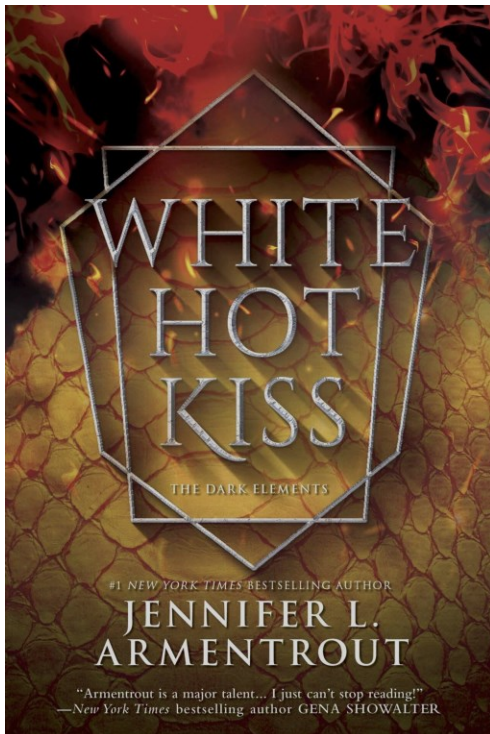


# WHITE HOT KISS: THE DARK ELEMENTS BOOK 1



## Book Summary:

A young woman possessing the ability to kill people with a kiss, gets romantically involved with a demon.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities; sexual nudity; alcohol use; profanity; and violence.

*Young Adult*

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**3** /5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
38	"Our bio class just got a billion times more interesting. And hotter, lots and lots hotter. Holy mother, I want to have his babies. Not now of course, but definitely later. But I'd like to start practicing soon."
46	"Then I guess I'll just have to try biting again." Something flared in his golden eyes, brightening them. "You wanna try?" He leaned in again, his lips brushing the curve of my cheek. "Let me suggest more appropriate places. I have this piercing—"
51	"Hold on a sec. Why can't you picture me hooking up with anyone?" I sat back in the chair. I had this ridiculous urge to prove I was hookup material. ..."What Sam is trying to say is that we can't picture you hooking up with anyone because you don't really pay attention to guys that way." ..."That the number of hours you play video games per day equals the number of more years you'll be a virgin?" she asked.
62	He pulled me into his side and draped his arm over my shoulder. It was like being in a headlock, except my body tingled all over. "Do you think I'm the awesome sauce?" "Sure," I gasped. "How about with extra sauce?" My cheeks flushed. So did other parts of my body.
69	"I'm not a freaking kid, you ass. I know what sex is."
74	"I didn't sneak out of the house dressed like this for no good reason." "No doubt." I eyed her short skirt and then her cleavage. "We wouldn't want your boobs to go to waste." She gave me a sly smile. "I want him to think about me all night."
75	Stacey laughed. "He didn't even bat an eye when he saw my skirt—" "Or lack thereof."
83	"That bitch told him I put out after one beer?" ...I was still stuck on the whole "putting out" thing. "She told another girl I was a freaking servant. I guess I'm a servant who puts out. Oh! And I guess I'm a lightweight, too. I'm gonna kill—"
87	"The same Willy McKenzie who hasn't slept with that sweet gal since the creation of the DVD, and who has a stash of porn in his closet at home? And not just any porn." Roth stepped forward, lowering his voice until it was nothing more than a whisper. "You know what I'm talking about."
88	Either I let Roth manipulate the pedophile into offing himself or I stopped him—because, pervert or not, Roth would be stripping the man of his free will.
118	I was instantly aware of how my chest felt pressed against him. Warmth inexplicably flooded me, like I was basking in the summer sun.
128	"Hmm," Roth murmured, golden eyes twinkling. "I would like to see you dance." Was it commonplace for a demon to twist every comment into something laced with sexual innuendo?
136	One second he was standing a good three feet away from me and the next his hands were gently clasping my cheeks. There was an instant when I wondered how something so strong and deadly could hold anything so carefully, but then he tilted my head back and lowered his own. My heart rate kicked into hyperdrive. He wasn't going to kiss me. No way—

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	<p>Roth kissed me.            The brush of his lips was tentative at first, an unhurried sweep of his mouth against mine. Every muscle in my body locked up, but I didn't pull away like I should've, and Roth made a low sound deep in his throat that sent shivers down my spine. His lips caressed mine again, nibbling and clinging to them until they parted on a gasp. He deepened the kiss with a thrust of his tongue. My senses went into overload, firing in every direction. The kiss—it was everything I could've imagined a kiss to be and then some. Sublime. Explosive. My heart fluttered wildly, from a yearning so deep, darts of fear shot through my veins.            ...“Your tongue is pierced,” I said dumbly.            A wicked gleam filled his gaze. “That’s not the only thing pierced.”            ...I didn't know who to be more ticked off at—him, or my traitorous body, but wait—where else was he pierced? The last thought caused my brain to play happily in the gutter, and that ticked me off even more.</p>
177	<p>When he turned to grab a shirt out of a pile of neatly stacked clothes, I got an eyeful of his front. He was all muscle, chiseled and lean. Graceful. His pants hung low, and it looked as if someone had pressed their fingers into the skin next to his hips, leaving behind indentations. The dips and planes of his stomach looked unreal.            ...He returned to my side, unscrewing a bottle. “You should drink some of this. It will help.”            I accepted it, taking a long swallow. The liquor burned my lips and the inside of my mouth as he disappeared into what I assumed was a bathroom, but it warmed my insides wonderfully.</p>
189	<p>He ran his finger along the hem of the borrowed shirt, his knuckles brushing the swell of my chest. “You know what I saw?”            I blinked slowly. “What?”            He stopped messing with the hem and slid his hand along the curve of my ribs as he bent his head down. His lips moved against my ear. “I saw something in you that you desperately try to hide from everyone. Something that reminded me of myself.”            I drew in a shallow breath, mouth dry.            Roth pressed his lips against my temple, sliding his hand under the edge of the shirt. I jumped when his fingers touched my belly.            ...He shifted so that one leg was between mine.            ...I wanted to pursue the conversation, but his hand traveled up my stomach, stopping at the edge of my bra. My body had a mind of its own and it arched against his hand, willing him further without really knowing why. His eyes met mine. There was something hot and calculating about his gaze—feral and predatory.            Roth’s gaze landed on my mouth, and I felt his chest rise sharply against mine.            ...I knew he was going to kiss me then. The intent was in his stare, in the way he lowered his head to mine and parted his lips. I reached up, placing my hand on his cheek. His skin was warm, hotter than mine.            Roth pressed against me and my heart beat crazy fast. Our bodies were nearly flush, pieced together, and his musky, wild scent enveloped me. There was a brief moment when his lower body rocked against mine, and every nerve I had came alive, but then he sighed a sound full of regret and rolled off me.            Rolled right on off me.            Standing beside the lounge, he stretched his arms up over his head, flashing a tantalizing glimpse of his abs and the dragon tattoo.</p>

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195	<p>“Why are you laughing?” he demanded. “It better not be because you doubt my ability to keep your ass—a very lovely ass, by the way—safe. Because I think I’ve proved that I can.”</p>
202	<p>He sat up, eyes glimmering with mirth. “You wanted me to kiss you earlier.” Heat flooded my cheeks. “No. I did not.” “You’re right. You wanted me to do much, much more.” Now that heat was spreading elsewhere.</p>
223	<p>“She spent time alone with Roth—time at his place. Was it in his bedroom? Did you see his bed? Wait. Let me start with the most pressing question—did you lose your virginity finally?”</p>
224	<p>“Look, you’re my best friend. I’m obligated to take an interest in your sexual activity.” ...“Your face tells me you did see his bed, probably even sat on it. What was it like?” She leaned forward, eyes eager. “Did it smell like him? Like sex? Did he have silk sheets? Come on, he had to have satin or silk.” “Really?” Sam put his drink down, scowling at her. “Did you just ask her if his bed smelled like sex? Who cares what his bed smells like?” “I do,” Stacey exclaimed, eyes wide.</p>
226	<p>“He’s not like Gareth or any other guy who just wants to get in a girl’s pants.”</p>
231	<p>He dipped his head, brushing his cheek against mine. ...He tugged me forward, circling an arm around my waist. Dipping his head to where my neck sloped, he inhaled deeply. “Can’t you?” I shivered against him, my fingers curling into the front of his shirt. ...His hands dropped to my hips, grip tightening deliciously. ...His gaze dropped to my mouth, and I felt my lips part. “And your lip looks...” “What?” The frown turned into a slow, seductive grin. “Well, it looks good enough to nibble.” ...His hands slid up an inch, resting just under my rib cage. ...His thumbs moved in slow, idle circles that made it difficult to concentrate. ...Roth dipped his head again, and when he spoke, his breath was warm against my ear. ...Before I could even ask “like what,” Roth’s lips traveled across my cheekbone. Tiny, fiery shivers darted along my nerves. His lips brushed the corner of mine, and my pulse fluttered wildly. I was so far out of my league with him it wasn’t funny. “Is it like this, Layla?” Like this? Ah, the touching... the almost kissing. “No.” I barely recognized my own voice. “I can’t...” “Can’t what?” The very edges of his teeth came down on my lower lip. A little nip, like he’d mentioned before, and my entire body arched against his. ...He laughed, and this time, when he pulled back and bent his head again, his lips were against my pulse. This was ridiculous. ...And it felt so unbelievably good—this wild anticipation he was building, a promise that could actually go somewhere. The fierce yearning was like a tempest inside me, swirling and spinning me up so high that I knew the fall would break something valuable. Because this was different—this wasn’t built on hopeless fantasies.</p>
255	<p>“Watching you kick ass was incredibly hot—like really, really hot. But if you ever do anything like that again, I will throw you over my shoulders and spank your—” “You finish that sentence and I’m going to introduce my knee to a certain part of your anatomy.”</p>
265	<p>Roth shot up and caught my arms, pressing me down in half a second. He hovered above me. ...“I have reasons for doing what I do.” His gaze drifted off my face, down my body. “None of</p>

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	<p>them are angelic. All of them self-serving.”</p> <p>...He leaned down and we were chest to chest. His face was a mere inch or two from mine. Air hitched in my throat.</p> <p>...Roth didn't respond as he softened his grip and trailed his fingers down my arm. His hand skipped to my waist, then to my hip. Heat followed his touch, eliciting a sharp pang of yearning and even fear. He brought his gaze up, and the intensity in his stare had a magnetic pull. That heady tension was here, pulling us together. I was tired of ignoring it, tired of believing it was wrong when it was what I wanted—what I needed.</p> <p>...It was then that I realized he was just as affected as I was by whatever it was between us. It wasn't just a game or a job. It was more than teasing and flirting. “You're more than just another Roth. You're more than that. You're—”</p> <p>Roth's lips brushed mine. I sucked in a startled breath, freezing underneath him. It wasn't much of a kiss, just a tentative caress, surprisingly soft and gentle. He didn't push it or deepen the contact. He just hovered there, the butterfly kiss doing more to me than anything ever had.</p> <p>And I wanted more, so much more.</p>
267	<p>But now he'd really kiss me. I knew it in my bones.</p> <p>I moved my trembling hands to his shoulders. I didn't push hard, but Roth released me immediately, the muscles in his arms bulging as he breathed raggedly.</p> <p>“What?” His voice was deep and endless.</p> <p>Heart pounding, I pulled my hands back, folding them across my chest. My shirt was bunched up, our legs still tangled together.</p>
270	<p>His pants hung low, revealing more of the dragon's tail and the finger-width indentations beside his hips.</p> <p>He caught me staring. “See something you like?”</p>
272	<p>Roth's brows rose. “Sex on the brain, bud?”</p>
275	<p>Roth dropped my hair only to place the tips of his fingers on my chin. A spark of electricity made its way down to my toes. Tilting my head back, he stared down at me with a mischievous grin. “When I said I wasn't a real boy?”</p> <p>“Yes.”</p> <p>He smirked as he leaned forward. I tried to clamp my legs shut, but his thigh slid between mine. “I think I'm definitely becoming a real boy.”</p> <p>Oh, sweet Jesus...</p> <p>...He lowered his head, rubbing his nose against mine. His lips hovered just inches from my mouth. Our bodies were flush, hitting at every point that fried my senses. He lowered his head, brushing his lips across my cheekbone, over my earlobe. He nipped, catching the sensitive skin. I gasped, fingers curling into the front of his shirt.</p>
283	<p>“If I were you, I'd be wearing the least amount of clothing that's legal.”</p>
287	<p>With his eyes open to thin slits, his lashes fanned the skin under his eyes. The broad expanse of his smooth cheeks begged for me to touch them. His lips were slightly parted. Just a tiny gleam on the bolt in his tongue shone. Recalling the slick coolness of the bolt, I squeezed my eyes shut.</p> <p>He really was a fine specimen, too.</p> <p>A tight bundle of nerves coiled, and my heart rate kicked up. Having no idea what I was thinking or about to do, I took a deep breath and wiggled down until I was lying on my side next to Roth. There was some space between us, but the whole front of my body tingled as if</p>

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	<p>we were touching.</p> <p>...My ability to pay attention to the movie lasted about a minute, giving way to the sharp yearning building inside me.</p> <p>I wiggled closer, so that my thigh touched his. Roth had been breathing normally up until that moment, but now he seemed to stop breathing altogether. A single dark eyebrow rose. I still really didn't know what I was doing or why. Was it because I just wanted to be like a normal teenage girl for once? To be young and dumb? Or was I seeking a way to forget about what we were about to do and the very uncertain future?</p> <p>...A chill started in the middle of my back and spread to my legs and arms. It was more than just being able to kiss him.</p> <p>...My hand was moving before I even knew what I was doing. I placed it on his stomach, just below his chest. I was still. Roth was still. Both of us were staring at the movie, and I knew he was like me in that moment, not really paying attention.</p> <p>"Layla..."</p> <p>The low growl in his voice sent shivers through me. I started to pull my hand back, but he caught it in a grip that was firm but gentle.</p> <p>"What are you doing?" he asked.</p> <p>Air caught in my throat and I couldn't answer, couldn't put forth the words explaining what I was doing, what I wanted. Another deep sound came from Roth and then he moved lightning quick. A heartbeat later, I was on my back and he was above me, his muscles flexing under the shirt he wore as he held himself up.</p> <p>His eyes crashed into mine, and they were like two citrines. He read something in my gaze. He had to, because a shudder rolled through his body. "I'm a demon, Layla. What I see in your eyes and what I sense from your body is something I will take. Make no mistake. I'll give you one chance. Close your eyes, and I'll let this go." I felt weak under his consuming stare, but I didn't close my eyes. "Layla." He said my name as if it hurt him.</p> <p>And then he kissed me. Not like the first time in the park. Not like the other time on this very bed. He captured my lips in a lingering kiss. I moaned at the first taste of him, sweet like chocolate. Little shivers of pleasure and panic shot through me when he deepened the kiss and I felt the coolness of the bolt in his tongue. My body sparked to life; my heart swelled and thundered. The rush of sensations crawling across my body was maddening, beautiful and scary.</p> <p>I dug my hands into his hair, not at all surprised to find it soft to the touch. Roth pressed down, hooking my leg around his waist. I gasped against his mouth. His hand slipped under my shirt, his fingers skimming over my skin, sending a rush of blood to every part of me. I wanted to touch him the way he was touching me. Roth moaned when I wiggled, slipping my hands under his shirt. His stomach was hard, dipped and rippled in all the right places. He broke away long enough to tug his shirt over his head. He hovered above me for a moment, powerful and strong. It wasn't the first time I'd seen him shirtless, but I still marveled at his beauty. Even Bambi, who covered his arm, and the dragon rising across his stomach were beautiful to me. I wondered what he thought of me, but we were kissing again as he eased me back down, dropping a kiss against my cheek, then my eyelids while I tried to get control of my pounding heart.</p> <p>Roth cradled my face then, our lips barely touching again and again. My sweater came off in a heady tug and pull. I ran my fingertips down his chest to the button on his jeans. He had the same thing in mind, because he was between my legs, and I was swimming in raw sensations. Pleasure and uncertainty spiked together. I had no experience in any of this.</p>

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	<p>For a brief moment, Roth froze above me. His eyes squeezed tight and his head thrust back toward the ceiling. I didn't realize that he was exercising any control until it broke. His arms tightened around me, crushing me against his chest as his hips rocked against mine. We were skin to skin in some areas, tangled together, and each breath we took, the other seemed to inhale. Our chests rose; our hearts pounded. His skin was hard and smooth under my clenching fingers. He gripped my hips, tilting me up and bringing us closer together. When he kissed me again, it was that deep, scorching kind of kiss that pushed me to the edge of the cliff. I was ready to jump off headfirst, to finally feel everything I'd always believed to be denied to me.</p> <p>My fingers dug into the smooth skin of his biceps as his free hand trailed down my stomach, fingers circling my belly button and then lower, under the band of my jeans. Every muscle in my body locked up in a strange way. Not a bad way, but it was intense, too much and not enough. "Roth, I... I don't know..."</p> <p>"It's okay," he whispered against the corner of my lip. "This is about you. Yeah, this is totally about you." He sounded surprised by his own words, and when he spoke again, his voice was hoarse as he pressed his forehead against mine. "You undo me. You have no idea how you undo me."</p> <p>Before I could process what that meant, his hand started to move and his wrist twisted and the cells in my body tightened to an almost painful point. I couldn't control it. My body moved of its own accord, my back arching. A rush of sensations hit me all at once. That edge I'd been teetering on? I toppled right over as those cells seemed to scabble out in every direction. Roth knew the moment to kiss me, his lips silencing the sounds I would be embarrassed over later.</p> <p>He held me through it. Hours passed while I slowly pieced myself back together. Maybe it was only minutes. It didn't matter. My heart thundered. I felt glorious. Alive. Better than after tasting a soul.</p> <p>...He pressed his lips to my flushed forehead and slowly rolled over onto his back. I followed him, not as graceful. My leg ended up tangled with his.</p> <p>Roth held up a hand, his chest rising and falling rapidly. "I need a minute."</p> <p>I opened my mouth and then clamped it shut. Flushing, I started to pull back, but his arm snaked around my waist, holding me in place.</p> <p>"Okay. Maybe I need more than a minute." His voice was tight and strained, thick.</p> <p>I may have be inexperienced, but I wasn't completely naive. "Why... why did you stop?"</p>
291	<p>"If you keep staring down there like that, it's not going to be all right."</p> <p>I flushed and hastily averted my gaze, but it didn't stay away long. Rising up on my elbow, it took everything for me not to touch it.</p>
292	<p>He sat up quickly and pressed a kiss to the back of my shoulder, and then he settled back down, curving an arm around my waist. His hand landed on my hip with astonishing ease.</p> <p>"You can touch it if you want."</p> <p>I did.</p> <p>Following the outline of the wing, I thought it would be rough or at least raised from the skin, but it was as smooth as the rest of Roth. I skimmed over the belly of the dragon and drifted down to where the tail disappeared under the waist of Roth's jeans.</p> <p>He sucked in a deep breath. "All right, maybe the touching thing is a bad idea."</p> <p>I jerked my hand back and peeked at him. He was staring at the ceiling, a muscle feathering along his jaw. "Sorry."</p>

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	<p>One side of his lips tipped up. “You... you surprised me. I figured you’d be wearing white.”</p> <p>“What?” Then it struck me. My bra was red. I smacked him on the chest. “I’m not a purity princess, for crying out loud.”</p> <p>“No. No, you’re definitely not.” He rolled onto his side, facing me. A funny smile played on his lips. Roth suddenly looked young and... completely at ease. “You’re actually a wild little thing.”</p> <p>I shook my head. “I’m not sure about that.”</p> <p>“You have no idea.” His voice was rough and he tugged me down so I was lying half on his chest. He wrapped his fingers around my chin and brought my lips to his. The answer was in a slow-burning deep kiss that tripped up my heart. His hand slid off my chin to the nape of my neck, holding me to him as the kisses left me breathless and dazed.</p>
303	<p>His hands dropped to my hips, fingers sliding up under the hem of my sweater. His thumb traced idle circles against my skin as the fluttering continued in the hall and picked up in my chest.</p> <p>...I tilted my head up and his mouth landed on mine. I wasn’t prepared for the intensity in the kiss, but I quickly caught up. My lips parted as the piercing slipped inside, dragging across my lower lip. A strangled, needful sound rose up to break the silence.</p>
307	<p>I started to laugh, but his lips found mine as if they were made specifically to do so. My mouth parted on a gasp and the kiss deepened, stealing my breath. His fingers dug into my neck in a firm hold. Time slowed to a crawl and his mouth never left mine, his lips soaking up my responses like he was starved for water. The kiss felt good—really good—and it made me think of what we’d done back in his loft.</p>
316	<p>“Did you sleep with the demon?” Abbot demanded.</p> <p>...“Are you still a virgin?”</p>
317	<p>I wasn’t sure if he was talking about the sex thing or the taking-a-soul part.</p>
319	<p>“He had...” I shook my head. Roth had had plenty of opportunity to press the issue of sex. Hell, look what had happened right before we’d left to get the Key. Considering how beautiful and amazing I’d felt, I probably would’ve given him the green light to go all the way.</p>
362	<p>“Can it get any easier for me? All I needed was time for Roth to get in your pants. And it really was only a matter of time. He is a demon, after all. I can smell your carnal sin, Layla.”</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	22
Bitch	12
Dick	1
Piss	10
Shit	14