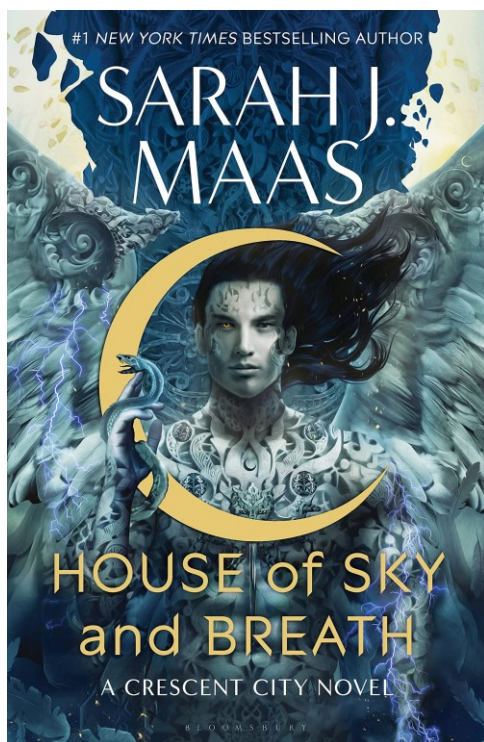


# HOUSE OF SKY AND BREATH



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities and sexual nudity; excessive/frequent profanity; explicit violence; and alcohol use.

*Adult*

**By Sarah J. Maas**

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**CONTENT WARNING**

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**4** /5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

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26	...the ocean goddess's full breasts peaked and arms upraised.
37	It was the stupid bargain she'd made with Hunt: that rather than diving right into bed, they'd wait until Winter Solstice to act on their desires.
47	<p>Only her parents sitting a few feet in front of him had kept him from thinking too much about sliding his hand up her thigh and underneath that gauzy material.</p> <p>...Aching for her, but fine with the concept of getting to know each other better before sex entered the equation.</p> <p>...cooled his rising lust.</p>
54	<p>2. He had downed an obscene amount of whiskey, because he had no idea what the female's name was, or how they'd gotten to his bedroom, or how he'd wound up with his tongue between her legs.</p> <p>...Yeah. There it was. That groan of pleasure that shot right to his cock, currently aching behind the fly of his black jeans. He hadn't even undressed before going to town on the sweet faun who'd shyly approached him at the beer pong table. He'd gotten one look at her large green eyes, the long legs that ended in those pretty little hooves, and the creamy skin of her neck, above those high perky breasts, and known precisely where he wanted this night to end.</p> <p>Good thing she'd had the same idea. Had told him precisely what she wanted in that whisper-soft voice.</p> <p>Ruhn flicked his tongue across the taut bud of her clit, savoring the meadow-soft taste of her in his mouth. She arched, thighs straining- and came with a series of breathy moans that nearly had him spilling in his pants.</p> <p>Ruhn gripped her bare ass, letting her ride his face through each wave of pleasure, moaning himself as he slipped his tongue inside her delicate inner muscles clench around him.</p> <p>Fuck, this was hot. She was hot. Even through the haze of drugs and booze, he was ready to go. All he needed was the okay from those full lips and he'd be buried in her within seconds.</p> <p>For a heartbeat, like an arrow of light fired through the blissed-out darkness of his mind, he remembered that he was, technically, betrothed. And not to some simpering Fae girl whose parents might be pissed at his behavior, but to the Queen of the Valbaran Witches.</p> <p>...did it cross some line, to fuck around like this?</p> <p>He knew the answer.</p> <p>...The faun stilled, chest heaving, and Ruhn let his thoughts of his betrothed fade away as he swallowed the taste of the faun deep into his throat.</p> <p>"Merciful Cthona," the faun breathed, rising on her knees to pull herself off his face. Ruhn released the firm cheeks of her ass, meeting her bright gaze as she peered at him, a flush across her high cheekbones.</p> <p>Ruhn winked up at her, running a tongue over the corner of his mouth to get one final taste of her. Gods, she was delectable. Her throat bobbed, her pulse fluttering like a beckoning drum.</p> <p>Ruhn ran his hands up her bare thighs, fingers grazing over her narrow hips and waist. "Do you want to-"</p>
56	Ruhn's raging hard-on had vanished, thankfully, by the time he made it to the top of the stairs above the foyer. Music still shook the floors of the house, people still

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	drank and hooked up and smoked and did whatever bullshit they usually enjoyed during these parties. ..."And it's not some drunk asshole dicking around with magic?"
60	"You smell like cunt."
64	Flynn slumped onto the lowest steps of the staircase, a bottle of whiskey in his hand. ...He swigged deeply before passing it up to Ruhn... ...Her brother drank from the bottle of whiskey.
74	...had made him keep his hands to himself and his cock in his pants.
81	...threadbare T-shirt that did nothing to hide the shadow of her nipples behind the purple fabric.
102	Trust an Oracle to call sex mingling. ..."Except for the part where I have to sleep with you. And live in your backwater land." His lips curled upward. "I think you'll find the first part to be rather enjoyable." ...He shrugged, clearly confident that she would enjoy him. "I haven't had any complaints yet..."
114	"Sex work is a respectable profession in Crescent City. It's not my fault Pangera hasn't caught up with modern times."
130	The cost: to live forever, unageing and unkillable, but never again to be able to sleep, eat, fuck.
132	"We talking about your sex life, or the time since I've seen you?"
154	And sundown brought in a whole new crowd: drunk assholes.
159	She'd never discussed the male who'd been ballsy enough to fuck Sabine.
162	He'd believed her, and they'd fucked like animals, and a few hours after dawn, she was dead.
167	I'll be there in ten. Don't leave drool stains on the lace ones. Or worse. No promises, he'd answered, and she'd replied, Just spare the pink bra, please.
200	"This," she murmured, and rose onto her toes to kiss him. Hunt met her halfway, unable to contain his groan as he hauled her against him, lips finding hers at the same moment their bodies touched. He could have sworn the fucking world spun out from under him at the taste of her- His head filled with fire and lightening and storms, and all he could think of was her mouth, her warm, luscious body, the aching of his cock pressing against his pants- pressing against her as her arms twined around his neck. ...Hunt twisted, pinning her against the wall, and her mouth opened wider on a gasp. He swept his tongue in, tasting the honeyed spice that was pure Bryce. She wrapped a leg around his waist, and Hunt took the invitation, hefting her thigh higher, pressing himself against her until they were both writhing. Anyone might walk by the alley and see them. Lunchtime workers were streaming past. ...Bryce asked, panting hard, "What's wrong?" "We, ah..." Worda had become foreign. All thought had gone between his legs. Between her legs.

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	<p>...She straightened her dress, and- shit. Was that a lilac lace bra peeking out from the neckline? Why the fuck hadn't he explored that just now? Bryce peered down the ally, lips swollen from his kisses, and some feral part of him howled in satisfaction to that he had done that, he had brought that flush to her cheeks and wine-rich scent of arousal to her. She was his.</p> <p>..."Are you suggesting we find a seedy motel instead?" Her lips curved, and Hunt's cock throbbed at the sight, as if begging for her mouth to slide over him.</p> <p>..."You know what I want." He couldn't stop his voice from lowering again. "I've never stopped wanting it- wanting you. I thought it was obvious."</p>
208	<p>"Oh, sexy nymph-writer, look at your boobs, they're so round, they remind me of these bombs the Aux is hiding in their armory in case of-"</p>
210	<p>The problem was that now she needed more. It was unfortunate that lthan was staying with her, and the kind of sex she planned to have with Hunt would rattle the walls.</p>
222	<p>He did have a few rights: she could seek him out for sex- as she'd done- but he could say no without repercussions; and his duties as Captain of Intelligence were more important than seeing to her needs.</p>
223	<p>...he wouldn't give the shithead the satisfaction of knowing how much he was pissing him off. Or turning his balls blue.</p>
230	<p>"Me too." The longest she'd ever gone without sex since her first time at seventeen. Well, ignoring what she and Hunt had done on the couch months ago- though that wasn't the kind of sex she wanted right now.</p> <p>He said, "I guarantee that however long it's been for you, it's been longer for me."</p> <p>"How long?"</p> <p>Some part of her howled at the idea of anyone- any-fucking-one- putting their hands and mouth and other parts on him. Of Hunt touching anyone else. Wanting anyone else. Or him existing in a world where he hadn't known her, and some other female had been more important-</p> <p>...Hunt grimaced. "Six months?"</p> <p>Bryce laughed. "That's it?"</p> <p>He growled. "It's a long time."</p> <p>"I thought you were going to say years."</p> <p>He gave her an affronted look. "I wasn't celibate, you know."</p> <p>"So who was the lucky lady, then?" Or male, she supposed. She'd assumed he preferred females, but it was entirely possible he also-</p> <p>"A nymph at a bar. She was from out of town and didn't recognize me."</p> <p>...The words were sharp. As if her fucking someone while they'd known each other was unacceptable.</p>
232	<p>"Before we went off on this stupid tangent, I was trying to warn you that it's been a while, so I might..."</p> <p>"Be fast?"</p> <p>He nipped at her wrist. "Be loud, asshole."</p> <p>She laughed, running her fingers over his smooth, unmarked brow. "I could gag you."</p> <p>Hunt barked out a laugh. "Please tell me you're not into that."</p> <p>She let out a hmmm.</p>

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	<p>"For real?" He sat up slowly.</p> <p>She lay back against the pillows, arms behind her head. "I'll try anything once."</p> <p>A muscle throbbed in his neck. "All right. But let's start with the basics. If that gets boring, I promise to find ways to keep you interested."</p> <p>"That doesn't get rid of the problem of Ithan's keen hearing."</p> <p>He shifted against the bed, and Bryce found the blatant evidence of his interest pushing against his tight boxer briefs. Solas, he was huge.</p> <p>She laughed softly, sitting up as well. "It really has been a while."</p> <p>He trembled, though- with restraint. "Tell me yes, Bryce."</p> <p>She went molten at the raw need in his words. "I want to touch you first."</p> <p>"That's not a yes."</p> <p>"I want your yes."</p> <p>"Yes. Fuck yes. Now your turn."</p> <p>She only smirked, pressing a surprisingly steady hand to his bare, muscled chest.</p> <p>He allowed her to push him back against the pillows. "I'll say yes when I've had my fill."</p> <p>Hunt let out a low, rough noise.</p> <p>"Not too late for a gag," Bryce murmured, pressing a kiss to his chest.</p> <p>Hunt was going to burst out of his skin. He couldn't stand it: the sight of Bryce now straddling his thighs, wearing nothing but an old, soft T-shirt, the silken glide of her hair over his bare chest as she pressed a kiss between his pecs. Pressed another near his nipple.</p> <p>There was another person in this apartment. One with exceptional hearing, and he—</p> <p>Bryce's lips closed around his left nipple, wet heat sending Hunt's hips straining toward hers. She flicked her tongue across the taut bud, and Hunt hissed. "For fuck's sake."</p> <p>She laughed around his nipple, then moved to the other. "Your chest is as big as mine," she muttered.</p> <p>"That's the least sexy thing anyone has ever said to me," he managed to say.</p> <p>She dug her long nails into his chest, the pain a light, singeing kiss. His cock throbbed in response. Gods spare him, he wouldn't last a minute.</p> <p>Bryce kissed his right ribs. Ran her tongue along the muscles there. "How do you get these stupid muscles, anyway?"</p> <p>"Exercise." Why was she talking? Why was he talking?</p> <p>His hands shook, and he fisted them in the sheets. Syrinx had leapt off the bed, trotting to the bathroom and kicking the door shut with a hind leg. Smart chimera.</p> <p>Her tongue teased over his left ribs, trailing downward as her fingers traced lines along his chest, his stomach. She kissed his belly button, and her head hovered mere inches from the edge of his boxer briefs, so close he was about to erupt at the sight of it—</p> <p>"Aren't we supposed to do some kissing first?" His voice guttural.</p> <p>"Absolutely not," Bryce said, wholly focused on her task. Hunt couldn't get a breath down as her fingers curled on the waistband of his underwear and peeled it away. He could only let her do it, lifting his hips to accommodate her, baring all of him—</p>

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	<p>"Well, well, well," she crooned, sitting up. Hunt almost started whining at the distance she put between that mouth of hers and his cock. "This is a big surprise." "Stop playing, Quinlan." She had five seconds until he leapt on her and did everything he'd dreamed of for months now. Everything he'd planned to do during the longest night of the year.</p> <p>She laid a finger on his lips. "Hush." She brushed her mouth over his. Slid her tongue along the seam of his lips. Hunt parted for her, and as her tongue slipped into his mouth, he caught it between his lips and sucked hard. Let her know precisely how he liked it.</p> <p>Her whimper was a triumph. But Hunt kept still as she withdrew, straightening again, and lifted the shirt over her head.</p> <p>Fuck, those breasts. Full and heavy and tipped in rosy nipples that had him seeing double—</p> <p>He hadn't gotten enough of them that day they'd hooked up. Not even close. He needed to feast on these, needed their weight in his palms, those pretty nipples on his tongue—</p> <p>She fisted her breasts, squeezing as she looked down at him. Hunt bucked his hips, driving his cock up before her in a silent request. Bryce only writhed, the plane of her stomach undulating as she squeezed her breasts again.</p> <p>Hunt surged to grab her, to put his mouth where her hands were, but she held up a finger. "Not yet." Her eyes simmered like coals in the dimness. Her star began to glow faintly, as if it were under a black light. She traced her finger over the soft iridescence. "Please."</p> <p>He panted through his teeth, chest heaving, but lay back on the pillows once more. "Well, when you put it so politely..."</p> <p>She let out a sensuous laugh and leaned over him. Ran her nails along the shaft of his cock, then back down to its base. He shivered, pleasure singing along his spine as she said, "There's no way I can fit all of you in me."</p> <p>He ground out, "Never know until we try."</p> <p>Bryce smiled, and her head dipped as her fingers wrapped around his cock, barely able to grasp him fully. She squeezed his base right as her tongue lapped at his tip.</p> <p>Hunt bucked, panting hard. Bryce laughed against his cock. "Quiet, remember?" He was going to cut off Holstrom's ears. That would keep the wolf from hearing—</p> <p>Bryce licked him again, tongue swirling, then slid his broad head into her mouth. Warm, wet heat enveloped him as she sucked tight and—</p> <p>Hunt arched again, clapping a hand over his mouth as his eyes rolled back in his head. Yes. Fuck yes. Bryce withdrew, then slid her mouth further onto him. A few more strokes and he'd—</p> <p>Hunt shifted, making to grab her, but she pinned his hips to the bed with a hand. Took him until he bumped against the back of her throat. He nearly flew out of his skin.</p> <p>She sucked him hard, the pressure so perfect it was practically pain, withdrawing nearly to his tip before taking him all again. What didn't make it into her mouth was squeezed by her hand in flawless tandem.</p> <p>Hunt took in the sight of his cock disappearing into her mouth, her hair whispering over his thighs, her breasts swaying— "Quinlan," he groaned, a plea</p>



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	<p>and a warning.</p> <p>Bryce only slid him down her throat again, her free hand digging into the muscles of his thigh in silent permission. In her mouth—that was where she wanted him. The thought alone unleashed him. Hunt couldn't stop himself as he raked his hands into her hair, fingers digging into her scalp, and rode her mouth. She met him thrust for thrust, moaning deep in her throat so that it echoed through him— And then her hand slipped down to his balls, squeezing hard as her teeth grazed along his shaft—</p> <p>Hunt shattered, biting down on his lip so hard the coppery tang of blood coated his tongue, bucking up into her, spilling down her throat.</p> <p>Bryce swallowed as he came, the walls of her mouth fluttering against him, and he was going to fucking die from this, from her, from the pleasure she was wringing from him—</p> <p>Hunt groaned, the last of himself shooting into her mouth. Then he was shaking and panting as she removed her mouth in one wet slide, then held his gaze. She swallowed once more. Licked her lips.</p> <p>Hunt tried and failed to get up. As if his body were stunned stupid.</p> <p>Bryce smirked, a queen triumphant. Every fantasy he'd had of her these months— none of them came close to this. To what her mouth had been like, to what she looked like naked...</p> <p>Hunt had managed to prop himself up on his elbows when Ithan yelled from the other side of the apartment, "Please: have sex a little louder! I didn't hear everything that time!"</p> <p>Bryce burst out laughing, but Hunt could only stare at the little droplet that ran down her chin, gleaming in the dim light of her star. She noted the direction of his attention and wiped off her chin, rubbing her fingers together, then licking them clean.</p> <p>Hunt growled, low and deep. "I'm going to fuck you senseless."</p> <p>Her nipples were hard as pebbles, and she squirmed against him. Nothing but those little lace panties separated her sweetness from his bare thighs.</p> <p>But then Holstrom shouted, "That sounds medically dangerous!"</p> <p>And Bryce laughed again, rolling off Hunt and reaching for his T-shirt. "Let's go to a sleazy motel tomorrow," she said, and promptly went to sleep.</p> <p>Hunt, mind blasted apart, could only lie there naked, wondering if he'd imagined it all.</p> <p>He'd fallen asleep beside Quinlan, wondering if he should just slide his hand over her hip to reacquaint himself with that lovely spot between her legs.</p>
249	<p>Pollux glared, but said, "The female was all over me. She said she wanted it. "Wanted what?" Celestina's voice had taken on a decidedly icy tone. "To fuck me." Pollux leaned back in his chair.</p>
256	<p>He'd pay Bryce a lunchtime visit. Maybe they'd get naked. That sounded really fucking good.</p>
262	<p>"...I'd never get to fondle her underwear again."</p>
305	<p>She'd blown this male. Had slid down that beautiful, strong body and taken his ridiculously large cock in her mouth and had nearly come herself as he'd spilled on her tongue.</p>

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308	<p>"You're the one who snuck up to fondle me."</p> <p>...Her toes curled in her sneakers. "This is even less private than my bedroom." Hunt's hands slid onto her waist, and he hoisted her onto the counter in one easy movement. His lips found her neck, and she arched as his tongue slid up one side, as if licking away a bead of sweat. "Best be quiet, then, Quinlan," he said against her skin.</p> <p>Lightning skittered around the room. She didn't need to look to know he'd severed the camera wires, and likely had a wall of power blocking the door. Didn't need to do anything other than enjoy the sensation of his tongue on her throat, teasing and tasting.</p> <p>She couldn't stop the hands that slid into his hair, driving through the sweaty strands, all the way down his head until they landed on the nape of his neck. She drew him closer as she did so, and Hunt lifted his head from her neck to claim her mouth.</p> <p>Her legs opened wider, and he settled between them, pressing hard as his tongue met hers.</p> <p>Bryce groaned, tasting apple and that storm-kissed cedar scent that was pure Hunt, grinding herself against his demanding hardness. With his gym shorts and her skintight leggings, there was no hiding his erection, or the dampness that soaked through her pants.</p> <p>His tongue tangled with hers, hands dropping from her waist to cup her ass. She gasped as his fingers dug in, pulling her harder to cup against him, and she hooked her legs around his middle. She couldn't taste him deep enough, fast enough.</p> <p>His shirt came off, and then she was running her fingers over those absurd abs and side abs and pecs, down the shifting muscles of his back, frantic and desperate to touch all of him.</p> <p>Her tank top peeled away, and then his teeth nipped at the swells of her breasts above the seafoam green of her sports bra, the fabric almost neon against her tan skin.</p> <p>He bracketed her waist, calluses scraping her skin as he tilted her back, and Bryce let him lay her on the counter. She propped herself up on her elbows as he pulled away, graceful as an ebbing tide, hands running from her breasts to her sweaty stomach.</p> <p>Hunt's fingers curled over the waistband of her black leggings, but paused. His gaze lifted to hers in silent request.</p> <p>At the black fire she beheld there, the sheer beauty and size and perfection of him . . .</p> <p>"Hel yes," she said, and Hunt grinned wickedly, rolling down her leggings. Exposing her midriff. Then her abdomen. Then the lacy top of her amethyst thong. Her pants and underwear were soaked with sweat—she didn't want to imagine what they smelled like—and she opened her mouth to tell him so, but he'd already knelt.</p> <p>He pulled off her sneakers, then her socks, then the leggings. Then gently, so gently, he took her right ankle and kissed its inside. Licked at the bone. Then at her calf. The inside of her knee.</p> <p>Oh gods. This was going to happen. Right here, in the middle of the building gym</p>



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	<p>where anyone could fly past the wall of windows twenty feet away. He was going down on her right here, and she needed it more than she'd ever needed anything—</p> <p>His tongue traced circles along the inside of her right thigh. Higher and higher, until she was shaking. But his hands slid up, looping through the waistband of her thong. He pressed a kiss to the front of her underwear, and she could have sworn he shuddered as he inhaled.</p> <p>Bryce went liquid, unable to stop her writhe of demand, and Hunt huffed a warm laugh against her most sensitive place, kissing her again through the fabric of her underwear.</p> <p>But then he kissed her left thigh, beginning a downward trajectory, pulling her underwear away as he went. And when the thong was completely gone, when she was bared to the world, Hunt's wings splayed above him, blocking her from the world's view.</p> <p>Only his to see, his to devour.</p> <p>Her breathing turned jagged as his mouth reached her left ankle, kissing again, and then he was sliding back up. He halted with his head between her thighs, though. Took her feet and propped them onto the counter. Spread her legs wide. Bryce moaned softly as Hunt -surveyed her, the light glowing through his wings making him look like an avenging angel lit with inner fire. "Look at you," he murmured, voice guttural with need.</p> <p>She'd never felt so naked, yet so seen and cherished. Not as Hunt slid a finger through her wetness,, "Fuck yeah," he growled, more to himself than to her, and she really, truly couldn't breathe as he knelt again, head poised where she needed him most. Hunt softly, reverently, laid a hand on her, opening her for his own personal tasting. His tongue swept along her in an introductory Hi, nice to fuck you flit. She bit her lip, panting through her nose.</p> <p>Yet Hunt bowed his head, brow resting just above her mound as his hands slid to her thighs once more. He inhaled and exhaled, shuddering, and she had no idea if he was savoring her scent or really needed a moment to calm the Hel down. One or two more licks and she knew she'd lose her mind entirely. Then Hunt pressed a kiss to the top of her sex. And another, as if he couldn't help it. His hands caressed her thighs. He kissed her a third time, raised wings twitching, and then his mouth drifted south, one hand with it.</p> <p>Again, he parted her, and pressed his tongue flat against her as he dragged it up. Stars sparked behind Bryce's eyes, her breasts aching so much she arched into the air, as if seeking invisible hands to touch them. "That's it," Hunt said against her, and flicked his tongue over her clit with lethal precision. She couldn't endure this. Couldn't handle one more second of this torture—</p> <p>His tongue pushed into her, curling deep, and she bucked.</p> <p>"You taste like gods-damn paradise," he growled, pulling back enough for her to note her wetness on his mouth, his chin. "I knew you'd taste like this."</p> <p>Bryce clapped a hand over her mouth to keep from shouting as Hunt drove his tongue back into her, then dragged it all the way up to her clit. His teeth clamped down gently, and her eyes rolled back into her head. Burning Solas and merciful Cthona... "Hunt," she managed to say, voice strangled.</p> <p>He paused, ready to halt should she give the word. But that was the last thing she</p>

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	<p>wanted.</p> <p>Bryce met Hunt's blazing gaze, her chest heaving, head a dizzy, starry mess. She said the only thing in her head, her mind, her soul.</p> <p>"I love you."</p> <p>She regretted the words the moment they left her mouth. She'd never said them to any male, hadn't even though the words about Hunt, though she'd known for a while. Why they came out then, she had no idea, but—his eyes darkened again. His fingers tightened on her legs.</p> <p>Oh gods. She'd fucked everything up. She was a stupid, horny idiot, and what the fuck had she been thinking, telling him that when they weren't even dating, for fuck's sake—</p> <p>Hunt unleashed himself. Dipped his head back down between her thighs and feasted on her. Bryce could have sworn thunderstorms rumbled in the room. It was answer and acceptance of what she'd said. Like he was beyond words now. Tongue and teeth and purring—all combined into a maelstrom of pleasure that had Bryce grinding against him. Hunt gripped her thighs hard enough to bruise and she loved it, needed it; she drove her hips into his face, pushing his tongue into her, and then something zapped right at her clit, as if Hunt had summoned a little spark of lightning, and her brain and body lit up like white fire, and oh gods, oh gods, oh gods-</p> <p>Bryce was screaming the words, Hunt's wings still cocooning them as she came hard enough that she arced clean off the counter, fingers scrabbling in his hair, pulling hard. She was flaring with light inside and out, like a living beacon. She could have sworn they fell through time and space, could have sworn they tumbled toward something, but she wanted to stay here, with him, in this body and this place-</p> <p>Hunt licked her through every ripple, and when the climax eased, when the light she'd erupted with had faded, and that falling sensation had steadied, he lifted his head.</p> <p>He met her stare from between her thighs, panting against her bare skin, lightning in her eyes. "I love you, too, Quinlan."</p>
314	<p>"I knew the moment you went snooping for my dildos."</p> <p>..."You just handled Jelly Jubilee with such care. How could I not love you for it?"</p> <p>He laughed again, ducking to brush a kiss to her warm throat. "I'll take that." He traced his fingers down her hip, the threadbare softness of her old T-shirt snagging against his callused skin. He kissed her collarbone, inhaling the scent of her, his cock stirring, "So what now?"</p> <p>"Sex?"</p> <p>He grinned. "No. I mean, fuck yeas, but I don't want an audience." He gestured over his shoulder and wing to the wall behind him. "Shall we get a hotel room somewhere in the city?"</p> <p>...He kissed her jaw, her cheek, her temple. He whispered into her ear, "I really want to fuck you right now."</p> <p>She shuddered, arching against him. "Same."</p> <p>His hand slid from her waist to cup her ass. "This is torture."</p> <p>He slipped his hand under her oversize shirt, finding her bare skin warm and soft. He traced his fingers along the seam of her lacy thong, down toward her thighs.</p>

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	Heat beckoned him, and she sucked in a breath as he halted millimeters short of where he wanted to be.
315	Hunt hooked his finger under the strap of her thong and snapped it.
326	"Then I suppose the Under-King will get a nice view of my ass."
360	Ruhn leaned back in his chair, swigging from his whiskey.
362	Ruhn crooned, "I'm sure there are Reapers who'll stoop to fuck you."
371	His phone buzzed, and he fished it out of his pocket to see a text had arrived from Bryce Sucks My Dick Like a Champ.
396	"You always did think more with your cock than your head."
398	Two weeks here. Without Quinlan. Without getting to touch her, fuck her, lie next to her-
433	<p>His wings rustled in the background. "What kind of things?"</p> <p>Her toes curled. "Kissing. And . . . more." "Hmm. Explain what more means. She bit her lip. "Licking."</p> <p>His augh was like dark velvet. "Where would you like me to lick you, Quinlan?"</p> <p>They were doing this, then. Her blood heated. Syrinx must have scented what was up, and took it upon himself to leap off the bed and head into the living room. Bryce swallowed. "My breasts."</p> <p>"Mmm. They are delicious."</p> <p>She slickened between her thighs, and rubbed her legs together, nestling further into the pillows. "You like to taste them?"</p> <p>"I like to taste all of you." She could barely get a breath down. "I like to taste you, and touch you, and when I can leave these barracks again, I'm going to fly in a straight line to wherever you are so I can thoroughly fuck you."</p> <p>She whispered, "Are you touching yourself?"</p> <p>A hiss. "Yes."</p> <p>She whimpered, rubbing her thighs together again. "Are you?"</p> <p>Her hand drifted beneath the waistband of her shorts. "Now I am "</p> <p>He groaned. "Are you wet?"</p> <p>"Soaking."</p> <p>"Gods," he begged. "Tell me what you're doing."</p> <p>She flushed. She'd never done anything like this, but if she and Hunt couldn't be together. . . she'd take what she could get.</p> <p>She slid her finger into her sex, moaning softly. "I'm . . . I have a finger inside myself."</p> <p>"Fuck."</p> <p>"I wish it was yours."</p> <p>"Fuck. "</p> <p>Was he close, then? "I'm adding another," she said as she did, and her hips bucked off the bed. "It still doesn't feel as good as you."</p> <p>His breathing turned sharp. "Open up that nightstand, sweetheart."</p> <p>Frantic, she grabbed a toy from the drawer. She shimmied off her shorts and her drenched underwear and positioned the vibrator at her entrance. "You're bigger," she said, the phone discarded beside her.</p> <p>Another primal sound of pure need. "Yeah?"</p>

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	<p>She pushed the vibrator in, her back arching. "Oh gods," she panted.</p> <p>"When we fuck for the first time, Quinlan, do you want it hard or do you want a long, smooth ride?"</p> <p>"Hard," she managed to say.</p> <p>"You want to be on top?"</p> <p>Release gathered through her body like a wave about to break.</p> <p>"I want my turn on top, and then I want you behind me, fucking me like an animal."</p> <p>"Fuck!" he shouted, and she heard flesh slapping against flesh in the background.</p> <p>"I want you to ride me so hard I'm screaming," she went on, driving the vibrator in and out. Gods, she was going to explode- "Anything you want. Anything you want, Bryce, I'll give it to you-"</p> <p>That did it. Not the words, but her name on his tongue.</p> <p>Bryce moaned, deep in her throat, her pants coming quick and wild, her core clenching around the vibrator as she pumped it in and out, working through her climax.</p> <p>Hunt groaned again, cursing, and then he fell silent. Only their breathing filled the phone. Bryce lay limp against the bed.</p> <p>"I want you so badly," he groaned out.</p> <p>She smiled. "Good."</p> <p>"Yeah. Because I'm going to fuck your brains out when you come home to me."</p> <p>He laughed softly, full of sensual promise. "Likewise, Quinlan."</p>
450	<p>She cut him off with a kiss, throwing her arms around his neck. He laughed, but his hands encircled her waist, lifting her high enough that she wrapped her legs around his middle. He slowed the kiss, his tongue driving deep, exploring her mouth. "Hi," he said against her lips, and kissed her again.</p> <p>"I wanted to tell you the news," she said, kissing his jaw, his neck.</p> <p>He'd already hardened against her. She went molten.</p> <p>"Yeah?" His hands roamed over her ass, kneading and stroking.</p> <p>"Tomorrow morning," she said, kissing his mouth again and again. "You're outta here."</p> <p>He dropped her. Not entirely, but swiftly enough that her feet hit the ground with a thud. "What?"</p> <p>She ran her hands down his sweat-slick, muscled chest, then toyed with the band of his pants. Ran a finger up the length of him jutting out with impressive demand. "We're going on a little vacation. So do a good job of seeming like you're still brooding tonight."</p> <p>"What?" he repeated.</p> <p>She kissed his pec, running her mouth over the taut brown nipple. He groaned softly, his hand sliding into her hair. "Pack a swimsuit," she murmured.</p>
451	<p>He tugged her again, and she went to him, tilting her head to receive his kiss. His hand slipped down the front of her leggings. He growled against her mouth as his fingers found the slickness waiting for him.</p> <p>She whimpered as he rubbed over her clit in a luxurious, taunting circle. "I'll see you at dawn, Quinlan."</p>

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	<p>With a nip at her bottom lip, Hunt stepped back into his room. And as he shut the door, he licked his fingers clean.</p>
463	<p>Teeth scrapping at her nipple, clamping down- Ruhn collided with the ground, the sensations vanishing.  ...He'd gotten a sense of very rough sex, and though he had the distinct feeling that it was consensual, it wasn't...meaningful. Whoever slept at her side had woken her with it.  ...Ruhn's insides twisted at the utter iciness. "You don't seem to have enjoyed it."  "Is it your business whether I find release or not?"  ..."Did you orgasm?"  ..."You've never fucked someone you hate?"  He considered, even as the sound of her saying the word fucked did something to his cock. "All right. Maybe once. But it was an ex."</p>
465	<p>"Where's the wild and crazy female I was talking about bondage with earlier?"  She laughed. He liked the sound- it was low and throaty and predatory. Fuck, he liked that sound a lot. "You are such a typical Valbaran male."  "I told you: Come visit me in Lunathion. I'll show you a good time, Day."  ...She laughed again, and his cock hardened at the sound. "Goodbye, Night."</p>
506	<p>His cock stirred at the glittering intent in them.  Her lips curved upward, knowing and taunting. Without saying a word, she lifted her soaked T-shirt over her head. Another second and her purple lace bra was gone too.  The world, the garden, vanished at the sight of her full breasts, dusk-rose nipples already peaked. His mouth watered.  She unfastened her pants. Her shoes. And then she was shimmying out of her purple underwear.  She stood totally naked before him. Hunt's heart pounded so wildly he thought it'd burst from his chest.  She was so beautiful. Every lush line, every gleaming inch of skin, her beckoning sex—  "Your turn," she said huskily.  His magic howling, begging, Hunt had the vague sense of his fingers removing his clothes and shoes. He didn't care that he  Was already fully at attention. Only cared that her eyes dipped to his cock and a pleased sort of smile graced her mouth.  Naked, they faced each other in that garden beneath the sea.  He wanted to please his mate. His beautiful, strong mate. Hunt must have said it aloud, because Bryce said gently, "Yes, Hunt. I'm your mate." The star on her chest fluttered like an ember sputtering to life. "And you are mine."  The words rang through him. His magic burned his veins like acid, and he grunted against it.  Her eyes softened, like she could sense his pain. She said hoarsely,  "I want you to fuck me. Will you do that?"    Lightning sparked over his wings. "Yes."  Bryce ran a hand up her torso, circling the glowing star between her full breasts.</p>

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	<p>His cock throbbed. She took one step toward him, bare feet cushioned by the moss. Hunt backed away a step. She lifted a brow. "No?"</p> <p>"Yes," he managed to say again. His head cleared a fraction, "This garden..."</p> <p>"Closed to the public," she purred, the star's light shining through her fingers. She took another step, and Hunt didn't retreat this time.</p> <p>He couldn't get a breath down. "I..." He swallowed. "My power—"</p> <p>She paused a foot from him. The scent of her arousal wrapped invisible fingers around his cock and stroked hard. He shuddered. "Whatever you need to throw at me, Hunt, I can take it."</p> <p>He let out a low groan. "I don't want to hurt you."</p> <p>"You won't." She smiled softly—lovingly. "I trust you."</p> <p>Her fingers brushed over his bare chest, and he shivered again. She closed the distance between them, mouth grazing over his pec— his heart. Hunt's lightning flared, casting the garden in silver. Bryce lifted her head. "Kiss me," she breathed. Hunt's eyes were pure lightning. His body was pure lightning as Bryce opened her mouth to him and his tongue swept in, tasting of rain and ether. His power flowed over her, around her, a million sensual caresses, and she arched into it, gave herself over to it. He palmed her breast, power zapping at her nipple, and she gasped. He drove his tongue deeper, like he'd lap up the sound.</p> <p>She knew Hunt needed a way to work off his magic, a way to reassure him that she was safe and his. My beautiful, strong mate, he'd growled as he looked at her naked body.</p> <p>His other hand kneaded her ass, pulling her against him, pinning his cock between their bodies. He groaned at the touch of her stomach against him, and she writhed—just enough to drive him wild.</p> <p>Lightning danced down her skin, along her hair, and she basked in it. Took it into herself, let herself become it, become him, and let him become her, until they were two souls twining together at the bottom of the sea.</p> <p>Bryce had the vague sense of falling through air, through time and space, and then she found herself laid gently, reverently, on the mossy ground. Like even in his need, his fury, he wanted her safe and well. Feeling only pleasure.</p> <p>She wrapped her arms around his neck, arching into him as she nipped at his lip, sucked on his tongue. More. She needed more. He clamped his teeth on the side of her throat, sucking hard, and she arched again, right as he settled between her legs.</p> <p>The brush of his velvety cock against her bare sex had her shaking. Not with fear, but at his closeness, that nothing now lay between -them and would never lie between them again. He slickened himself with her wetness, his wings twitching. Lightning spiderwebbed on the moss around them, then up the trees overhead.</p> <p>"Hunt," Bryce gasped. They could explore and play later. Right now, when death had been hovering so close, right now she needed him with her, in her. Needed his strength and power and gentleness, needed that smile and humor and love— Bryce wrapped a hand around the base of his cock, pumping him once, angling him toward where she was absolutely drenched for him.</p> <p>Hunt stilled, though. Gritted his teeth as she pumped the magnificent length of him again. His eyes met hers. Only lightning filled them. An avenging god.</p> <p>The star on her chest flared, merging with his lightning. He laid a hand atop it.</p>

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	<p>Claiming the star, the light. Claiming her.</p> <p>Bryce positioned him at her entrance, panting at the brush of the blunt head of his cock. But she released him. Let him decide whether this was what he wanted. This final bridge between their souls.</p> <p>The lightning cleared from his eyes—as if he willed it. As if he wanted her to see the male beneath. Pure Hunt. No one and nothing else.</p> <p>It was a question, somehow. As if he were showing her every scar and wound, every dark corner. Asking if this—if he—was what she really wanted. Bryce only smiled softly. "I love you," she whispered. Shuddering, Hunt kissed her and slid home. Nothing had ever felt so right.</p> <p>Hunt worked himself into her, filling her deliciously, perfectly. With each gentle thrust, each inch gained into her, her light flared brighter. His lightning cracked, over and around them.</p> <p>His back flexed beneath her fingers, his wings tucking in tight. His chest heaved in great bellows, pushing against her breasts, the star between them.</p> <p>Another inch, another shudder of pleasure. And then he slid out. And out. And out.</p> <p>His tongue flicked against hers as he slammed back, right to the hilt. Light spilled from her like an overflowing cup, rippling across the forest floor.</p> <p>Bryce clawed at his back, his neck, and Hunt's teeth found her breast, clamping down. She went wild, hips driving up to meet him, power clashing with power. Hunt set a steady, punishing pace, and she laid her hands on his ass just to feel the muscles clenching with each thrust, to feel him pushing into her—</p> <p>He claimed her mouth again, and Bryce wrapped her legs around his waist. She moaned as he sank in, and his thrusts turned harder, faster. Lightning and starlight ricocheted between them.</p> <p>She needed him wilder. Needed him to release that edge of fear and rage and become her Hunt again. She tightened her legs around him, and flipped them. The world spun, and then she was staring down at him, his cock buried so deep—</p> <p>Lightning flowed over his teeth as he panted, all those abs flexing. Gods, he was beautiful. And hers. Utterly hers.</p> <p>Bryce lifted her hips, rising off his cock—and then plunged back down. She arched as he kissed the star on her chest. She rose again, a steady, taunting slide, and then impaled herself.</p> <p>He snarled against her skin. "Merciless, Quinlan."</p> <p>Close. So close. She rose once more, luxuriating in each inch of his cock, nearly pulling herself from his tip. And as she drove down, she clenched her delicate inner muscles around him.</p> <p>Hunt roared, and she was again on her back as he slammed into her. His power flowed over her, filled her, and she was him, and he was her, and then his cock hit that perfect spot deep in her, and the world was only light—</p> <p>Release blasted through her, and Bryce might have been laughing, or sobbing, or shouting his name. Hunt rode her through it all, nursing every last drop of pleasure, and then he was moving again, punishing thrusts that sent them sliding across the mossy floor. His wings were a wall of gray above them, his wings were—glowing.</p> <p>They filled with iridescent light. He filled with light.</p>



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	<p>Bryce reached a hand toward his blazing wings. Her own fingers, her hand, her arm—they radiated the same light. As if they had become filled with power, as if her light had leaked into him, and his into her—</p> <p>"Look at you," he breathed. "Bryce."</p> <p>"Look at us," _she whispered, and lifted up to kiss him: He met her halfway, tongues tangling. His thrusts turned wilder. He was close.</p> <p>"I want to go with you," he said against her mouth. Sounding... almost normal again.</p> <p>"Then make it happen," she said, hand sliding for his balls. His fingers caressed her clit. Began stroking.</p> <p>Bryce kneaded his balls, and a shudder went through him. Another. On the third stroke, she squeezed hard, right as lightning streamed from his fingers and—</p> <p>She was falling. Had the distant sense of screaming her pleasure to the surface miles above, of an orgasm rocking through her, reducing her mind to rubble. She was vaguely conscious of Hunt pumping into her, spilling into her, over and over—</p> <p>Falling through time and space and light and shadow—</p> <p>Up was down and down was up, and they were the only beings in existence, here in this garden, locked away from time—</p> <p>Something cold and hard pushed into her back, but she didn't care, not as she clenched Hunt to her, gasping down air, sanity. He was shaking, wings twitching, whispering, "Bryce, Bryce, Bryce, in her ear.</p> <p>Sweat coated their bodies, and she dragged her fingers down his spine. He was hers, and she was his, and-</p>
514	<p>Hunt was still recovering for the sex that had blasted him apart mind and body and soul, and the sex that Bryce had known would bring him back from the brink, that had made his magic sing.</p>
516	<p>"Sex teleporting?"</p>
534	<p>How had she done it during sex?</p>
535	<p>The sex on the ship had been life-altering. Soul-altering. Just...altering. She couldn't wait to have him again.</p>
582	<p>His hands began drifting down her sides, thumbs stroking over her ribs. "I've been aching for you all day. Aching to show you how sorry I am—and how much I fucking love you."</p> <p>"All is forgiven." She grabbed one of his hands, dragging it down her front, along her thigh—and up under her dress. "I've been wet for hours," she whispered as his fingers brushed her soaked underwear.</p> <p>He growled, teeth grazing her shoulder. "All this, just for me?" "Always for you."</p> <p>Bryce turned again and rubbed her ass against him, feeling the hard, proud length of his cock jutting against her.</p> <p>Hunt hissed, and his fingers slipped beneath her underwear, circling her clit. "You want me to fuck you right here, Quinlan?"</p> <p>Her toes curled in her heels. She curved back against him, and his other hand went up to her breast, sliding beneath her neckline to cup the aching flesh beneath. "Yes. Right now."</p> <p>He nipped at her ear, drawing a gasp as his fingers slid down to her entrance,</p>

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	<p>dipping in. "Say please," he breathed.</p> <p>She arched, moaning softly, and he hushed her. "Please," she gasped.</p> <p>She trembled with anticipation at the click of his belt buckle, the zip of his pants. Shivered as he set her hands upon the nearest shelf and gently bent her over. Then slid her dress up her thighs. Exposed her ass to the cool air,</p> <p>"Gods-damn," Hunt breathed, running his hands over her rear. Bryce writhed. He hooked his fingers in her underwear, sliding the lace down her thighs, letting them fall between her ankles. She stepped out of them, spreading her legs wide in invitation. But Hunt dropped to his knees behind her, and before Bryce could inhale, his tongue was at her sex, lapping and dipping inside.</p> <p>She moaned again, and he gripped her thighs, holding her in place as he feasted on her, His wings brushed her ass, her hips as he leaned forward, tasting and suckling, and—</p> <p>"I'm going to come if you keep doing that," she rasped.</p> <p>"Good," he growled against her, and as he slid two fingers into her, she did exactly that.</p> <p>She bit her lip to keep from crying out, and he licked her, drawing out each ripple of her climax. She panted, dizzy with pleasure, clinging to the shelf as he rose behind her once more.</p> <p>"Now be very quiet," he whispered in her ear, and pushed inside her.</p> <p>From behind, at this angle, the fit was luxuriously tight and deep. As he had last night, Hunt eased his way into her with care, and she gritted her teeth to keep from groaning at each inch he claimed for himself. He stilled when he was fully seated, her ass pressed entirely against his front, and ran a possessive hand down her spine.</p> <p>The fullness of him, the size, simply smelling him and knowing it was Hunt inside her—release threatened again. Bigger and mightier than before. Her star began to glow, silvering the shelves, the books, the darkness of the stacks.</p> <p>"You like that?" He withdrew nearly to the tip before pushing back in. She buried her face against the hard shelf to stay quiet. "You like how my cock feels in you?" She could only get out a garbled yes/pleasemore. Hunt laughed, dark and rich, and thrust in—a little harder this time. "I love you undone like this," he said, moving again. Setting the pace. "Utterly at my mercy."</p> <p>Yes/yes, she hissed, and he laughed again. His balls slapped against her ass. "You know how much I thought about doing this all those months ago?" he said, bending to press a kiss to her neck.</p> <p>"Likewise," she managed to say. "I wanted you to fuck me on my desk at the gallery."</p> <p>His thrusts turned a little uneven. "Oh yeah?"</p> <p>She moved her hips back against him, angling him in deeper. He groaned now. She whispered, "I knew you'd feel like this. So fucking perfect."</p> <p>His fingers dug into her hips. "All yours, sweetheart. Every piece of me." He thrust harder. Faster.</p> <p>"Gods, I love you," she breathed, and that was his undoing.</p> <p>Hunt yanked her from the shelf, pulling her to the ground with him, positioning her on all fours. His knees spread her own wider, and Bryce bit her hand to hold in her scream of as he rammed into her, over and over and over. "I fucking you," he</p>

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	<p>said, and Bryce cracked.            Light exploded from her as she came, driving back onto his cock so deep he touched her innermost wall. Hunt shouted, and pulsed in her, following her into that blinding pleasure like he couldn't stop, like he'd keep spilling into her forever. But then he stilled, and they remained there, panting, Hunt buried in her.            "No teleporting this time, huh?" he said, bending to kiss her neck.            She leaned her forehead against her hands. "Must need your power to join mine or something," she mumbled. "Good thing you didn't do that, though—probably would have burned the building down. But I don't care right now." She wiggled her ass against him, and he hissed. "Let's go home and have more makeup sex."</p>
584	<p>Flynn had been busy fucking a nymph upstairs.</p>
628	<p>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.</p>
629	<p>She blushed, and his head began roaring, cock aching. He wanted to lick that blush, wanted to kiss every inch of her smile.            ... "Want to stay home and fuck instead?"</p>
631	<p>He needed a drink. A big fucking drink.</p>
657	<p>Hunt's cock stirred at the pure pleasure she radiated.</p>
658	<p>She arched into the touch. "Want to have drunk, sloppy sex, Prince Hunt?"            He rumbled a laugh against her calf. Only from her lips would he tolerate that title. "Fuck-yeah."            She pulled her leg from his touch and stood with that dancer's grace. "Unzip me."            "Romantic."            She gave him her back, and Hunt, still seated, reached up to tug at the zipper hidden down the length of her spine. The tattoo of the horn appeared, along with inches of golden skin, until the first tendrils of lace from her thong were revealed. The zipper ended before he could get a view of what he wanted. But Bryce peeled the dress from her front, letting it drop. She hadn't worn a bra, but the black thong...            Hunt ran his hands over the firm cheeks of her ass, bending to bite at a delicate strap of her underwear. She let out a soft, breathy sound that had him kissing the base of her spine. Her long hair his brushed his brow, silken and as lovely as a caress.            Bryce turned in his grip, and—what luck—he found himself right where he wanted to be. From where it sat high on her hips, her thong plunged into a dramatic vee, a veritable arrow pointing to paradise.            He kissed her navel. Flicked her nipples with his thumbs as he licked up toward them. Her fingers slid into his hair, her head tipping back as he closed his mouth around a taut bud. He rolled her over his tongue, savoring the weight and taste of it, his hands drifting around her waist, tangling in the straps of her thong. Tugging</p>

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	<p>it down her hips. Her thighs. He moved to her other breast, sucking it into his mouth. Bryce groaned, and his cock pushed against the front of his dress pants. He liked having her at his mercy. Liked this image, of her wholly naked and resplendent before him, his to touch and pleasure and worship. Hunt smiled against her breast. He liked it a lot.</p> <p>He rose, scooping her into his arms and carrying her to the bedroom his bow tie dangling around his neck.</p> <p>He laid her on the mattress, cock pulsing at the sight of her heavy-lidded with desire, sprawled there naked and his for the taking. He pulled the tie free. "Want to get a little kinky with me, Quinlan?"</p> <p>She glanced to the iron posts of the headboard, and her red lips parted in a feline grin. "Oh yes."</p> <p>Hunt made quick work of binding her hands to the bedposts.</p> <p>Light enough not to hurt, but tight enough that getting any ideas about touching him while he feasted on her was out of the question.</p> <p>Bryce lay stretched out before him, and Hunt could hardly get a breath down as he unbuttoned his shirt. Then his pants. He shed his shoes, his socks—all the trappings of civility, until he stood before her naked, and Bryce bit her lip. Then he propped up her knees and spread them wide.</p> <p>"Fuck," he said, taking in her gleaming sex, already drenched for him. Its heady scent hit him, and he shuddered, cock now a steady ache.</p> <p>"Since I can't touch myself," she said huskily, "maybe you'll do the honors."</p> <p>"Fuck," he said again, unable to think of anything else. She was so beautiful—every single part of her.</p> <p>"Are you articulating what you'd like to do to me, or has your brain short-circuited?"</p> <p>He snapped his gaze to her own. "I wanted to draw this out. Really torment you." Her legs spread a little wider, a taunting invitation. "Oh?"</p> <p>"I'll save that for another day," he growled, and crawled on top of her. The tip of his cock nudged at her wet, hot entrance, and shiver of anticipatory pleasure went down his spine. But he ran a hand down the length of her torso, fingers tracing the silken swells of her breasts, the plane of her stomach. She writhed, tugging on the restraints.</p> <p>"So defiant." He dipped to kiss her neck. He pushed in a little, his mind blacking out at the perfect tightness. But he withdrew— and eased back in a little more. Even when every instinct screamed to plunge into her, unless she asked for it, he'd be careful. He wanted her to feel only ecstasy.</p> <p>"Stop teasing," she said, and Hunt raked his teeth down her left breast, sucking in her nipple as he sank a bit further into her sheer perfection. "More," she snarled, hips rising as if she'd impale herself on him.</p> <p>Hunt laughed. "Who am I to deny a princess?"</p> <p>Her eyes flashed with desire hot enough to sear his soul. "I'm issuing a royal decree for you to fuck me, Hunt. Hard."</p> <p>His balls tightened at the words, and he gave her what she wanted. They both groaned as he sank all the way home in a thrust that had him seeing stars. She felt like bliss, like eternity—</p> <p>Hunt withdrew and thrust again, and there were indeed stars around them—no, it</p>

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	<p>was her, she was glowing like a star-  Her hips undulated, meeting his, driving him deeper. Fuck yes. She was his, and he was hers, and now the whole fucking world knew it—  He sent out a fizzle of his lightning, snapping the restraints on her wrists. Her hands instantly came around his back, fingers grappling hard enough to draw sweet slices of pain. Hunt's wings twitched, and she wrapped her legs around his middle. He sank even deeper, and holy fuck, the squeeze of her—  She flexed those inner muscles. His eyes nearly rolled back in his head.  "Solas, Quinlan—  "Hard," she breathed in his ear. "Fuck me like the prince you are."  Hunt lost it. He pulled back enough to grip her ass in both hands, tilting her pelvis upward—and plunged in. She moaned, and everything he was transformed into something primal and animalistic. His. His mate to touch and fuck and fill—  Hunt let himself go, pounding into her again and again and again.  Bryce's moans were sweet music, a temptation and a challenge. She glowed, and Hunt looked at his cock, sliding in and out of her, shining with her wetness—  He was glowing, too. Not with her starlight, but . . . fuck, his lightning was crackling down his arms, his hands, skittering over her hips, up to her breasts.  "Don't stop," she gasped as his lightning flared. "Don't stop."  Hunt didn't. He yielded to the storm, riding it, riding her, and there was only Bryce, her soul and her body and the flawless fit of them—  "Hunt," she pleaded, and he knew from her breathy tone that she was close.  He didn't let up. Didn't give her one ounce of mercy. The slap and slide of their bodies meeting filled the room, but the sounds were distant, the world was distant as his power and essence flowed into her. Bryce cried out, and Hunt turned frenzied, pounding once,  twice—  On the third, mightiest thrust, he ruptured, his power with him. Lightning filled the room, filled her as surely as his seed, and he kissed her through it, tongues meeting, ether flooding his senses. He could never get enough of this—this power flowing between them. He needed it more than he needed food, water—needed this sharing of magic, this twining of souls; he'd never stop craving it—</p>
678	Ephraim's been fucking her good.
698	<p>"Two years," she whispered. "She hadn't gone on a date in two years." Hunt gasped at her now. "But she..." She racked her memory. Danika had hooked up constantly throughout college, but a few months into their senior year and the year after...She'd partied, but stopped the casual sex.</p>
710	Bryce murmured, swirling her whiskey and ginger beer.
724	<p>He dipped his head, kissing her neck, breathing in the subtle scent of her. His cock instantly hardened. Fuck yes. This scent, this female-  A sense of rightness settled into his bones like a stone dropped in a pond. 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</p>

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	<p>gone, because that was his bare skin she was touching, kissing.            And she . . . He ran his hands over her waist again. Smooth, velvety soft skin greeted him.            "You want to do this?" he ground out.            She kissed his other nipple. "Yes."            "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.            Day huffed another breathy laugh and lifted her head. Ruhn just took her face between his hands and kissed her. She opened for him, and their tongues met, and she was as sweet as summer wine, and he needed to be in her, needed to touch and savor all of her.            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 fistled himself, pumping slowly as he licked her again.            Day moaned, her chest heaving, and he was rewarded with the sight of her breasts. Then her arms. Then her stomach and legs, and finally—            She was still crafted of fire, but he could clearly see the body now. Only her head remained in those flames, which shrank until they were no more than a mask over her features.            Long hair cascaded down her torso, and he ran a hand through it. "You're beautiful," he said.            "You haven't seen my face."            "I don't need to," he said. He laid a hand on her heart. "What you do, every minute of every single day . . . I've never met anyone like you."            "I've never met a male like you, either." "Yeah?"            "Yeah," she said, and he punished her for the sass in her voice by licking her again, drawing another gasp. "Ruhn."            Fuck, he loved his name on her lips. He slipped a finger into her, finding her mind-meltingly tight. She was going to drive him wild.            She tugged on his shoulders, hauling him up. "Please," she said, and he hissed as her fingers wrapped around his cock and guided him to her entrance.            He halted there, poised on the brink. "Tell me what you like," he said, kissing her neck. "Tell me how you want it."            "I like it true," she said, hands running down his face. "I want it real."            So Ruhn slid home, crying out at the sheer perfection of her.            She groaned, arching, and Ruhn stilled. "Did I hurt you?"            "No," she whispered, hands framing his face as he hovered</p>

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	<p>above her. "No. Not at all."</p> <p>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.</p> <p>She laughed softly. "Please don't."</p> <p>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."</p> <p>Ruhn smiled into her neck. "You dreamed about this?"</p> <p>He thrust again, sinking to the hilt, and she gasped. "Yes," she said, as if his cock had wrung the word from her. "Every night. Every time I had to . . ." She trailed off. But Ruhn claimed her kissing her mouth, kissing her as deeply as he fucked her. He didn't need her to say the rest, the part that would smash something in his chest.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>The squeeze had him grabbing her hands in his and slamming home. Her hips undulated in perfect rhythm with his, and nothing had ever felt so good, so real as their souls twining here—</p> <p>"Come for me," he breathed against her mouth, as he reached between them to rub the bud of her clit in a taunting circle.</p> <p>Day cried out, and those inner muscles fluttered and clenched around his cock, milking him—</p> <p>Release barreled through him, and Ruhn didn't hold back as he pounded into her, wringing the pleasure from both of them.</p> <p>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-</p> <p>He erupted again, hauling her with him.</p> <p>Their breaths echoed against each other like crashing waves, and she was shaking as she held him. He lowered himself so his head rested upon her chest. Her heartbeat thundered into his ear, and even the melody of that was beautiful. Her fingers tangled in his hair. "I..."</p> <p>"I know," Ruhn said. It had never been like that with anyone. Sex had been good, yeah, but this...He was fairly certain his souls lay in splinters around them. He kissed the skin above her breast.</p>



Profanity	Count
Ass	137
Bitch	8
Clit	8
Cock	48
Cunt	3
Dick	11
Fuck	524
Piss	38
Prick	4
Shit	222