

A Light in the Flame



Book Summary

Continues the story of Sera, a young woman who discovers she is the Primordiale della Vita, a powerful being connected to life and death.

Summary of Concerns

This book contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; potentially patently offensive content, potentially prurient content, profanity, animal cruelty, hate, suicide, sex trafficking, and violence.

New Adult / Adult

By Jennifer Armentrout

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CONTENT WARNING

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Adults Only

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78	<p>My stomach twisted with anticipation as my legs parted without hesitation. His intense stare drifted past my hips to the fine dusting of hair as his fingers pressed into the flesh of my thigh. "Show me."</p> <p>Oh, gods. A red-hot bolt of shameless desire rocked me. Breathing fast, I gripped his wrist as my fingers spread over the skin below my navel.</p> <p>Nyktos's stare was unblinking, all-consuming.</p> <p>"Show me." His voice was a silky whisper of midnight. "I want to see your fingers slick with your desire."</p> <p>I sucked in a soft moan. My fingers grazed the dampness between my thighs. The chamber felt as if it were holding its breath, waiting right along with me. With Nyktos. The wait wasn't long. Slipping my finger inside my damp heat, my hips jerked against my hand as I gasped. The curling twist of pleasure deep inside was downright scandalous.</p> <p>"That's it," he said in that same coaxing, seductive voice from when I had been taking his blood. "Fuck your fingers."</p> <p>The punch of raw desire left me dizzy as I moved my finger in and out —his gaze fixed on my movements. He knew the exact second I eased another finger inside myself, and his eyes feasted on what he saw. This was utterly wicked, and I loved it.</p> <p>Nyktos shifted me in his lap, drawing me farther against the hard ridge of his arousal. I rode my hand, rocked against his cock—</p> <p>"Ash?" Nektas called from the hall. "You in there?"</p> <p>I stopped, my heart lurching as my wide eyes swung to the door.</p> <p>"I'm busy." Nyktos's stare remained focused between my legs.</p> <p>"With Sera?"</p> <p>I choked on a breath. Exactly how good were a draken's senses?</p> <p>"Yes," Nyktos said, folding his hand over mine. My attention snapped to my spread thighs. He eased my fingers back inside. My hips nearly jerked completely off his lap. Oh, gods. A sinful bolt of pleasure whipped through me. "Don't stop."</p> <p>"What?" came Nektas's muffled response.</p> <p>Stark hollows formed under Nyktos's cheeks. "Wasn't talking to you."</p> <p>"Okay." There was a pause. "She all right?"</p> <p>Nyktos was breathing heavily as he watched me, feeling my fingers moving beneath his.</p> <p>"Yeah, she...she will be."</p> <p>"You two need anything?"</p> <p>"Nektas," Nyktos snapped, and I turned my head against his chest, smothering a moan as my knees curled.</p> <p>"All right. All right," the draken replied. "I'll check back in a bit."</p> <p>"You do that." Nyktos's fingers moved over mine, controlling the rhythm as I rubbed against his cock.</p> <p>My head fell back, eyes closing and breathing coming in quick, short pants as tension curled tighter and tighter. His breath coasted over my breast. I cried out as his mouth closed over the throbbing flesh, and he sucked on my skin, on the spilled blood. My fingers moved faster, harder.</p>

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78	<p>Pleasure trembled deep within me. He groaned, pulling me closer, holding my ass to his cock. The sounds I made...gods, I should be ashamed, but I wasn't. I wanted him to hear them. I wanted him to feel the wetness coating my fingers. I wanted him to know that the way my body responded to him had so very little to do with his blood and everything to do with him. I wanted nothing between us. I wanted to feel the hard length of him against my skin. I wanted him inside me. I wanted him to pierce me, take me into him. I wanted so much—</p> <p>The graze of his fangs over my nipple was too much. I came hard, falling over the edge as he shuddered against me. My breast muffled his harsh groan. Pleasure continued unwinding and spinning throughout my body until I was left limp and utterly boneless in his arms. I was still trembling as he eased my fingers from me. My eyes opened, and I watched him...watched him lift my hand to his lips. He closed his mouth over my glistening fingers and sucked deeply.</p> <p>"Gods," I moaned, my breath catching.</p> <p>There couldn't be a drop of me left on my fingers by the time he finished. Quicksilver eyes met mine, and then thick lashes lowered as he kept our joined hands near his lips. "How do you feel now?" he asked thickly.</p> <p>I opened my mouth, at a loss for words as I became aware of dampness against the curve of my ass, where his semi-hard arousal rested. He...he had found release. "Better. Much better."</p> <p>"Good," he said, and that was all he said for a time.</p> <p>In the silence that followed, my heart slowed, but the heat of his touch remained, while that of his blood faded. I stared at his hand folded around my fingers, his skin several shades deeper than mine. I...I liked it when he held my hand, and a...</p> <p>A want still remained.</p>
254	<p>He reached down, grabbing the flap of his leathers. The tear of material and the popping of buttons sent a wicked thrill through me. He tore his pants open and wrapped his hand around the base of his rigid cock. A small bead of liquid had already formed on the tip. My lips parted on a heady exhale as I lifted my eyes to his. "Prove it."</p> <p>The sound that came from him was raw and primitive and nothing mortal. The hand in my hair tightened further and then he proved that was exactly what he wanted.</p> <p>Nyktos tugged me to him, but it was I who took him into my mouth. He kept pulling me closer, and I kept taking him, as far as I could—until my lips reached his hand. He pulled back slowly, but I only let him get so far, clasping his hips much like he had mine. His head fell back as he groaned.</p> <p>This wasn't a seduction. There were no teasing licks or tastes. No easing into it. I sucked hard and deep, moving my head and my mouth in rhythm with his hand. His ragged breaths and groans filled the chamber.</p> <p>The earthy taste of his skin and how he thrust into my mouth heightened my arousal. His hips began to lose any sense of rhythm. When I felt him stiffen, he didn't pull away as he'd tried to the time before. He held me to him, my name ground out between clenched teeth as he emptied himself.</p> <p>I stayed with him as the spasms eased. His muscles were slow to loosen, as was his grip. Then I pulled back, and I...I did what I had done the first time. I leaned in to kiss one of the drops inked on his inner hip.</p>

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254	<p>His hand fell away from me, and I sank a little into the tub, my breathing shallow. Seconds passed, and I began to lift my head, bracing myself for—well, whatever came next. Nyktos came over the side of the tub, forcing me back. Water sloshed over his leathers. My eyes went wide. “What are you—?” My words ended in a sharp inhale as he grabbed my arms and lifted me.</p> <p>Cool air swirled over my skin as he turned us, sitting me down on the ledge of the tub. His hands left me again, and then he went down on his knees, the water rising to his thighs. “What are you doing?” I gasped.</p> <p>A lock of hair fell across his face as his hands landed on my knees.</p> <p>“I’m assuming your offer wasn’t a one-sided deal, was it?”</p> <p>“No, but you’re getting your clothing soaked—”</p> <p>“Really don’t care.” His palms skated up, pressing my thighs apart, open and wide—to him.</p> <p>“You told me to prove it. My cock in your mouth wasn’t the only thing I was thinking about.”</p> <p>“Nyktos.” I gasped as his shoulders replaced his hands.</p> <p>“Tasting you was one of them,” he told me.</p> <p>And he proved that, too.</p> <p>His mouth was on me, his tongue delving deep. His lips closed over the bundle of nerves. My hips jerked off the tub, but he folded his arm around them, forcing me back. He...devoured me. Licking. Tasting. Sucking. Feasting. For someone with little to no experience, he sure knew what to do.</p> <p>Or maybe it was simply that he couldn’t do it wrong.</p> <p>That I was just that aroused by him because it was his mouth on me, his tongue inside me. Either way, he was magnificent. We were. My head fell back as I gave in to him. His finger replaced his tongue, first just one and then another, thrusting deep as he sucked on that throbbing piece of flesh. My head pitched forward, eyes wide and fixed on his bent head, on the strands of hair splayed across my thighs. Tension tightened and curled as I rode his fingers, his mouth—</p> <p>I cried out as he lifted his head. His glossy lips were parted, his fingers still buried inside me, moving slowly.</p> <p>“When I was talking about tasting you,” he said, “it wasn’t just your pussy.”</p> <p>I jerked. “W-what?”</p> <p>His head snapped down. The graze of his fangs was an icy-hot fire and then he struck, sinking into the skin just above the sensitive joining of nerves. The shock of the bite dragged a scream from me. Pain-tinged waves of pleasure swept over me. My legs stiffened. My hips tried to lift, but he held me there, his fingers plunging in and out of me, his mouth moving over my clit, sucking on the nub of flesh—sucking on the blood running from the punctures above. The sensation...</p> <p>“It’s too much,” I gasped, my hands slipping on the ledge. I squirmed desperately, pressing my knees into his shoulders, wanting to move away.</p> <p>Needing to be closer. “I—I can’t take it. Please, Ash—”</p> <p>His growl rumbled through me, in me. He sucked harder, deeper, and the coils spun and spun. A quake hit me. I gripped a fistful of hair. I was coming apart.</p> <p>Pleasure took me, and I fell into it without hesitation, shamelessly. I broke, shattering into silk-adorned shards of bliss. My entire body shook, the release leaving me limp as my hand slipped from his hair. If it had not been for Nyktos’s hold on me, I surely would’ve fallen.</p>

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254	<p>I moaned as he tugged on my skin one last time—one last pull of my blood as he eased his fingers from me. The warm, wet slide of his tongue along the very center of me and then over his bite was bliss. I shuddered, nearly going limp.</p>
284	<p>“Fuck,” he breathed, his throat working on a swallow. His head tilted. The tips of his fingers grazed the side of my breast. “I was right. There’s another freckle here.”</p> <p>My skin felt as if it were on fire. “Do you think there are more?”</p> <p>“I know there are.”</p> <p>“Where?”</p> <p>His hand skimmed my waist and then skipped to my bent knees. He gently pushed them down, straightening them. Spreading them. His lips parted even more as he saw the scrap of black lace. “I approve.”</p> <p>My cheeks warmed. “You have Erlina to thank.”</p> <p>“That, I do.” He ran his hand up my inner thigh, stopping midway.</p> <p>“Three little freckles right here, clustered together.” Both of his hands ran up my thighs to the thin strip of silky lace. “Your freckles are like a constellation.”</p> <p>I lifted my hips as he drew the lace down over my legs and then pulled the undergarment off. His hands returned to my hips, and I let out a startled gasp as he tugged me to the edge of the bed. He lowered himself to his knees on the floor. A pulse of pleasure darted through me as his gaze fixed on the throbbing space between my legs.</p> <p>“That’s another name I’ll need to come up with. What I’ll call this constellation,” he said, threading an arm under my hips as he hooked one of my legs over his shoulder. The position forced me back onto my elbows.</p> <p>“I’m always more creative when I have something sweet on my tongue.”</p> <p>Air lodged in my throat as Nyktos lowered his head. His breath on the sensitive flesh there caused my hips to jump. My fingers dug into the blanket as he turned his head, dragging his lips along the inside of my thigh. Then over the very center of me.</p> <p>My head fell back as his tongue traced the plump flesh there, unerringly finding his way to the ultra-sensitive joining of nerves. When his mouth closed over me, I cried out, shaking. He sucked softly, then harder, and the sound he made at the rush of damp arousal vibrated all the way through me.</p> <p>His head shifted, then his tongue was inside me, and he gave another throaty growl. I moved, rocking my hips against the wickedness of his tongue. He tasted me. Licked. Drank from me without drawing my blood, and the throbbing deep inside me intensified. His head turned, and the edge of his fang skated across the turgid flesh. I came apart. Hard. Fast.</p> <p>I was still coming as his mouth left mine and he rose, his lips glossy and swollen as he shucked off his breeches. I was still shaking, muscles coiling and spinning at the sight of him, thick and hard, jutting out. I was still trembling as he lifted me, hauling me farther back on the bed. And I could barely breathe as his eyes locked on mine and he came toward me, the strands of his hair falling against his cheeks. The shortness of breath wasn’t bad. It wasn’t sparked by panic as he eased me onto my back. I lay there, skin tingling all over as he braced his weight on his strong arms. The catching in my breath and chest felt different.</p> <p>All of this felt different.</p> <p>It was that change from earlier. That intangible shift between us. What was occurring was fundamentally different than before. This wasn’t a desire fueled by the need for blood, feeding, or anger. This was pleasure for the sake of pleasure. And it was... It was a first for us.</p>

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284	<p>And it felt like a first for me altogether. Any experience I had, fled. Nothing I knew before this moment seemed to count. I couldn't explain it. Neither of us moved, even though I was trembling again. I didn't think he even breathed as he stared down at me, his eyes a storm of whirling eather. Then I moved, clasping his cheeks and bringing his mouth to mine. I kissed him because this was different.</p> <p>He kissed me back, and I tasted myself on his lips and on his tongue. I was greedy. We were greedy, kissing and kissing until he moved, reaching between us to grip himself. The feel of his cock dragging through my wetness was a tantalizing promise of what was to come, and I didn't have to wait long. He eased into me, and the feel of him—the pressure and fullness—dragged a ragged cry from me. Nyktos stopped.</p> <p>"It's okay," I said against his lips. "Don't stop. Please."</p> <p>"You never have to beg," he promised. "Never."</p> <p>Then he thrust into me to the hilt, and my cry was lost in his groan. He stilled again, chest to chest with me, his forehead resting against mine. I felt every breath he took and every beat of his heart in those moments. Then he began to move again, slow and steady retreats and even more decadent plunges. I curled my arms around his neck, my legs around his hips. He shuddered as he rocked gently, and I found his mouth again as the crescendo of sensations began to build once more.</p> <p>We moved together. Our lips. Our tongues. Hands. Hips. Slow, teasing, shorter and shallow thrusts gave way to longer, deeper ones. My legs and arms tightened around him. He moved faster. Harder. The friction of his chest against mine enflamed the fire in my blood and my core, and those embers...they hummed inside me as Nyktos's skin began to harden against mine. Shadows gathered under his flesh, and as he lifted his head, streaks of eather filled the veins beneath his eyes. His features turned stark as he pounded into me, moving us up the bed as that tension tightened and tightened.</p> <p>"Oh, gods," I whispered, clutching the back of his neck. I called his name as the tension broke again, this time far more intense and all-consuming.</p> <p>Because I heard the word he whispered against my lips in that harsh, raw voice as he shuddered, his hips churning against mine. The one word that caused the pleasure to roll on endlessly.</p> <p>"Liessa."</p>
319	<p>"I think you do know." His hand went to the laces of my leggings, finding the knot. There were a few short tugs, then the waist loosened—as did all of my muscles. "Or maybe I'm wrong, and you don't know." He slid his hand between the flaps of the leggings and beneath the undergarment.</p> <p>Then his fingers were pressing through the dampness, pressing into me.</p> <p>"But I am not wrong about you liking it like this."</p> <p>He most definitely wasn't.</p> <p>I whimpered as he eased his finger in. Then another. The way his legs were nestled between mine, I was open to him, and there was very little I could do with the weight of him holding me down. Another pulse of desire rolled through me.</p> <p>"I like..." I moaned as his weight settled more fully against my back.</p> <p>My legs squeezed his as I grasped the fisted hand resting on the table.</p> <p>"Like what?" His voice was a heated whisper against my ear. "Being dominated?"</p>

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319	<p>I gave a full-body shudder as tension curled wickedly in the pit of my stomach. “I like...submitting to you.”</p> <p>“Fuck.” His body jerked with a ragged exhale. “You never submit to me.”</p> <p>Turning my cheek, I opened my eyes, and his gaze immediately captured mine. “I’m submitting now.”</p> <p>Eather bled into the veins in his cheeks as his fingers stilled inside me.</p> <p>“Is that what you want? Now? Like this?”</p> <p>My cheeks warmed. “I think you can feel that it is.”</p> <p>His fingers curled slightly inside me, dragging a sharp cry of pleasure from me. “I can.”</p> <p>I swallowed. “I know I can let this happen,” I whispered, and I wasn’t even sure if he understood what I was saying. What I meant.</p> <p>Nyktos stilled, then he thrust once, twice with his fingers, and then slipped them from me. “I think I understand.”</p> <p>Did he? Did he understand that I wanted—no, that I needed control in my life? In the decisions I made, no matter how big or small? That I wouldn’t be dominated in conversation, nor would I submit to authority or in battle. But with him, with this? I could. I could let go and be taken if I wanted because I knew I was safe with him. Because I...I trusted him. His gaze held mine as he shoved the leggings and undergarment down to my knees, as far as they would go. He didn’t look away as he undid his leathers, pushing them down just far enough that he now held his cock in his hand. I didn’t even blink as I felt the head against my ass and then pushing into me.</p> <p>I knew then, without a doubt, that he understood.</p> <p>He leaned over me, his chest kissing my back as his cock spread me, filled me.</p> <p>And this was nothing like the last time.</p> <p>Or the times before that.</p> <p>Nyktos took me from behind, his large body caging me as each stroke went deeper, almost punishing in its pleasure. Pinned as I was between him and the stone, I couldn’t move. And I did like the utter control he had, the raw dominance of his hold and his thrusts that made the pleasure sharpen and pulse wildly. His breaths came out in short grunts against my cheek as my nails dug into his hand.</p> <p>Maybe it was the building pleasure that loosened my tongue. Or the isolation of the chamber so far underground with the soft rush of water from the pool and the freedom of not needing control. Whatever it was had me whispering scandalous demands in our shared breaths. Words I’d never spoken to another before.</p> <p>Harder.</p> <p>Take me.</p> <p>Fuck me.</p> <p>And he did. He took me harder and faster, fucked me. The hand beneath mine unfurled, and his fingers threaded through mine. He held my hand as his hips plunged and churned against mine, and his breath left my cheek. The only warning I had was the brush of his nose, and then I felt a scrape on the side of my throat. He didn’t pierce the skin or draw my blood, but the feel of his fangs, sharp and ready at my vein, sent me over the edge.</p> <p>The release was almost too much. I shattered in a way that bordered on pain, and he followed, pressing his body so tightly against mine that there was no space between us.</p> <p>Nothing.</p>

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319	<p>Nyktos's body continued to shudder as he slowed behind me, the pressure of his fangs against my unbroken skin lessening as he whispered, "You are always safe with me, liessa."</p>
489	<p>Tension bracketed his mouth as his gaze dropped to my chest. The tips of my breasts were clearly visible beneath the nightgown. A predatory gleam pinched his lips and filled his eyes as he watched me shrug off the robe.</p> <p>"Sera," he rasped, his lips parting and gaze sweeping down the translucent nightgown to the throbbing space between my thighs. "I don't know if I love these things you swear are gowns or fucking hate them."</p> <p>My entire chest rose and fell sharply as our gazes locked. A second passed. Another. "But there are a hundred reasons why one of us needs to leave," he said, his breath matching mine. "And only one reason neither of us is."</p> <p>"Want."</p> <p>He gave me a curt shake of his head. "Need."</p> <p>Then I was in his arms.</p> <p>I didn't know who moved. Wasn't sure if it was me who climbed into his embrace, him who'd grasped my arms, or if we'd both moved at once.</p> <p>But it didn't matter.</p> <p>His mouth was on mine, his kiss wild and desperate. Starved. I could feel his cool flesh beneath his torn tunic, soothing my overly sensitive skin and then igniting another maddening rush of desire. Both of our hands went to his pants. My fingers curled around his thickness, stroking him through the soft cloth. He tore at the buttons, and raw lust scorched the breath I took as he freed himself.</p> <p>Nothing mattered then. Not Veses. Not the hurt. The pain. The ugliness.</p> <p>Not how close Reaver had come to death. Not what saving him would do, or how close I was to the Ascension. I didn't think about anything as Nyktos's hands went to my hips to steady me. He consumed my thoughts and my body. This did. Us. I gasped when I felt the broad head of his cock, easing through my wetness and pressing into me. I clutched his shoulders.</p> <p>Nyktos trembled, holding himself still as I lowered myself, moaning against his lips between kisses. The pressure, the burn was exquisite. His fingers pressed into the flesh of my hips as I took him, inch by decadent inch, to the hilt. I panted as I held myself still.</p> <p>He felt...gods, my head fell back. He felt like we were made for each other.</p> <p>Nyktos's arm encircled my waist as he buried his hand deep in my hair, clasping the nape of my neck. He drew my mouth to his. "Fuck me," he ordered.</p> <p>This was one of those rare moments where I was more than happy to obey.</p> <p>I lifted, slowly retreating before lowering myself once more. My ragged cry got lost in his harsh groan. The friction of our bodies moving, and the full impact of him, as deep as he could go, nearly undid me. I moved, slowly and steadily, my pace matching that of his tongue.</p> <p>I moved faster, rocking and grinding against him, clamping down on him. There was no rhythm. No more kisses. Just our shared breaths and pleasure as my knees dug into the hard floor.</p> <p>"Fates," he groaned harshly. "Nothing—nothing—feels like this." His hips punctuated his words with a deep thrust. "Nothing feels like you."</p> <p>I shuddered because he was right. Nothing felt like this. I could spend an eternity searching for it, but I knew I would come up empty-handed.</p>

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489	<p>Because it was him that I rode. He who was inside me. And that made me even more desperate to capture this moment somehow.</p> <p>My fingers tangled in his hair. The arm at my waist loosened. His hand slipped under the fluttering hem of my nightgown, splaying across the center of my ass. I rubbed my chest against his. Nipped at the skin of his throat, tasting the salt there. I moaned as he dragged my mouth back to his.</p> <p>We kissed, his fangs clashing with my teeth. Our lips swelled. Our bodies shook. His fingers dug into the flesh of my ass as he pulled me down on him, harder with each plunge. We feasted on each other. Devoured. All my tiny inner muscles began to quiver, clenching him. I was gasping with pleasure. He was snarling with it. And all of this...</p> <p>All of this felt like more.</p> <p>Nyktos pulled me tighter against him, holding me in place with him deep inside as he moved to his knees and then drove me onto the floor. His hand remained around the back of my head as he pounded into me, creating a shield between me and the hard surface. Wrapping my legs around his hips, I took all of him as he thrust deeper, harder, faster until the only sound was that of our bodies coming together.</p> <p>I cried out as he pulled my head back, exposing my throat. His fangs grazed my pulse and then pressed in. Nyktos shook. He didn't break the skin, simply held his fangs there, and that was all it took. I exploded, shattering into silken shards of pleasure that dragged him over the edge and into the storm with me. Nyktos came with a roar against my throat, his body buckling as he spent himself.</p> <p>His weight settled on me as spasms of pleasure rolled through both of us. I still held on to him, my fingers lost in his hair, my nails pressing into the skin of his arm, and my legs still wrapped around his, still slowly rocking my hips. Our breathing was ragged, slow to calm, and his fangs...</p> <p>They were still at my throat.</p> <p>My belly fluttered, and I tightened on him, drawing a hoarse groan from him. "If you need to feed," I whispered. "You can."</p> <p>Nyktos's hips went still, but I felt him throb inside me. He just didn't need to. He wanted to. And I wanted to feel the pleasure-pain of his bite.</p> <p>The deep, languid draws. I wanted him at my throat, my breast, and between my thighs, sucking me, taking from me as I took from him. I bit my lip, moaning. His fangs scraped my skin, and every part of me trembled.</p> <p>Nyktos shuddered and then eased back. "I can't. I won't," he panted, dropping his forehead to my shoulder. "I do not deserve this. And I sure as hell don't deserve that from you."</p>
536	<p>My hips jerked as he slid his fingers under the thin undergarment and through the dusting of fine curls.</p> <p>Ash...he teased. He played. For seconds. Minutes. Longer. I was shaking, gasping by the time he delved a finger inside me. The shock of sensations between my heated flesh and his icy finger was maddening, and the feel of his second finger left me burning for more.</p> <p>I tipped my head back. "I need you," I said. His chest was rising and falling as rapidly as mine against my back. "I need you." I reached down, gripping his wrist. "Inside me."</p> <p>Ash's fingers stilled.</p> <p>"I want you inside me," I whispered against the curve of his jaw.</p> <p>"When I come and call you Ash."</p> <p>"Fuck," he growled, easing his fingers from me. He gripped the lace, tearing it with one sharp pull that sent a wicked thrill through me. "What's stopping you?"</p>

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536	<p>Nothing.</p> <p>Absolutely nothing. Not even the swaying motion of the carriage as I rose, and Ash straightened himself, dropping both feet to the floor. He undid his breeches, gripping himself as I climbed onto the bench. Grasping the bar near the ceiling with one hand to balance myself as I planted my knees on either side of his hips, I hoisted my skirt with the other. He pulled me to his chest, trapping the gown between us as he drew me down onto his rigid length.</p> <p>I moaned at the icy-hot feel of him, stretching and filling me in one scorching slide. His hand fisted my hair, drawing my mouth to his. The kiss stole my breath in a clash of teeth and tongues as he rocked beneath me. My fingers slipped from the bar, falling to his shoulder as I rode him, as we panted into each other's mouths.</p> <p>The sound of our bodies coming together got lost in the churning of the wheels outside, but inside the carriage, we were lost in our gasps, our moans, and in building, coiling tension. He shook, grunting as his hips thrust, and I ground against him, quivering.</p> <p>The release came hot and cold, hard and quick as I spasmed on his cock. Intense waves of pleasure swept through me as I tore my mouth free from his and called him what he wanted as I came.</p> <p>Ash.</p>
549	<p>He drank deep as his fingers dug into the flesh of my hip, and mine curled into the soft sheet beneath me. His mouth moved hungrily against my throat as the heat spread from his bite, flaming those earlier sparks into a wildfire. I wanted to move beneath him, to lift my hips to him, but I remembered what he'd told me. How she used to push the limits. So, I held myself still. I flamed. Burned. But I didn't move. I let him have complete control. He needed that more than I needed him to seize it.</p> <p>And he did.</p> <p>Ash swallowed as the weight of his body settled over mine, trapping me between the bed and him. A heady thrill joined the flush of desire as he lifted my ass and thrust into me. Hot, wet, and aching, I was more than ready to take him.</p> <p>And I did.</p> <p>He moved over me and in me, hard and fast. There was no chance of catching his rhythm or following it. He set the pace, and he didn't slow, not even when I came apart, calling out his name so he could hear it. Feel it. He still didn't stop, his hips pounding into me as he took and took, and I loved it—the wildness of him in control. The drag and pull of his cock, of his mouth. And when he came, I whispered his name over and over, and it was a brief forever before I felt the slide of his tongue against my throat and his hips slowed. I wasn't sure how long we stayed that way, with him inside me, and his cheek pressed to my shoulder. All I knew was that I wanted to stay there, and I immediately missed the feel of him as he eased onto his side, tugging me so I was once more nestled against his chest.</p> <p>"You okay?" he asked.</p> <p>"Yes." I cleared my throat as my heart rate finally began to slow.</p> <p>"You?"</p> <p>His hand slid across my belly to my hip. His warm hand. "I wish..."</p> <p>Voice thickening, he trailed off into the darkness, never finishing what he'd been about to say.</p> <p>Telling me what he wished for.</p>

Profanity & Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	48
Bastard	10
Bitch	10
Cock	22
Damn	33
Dick	2
Fuck	63
Piss	6
Pussy	2
Shit / Bullshit etc.	48

Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	Count
God / God damn etc.	104
Hell	32