

1001 DARK NIGHTS: *The Queen*: A WICKED NOVELLA

By Jennifer L. Armentrout

The thin leggings I wore were no barrier to the hardness pressing against the material of his jeans. ...The tips of my breasts tingled, and the kiss went deeper as he managed to hold me even tighter. ...“I need you, Caden. Make love to me. Please?” ...His mouth moved over mine like he was claiming every hidden part of my heart and soul. My shirt came off. Then his. We stood, our mouths and hands skimming over every inch of exposed skin. His fingers gripped the band of my leggings, tugging them down, along with the panties I wore underneath. I reached for the button on his jeans, hands trembling as I then worked at the zipper. Off went his pants, and then he eased down the tight, black boxer briefs he had on, freeing the rigid length of his cock. ...Caden was... he was beautiful. Every part of him, from the broad expanse of his chest and the tightly rolled muscles of his stomach, to the proud jut of his arousal. ...So distracted by the sight of him, I hadn't even noticed that he'd unclasped my bra until his mouth closed over one nipple. I cried out, reaching for those silky strands of hair, but he dropped to his knees in front of me. ...He sank even lower, his lips searching and tasting, licking and exploring until his breath danced over my most sensitive area. Then his head shifted, and I felt the wet slide of his tongue along my inner thigh, moving up and up until it slipped inside, swirling and tasting. Each time his tongue thrust in, pleasure became a lightning bolt down my spine. “This is especially beautiful.” ...His mouth closed over the bundle of nerves, and my head fell back. There was no slow build of sensation. He knew exactly what he was doing when he dragged his teeth over my sensitive skin, soothing the bite with his tongue before closing his mouth over the turgid flesh. The release hit me hard. Crying

out, my head fell back as pounding wave after wave of pleasure roared through me. ...Before the tremors stopped, Caden rose. Somehow, we ended up on the bed, his large body settling over mine and then between my thighs. His mouth found mine once more, and the taste of me mingled with the essence of him. ...Caden's body shifted, and I felt him pressing against me. I lifted my hips, and my breath caught and then held. ...His voice choked off as he thrust in, fully seating himself. The pressure and fullness was unbelievable, and the small bit of discomfort faded as he made a sound, a velvety growl. ...From there, there were only our short, shallow breaths and the sounds of our bodies moving together. His hips rolled and pumped, and I followed, the unbelievable tension building once more. ...Caden planted his elbow in the bed beside my head as he shoved his arm under my back and lifted me so my breasts were pressed to his chest. His strength was shocking and wickedly arousing as he moved over me. In me. Each stroke deeper and harder, became more powerful. My back hit the mattress once more. I curled my legs around his waist, and I met each deep and even thrust until I couldn't any longer, until the pace quickened, and his body held mine down. My body tensed around his, and my blood turned to lava as every part of my body tightened at once, all over again. “That's it.” ...The most intense pleasure rolled over me in tight, hot waves, and all I could do was hold on as his hips pounded in a tempo that was earth-shattering. Our mouths crashed together His tongue tangled with mine, and the tightly coiled knot of tension whipped through me fiercely, lighting up every cell in my body. The arm under my shoulders held me in place as he ground his hips into mine. There was one more deep, breath-

shattering thrust, and then my name was a rough shout as his body spasmed, his release hot as his hips jerked. My hands glided lazily up and down his sides as one last shudder overtook him. ...He was still inside me, not as hard as he had been, but not remotely soft. ...His hips rocked, eliciting a sharp gasp from me. His grin became downright wicked. ...Giving me one more quick kiss, he eased out of me and smoothly shifted to his feet.

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I kissed her on the mouth and then lower, driving her to the peak of release over and over until my name was a prayer on her lips. Then, and only then, did I roll her onto her side and slide into her hot, tight depths. “Fuck,” I groaned, dropping my cheek to hers. I held myself still as long as I could, until the urge to move became almost painful. “I need you.” ...Shuddering, I gripped her by the hip and lifted her onto her knees. For a moment, I was a little lost in the graceful slope of her back and the rounded, plump ass. ...I moved against her hard, slamming into her, driven by her soft moans filling the room and how she didn't just take each thrust but met them, riding me just as fiercely as I took her. She felt too damn good. My blood pounded, and I lost all semblance of control the moment I felt her clench and spasm around my dick. It was like losing my mind as I thrust into her, over and over until release found me. It was like lightning streaking down my spine, obliterating my senses. Hell if I knew how we'd ended up on our sides, her in front of me, my front to her back.

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