

A KINGDOM OF FLESH AND FIRE

by Jennifer L. Armentrout

Before I could feel the loss of his wicked hand he gripped my thighs and lifted me. I gasped, hands slipping over his shoulders as more than half of my body left the water. "Hook your legs around my waist," he commanded softly. "Do it." I did as he requested without complaint.

"I would love to take my time because there are so many different ways I'd love to be real with you. Lay you out on the rocks and lick every inch of your body. Make you come that way. And then I'd want you on your knees and your mouth around my cock."

..."I don't think you could do it wrong," he told me, eyes flaring intently. "But I'd show you. I'd show you how to use your mouth and tongue. If we had time, we would play." His hands tightened at my waist. "But we don't have time, Princess." ..."I'm going to need you to hold onto me and not let go, because I'm about to fuck you like I promised." I gasped at his lewd—deliciously so—words. "Yes. Please." Casteel didn't respond with words. He did so with action, guiding me down until I felt him nudging my entrance. I bit down on my lip. "Lower your legs," he demanded. "Just a little—there. That's perfect." His lips returned to mine. "You're perfect." "I—" My words ended in a cry that he captured with a kiss. He filled me, stretching me until I wasn't sure if this position would work. Or if I would work. We'd only done this twice. I'd only done this twice. But I held on, my fingers digging into his skin as he kept sinking into me, deeper and deeper until there was no space between us, and Casteel shook. He dragged one hand down my back, folding his arm around me. And then he... he held me there, against his chest, buried deep inside. "You okay?" he rasped, lips brushing mine. "Poppy?" I nodded, easing my grip on his shoulders. "You sure?" "Yes," I whispered, my eyes closed. It didn't hurt. It didn't feel exactly comfortable, but I knew there

was more. I shifted, wiggling my hips. He groaned my name. "Poppy..." "...I wanted the hardness between my legs and inside me, needed what it made me feel. I didn't want my heart getting involved. I squirmed, gasping as pleasure sparked. "Gods, Poppy. I'm trying—" A sound rumbled from him, vibrating through me. "I'm trying to make sure you're ready." "I'm ready," I told him. I've been ready. He cursed, but then he moved, thrusting his hips up as the hand on mine pulled down. My eyes went wide at the raw sensation of him moving inside me, slow and deep. I sighed, muscles I didn't realize were even tense relaxing. "That's it." His words were barely a whisper. "Gods, you feel..." The hand guiding me spasmed and then loosened as I lifted myself on his length. "You feel like all I could ever want."...His hand fisted in my hair, pulling my head back....His mouth covered mine, and one of his fangs scraped my lip, dragging a husky moan from me...we were back at that rock, one of his arms around me and the other hand in my hair, the only things between the hard surface and my skin as he rolled into me, pinning my hips. And then he did what he promised. Casteel fucked. His hips slammed into mine, and the way I was held there, all I could do was whatever he demanded...Each thrust of his hips felt as greedy as the strokes of my tongue against his. Every plunge of his hips felt more like an act of possession than the one before...I tightened—everything in me tightened as his head dropped to my shoulder, his body grinding into mine. I curled myself around him, pressing my face into his neck, tasting the sweet water and the salt of his skin...He moved so deeply inside me that I couldn't feel anything but him, and when release found me, it also found him, devouring us both, leaving no room to fear what awaited and making what seemed impossible, possible.

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