

The War of Two Queens

By Jennifer L. Armentrout

My entire body jerked as her fingers grazed the tip of my already hardening cock and she rose halfway. ...My arm around her tightened as she parted my lips with her tongue. The kiss went on until I throbbed for her.

...“Cas,” she whispered, closing her fingers around my dick. ...I slid my hand down her throat, past those sensitive, healing bite marks, and over her breast where her nipple pebbled beneath the cotton of the robe. I kept going, over the soft swell of her belly and then between her legs. ...I brushed the backs of my fingers over her damp heat, smiling when she moaned. ...Her grip on my dick tightened. “I want you to touch me.” She rested her forehead against mine. “Please.” ...I drew my finger along the very center of her. ...Poppy’s breath caught as I slipped a finger inside her. ...I thrust my finger deeper. “Like this?” “Yes.” I kissed her, easing my finger in and out. ...Her back arched as her hand began moving in time with my shallow thrusts. Her hips began to move. ...Smoothing my thumb over her clit, I marveled at the way her entire body tensed—how her hand stopped moving. ...“I really like that,” she said, but her hand left my cock and folded around my wrist, pulling my touch from her. ...Rosy breasts thrust up, their tips puckered. Her cheeks were flushed, legs spread wide, open and inviting. ...“How you don’t spend all day with those pretty fingers between those pretty thighs.” I slid a hand under the robe, gripping her hip. “That’s what I would do if I were you.” ...“Have you ever touched yourself?” A blush swept across her cheeks, and after a moment, she nodded. And damn if that didn’t send an almost painful bolt of lust through me. “I would love nothing more”—picking up her hand, I lifted it to my mouth. I closed my lips around the finger bearing our ring—“than for you to show me exactly how you touch yourself.” Her inhale was an audible one as I lowered her hand to the shadowy space between her thighs. ...The delicate tendons along the top of her hand moved like piano keys as she slipped that finger inside herself, moving it in tiny plunges. “Fuck,” I groaned. “Don’t stop.” Her breaths came in short little pants as she continued playing with herself, and the scent of her

arousal filled every single one of my senses. ...Not once as her breathing continued picking up speed, as her hips moved to meet the thrusts of her finger. “Cas,” she moaned.

I could come just watching this. There was a good chance I would. ...And then I did, starting with her toes and working my way up her calves to her thighs. Her finger moved faster as I neared, and I stopped long enough to flick my tongue through the wetness there. She cried out, her back arching as I began paying homage to her once more, trailing a path across her stomach and the curves of her hips. ...I paid extra attention to those breasts, licking and sucking until she trembled—until every part of me was hard, heavy, and swollen. Only then did I reach between us, pulling her hand away to my mouth, where I sipped at her taste. ...Closing my hand around hers, I pressed it into the mattress beside her head as I eased a leg between those soft, plump thighs. ... I shook like a fragile sapling in a windstorm at the touch of her heat against the head of my dick. I sank into her slick heat, lashed by shards of pleasure. ...Her arms wrapped around me, holding me tightly as she lifted her legs, curling them around my hips and urging me forward. ...My heart hammered as I began moving, intending to go slow and steady, to make this last. But the soft sounds she made, the startling friction of our bodies, and all that came before this made it impossible. ...There was only us, our mouths clinging to each other’s, our hands and hips sealing together. We were so close, so tight as I ground against her, that I felt it when Poppy broke. The spasms obliterated my control. My release blew through me, coming and coming in tight waves that left my body jerking for several moments. Poppy’s mouth sought mine, and she kissed me softly. She was, gods, she was everything. I loathed separating us, but I knew I was seconds away from collapsing on her. Letting out a ragged groan, I eased out of her and onto my side

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