

A Court of MIST AND FURY

by Sarah J. Maas

He hardened against me, and I groaned into his mouth...He tore his lips from my mouth to my neck, where he dragged his teeth and tongue down my skin as his hands slid under my sweater and went up, up, to cup my breasts. I arched into the touch, and lifted my arms as he peeled away my sweater in one easy motion. ...But all I could think of was his mouth as it lowered to my breast and sucked, his tongue flicking against my nipple...He let out a low laugh, and I watched, breathless, as he took that hand and traced a circle around my breast, then lower, until he painted a downward arrow beneath my belly button. "Lest you forget where this is going to end," he said. snarled at him, a silent order, and he laughed again, his mouth my other breast. He ground his hips against me, teasing—teasing me so horribly that I had to touch him, had to just feel more of him...he gripped my thighs and yanked me to the edge of the table....The first lick of Rhysand's tongue set me on fire. I want you splayed out on the table like my own personal feast. He growled his approval at my moan, my taste, and unleashed himself on me entirely. A hand pinning my hips to the table, he worked me in great sweeping strokes. And when his tongue slid inside me, I reached up to grip the edge of the world that I was very near to falling off. He licked and kissed his way to the apex of my thighs, just as his fingers replaced where his mouth had been, pumping inside me as he as he sucked, his teeth scraping ever so slightly---I bowed off the table as my climax shattered through me, splintering my consciousness into a million pieces. He kept licking me, fingers still as I was moving.... But he remained kneeling, feasting on me, that hand pinning me the table. I went over the edge again. And only when I was trembling, half sobbing, limp with pleasure, did Rhys rise from the floor. ...I wanted the wall- I wanted him to just take me against the wall, but he carried me into the room I'd been using and

set me down on the bed with heartbreaking gentleness. Wholly naked, I watched as he unbuttoned his pants, and the considerable length of him sprang free. My

mouth went dry at the sight of it. I wanted him, wanted every glorious inch of him in me,...Rhys shuddered, and I watched his cock twitch. ...Though I stopped caring as he nudged at my entrance. And paused. ...I could hardly breathe, hardly think beyond where our bodies were joined. He stilled inside me, letting me adjust, and I opened my eyes to find him staring down at me. ...Rhys pulled out slightly and thrust back in slow. So tortuously slow. ...Again, he pulled out, then thrust in. You're mine. Again—faster, deeper this time. ...With each pounding stroke, the bond glowed clearer and brighter and stronger. ...I moved my hips in time with his. He kissed me over and over, and both of our faces turned damp. Every inch of me burned and tightened, and my control slipped entirely as he whispered, "I love you." Release tore through my body, and he pounded into me, hard and fast, drawing out my pleasure until I felt and saw and smelled that bond between us, until our scents merged, and I was his and he was mine, and we were the beginning and middle and end....Rhys roared as he came, slamming in to the hilt.

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