not." Her fingers skated down to the top of his ass, taunting. Ruhn's cock throbbed. "Only one way to find out," he managed to say...Ruhn hoisted her up, and she wrapped her legs around his middle, his cock dangerously close to where it wanted to be. But he carried her to the fainting couch, gently laying her down before climbing atop her. "Let me see your face," he breathed, sliding a hand between her legs. "Never," she said, and Ruhn didn't care, not as **his fingers slicked through her soaked sex. Utterly ready for him.**

He spread her knees and knelt between them. Dragged his tongue up her center— He bucked, like his cock had a mind of its own, like it needed to be in her, or it was going to fucking erupt right there— Ruhn fistfisted himself, pumping slowly as he licked her again...

He slipped a finger into her, finding her mind-meltingly tight....

"Please," she said, and he hissed as her fingers wrapped around his cock and guided him to her entrance.

...The pressure of her around his cock was too much, too gloriously intense—"I can go slow." He couldn't. He really couldn't, but for her, he'd try. She laughed softly. "Please don't." He withdrew nearly to the tip and pushed back in with a smooth, steady thrust. He nearly leapt out of his skin at the rippling pleasure. Her hands dug into his shoulders, and Day said, "You feel better than I even dreamed."Ruhn angled her hips so he could drive deeper still, and she reached up above her to clutch at the rolled arm of the chaise. "Ruhn," she moaned again, a warning that she was close- and echoed it with a flex of her delicate inner muscles. The squeeze had him grabbing her hands in his and slamming home. **"Come for me," he breathed against her mouth, as he reached between them to rub the bud of her clit in a taunting circle.** Day cried out, and **those inner muscles fluttered and clenched around his cock, milking him**— Release barreled through him, and Ruhn didn't hold back as he pounded into her, wringing the pleasure from both of them. They kept moving, one orgasm rolling into the next, and he had no fucking idea how it was even possible, but he was still hard, still going, and he needed more and more and more of her- He erupted again, hauling her with him.

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