

TILL DEATH

By Jennifer L. Armentrout

A deep, rumbling sound radiated out from the back of his throat and felt wonderful against my chest. The tips of my breasts tingled, and the kiss went deeper. ...He lifted as I moved, and then I was straddling him, a knee planted into the couch on either side of him. ...I wanted him closer, so I curled my left leg around him. Biting down on my lip, I lifted my hips just the slightest, pressing into his. ...Cole kissed me there, just below my pulse. ...I gasped into his mouth as his palm coasted over the top of my breast. ...My nipple pebbled, and he groaned. ...Cole slipped his hand under the cami, and I jerked. ...Oh no, those fingers found the tip of my aching breast as his kiss took on a different strength, becoming demanding. ...The liquid fire burning in my core was too potent to ignore, and I shivered when he spoke in a deep, rumbling voice. "What do you want, Sasha?" Him. Everything. "Touch ... touch me." ...His hand left the tip of my breast, deftly slipping under the hem of my bottoms and the band of my panties. ..."Open your legs for me." Doing as he asked, I held my breath as his fingers made their way over the mound between my legs. My heart was in my throat as he dipped his chin, watching his hand under my clothes. A finger skimmed, barely touching me, but my entire body jolted with sensation. ...Thick lashes lifted as his thumb pressed against the little bundle of nerves, causing me to whimper. ...He then increased the pressure until my hips were moving, rocking against his hand. A fierce heat rose, building and building until I feared I'd combust right here on the couch. He ran a finger down into the gathering wetness. Tension coiled as I pressed into his hand and then his finger slipped inside. "Oh God." My fingers tightened around his shirt, bunching the material. ...My hips thrust up, meeting his hand as my body twisted with sharp spikes of pleasure. Another finger slipped in, and I cried out, a fine tremor coursing throughout me. I wanted to feel him, the hard planes of his

chest and stomach, but all I could do was hold on to him as his name became a plea. The pounding tension inside me expanded as his fingers pumped. Groaning, Cole pressed his erection against the side of my hip and swirled his thumb in the right way, in the right place. The whirling force of the orgasm hit me hard, crashing over me. Crying out, I tensed as my back bowed. Spasms racked my body, seeming to go on forever. "That was beautiful," he murmured against my mouth, easing his hand out of my bottoms. ... "Babe, watching you come on my fingers was enough for now. Hell." ... "I want to kiss you again. I want to peel those pants off you and get in between those thighs with more than my hand," he said, voice low, and a fire swept through my veins as he spoke.

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Sensual heat flowed through my veins as his other hand skimmed down my side and slipped under the hem of my nightie, ghosting up my thigh. ...I gasped into his hot mouth when he cupped my rear and squeezed. ...Hooking his fingers into his jeans and tight black briefs, he swiped both off in one quick, smooth motion, and then he was completely nude. ...A faint, light dusting of hair covered him, and his erection was thick and long, jutting out. ...The tips of my breasts tingled and hardened. ... "Never think that this," he said, grasping his erection with his other hand, "isn't all for you. You have no idea what you do to me. If you did, you wouldn't be standing there looking at me like I'm crazy, but you're fucking beautiful to me. You drive me crazy. Don't ever forget that." ...I was reaching lower when I suddenly found myself on my back, his lips trailing a blaze of hot, fiery kisses down my face and lower and lower, until his lips and mouth closed on the tips of my breasts. Crying out in pleasure, my fingers curled around the short strands of his hairs, holding him close

as he sucked and licked. My hips moved restlessly against him, causing him to shudder as his erection nestled against where I wanted him. He shifted slightly and his hand was between my thighs, wringing another cry out of me as his fingers eased in. ...I was shuddering and shaking, and I almost came apart when I felt the first touch of him pushing in. "Hell, Sasha, you're ..." His voice choked off as I lifted my hips and he thrust in, seated fully. The pressure and fullness was unbelievable. ...I wrapped my legs around his waist, and the only sound in the room was our breaths and gasps, and the sound of our bodies moving against one another. His hips rolled and pumped, and I followed, quickly becoming desperate as a tight tension built inside me. ...Each stroke moved deeper, became more powerful. My body tensed around him and then a floodgate of pleasure built. We moved faster, our hips grinding together as our mouths clashed together. His tongue tangled with mine and then the tightly coiled knot of tension broke free. The orgasm was fierce, kicking my head back and lighting up every cell in my body. Cole came as the spasms racked my body. He shouted out my name as his hips jerked and lost all rhythm. My hands glided lazily up and down his sides as one last shudder hit him.

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