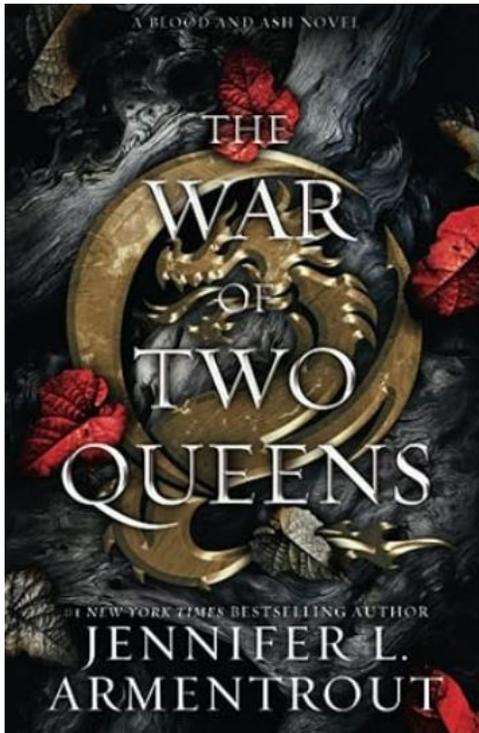


THE WAR OF TWO QUEENS: BLOOD AND ASH

BOOK 4



Adult

By Jennifer L. Armentrout

ISBN: 978-1-952457-72-2

CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

Book Summary:

In a fantasy world, a queen learns to control her power.

Summary of Concerns:

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

4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

| Page | Content |
|------|---|
| 23 | <p>“But first, we’ll make real good use of that mouth and whatever is under that cloak, won’t we, boys?”</p> <p>...I tilted my head. “This is your last chance. Lay down your swords and surrender.”</p> <p>The silly mortal swaggered forward. “How about you lay down on your back and spread them legs?”</p> <p>Hot anger pressed against my back as I turned my gaze to him. “No, thank you.”</p> <p>“Wasn’t really asking.” He took one more step.</p> |
| 46 | <p>“I need wine.” She started to lean forward, but Emil was, once again, quicker. As he handed the missive to me, he snagged the bottle of wine and poured her a drink. “Thank you,” she said, taking the glass and swallowing an impressive mouthful.</p> |
| 89 | <p>After I’d feasted on all that liquid heat between her pretty thighs as she read from Miss Willa’s diary.</p> <p>Damn. I loved that fucking book.</p> <p>One side of my lips curled up. I could still hear her reading from the journal, her voice becoming breathier with each sentence, every lick. I could still see the flush in her cheeks, deepening with each paragraph, every wet kiss. The feeding had come after that when I’d tugged that luscious ass of hers to the edge of the desk, and my dick and fangs had sunk deep into soft, sweetly scented flesh, reminding me of a light mist of jasmine.</p> |
| 90 | <p>And I really needed to stop thinking about how she tasted between her thighs. A hard cock was so not appreciated at the moment.</p> |
| 102 | <p>Warm, churning water lapped at my waist and bubbled along my inner thighs. Heavy and humid air settled against the bare skin of my arms and breasts like a satin veil.</p> |
| 103 | <p>I didn’t know who moved first. If it was him or me or if we both moved at the same moment, but it was only a heartbeat—less than one—and then his arms were around me. The feel of his hot, wet skin against mine was a shock because I felt him, from the hard flesh of his chest to the coarse hair on his legs. Grasping his cheeks, I marveled at the sensation of the prickly growth against my palms, something I’d never felt on him before.</p> <p>I felt him.</p> <p>He held me tightly, leaving no space between us. Leaving no way for me to not feel that he trembled as badly as I shook. His hand slid up the length of my spine, leaving a series of hot, tight shivers in its wake. He sank his hand into my braid.</p> <p>...“Poppy,” he repeated, his breath against my lips. And then his mouth was on mine.</p> <p>His lips—oh, gods, I drowned at the feel of them. I didn’t think any memory could capture the unyielding hardness or the lush softness. I didn’t think any memory could recreate the way he kissed.</p> <p>Because Casteel kissed as if he were starving, and I was the only sustenance he’d ever desired. Ever needed. He kissed as if it were the first thing he ever truly wanted and the last thing he needed.</p> <p>I slid my hands into his damp hair, shaking at the feel of the strands sifting through my fingers. The edge of a sharp fang dragged across my lower lip, heating my blood in the way only he could. I kissed him back, desire sparking and igniting as a pulsing twist of pleasure curled the muscles low in my stomach. The intensity of it caused me to jerk against him—against the hot, hard length of him—and frenzied need exploded.</p> <p>Casteel groaned as his fingers curled into my hair, and those long, drugging kisses became shorter, rougher. His lips tugged at mine. My teeth clashed with his. These kinds of kisses tore through me, leaving little fires in their wake—flames sure to consume me, even in a</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| | <p>dream. And I knew that was all this was. A dream. A reward I didn't think I deserved but would greedily take, nonetheless. Because I needed him. Needed to feel warm inside again. And with Casteel, I was always like flesh and fire.</p> <p>I looped my arm around his broad shoulders as I dragged my hand down his face, his throat, to where I felt his pulse pounding. My hand dropped to his shoulder. "Please. Touch me. Take me." The words that spilled from my mouth carried no taint of shame. There was no room for that in this fantasy. No awkwardness. No hesitation or second-guessing. Just need. Just us. Only these stolen minutes mattered, even if they weren't real. "Please, Cas."</p> <p>"You know better, Poppy. You don't ever have to beg."</p> <p>Another full-body shudder took me at the sound of his voice—at the words replacing the last ones and the hoarsely shouted pleas.</p> <p>"You have me," he swore against my swollen lips. "Always."</p> <p>"And forever," I whispered.</p> <p>He shook even harder. "I needed to hear that. You have no idea how badly I needed to hear you." He reclaimed the distance between us, capturing my lips with his. "Did my need somehow conjure you into reality? I don't know. I can't think beyond this. Beyond the way you feel." His sharp fangs tugged against my lips once more, scattering my thoughts. "Not when you're here, in my arms."</p> <p>The kiss deepened again as his tongue touched mine, sending a flurry of swirling, heated sensations through me. "Not when I can taste you. Feel you." His shaking hand slid over my arm, grazing the side of my breast and then my waist. He kept going, the rough calluses on his palms just as I remembered. His hand slipped under the water and closed around my hip, his fingers pressing into the flesh there. He dragged his hand back up, cupping it to my breast as a primitive, raw sound left him. I gasped.</p> <p>"I feel this." He ran his thumb over the aching tip of my breast, and then his palm skimmed my waist again, delving once more under the water. When he gripped my hip this time, he tugged me up and against him and his rigid length. "Can you feel me? Tell me. Can you feel me, Poppy?"</p> <p>"I feel you." My fingers tangled in his hair as I rocked against him. I wanted to feel him moving inside me. I wanted to feel that delicious tug and pull. "You're all I feel, even when you're not with me. I love you so much."</p> <p>His hoarse cry swallowed mine as he pulled me down onto his thick length—</p> <p>A shock went through me. The feel of him stretching me, filling me was pure pleasure with a wicked bite. An intense sensation that was...</p> <p>I stiffened, my pulse racing. The feel of him, the enormous presence... Gods, it felt real. Like really real.</p> <p>I looked down at us—at the hardened tips of my breasts and the fine dusting of hair on his chest. At where my soft belly met his harder one. I watched him breathe quickly and raggedly. I watched him shake as he held himself still while deep inside me. I felt him twitch where we were joined under the churning water. I continued staring at us—at him and his body. The leanness to his frame that hadn't been there before. The thin marks that slowly appeared, spreading across his chest beside the numerous faded nicks and cuts of his old scars. My already pounding heart sped up.</p> <p>"Is this... is this real?" I whispered.</p> |
| 106 | <p>Casteel kissed me again. Hard. Consuming. He kissed me as if he could draw me into him. When his mouth left mine this time, he didn't go far.</p> <p>..."Poppy," he breathed, kissing my cheek, the space below my ear, and then my shoulder. He</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| | pressed his mouth to the side of my neck. "My beautiful, brave Queen. I could stay here, holding you, forever." |
| 107 | I couldn't put myself back into the dream, but I still felt him. The warmth inside me was still there, slow to fade, as was the acute throbbing. My hands tingled—my entire body did. As if the touch had been real. As if the feel of him, hot and hard against me and inside me, had been real. But it hadn't been. |
| 108 | "No," I said, and Kieran relaxed. "It was a dream. About... about Casteel. It wasn't a bad one, but it wasn't like any I've ever had." "A sex dream?" "What?" I dropped my braid. "You had a sex dream." ..."Why do you think I've never had a sex dream before?" Kieran lifted a shoulder. "I figure you don't have a lot of sex dreams." I blinked. "Why?" "So it was a sex dream?" "Oh, my gods. Why are we even talking about sex dreams when you're sitting beside me naked?" "Does my nudity bother you, meyaah Liessa?" It didn't. Well, not exactly. |
| 160 | Hisa turned from her horse, clasping the back of Lizeth's head. Her fingers tangled in the blond strands. Concern radiated from her. "Be careful." The female wolveren pressed her forehead to Hisa's. "But be brave," she replied, kissing her. |
| 221 | Valyn had joined us some time ago, sharing a glass of whiskey with Kieran. |
| 224 | "Whiskey warms the stomach and the brain," he said, taking a deep drink that caused his lips to pull back over his fangs. |
| 243 | I saw her then, and the sight of her... She stood there, the water frothing around rounded hips and teasing the soft dips and rises of her belly. My lips tingled with the memory of tracing those faded claw marks above her navel, and the need to drop to my knees and pay homage to them almost drove me underwater. ...I drank her in, my lips parting on a breath that never left me. All that beautiful red-wine hair cascaded over her shoulders and skimmed the water. The heavy swell of her breasts parted the tangled mass of curls and waves, offering a tantalizing glimpse of rosy-pink skin. My heart stuttered—actually skipped a godsdamn beat as I continued soaking in the sight of that stubborn, slightly pointed chin and those fucking mind-blowing lips that were dewy and ripe like sweet berries. My cock hardened so quickly it finally kicked the air out of my lungs. Those lips... They were a torment in the best possible way. ...I took her in my arms, and the contact of her warm, soft flesh against mine nearly stopped my heart. ...Fisting a hand in her silken hair, I dropped my head to hers and held her. Held her tightly as she wrapped her arms around my waist. "My Queen," I whispered as the crown of her head brushed my lips. I inhaled deeply, finding a hint of jasmine, the scent of her, underneath the |

| Page | Content |
|------|---|
| | <p>lilac. “My King.” Poppy shuddered, and I managed to find a way to press her even closer to me.</p> |
| 247 | <p>“Those, too. But her? Absolutely, not. I’m coming for you, and don’t you dare hide information from me out of some chauvinistic need to protect me.” “Chauvinistic?” I grinned. “I was thinking it was love that fueled my need to protect you.”</p> |
| 248 | <p>I kissed her again. There was nothing soft about it. I kissed to feel her. To show her how much she’d claimed me. And when I prodded at the seam of her mouth with the tip of my tongue, she opened for me. She let me in like always, and it was almost as good as the real thing. Almost. I kissed until I felt the cold kiss at the nape of my neck, and then I lifted my head.</p> |
| 249 | <p>“I’m always careful.” I pressed my lips to the tip of her nose as the chill spread down my spine, and a pang of hunger ripped through me. “Two hearts. We’re two hearts.” I brushed my lips over her brow, closing my eyes.</p> |
| 253 | <p>I had to blink again because I was almost positive upon first glance that she wore no top. I was wrong. Sort of. The bodice of the gown was cleaved in two, the thicker panels of material held together by sheer lace only covering the fullest parts of her breasts.</p> |
| 268 | <p>I... I didn’t want to as I watched Casteel lower his head to my neck and saw his hand under the wispy folds of the gown, his fingers sliding between my thighs. My breath caught as I saw myself responding to his touch, moving my hips in tight circles. The image of us was as decadent as it was scandalous—lush and wanton and free. Everything had felt free on that beach. And Kieran... he hadn’t just seen me watching him and Lyra. He’d watched. The spiciness of arousal filled my throat. My veins. My stomach tumbled in a way that reminded me of standing too close to the edge of a sheer cliff because that wasn’t the only thing I saw... or felt in Kieran’s memory. I saw Casteel nipping at the skin of my throat and lifting his gaze as he pressed his lips there to soothe away the sting. He’d watched, too, and that throbbing in my pulse hit my chest, my stomach, and— “So nosy,” Kieran murmured.</p> |
| 394 | <p>He twisted over me, his body heating against mine. I tried to ignore the storm building inside me, but those lips at my throat, the steady and deep pull of my blood flowing from me and into him, made it hard to focus on anything but how his body felt against mine. An aching pressure settled in my breasts and lower, between my thighs, where I felt him thickening and hardening. “Well, fuck...” I heard Kieran mutter a moment before the hot, wet slide of Casteel’s tongue against the side of my throat sent a tight, pulsing shudder through me. My eyes flew open. “Not sure if this is the right time for any of that.” Kieran threaded his arm around Casteel’s shoulders, pulling him back an inch. ...A shudder took me as I gripped the sides of his face, finally seeing that the rich, golden-bronze hue had begun to return to his skin. I lifted my lips to his— ...“I can’t feel your mouth on mine.” His words were a raw whisper in my ear. “If I do, I’m going to fuck you. I’m going to get so deep inside you that there will be no part of you I don’t reach. Right here. Right now. It doesn’t matter who is in this chamber. It’s already taking everything in me not to be inside you.” Oh.</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|---|
| 397 | <p>But what roared through him was a madness of movement. I felt him inside me—his desire and need churning with mine. The ache blossomed anew, throbbing and pulsing and heating my blood and skin.</p> <p>His nostrils flared, and the gold of his eyes burned even brighter. Not a single part of me felt any shame over how acutely he sensed my arousal.</p> <p>“Poppy,” he repeated, and then his mouth was on mine.</p> <p>The kiss...</p> <p>There was nothing soft about it. We came together in a clash of teeth and lips and raw, overwhelming emotions. His hand dug into my hip as mine fisted his hair. The kiss was maddening. Feral. Possessive. It was the kind that one drowned in, and I’d never been happier to do so. His tongue swept inside my mouth, against mine, and I tasted my blood, rich and warm. There was something wild about that. Something uncharted.</p> <p>His mouth moved over mine, his fangs nicking my lower lip. I started to curl my legs around his waist, but the hand at my hip stilled me. He lifted his head, his chest rising and falling raggedly. A bit of blood glistened on his lip.</p> <p>I stretched my head up, catching that drop of blood and his lip between mine. He groaned, eyes closing briefly. When they reopened, they were twin fires of molten gold.</p> <p>Casteel shifted onto his knees, lifting his body from mine. Before I could even guess what he was about, he gripped my hip once more. He flipped me onto my belly and then hauled me onto my knees.</p> <p>“I need to feel your skin against mine,” he bit out in a voice that was barely recognizable.</p> <p>My loose braid fell forward as one hand went to the hem of my tunic, shoving the shirt up over my head. He tugged it down so it pooled at my wrists.</p> <p>The roughness in the way he tugged the gauzy cloth down, where it caught beneath my breasts, sent a wicked thrill through my blood. His hand, though... The gentleness in how he trailed his palm down the center of my back, caused my heart to swell.</p> <p>Sliding his hand down my ass and then between my thighs, he curled his finger there, brushing against that heated part of me. I shuddered—</p> <p>My entire body jerked as he tore through the breeches, bearing my ass and the most sensitive parts of me to him. My head swung to the side in surprise. I started to turn—</p> <p>A rumbling sound of warning filled the chamber. Instinct stilled me—all my senses heightened. My eyes flew to his, but his were fixed on the tear he’d created in the breeches. He looked as hungry as he had before, but I knew it wasn’t blood that he was starved for now.</p> <p>He lifted my hips, and I barely saw him move. All I knew was that his mouth was on me. Air fled my lungs. His tongue delved inside my slick heat as his head twisted, dragging a cry of pleasure from me as one fang grazed my sensitive nub of flesh. The strokes of his tongue were firm and determined. He licked and sucked. He feasted, feeding from me as desperately as he had at my throat. I was lost. My body tried to follow, but the hands at my hips held me in place.</p> <p>Casteel devoured.</p> <p>I shook and trembled, the heat building in me fierce and intense—almost too intense. My fingers curled, pressing into the floor as he dragged a fang over the bundle of nerves once more. I jerked, crying out at a sharp prick of pain. His mouth closed around the throbbing flesh, and that sensation echoed in the bite mark on my throat. And that—that—was too much.</p> <p>I choked on a scream as I shattered into thousands of silk-draped shards, barely able to hold</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| | <p>myself up as tight spasms wracked me. I was still trembling when his mouth left me. I felt the press of his glossy lips against the center of my back.</p> <p>“Honeydew,” he growled. “You taste of honeydew, and your skin smells of jasmine. Fuck.”</p> <p>Head limp, I looked back at him. I watched his hand go to the flap of his breeches. He tore at them, sending little discs of metal scattering across the floor. My body flushed as he shoved the ruined, dirtied breeches down his lean hips, freeing the thick, hard length of his erection. He stretched over me, his mouth grazing my jaw and then the line of my neck, sending a hot, tight shiver down my spine. The feel of his skin, now blazing hot against my back, shook me. He brushed his lips over my skin, and then I felt his fangs on those ultra-sensitive bite marks as the head of his cock nudged my slick core. He didn’t pierce the skin. His fangs were just there, holding me in place as one hand folded around my hip again and the other curled around my chin. He tilted my head farther back and to the side. Another illicit thrill rocked me, pushing all the air from my lungs. All those briefly relaxed muscles went taut once more. I panted as a sharp swirl of anticipation sliced its way through me.</p> <p>“I’m not...” His body shook against mine, his fingers trembling against my cheeks, my throat and arms, as he dragged them down, following the curve of my waist. He gripped my hips, his fingers pressing into the flesh there, and when he spoke, his voice was thick and needy, a coarse and ragged whisper. “I’m not... I’m not in control.”</p> <p>A pounding pulse of desire followed those words, becoming a roar in my blood. It was such an intense wave of sensation, leaving the tips of my breasts tight, and the very core of me throbbing all over again. “Neither am I.”</p> <p>“Thank fuck,” he grunted, and then his mouth closed over mine.</p> <p>After ending the kiss, Casteel struck, sinking his fangs into my throat as he thrust deeply, all the way to the hilt. I cried out, my back arching. The twisting ache of pain-tinged pleasure tore its way through my body, sparking every nerve and igniting into a blaze of wild, raw sensation that became pure ecstasy. The feel of him filling me, stretching me, left no room for anything else. His presence dominated.</p> <p>Casteel held me there, on my hands and knees, back arched with his fangs still deep in the side of my throat. There was no hesitation, no moment of reprieve. He moved behind me, fast and hard, and drank from me, deep and long. I felt each pull against my throat and every tug and push of his throbbing length throughout the entirety of my body. His weight—the force of how he lunged in and out—took me to the floor, trapping me there. The cold press of the wood against my breasts, and the heat of his body on my back as he kept my head lifted, neck exposed, was a sinful shock.</p> <p>Suddenly, he lifted me onto my knees again, drawing me back so I was flush with his chest. The tunic finally slipped free of my wrists, but his arm snagged mine, pinning them below my breasts. His thrusts were a raging storm, and the sounds he made as he fed—the sounds I made as he took me—were scandalous. And I reveled in it.</p> <p>He rose without warning, standing with one powerful surge. A ragged gasp of surprise parted my lips as my feet left the floor. Good gods, his strength...</p> <p>Casteel turned sharply, pressing me against the bedpost. “Brace yourself, my Queen.”</p> <p>I almost came again, right there, at the sound of his raw demand. Gripping the beam, I had no way of preparing myself. Not as he drew me to the tips of my toes, his hips churning against my ass. His hand fisted in my hair as he tugged my head back.</p> <p>The feel of his mouth closing over his bite mark sent a flood of pounding desire through me. He shifted, pulling me away from the beam and then pressing me down so my hips were against the hard board at the foot of the bed. His mouth was still fused to my neck, and he</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| | <p>was still so deep, driving into me, over and over. My fingers dug into the blanket as I panted for breath. One of his arms hooked under my knee. He lifted my leg, changing the angle, deepening his thrusts, and intensifying the feel of him. And then he went wild. There was nowhere to go, no escaping the fire the hard pound of his hips fanned, or the wild, rawness of how his mouth moved at my throat. And I didn't want to flee. I didn't know what that said about me, to know there was no control, no restraint. That this was a claiming, and I willingly went into those flames as the headboard banged against the wall in a fast, almost erratic thump. The sounds. The slick feel of him. The utter dominance—</p> <p>My body stiffened, tightened. The release was sudden and sharp, exploding through me in pulsing waves. And still, he didn't stop. He plunged in and out, his hips rolling and grinding until I was spinning and falling—</p> <p>Casteel tore his mouth from my neck and pulled out. He turned me onto my back and grabbed my hips, pulling me to the edge of the bed. And then he was thrusting into me again. My head kicked back as I gasped—</p> <p>He froze, staring down at me...</p> <p>I followed his gaze, trailing down the delicate golden chain to where his ring rested between my breasts. "I've worn it close to my heart ever since I received it."</p> <p>Casteel shuddered, and his mouth came down over mine, silencing a shout as he ground his hips against me. He kissed and kissed, and then his mouth left mine, his head lifting. Those ruby-red lips parted.</p> <p>"Never again," he snarled, his word punctuated by deep, stunning thrusts. "Never again are we taken from one another."</p> <p>"Never," I whispered, shuddering at the taste of him—my blood and me—now lingering on my lips.</p> <p>His head dipped, this time to my breast. The edges of his fangs drew across a peak and then sank into the skin. My entire body bowed as his mouth closed over the turgid flesh.</p> <p>I swept my arms around him, cradling his head to me as I wrapped my legs around his plunging hips. He stoked the fire once more, enflamed me until muscles low and deep inside me clenched—tightening and coiling. Casteel grunted, groaned, his movements becoming jerky and frenzied. My senses snapped open wide, connecting me to him, and all I felt and tasted was his lust, his love. It matched mine, surrounding both me and him. Never had I felt anything like this—like him.</p> <p>"I love you," I gasped as all that coiling tension started to unfurl.</p> <p>His mouth left my breast and found mine. "Always," he breathed and thrust in deep and hard, stiffening. There was no stopping us from tumbling over the edge, shuddering, shaking, and falling into bliss.</p> |
| 402 | <p>Her hair had grown, those still-damp ends from the quick bath she'd taken nearly reaching the curve of her ass.</p> |
| 408 | <p>"On any finger or toe of your choosing. I can have it pierced to my nipple. Or have it melted into a bolt and pierced in my cock—actually, you might enjoy that."</p> <p>Poppy's gaze flew to mine. "In your... cock?"</p> <p>Said cock hardened at the sound of her saying that, at how her lips parted around the word. I nodded.</p> <p>...I loved her curiosity. "I've heard that many find the rub of the ball that holds the bolt in place to be very pleasurable."</p> <p>"Oh." She drew in a deep breath. "And does the wearer of such a piercing find it</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| | <p>pleasurable?"</p> <p>"Oh, yeah." I grinned as the color in her cheeks spread down her throat.</p> <p>"Interesting," she murmured, her brow creasing once more. I would've given anything to know what she was thinking. But she lifted the ring. "I think your pointer finger on your right hand will do." A small grin appeared. "For now."</p> <p>I chuckled roughly. "For now."</p> <p>She rose onto her knees as I offered her my right hand. My chest seized. Never would've thought I could go from talking about cock piercings to being choked up in under a minute, but here I was.</p> |
| 411 | <p>She rose, too, and my attention immediately got caught on the hem of that shirt and how it fluttered around those thighs, barely covering the thick curve of her ass.</p> |
| 412 | <p>Poppy was suddenly on her knees before me, moving the slightly rough towel down my left leg. Her head... fuck, it was right there. Inches from my dick, and there was no way I could ignore that. My throat dried. She guided the towel back up, along the inside of my leg, slowly. Up and up, she went. A tight tremor of anticipation shot through me. The back of her hand brushed my sac, and my entire body clenched.</p> <p>She moved onto the other leg, her features utterly serene. Innocent. As if she had no idea what that touch had done. Bullshit. She knew. The small curve at the corner of her lips told me so as she started the slow, torturous climb back up my leg.</p> <p>"Poppy," I warned, knowing damn well that if she continued, talking would be the last thing on my mind. Hell, it was already quickly becoming that.</p> <p>"Hmm?" She drew the towel along the back of my thigh.</p> <p>"I'm sure you're not unaware—" I clamped my jaw shut as her hand brushed between my legs once more.</p> <p>"Unaware of what?" she asked, her breath caressing the flesh of my thigh.</p> <p>"Of what you're doing," I said hoarsely.</p> <p>Dropping the towel, she placed her hands on the sides of both of my legs and looked up at me. Well, not all the way up. Poppy's gaze didn't go past my rigid length. Her stare. The way her lips parted. Her flushed cheeks. None of that helped keep my thoughts on track.</p> <p>"I know exactly what I'm doing," she said, trailing her hands up the sides of my legs.</p> <p>"And what exactly are you doing?"</p> <p>"Showing you just how deserving you are."</p> <p>I opened my mouth, but she stretched higher and pressed her lips to the old scar just inside my hip. The brand that never quite faded.</p> <p>That kiss.</p> <p>It wrecked me.</p> <p>And she didn't stop there. Those soft lips trailed a path across my thigh. I was rock-hard, and she hadn't even touched me yet. Not really. The reaction had nothing to do with the absence of sex the last several weeks. I'd gone far, far longer than that. This punch-to-the-gut kind of lust had everything to do with her.</p> <p>Poppy drew back just enough for me to see the blush on her nose and cheeks as she curled her fingers around the base of my dick. Choking on her name, I almost came right there. Fractured green-and-silver eyes met mine as she drew her hand down my length. "I love you, Cas."</p> <p>"Always?" I bit out.</p> <p>"And forever." Her voice thickened as she slid her palm along me slowly. "Because you're</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| | <p>worthy.”</p> <p>I trembled, my hands opening and closing at my sides. A faint sheen of sweat broke out over my forehead as she moved her palm down my length again. Her strokes were slow and tentative. And her mouth... godsdamn. Her hot little pants of breath teased the head of my cock. She hadn't even taken me in her mouth yet, but I could already feel the familiar coiling at the base of my spine, that deep tightening. "I'll believe anything you say right now." Her laugh was light, teasing the head of my dick. "Believe it. Because if you weren't?" That hand kept moving, slow and steady and hot. "I wouldn't be on my knees before you." "No. You wouldn't be," I gasped, unable to keep my hands at my sides. I touched her cheek. Threaded my fingers through her silky hair. "It's funny, though." "What is?" "I may be the one standing, but it's me who is still bowing to you." Her smile was wide, crinkling the skin at the corners of her eyes. And, gods, those smiles... they were too rare. Too exquisite. "Deserving," she whispered. And then she took me into her mouth. My shout was rough, echoing through the small chamber. Probably the whole damn building. I didn't care. The entire world centered on the feel of her mouth, the slide of her tongue as she kept moving her hand, working me with artful perfection. But I kept myself still. I didn't tug on her hair. I didn't fuck her mouth. I didn't- Poppy took me deep—deeper than I thought she would—and sucked. My hips jerked. My hand tightened in her hair. I nearly rose to the tips of my toes. "What godsdamn chapter in Miss Willa's diary was that in?" Her laugh was a hum that nearly broke me, and I could sense the rapid increase in her pulse and breath. She enjoyed this, finding pleasure in pleasuring me. And that was its own powerful aphrodisiac. My hips moved then. I couldn't stop myself. My hand flattened on the back of her head. My head falling back, I shook. Nothing. Nothing in any realm compared to her. I was close, the tightening becoming taut. My thrusts were less shallow, less gentle. Groaning, I pulled out of her mouth. Her hand on my hip firmed, but I gave her no choice. I hauled her onto her feet and brought my mouth to hers. She tasted of the fruity drink that had been served with the stew. I backed her up, lifting the borrowed tunic. "You should be proud of me," I said when we parted long enough for me to pull the shirt over her head. "I didn't tear this off." Her laugh was my personal sun. "Very proud." I guided her to the bed, visions of settling between those plump thighs and sinking deep into her dancing in my head. But Poppy placed her hands on my shoulders and turned me. Pushing me down to my ass and then onto my back, she climbed onto the bed, her knees on either side of my hips, straddling me. "Fuck," I gasped, my heart pounding. Her hair fell forward, sliding against my chest as she reached between us, palming my cock. I didn't even know what I said when I felt her wet heat against the head of my cock. Could've been a prayer. My hands went to her hips, steadying her as she began to lower herself, inch by sweet, hot inch. I feared this would be over before she even fully seated herself. "Gods," she breathed, stiffening as our pelvises met. The fingers on my chest dug in. A soft, feminine sound left her as she withdrew slowly, to where only the tip was left, and then slid back down. Poppy continued the breathtaking rise and fall, finding her rhythm and angle. Her back</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| | <p>arched as she rocked above me.</p> <p>I liked control. Had always been that way. But with Poppy... watching her find her way, watching her live and love without shame? Nothing was more powerful. More earth-shattering. I'd gladly give up control over and over for this—for her.</p> <p>But then she began to really move.</p> <p>Faster. Harder. I met her movements, fingers sinking into the flesh of her hips. The feel of her was slick and tight as she squeezed my dick. The sight of her—her full breasts, the curve of her waist, the creases at her thighs, and all that flushed flesh—was my undoing.</p> <p>Poppy gripped my left wrist, drawing the hand that'd once had the ring from her hip to her breast—her heart. Her fingers threaded with mine.</p> <p>She owned me.</p> <p>Heart and soul.</p> <p>As she rode me harder, I slid a hand to where we were joined. I found that bundle of nerves, pressing down with my thumb.</p> <p>"Oh, gods," she cried out, and I felt her spasm around me as she jerked.</p> <p>"I think you like that." I groaned as she ground against me.</p> <p>"I do," she panted. "A lot."</p> <p>Her breathy moans and my grunts filled the dimly lit chamber, joining the slick sounds of our bodies coming together. My fangs throbbed. I wanted her vein, but I'd already taken too much. So, I focused on how she fit as if I were made for her. How she moved over me with wild abandon and all the love and trust she gave to me. Was always giving me.</p> <p>I wanted to stay deep inside her for hours—lose myself in her. But she was in me, under my skin, and wrapped around my heart as tightly as she was around my cock.</p> <p>Bracing herself, she leaned forward, curling her hand under my head. She brought my mouth to her breast. To the hard nipple and the two puncture wounds I'd left behind earlier. I closed my mouth over the hardened nub.</p> <p>"Feed," she whispered against the top of my head, her hips rolling. "Bite. Please."</p> <p>I don't know which of her words snapped my restraint. It was probably the please. My lips peeled back, and I sank my fangs into the marks I'd already left behind. She jerked in my arms, crying out as her body contracted around mine. Her blood hit my tongue. Warm. Thick. Ancient. I swallowed greedily and drank deeply, taking her into me. Her blood was lightning in my veins. Pure power wrapped in jasmine and cashmere. The way she clamped around my dick was my undoing. The breathy "Cas" that left her lips. Her blood hitting my throat, my gut. All of it sent me over the edge.</p> <p>The powerful release rolled down my spine. I folded my arms around her, pinning her to my chest as I thrust up, lifting both our bodies from the bed. I released my fangs from her flesh and found her mouth, kissing her as I came. The release fucking destroyed me in the best way. Wave after wave, it seemed never-ending, leaving me stunned by its intensity.</p> |
| 416 | I chuckled, lifting my head and kissing her. |
| 418 | <p>Reaching down, I squeezed her plump ass and was immediately fascinated by how the silver wisps in her eyes brightened in response.</p> <p>..."If it's about your cock being a changeling, I know," she said dryly. "I can feel it."</p> |
| 430 | <p>My hand left Kieran's then, and I curled my arm around her waist, resting my hand on one hip. She gave a little jolt at the touch and then her leg curled under the blanket, pressing against mine as I drew my other hand up and down her back.</p> <p>I watched her—the thick fringe of lashes fanning her cheeks, the way her throat worked on</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| | <p>each swallow as I moved my fingers across her hip in slow, steady circles. I didn't take my eyes off her. I saw the moment the shadows under her eyes cleared. I inhaled, breathing in a familiar scent. The corners of my lips tipped up as I bent, kissing the top of her head and then her temple.</p> <p>Those sharp, little nails dug into my flesh as a pink flush seeped across her cheeks. Her eyes flew open, narrowing on Kieran. The bastard was grinning, looking way too proud of himself, and I had a feeling she had stumbled into his memories, and he was showing her something she likely found highly inappropriate.</p> <p>And intriguing.</p> <p>Because that scent increased, joining another, and my blood thickened in response. Poppy gave a restless wiggle, causing her hip to brush against my entirely intrigued cock. I squeezed her hip, pulling her tighter to me.</p> <p>Poppy swallowed one last time and then lifted her mouth. "Thank you," she whispered, folding both her hands around Kieran's forearm, just below my bite. A silvery glow radiated from her hands, and it didn't matter how many times I saw her do this. It was fucking awe-inspiring. The two puncture wounds faded within a few heartbeats. She let go of his arm. "You're still a jerk, though."</p> <p>Kieran's laugh crinkled the skin at the corners of his eyes. "You take enough?"</p> <p>Poppy reclined against my chest. "Yes."</p> <p>"Good." He looked at me with bright eyes—eyes that pulsed with eather behind the pupils—as he clasped the back of Poppy's head and bent, kissing her forehead. He rose from the bed. "I'll be waiting."</p> <p>The moment the door closed behind Kieran, I clasped her cheeks and turned her gaze to me. The pink flush in her skin had deepened.</p> <p>"My Queen?"</p> <p>The tip of her tongue wet her lips. "Yes?"</p> <p>"I need you on my cock." Dipping my head, my tongue traced the flick of hers. "Now."</p> <p>Poppy shuddered.</p> <p>I slid my hands down her sides, lifting her hips and drawing her onto her knees. Her mouth found mine, and her kiss—fuck, it tasted of sweetness and something warm. Earthy. Her hands went to my shoulders, to the hair on the nape of my neck. We had a lot of important shit to talk about and get done, but I needed the same as she did. To be inside her. I reached for the buttons on my breeches, barely managing to unhook them without ripping them off. I gripped myself as I curled my arm around her waist, pulling her down.</p> <p>The first touch of her, hot and slick, nearly undid me. As did the breathy sound she made against my lips as I drew her down until no space remained between us. Nothing. I threaded my fingers through her hair as I slid my hand under the hem of her shirt, cupping her ass. "As I said before..." I rocked her against me. "You're my favorite kind of torture."</p> <p>She moaned, trembling. "You're just my favorite." Her breath caught as I squeezed her ass, grinding her down on my dick. "You're my favorite everything."</p> <p>I nipped at her lower lip. "I know."</p> <p>"Arrogant."</p> <p>"Just telling the truth." I took her mouth with mine, drawing in the unique flavor of her kiss. "I can taste his blood on your tongue."</p> <p>Her hips gave a delicious little jerk, but she started to pull back. I stopped her. "It's not a bad thing," I told her, keeping her hips moving, working. "What does his blood taste like to you?"</p> <p>"You didn't... taste it?" Her words came out in short pants.</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| | <p>“Tasted earthy to me.”</p> <p>“It... his blood tastes like a fall morning,” she said.</p> <p>“I’m a little envious of that.” I slid my hand over the soft flesh of her ass, slipping a finger between the cheeks and into the tight flesh there. Her entire body stiffened as she sucked in a sharp breath. “Does that hurt?”</p> <p>“No,” she whispered, her chest rising and falling rapidly against mine. “It just feels different.”</p> <p>“But good?” I watched her closely, searching for any hint of discomfort as I remained still beneath her.</p> <p>Poppy bit down on her lip. “Yes.”</p> <p>I smiled at her and then started moving her hips again. “You read about something like this in Miss Willa’s diary?”</p> <p>Her face was even pinker. “Maybe.”</p> <p>I chuckled roughly, taking the lip she’d bitten with mine. The hands at my shoulders trembled. “Were you curious about it when you read it? I bet you were.”</p> <p>“Maybe a little,” she said.</p> <p>“Gods.” I nipped her neck, avoiding the nearly healed bite marks. “I love that fucking book.”</p> <p>“Not surprised to hear that...” She jerked, and she felt hotter, wetter. “I didn’t think it would feel so—” Her moan was a full-body shudder as I pressed in deeper. “I didn’t think it would feel like...”</p> <p>“Like what?”</p> <p>“Like this.” Her forehead fell against mine. “Hot. Wicked. Full.”</p> <p>Her breath was on a loop, catching and releasing, and I didn’t think she realized that I wasn’t guiding her movements any longer. She rode me, her breath hot against my lips and her body moving in sinuous curls and plunges. She enjoyed the wickedness. Thoroughly. I heard it in those inhales. Felt it in how she tightened around my dick and my finger. When she came, she took me over the edge right with her. The release shook us both, leaving me feeling as if I’d lost control of all the muscles in my body.</p> <p>It took a lot of willpower to ease myself out of her and leave her on the bed, curled on her side once more, looking thoroughly fucked in a most indecent way. I didn’t linger long in the bathing chamber, cleaning up quickly before returning to her, sitting near her hip.</p> |
| 433 | She was rested, fed, and fucked. |
| 436 | <p>The backs of his fingers brushed the swell of my breast as he finished the last couple of clasps.</p> <p>...He trailed a finger along the curved-edge bodice of the vest. A tiny strip of lace had been stitched there, the same deep shade of gray as the vest. “I think I would love it even more without the shirt.”</p> <p>“I bet you would,” I replied wryly. My breasts and stomach were already testing the limits of the clasps, doing very little to hide the deep cleavage peeking through the V-shaped neckline of the shirt. Without the shirt, the entire kingdom would get quite the eyeful.</p> |
| 458 | <p>“You’ll probably be concerned to hear this, but also not surprised,” Casteel said, and the smoky, spicy flavor in my mouth crowded out the taste of death. “But I found that wildly... hot.”</p> |
| 478 | <p>He drew me close to his chest, and gods, I’d missed this. The feel of him—his body pressed so tightly to mine. The confidence in how his hand ran up the side of my body, and the ease in which I sank into his embrace. “I did think you’d like the view, but I also had an ulterior motive for leading you away from the group.”</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|---|
| | <p>My mind immediately went to very, very inappropriate places when I thought about those ulterior motives. I imagined he needed to feed again to fully restore his strength. Something which my body immediately gave its approval for with a flush of heat. “Ulterior motives? You? Never.”</p> <p>His laugh touched my cheek.</p> <p>...His palm grazed the curve of my breast, causing me to gasp.</p> <p>...His hand made another slow, sweeping pass down my side.</p> <p>...“I’m processing what all those tiny hooks in your vest are keeping hidden from me,” he said, sliding his hand over my stomach. “And the fact that it was I who clasped them.”</p> <p>I laughed. “That is not what you’re processing.”</p> <p>“Is, too.” His breath teased my lips. “And I’m also processing my need to rip my brother’s throat out. I can multitask like that.”</p> <p>My heart stuttered. “Cas—”</p> <p>His mouth took mine as his chest rumbled against my back, and that hand... it slid up over my breast until those nimble fingers, his thumb and middle, found the hardened peak through the thin vest and blouse beneath. He pinched. Not hard, just enough to cause my hips to twitch as a bolt of wicked pleasure darted from my breasts. “I don’t want to talk about him. Later, we can. Just not now.”</p> <p>I wanted to know what he was thinking, but I could taste the tart conflict and confusion he felt. So, I let it go—for now. I kissed him instead, and received another teasing tug on my tingling, sensitive flesh.</p> <p>“I’m also thinking about how amazing you are,” he said when our mouths parted. “You’re a force to be reckoned with, Poppy.”</p> <p>The building heat cooled as that cold place inside me stirred, and the eather throbbed. I turned my head back to the valley. “I’m something, all right.”</p> <p>His fingers eased from my breast. “What is that supposed to mean?”</p> <p>I opened my mouth but couldn’t find the words to describe what it meant. It wasn’t like I didn’t have any words. I had too many. “I... I blew apart that house.”</p> <p>“You did.” His hand at my hip moved then, sliding toward my navel.</p> <p>“I damaged other homes.” My eyes closed as those fingers started to move over my breast.</p> <p>“I could’ve killed innocent people.”</p> <p>“You could have.”</p> <p>My heart lurched.</p> <p>“But you didn’t,” he said softly, slipping his right hand past my navel. “You know that.”</p> <p>...“Because you stopped me,” I whispered, my lips parting as he quickly undid the clasps on my breeches. The flap parted, and the material loosened. “Casteel.”</p> <p>“What?”</p> <p>The breath I took hitched as his fingers slipped inside the thin scrap of undergarments I wore.</p> <p>“You know what.”</p> <p>“I know I had nothing to do with you not harming anyone innocent,” he countered, dipping those fingers between my thighs. My entire body jerked as my eyes fluttered open.</p> <p>It was strange—the seriousness of the conversation and how my body responded nonetheless to the teasing touch. My stance widened, giving him more access. “How do you know that?”</p> <p>“Because if that were what you wanted?” His finger dragged over the aching flesh. “If that was your will, you would’ve harmed those mortals before I could stop you.” He sank a finger into my heat, wringing another gasp from me. “You made a conscious effort to stop. I know</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| | <p>that because I know how the essence works, Poppy.”</p> <p>I stared at the wisteria trees as his finger moved, slowly in and out, never going too deep. My hips chased those shallow plunges. Heat flowed through my veins, easing the knot of coldness that pulsed near the essence. Maybe he was right. When I summoned the mist, my will had not been to cause harm. Nor had it been when the wave of rage left me.</p> <p>But was that true when it came to the explosion of rage?</p> <p>I hadn’t really been thinking at all. I’d just been furious. Had I gotten lucky then?</p> <p>“You understand that, right?” Casteel’s breath was hot against my neck. “Your will, as you said, is yours.”</p> <p>My heart beat faster as his finger thrust deeper, and the pastel hues of the wisteria trees turned darker.</p> <p>“Your will is not controlled by a prophecy,” he continued, the sharp edge of his fangs grazing my throat and sending my pulse skittering. “Your will is not controlled by a Queen or anyone else but you.” He worked another finger in, and my knees stiffened as I rose onto the tips of my toes. “You are not a harbinger of death and destruction, Poppy. You’re a harbinger of change and new beginnings. Tell me you believe that.”</p> <p>“Yes,” I panted. “I do.”</p> <p>Casteel’s head tilted, and the pierce of his fangs in the wound he’d created before stunned me. My muscles tightened, and my thighs clamped around his hand as the fiery sting traveled through me, quickly followed by a roar of acute pleasure as his mouth closed over the reopened marks, and he drank.</p> <p>Shuddering, my eyes fell shut as he drank from me—took my blood and took me with his fingers, as that insidious voice in the back of my mind scolded me. I wanted so badly to tell him that I believed what he’d said as strongly as both he and Kieran did. So, that was what I’d done. I’d lied. I lied to him, and I didn’t like it. Didn’t like how it made me feel. And I didn’t like that I’d made Kieran promise what he could never share with Casteel. But his touch—those fingers and his mouth—chased away more than the coldness. It crowded out the guilt as I rode Cas’s fingers, rocking against his palm and the hardness pressing against my lower back. With my senses open, the smoky flavor of his lust and the sweetness of his love drove me to a rippling, sudden release that he wisely silenced with his hand.</p> <p>I was still trembling when his fingers eased from me, and he took one last, dragging pull from my throat. His arm loosened at my waist as he lifted his hand. I turned halfway, halting when heated, golden eyes met mine. My breath caught as his blood-tinged lips closed over his slick fingers.</p> <p>“I don’t know which part of you tastes better,” he murmured.</p> <p>My body flushed hot. “You are... you are so very bad.”</p> <p>He grinned down at me but it was lost in a stark pulse of need as I reached for his breeches. He said nothing, simply watched me intently as I undid the flap, tugging the breeches down his lean hips. His body jerked as I curled my fingers around his cock, and he groaned as I went to my knees.</p> <p>“Who’s the bad one?” he asked, his voice thick and wonderfully rough.</p> <p>“You.” I drew my hand up his length. “And you’re a bad influence.”</p> <p>His hand curled around the back of my head as he drew me in until my lips brushed his tip.</p> <p>“I’ve told you before, Poppy. Only the bad can be influenced.”</p> <p>I grinned up at him, enjoying these stolen moments where nothing existed but us. “I read something in Willa’s journal.”</p> <p>“I bet you read all kinds of things in her journal,” he replied, fingers tangling in my hair. “But</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|---|
| | <p>what are you thinking of now?"</p> <p>"She wrote that the vein... this vein—" I said, dragging my thumb across it. He groaned. "Can be extraordinarily sensitive. Is that true?"</p> <p>"Can be." His chest rose sharply.</p> <p>"She also claimed that it was even more sensitive to the tongue," I said, my face warming.</p> <p>"Why don't you assuage that curiosity of yours and find out?" He paused. "For research purposes."</p> <p>I laughed and then found out as I dragged my tongue along that thick vein. Willa had been correct. It was a sensitive spot. Liquid had already begun beading on the head of his cock when I closed my mouth over him. I drew him in as deeply as I could and didn't worry about what I was doing because I knew he loved it. The way his hand tightened on the back of my head told me that. As did the thrusts of his hips and the spicy taste that joined the earthy flavor of his skin.</p> <p>"You know, I think..." He shuddered as he gathered the strands of my hair away from my face with his other hand. "I think you really like my cock in your mouth," he said, and I sucked harder. He groaned. "I also think you like it when I say inappropriate things like that."</p> <p>My face heated even more because I really did.</p> <p>"My Queen is a very—" His curse was sharp, and the rhythm of his hips picked up. "Fuck." Casteel didn't try to pull away. This time, he held me there as he came, his entire body shaking as the release took him. When his tremors subsided, I kissed the underside of his cock and then the faded brand on his hip before redoing his breeches. His hands slipped to my shoulders, but he didn't draw me to my feet. Instead, he joined me on the ground, pulling me into his lap and against his chest. We were both still breathing a little fast as he redid the clasp on my breeches.</p> |
| 499 | <p>I nipped at her ear, drawing a soft gasp from her.</p> <p>Her face flushed, but the sharp, sudden rise of her arousal told me she couldn't wait for me to show her either.</p> |
| 507 | <p>I'd snatched her when she returned from making use of a nearby privy, pulling her into my lap. Probably not the most appropriate seating arrangement for such a conversation, but I couldn't care less about what the others thought. I wanted her there. Needed her as close to me as possible. The feel of her kept me grounded and gave me strength.</p> <p>And I just liked the curve of her ass in my lap.</p> |
| 514 | <p>I took a sip of the smoky whiskey, thinking of what Valyn had told me.</p> |
| 517 | <p>If I touched her, then yeah, I would spend the night staring at the ceiling with a hard cock.</p> <p>...Poppy rolled toward me, pressing the length of her half-clothed body against mine. "I missed you," she murmured.</p> |
| 518 | <p>But that hand of hers drifted down my stomach.</p> <p>"That doesn't feel like you're going back to sleep."</p> <p>...When I didn't answer, when I couldn't, she turned her head, pressing a kiss to my chest.</p> <p>"You will be," she whispered.</p> <p>"Yeah, I will be."</p> <p>"I know." Her hand slid under the blanket. My entire body jerked as her fingers grazed the tip of my already hardening cock and she rose halfway.</p> <p>She didn't give me a chance to say another word. Not that I was complaining. Her lips found mine, and her kiss was a sweet sweep. My arm around her tightened as she parted my lips with her tongue. The kiss went on until I throbbed for her.</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| | <p>Gods, I always ached for her.</p> <p>“Cas,” she whispered, closing her fingers around my dick. “I need you.”</p> <p>I shuddered at her words—at the truth. It was I who needed her, and she knew that—knew that her touch, her closeness, was grounding. A reminder that I was here.</p> <p>“Now,” she demanded.</p> <p>Her bold order brought forth a chuckle as I cupped her cheek. “What is it you want?”</p> <p>“You know,” she whispered against my lips.</p> <p>“Maybe.” 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. “But you should tell me.” I brushed the backs of my fingers over her damp heat, smiling when she moaned. “Just in case.”</p> <p>Her grip on my dick tightened. “I want you to touch me.” She rested her forehead against mine. “Please.”</p> <p>“You never have to say please.” I drew my finger along the very center of her. “But it does sound so pretty on your lips.”</p> <p>Poppy’s breath caught as I slipped a finger inside her. She nipped at my chin, causing my entire body to jerk once more. I thrust my finger deeper. “Like this?”</p> <p>“Yes.”</p> <p>I kissed her, easing my finger in and out. “And like this?” My voice was rough, heavy.</p> <p>Her back arched as her hand began moving in time with my shallow thrusts. Her hips began to move. “Mm-hmm.”</p> <p>Smoothing my thumb over her clit, I marveled at the way her entire body tensed—how her hand stopped moving. I grinned. “And what about that?”</p> <p>She moaned, and it was a sound I could listen to for an eternity. “I really like that,” she said, but her hand left my cock and folded around my wrist, pulling my touch from her. “But I want more.”</p> <p>Poppy moved then, letting go of my hand and easing onto her elbows. The robe, half-untied, slipped down her arms. Never in my life had I been more grateful for the enhanced eyesight she was so envious of.</p> <p>Rosy breasts thrust up, their tips puckered. Her cheeks were flushed, legs spread wide, open and inviting. My godsdamn mouth watered at the sight of her. I rose halfway. “You’re beautiful.” I took in every inch of exposed flesh. “You know what I don’t understand?”</p> <p>“What?”</p> <p>“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.”</p> <p>She laughed. “You’d get very little else done then.”</p> <p>“It would be worth it.” My gaze landed on where her hand rested on her lower belly, mere inches from that wonderful heat of hers. “I just realized something.” My throat dried. “Have you ever touched yourself?”</p> <p>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.”</p> <p>Her inhale was an audible one as I lowered her hand to the shadowy space between her thighs. I let go, and for a moment, I didn’t think she would do it.</p> <p>But I never should’ve doubted her.</p> <p>My Queen backed down from nothing.</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| | <p>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.</p> <p>“Fuck,” I groaned. “Don’t stop.”</p> <p>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. I was obsessed, watching her. Didn’t even blink. Not once as her breathing continued picking up speed, as her hips moved to meet the thrusts of her finger.</p> <p>“Cas,” she moaned.</p> <p>I could come just watching this. There was a good chance I would. “I want to worship you.” Poppy shuddered.</p> <p>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 took my time as if we wouldn’t be on the road once more in a few hours. 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.</p> <p>“I think I will need to see you do that daily.”</p> <p>“Gods,” she rasped. “You are so bad.”</p> <p>“Yeah, I am.” 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 gave her my weight, sinking into all that warm softness, and she took it all with a soft smile. “But I can be good. I can even be more bad. I can be whatever you want.”</p> <p>“I just want you.” She pressed her palm to my cheek. “As you are.”</p> <p>Hell.</p> <p>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. “I love you. I’m so very much in love with you.”</p> <p>Her arms wrapped around me, holding me tightly as she lifted her legs, curling them around my hips and urging me forward. “I love you always and forever.”</p> <p>I ignored the throbbing in my fangs. I wouldn’t feed. I wouldn’t take anything from her tonight. I would just give.</p> <p>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. Nothing felt like her. Absolutely nothing compared to how she made me feel and how her very presence invaded every cell of my body. There was no me. There was no her. 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.</p> <p>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. Gathering her in my arms, I held her close, and she held me tighter. When my eyes closed this time, I knew that no bad dreams would find me.</p> <p>My Queen simply would not allow it.</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|---|
| 524 | <p>He pulled me in for a quick kiss. My stomach dipped in a most pleasant way as he then twisted, thrusting his sword through a Craven's chest.</p> |
| 557 | <p>His lust was like a whirlwind, and even a little bit of it was a fierce weight to bear. His lip curled back, revealing more of his fangs as Kieran drank from him. An aching pulse went through my breasts and centered between my thighs. Casteel's nostrils flared, and he growled, low and heated.</p> <p>I felt a little dizzy when Kieran stopped, and they carefully turned me so Casteel was at my back. My lips still tingled, so did my throat, and I felt that sensation starting to spread through me as I slowly lifted my gaze to Kieran's.</p> <p>Kieran's stare captured mine. My heart leapt unsteadily at the sight of the streaks of eather in his eyes. He turned his head to the side, exposing his throat. Casteel bent over me, leaning so he could reach Kieran, leaving absolutely no space between us. Every nerve ending seemed to spark all at once at the feel of them pressed so inappropriately close. They had to feel my heart when it skipped as Casteel struck, sinking his fangs into Kieran's throat. They had to feel the rather indecent tremor rocking me at the sight of Casteel biting Kieran.</p> <p>...As the tautness went out of Kieran's face, and his lips parted. As the thick, hard length of Casteel throbbed against my lower back.</p> <p>Dimly, I wondered how anyone could possibly remain unaffected by this.</p> <p>Casteel lifted his head, and the scent of Kieran's blood reached out to me. The essence swirled madly in my chest as Casteel's grip remained firm on me. I stretched up once more, Kieran's and my joined hands lodged firmly between our bodies, and the fine dusting of soft hair on his chest that I would've sworn wasn't there before scattered my thoughts. His skin... it felt even hotter, harder. Maybe even a little thinner. I swayed. I wasn't sure why. I didn't feel weak, but I was unsteady, as if I were an arrow fired without thought or aim.</p> |
| 558 | <p>Casteel kissed me quickly and then waited for me to give him permission as if he didn't already have it. Eyes closed, I pressed my head back against Kieran's chest, exposing my throat to Casteel.</p> <p>...I jerked at the pierce of his fangs, caught off guard no matter how much I expected it. Wanted it. It wasn't something one could prepare for. The mix of all-consuming pleasure and biting pain was startling. He didn't drink, though. His head lifted, and he bit again, sinking his fangs into the other side of my throat. My entire body arched, pressing into both of them, my eyes flying open wide as Casteel latched on to the left side of my throat.</p> <p>As Kieran did the same, closing his mouth over the right side.</p> <p>I cried out this time, not from pain but from the dual intensity of their mouths moving at my throat. It was too much. My arms jerked against my will, but they held my hands, keeping us joined. A riot of sensations hit me like a drenching downpour. Every part of my body tightened to almost painful points. The roar of blood in my ears abated, and the only thing I heard was them—their rough, needful sounds as they drank.</p> <p>...Only their mouths, their tongues, moved at my throat, and I wasn't sure if they could see what I did, the combining of our essences. I didn't think they were even aware as they took and took, and the silvery cords burned brighter. There was so much heat pressed against my front and back, burning inside me, filling my throat, my chest, and pooling in my core. My hold on my abilities slipped and fell away, and what they felt joined the downpour, sweeping me up with it.</p> <p>Their mouths weren't the only things moving. I was. My hips. My body. I twisted between them, softer sounds joining their muffled ones as the tips of my breasts dragged across</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| | <p>Casteel's chest, and the curve of my rear against Kieran's thighs. My feet slipped on the grass, and a rough, hard thigh wedged between mine. The change of position was startling. I felt Kieran now nestled against me, where Casteel had shockingly, wickedly touched days before. I shook at the feel of him, and the feel of the strong thigh pressed against the aching, swollen flesh between mine.</p> <p>No thought guided my actions. No hint of shame. Only instinct as the cords continued to weave their way around the three of us. I rode the thigh as I squeezed their hands, tighter and tighter. Everything was too much and yet not enough. I moaned as their lips moved on the skin of my throat. Pressure curled and curled, and I clamped my thighs around the one between my legs—</p> <p>I gasped as one or both of them lifted me until my toes barely touched the ground. Suddenly, it wasn't just the thigh I rocked on but the hot length of a cock that I slid and rubbed against. Slowly, I became aware of the lips stalling at my throat and their mouths no longer being there, even though I still felt their dragging pulls both there and in my core.</p> <p>...Casteel's and Kieran's chests moved in shallow pants. Other than that, they were still, even though I felt their need. Heavy spice cloaked my skin, my blood peppered with it. It was almost painful, the combination of it all, and yet neither moved. They were still, even as I rocked against the thigh, against the cock, growing wetter, knowing that they could see the silvery cocoon that had formed around us—knowing that they watched me, my breasts, my hips, my face as Kieran's chest cradled my head, and my eyes locked onto golden ones. They watched as eagerly as I had when they fed from each other, and a new hidden part of me, one I'd recently discovered, reveled in it—in the sensuality, the freedom, and the primitive power.</p> <p>They simply held me, their hands firmly in mine as I rode the now-damp thigh and erection. They made no moves because we... we came to it. The blade-sharp point. A line. The edge. We were there, and I was dancing along it. They stayed there with me, hearts pounding in tandem, and I knew it would be easy to back away from it, to put a stop to this. I knew that they would remain as they were, allowing me to shamelessly seek the pleasure I was so close to feeling. I knew they would follow my lead wherever it took them.</p> <p>They waited.</p> <p>The humming cords of essence snapping and crackling around us waited, and golden eyes held mine. My ceaseless churning stilled, and I knew we were wildly dancing sparks, alive and on the verge of igniting until we were nothing but flesh and fire.</p> <p>And I wanted to be the fire.</p> <p>I wanted to burn.</p> <p>"Yes," I whispered, and the cords throbbed. Casteel trembled. Both of them did. And neither moved for a long moment. Then, Cas drew our joined hands to his mouth, kissing the top. My right hand was also lifted, Kieran doing the same. I trembled.</p> <p>"Fucking unworthy of you," Casteel growled, and before I could tell him any differently, his mouth was on mine.</p> <p>Oh, gods.</p> <p>That kiss was unlike anything I'd ever experienced before. I tasted my blood on his lips. I tasted Kieran's as his tongue swept inside my mouth. He drank from me as he had from my neck as a rough palm skimmed the curve of my hip and then my waist. My hands were still in theirs, and I had no idea whose hand touched me, but the cords were still there. I heard them hissing and spinning as that palm traveled up my stomach, closing over an aching breast. I moaned into Casteel's mouth. His lips captured my cry as fingers found the tingling</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| | <p>peak of my other breast. Casteel’s mouth left mine only when I thought I’d surely pass out, and that mouth of his blazed a trail down my throat, past the bite marks and lower still. His tongue lapped at my breast, over the fingers there. My moan got lost in the groan that I felt along my back.</p> <p>Their hands eased from mine, and the cords remained, shimmering in the space around us, between us, and in us. I curled a hand around the nape of Casteel’s neck. I threaded my arm around Kieran’s, pressing my fingers into the skin of his biceps. Casteel drew the sensitive nub of peaked flesh and that finger that had been tormenting the same skin into his mouth. He sucked deeply and hard, dragging a ragged gasp from me.</p> <p>“Fucker,” Kieran grunted.</p> <p>Casteel’s laugh gave way to a growl as my body arched once more. As a hand landed on my hip, urging me to move. I gasped at the hair teasing the heightened flesh there—at the wicked slide along the heated erection. Fingers grazed my stomach, dancing below my navel and lower. My breath kept catching as a rough pad of a finger rolled over the bundle of nerves at the apex of my thighs. The finger toyed as Casteel’s mouth moved to my other breast.</p> <p>“Wouldn’t want this one to get lonely,” he said, palming the flesh and lifting it to his mouth. Kieran’s hand remained on the other, damp from Casteel’s treatment, and I didn’t know whose hand was on my hip, whose finger was teasing, whose—</p> <p>I cried out as the finger slid through the gathering heat and then inside me. My body burned as the finger moved in unison with the mouth at my breast, and with each draw, the finger sank into me. My fingers tightened around Casteel’s hand. My nails dug into Kieran’s arm.</p> <p>“Oh, gods,” I panted.</p> <p>“You’re going to start praying?” Kieran asked, his breath hot against the bite marks on my neck, sending a pulse through me.</p> <p>“Maybe,” I admitted, and the finger plunged faster, deeper.</p> <p>Casteel laughed as his head rose. His tongue moved over my lips.</p> <p>“What would you pray for?” Kieran asked, his cheek pressed to mine.</p> <p>“What—?” Casteel stole my words as he kissed me. “What?”</p> <p>“He asked what you would pray for,” Casteel said, and that finger inside me was joined by another. “I think I know.”</p> <p>Kieran’s chuckle was dark and sensual. Teeth tugged on my ear. “I bet you do, but I want to hear her say it.”</p> <p>“I-I can’t believe you’re asking questions.” I groaned as fingers tugged at my nipple, as fingers plunged deeper. “You of all people.”</p> <p>“This is the only time anyone else gets a chance to ask a question,” Kieran replied, and I felt a surprisingly sharp nip at my shoulder that I strongly believed was him. “What would you pray for?”</p> <p>“For something that could bring you more pleasure than a finger?” Casteel’s mouth tugged on mine. “Or two? Or do you want a tongue between those pretty thighs of yours?”</p> <p>My blood was burning now.</p> <p>A hot lick soothed the sting on my shoulder. Maybe that was Kieran at my shoulder. Perhaps it had been him at my mouth. When I opened my eyes, neither was at my shoulder or mouth. I started to look down, but then Casteel was there, his fingers curled around my chin, lifting my mouth to his.</p> <p>Fingers cupped my rear, guiding me farther back on that thigh, on that cock. Both of them shuddered.</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|---|
| | <p>“Or would you pray to come?” a sultry voice whispered in my ear. “I think that’s definitely it.” “I don’t think I like either of you all that much at the moment,” I said. “You’re a terrible liar, meyaah Liessa,” Kieran teased. “I know that’s not true. I can almost taste just how much you like us at the moment.” “That’s your overinflated ego,” I responded. Before I could say any more, someone tilted my head back, and my mouth was taken in another deep kiss. “I think he just wants to hear you say an inappropriate word,” Casteel advised, and it was definitely his mouth on mine at that point. “Cock. Aroused. Come. You’ll make his night.” “I think that’s you who wants to hear it,” I said, dragging in deep breaths when his lips left mine. “That would not be a lie,” he confirmed, chuckling. “Tell us what you want, my Queen.” Everything had stopped. The fingers. The kisses. The hands. My hips. I gave a very mature grunt of frustration. “What do you want?” Kieran asked. My nails dug even harder into his skin, earning a laugh. “I... I want to come,” I snapped. “There. Are you happy?” “Fucking thrilled,” Casteel said. “And then some,” Kieran added. My head was tilted again, and a tongue swept inside my mouth. I didn’t even realize I was being lowered until my knees hit the damp grass. My eyes opened as my mouth was released, and the cords... they were still around us, so blinding in their intensity now that we were nothing more than shadows. And everything was greedy. Hands. Mouths. Tongues. Teeth. Fangs. We were so greedy, and that burn in my blood finally ignited. I was a fire that had spread to them and caught. I truly had no idea whose hands gripped my hips or whose mouth came down on mine, I only knew that I was being guided onto a chest, that another pressed against my back. Only knew that a mouth was on mine, capturing my near scream of relief when I felt the thick, hard heat piercing me as quickly as Cas’s fangs had earlier. Only knew that my palm was led to another rigid length, joining the hand already there. What I had asked for found me quickly, hitting me in shockwave after shockwave. The harsh grunt against my neck, the way those hands grabbed on to me, holding me in place, told me I hadn’t found release alone. Nor was I alone when I was stretched onto my side, my mouth claimed by the one who held me from behind, keeping my leg draped over his hip as the one against my chest took me steadily, relentlessly, and I fell over that edge again. I could’ve had both of them inside me tonight, not at once but at different times. It could’ve only been one of them who’d moved inside me, but I knew who rolled me onto my back, whose lap I was held in when a dark head and a wicked mouth found its way between my thighs, licking and tormenting, tasting and teasing until I shattered apart. Until I felt a hot splash against my lower back, a release driven by my frenzied motions as I was devoured. “Honeydew,” Casteel murmured, lifting his head as I went utterly boneless. I didn’t even remember being taken into Casteel’s arms or how the three of us ended up tangled, limp, and exhausted under the shimmering cords. But we stayed there until those cords faded around us and into our flesh, joined by our essences, our breaths, and our bodies—from now until our last breaths.</p> |
| 568 | <p>He nipped at my lower lip, sending a bolt of heat through me. “Intrigued.” Lifting his head, I saw that the other dimple had taken form. “But back to that tingly part.” He drew his hand</p> |

| Page | Content |
|------|--|
| | <p>down my arm, grazing the curve of my breast with the tips of his fingers. "Are you feeling that?"</p> <p>"I'm always feeling that when it comes to you."</p> <p>"Knew it," he murmured, kissing me once more. This one was longer, deeper, and languid.</p> |
| 570 | <p>Casteel laid the heavy length of hair over my shoulder as he bent, kissing the nape of my neck.</p> <p>"Thank you."</p> <p>"My pleasure."</p> |
| 584 | <p>My heart sped up as Casteel drew his thumb along my lower lip. I started to apologize for waking him, but he lowered his head, brushing his lips across mine. The kiss was soft and so very sweet. I could never pick a favorite kiss of his, but these... these were special, tasting of love and devotion.</p> <p>But so were the deeper kisses, the dark ones full of need and yearning. And that was what this kiss became. His tongue slipped between my lips and moved against mine, silencing any sound I would've made. His arm tightened around my waist, his fingers at my hip pressing in harder, drawing me even closer and sending a wholly ill-advisable dart of wanton pleasure through me.</p> <p>Casteel's lips left mine, but they didn't go far. "Sleep, my Queen."</p> <p>..."Sleep," he repeated, kissing me once more before guiding my cheek back to his shoulder.</p> |
| 595 | <p>Isbeth's fingers trailed down the side of his neck as she pressed a kiss to his still lips.</p> |
| 623 | <p>I stared at him for what felt like an eternity. "That's some sexist, patriarchal bullshit!"</p> |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Ass | 28 |
| Bitch | 29 |
| Cock | 25 |
| Dick | 14 |
| Fuck | 170 |
| Piss | 3 |
| Shit | 77 |