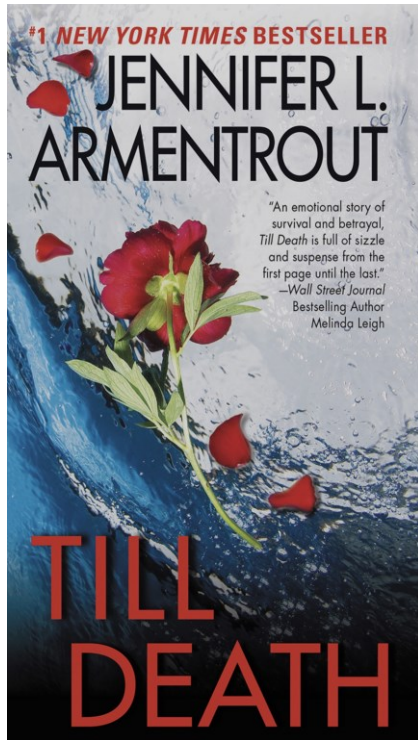


TILL DEATH



Book Summary:

Once held captive, a woman is faced with a copycat and an old romance is rekindled with her protector.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; alcohol use; and violence.

Adult

By Jennifer L. Armentrout

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4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
15	<p>“Honey, you were an executive assistant for a man who ran a multibillion-dollar consulting business. You had more responsibilities than making sure he kept it in his pants.”</p> <p>I giggled.</p> <p>The only thing that rivaled my former boss’ drive when it came to business was his drive to screw as many women as humanly possible.</p>
23	<p>His lips brush over my cheek and find my mouth with unerring accuracy. He kisses me softly and he lingers, dragging it out until I’m so close to asking him to forget about his study group.</p>
25	<p>I hear it then. A smooth grinding of metal against metal, of a door sliding open behind me, and everything slows down. My fingers brush over my keys as I turn sideways. An odd smell surrounds me, and I open my mouth to take a breath, but I’ve already taken my last breath before I know it. A rough hand clamps down. Fear jolts up my spine as I’m pulled back. Another arm circles my waist, pinning my right arm. The odd bitter smell is everywhere, clogging my nostrils and throat, and I open my mouth to scream as my heart seizes in my chest. I lift my legs to fight back, but it’s too late.</p> <p>Too late.</p> <p>“Don’t fight me,” he whispers in my ear. “Don’t ever fight me.”</p>
102	<p>I sipped the wine.</p> <p>...He took a drag of his beer.</p>
112	<p>Other times he was violent and unpredictable, and breathing would set him off. It had been during that time, after being dragged out of that room to use the restroom, after my face and stomach burned from his fists, he’d shoved me into the room, blindfold off.</p>
131	<p>I held my breath as his fingers coasted over my skin, spreading a wave of tiny goosebumps along my flesh. His fingers slipped under the strap of my nightie, slowly dragging it down my arm.</p> <p>I needed to stop him. Hell, I needed to be pissed about him sneaking into my room and touching me, but I . . . I liked it. Oh God, I did like it, and I could lie here, pretending I was asleep.</p> <p>His hand drifted over my shoulder and danced along the blade until he reached my spine. I let out a shaky breath. He dragged his hand down the center of my back, the pressure heavy and—</p> <p>“Sasha . . .”</p> <p>...Cole was fast, wrapping an arm around my waist and hauling me back onto the bed, against him. Chest to chest. Skin against . . . skin? What? The nightmare faded like wisps of smoke as I slowly became aware of everything. Cole was holding me to him, his breath warm against my cheek, and he’d taken his shirt off at some point, and now my heart was racing for a whole different reason.</p> <p>“You with me?” he asked.</p> <p>I was so with him.</p> <p>The room was dark and I couldn’t see anything, but all I could feel was him, and it was at that moment that I realized what I’d thrown on before getting into bed. It was a spaghetti-strapped nightie and had a heart-shaped bodice; the kind of nightie made of soft cotton that only reached the mid thigh and was most likely completely see-through in bright light. A very thin nightie that made it feel like there was almost nothing between our bodies.</p> <p>And his chest was warm, actually felt hot against mine, and the denim of his jeans was rough against my inner thighs. It was then when I also realized that somehow I wasn’t just in his lap, I was straddling him. I had no idea how that happened, but his shoulders were also</p>

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	<p>smooth and hard under my hands. “Sasha.” His voice was deeper as one hand folded around the nape of my neck, bunching up my hair. “Are you with me?” My throat was dry as I gasped out, “Yes.”</p>
136	<p>“Yeah, that right there tells me you want a second chance, and I’ve seen the way you looked at me today, but you know what else?” He paused. “Those hard little nipples pressed against my chest tell me you want a second chance.”</p>
167	<p>The kick to his lips spread to the other side as he tossed his keys on the kitchen island. “I’ll try not to bring up the lace I could feel but couldn’t see, but I won’t make any promises.” The lace wasn’t the only thing he’d felt.</p>
175	<p>Cole slid his hand into my hair, gathering it in his fingers as he tilted my chin back. A heartbeat passed and then his mouth was on mine.</p>
176	<p>Cole was kissing me. ...Every part of my being focused on the arm at my back and the hand in my hair, and on his lips against mine. Every sense became hyperaware of how soft and yet firm his lips were. This kiss was sweet and all too brief. He lifted his mouth just enough that when he spoke, his lips brushed mine. “Does that kiss tell you that I pity you?” ...My hands were still in my lap, but they itched to touch him. ...I slid my hands to his shoulders and my fingers dug in, curling around his shirt. I kissed Cole back. He drew me tight against his hard chest and stomach, and the kiss . . . there was nothing brief or soft about it this time. Cole tasted amazing, and everywhere our bodies met, heat flowed out, invading my muscles and veins. 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. My lips parted, and he kissed me like . . . like he never expected that he would do it again. And I might’ve dreamt and fantasized this, but I never expected it to happen. The hand at my back slipped to my hip and his hold tightened. I shifted, wanting to get closer, and he seemed to be of the same mind, because at the same time I squirmed, he dropped both hands to my hips. He lifted as I moved, and then I was straddling him, a knee planted into the couch on either side of him. There wasn’t a break in kissing. My hands were sliding, my fingers sifting through the silky strands of his hair. A moan curled its way out of my throat as his hips lined up with mine. Holy wow. I could feel him and that definitely was not pity. That was a whole lot of arousal. My heart rate sped up, and I melted into him, into the kiss. “Fucking hell,” he groaned against my mouth. Both of us were breathing heavy when we came up for air. “I forgot this.” My thoughts were spinning as I opened my eyes. “Forgot what?” “How this felt.” He slid his other hand down my throat to the nape of my neck as his hips jerked under mine. “How you felt.” Oh my God. He rested his forehead against mine. “How one fucking kiss makes me feel like a sixteen-year-old boy who’s never even been close to a girl.” ...His head tilted slightly and he kissed the corner of my mouth. ...He tipped his head in the other direction and kissed the other corner of my lip. “I didn’t</p>

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	<p>want that side of your lip to get jealous.”</p> <p>...He lowered his head instead of answering, and his mouth moved over mine, coasting softly until he urged my lips open. His tongue touched mine, and the kiss deepened. It was different like this, with me on my back and him above me. He shifted his body down again, slowly, and only until I could feel a little of his weight, a little of him.</p> <p>I was kissing him back, and I wanted more. Fingers balling into his shirt, I tried to pull him down, but he resisted, controlling how much he was giving me. “Cole,” I whispered, feeling like I was on fire, burning from the inside in the most delicious way.</p> <p>...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. He made that sound again and dropped his head to my neck.</p> <p>Cole kissed me there, just below my pulse.</p> <p>...I dragged my hands up to his shoulders, restless. “I . . . I can do this.”</p> <p>A moment passed and Cole lifted his head. Heated blue eyes met mine. Warmth invaded my cheeks. “I’ve had sex since . . . since then,” I told him. I’d been a virgin when the Groom came into my life. I hadn’t been afterward, and it took years with lots of therapy and failed dates for me to go there with my body and to trust another person in that way, but I had. “I’m not scared . . . of sex.” “Babe,” he murmured, kissing me softly.</p> <p>...Those remarkable eyes were fixed on my mouth, and I liked that. A lot. Heat was pounding through my veins, and I wanted to rush things, because I knew there wasn’t always a next time. There wasn’t always a promise of tomorrow, and we were two adults who wanted what we wanted.</p> <p>Instead of speaking, I cupped his cheeks and drew his mouth back to mine. This time when I kissed him, I threw everything I wanted into the kiss, and I curled my leg around his once more, lifting my hips to his. Oh, he wanted this as badly as I did. Cole made that sound again, and things . . . well, they spiraled beautifully out of control.</p> <p>He glided his hand down my throat and over my shoulder, brushing the cardigan aside, and heady awareness followed. I gasped into his mouth as his palm coasted over the top of my breast. The material was so thin it was like there was nothing between our flesh. My nipple pebbled, and he groaned. Air hitched in my throat, and every cell in my body waited. He didn’t let me down.</p> <p>Cole slipped his hand under the cami, and I jerked. His fingers skimmed the side of my stomach, and my eyes flew open as a tiny bit of heat faded. He was near . . . a scar—a scar that had long since healed, but was still raised and rough, and weirdly sensitive. But he didn’t touch it. Oh no, those fingers found the tip of my aching breast as his kiss took on a different strength, becoming demanding. He caught my lower lip, and I let out a little breathless moan. Everything about him invaded me—the taste, his smell, the way he felt. The liquid fire burning in my core was too potent to ignore, and I shivered when he spoke in a deep, rumbling voice.</p> <p>“What do you want, Sasha?”</p> <p>Him. Everything. “Touch . . . touch me.”</p> <p>He moaned. “I can do that, baby. I can do that.”</p> <p>And he did.</p> <p>His hand left the tip of my breast, deftly slipping under the hem of my bottoms and the band of my panties. He lifted up slightly, supporting his weight on his left arm. His eyes were on fire.</p> <p>“Open your legs for me.”</p>

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	<p>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. “Damn,” he said as he gently explored, and I breathed like I’d just run the entire flight of stairs in the inn.</p> <p>“I want to see you, all of you, but we don’t have time for that.”</p> <p>“We don’t?” I whispered, hips twitching.</p> <p>“Oh no.” Thick lashes lifted as his thumb pressed against the little bundle of nerves, causing me to whimper. “You’re too ready to wait for all of that.”</p> <p>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.</p> <p>“Oh God.” My fingers tightened around his shirt, bunching the material. “Cole . . .”</p> <p>“Damn,” he grunted out again. “Love the way you say my name.”</p> <p>There was this rhythm he started, and it was perfect, and too much, and not enough all at the same time. 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.</p> <p>“That was beautiful,” he murmured against my mouth, easing his hand out of my bottoms. “I think that was supposed to be . . . my line.” My voice caught as a tight aftershock hit me. This wasn’t the first time I’d had an orgasm, but damn, it blew every one of them away.</p> <p>“Mmm.” He kissed me.</p> <p>My heart was starting to slow a little, but I wanted to give him what he gave me. I lowered my hand. My fingers brushed his belt when he reached down and gently grasped my wrist, lifting my hand back to his chest.</p> <p>“You don’t have to do that,” he said, his eyes taking on a sexy, hooded quality.</p> <p>“But I want to.”</p> <p>He shuddered at my words. “Sasha.”</p> <p>“And what you did was just . . . it was amazing.” Those were the truest words I’d spoken. “I want to make you feel that way.”</p> <p>Cole shifted slightly. “Babe, watching you come on my fingers was enough for now. Hell.” His lips brushed mine once more. “I was really trying to go slow here.”</p> <p>“I like our pacing.”</p> <p>“Yeah.” His hand coasted over my breast on the way up to my cheek. “Yeah, me too.”</p> <p>...“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. “I remember kissing you. I remember holding you in my arms. I remember touching you that one time.” He dropped his forehead to mine. “You remember that?”</p> <p>“Yeah,” I whispered. How could I forget? It had been the first time I’d gone to his apartment he shared with another deputy. We’d hung out in his room, watched a movie, and one thing led to another. His hand had worked its way inside my pants and mine had done the same</p>

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	<p>thing. It had been as amazing as tonight. “Never got to feel you like I want to though.” He tilted his head, and his nose glided over mine. “Never got to know how you taste. So, that’s what I really want to do.” I bit down on my lip to stop from moaning. At the moment, I liked the idea of him discovering all those things. Really liked the idea, and maybe slowing down was smart. Both of us obviously were feeling something, and going too fast, jumping back into this or into something we hadn’t shared in our past, could blow up in our faces. My fingers splayed across his chest. “But you’re not going to,” I said, opening my eyes.</p>
189	<p>The men I’d been intimate with never stayed the night. Never. This was new. I was cuddling. Or was it spooning? His leg moved against the back of mine, and then shifted. His hips pressed into my behind. Oh man. He was still . . . aroused. So was I. ...Cole didn’t respond for a long moment and then I felt him brush my hair off my shoulder. His lips pressed against the skin there. ...He shifted, easing his leg between mine.</p>
214	<p>A knowing tilt to his lips appeared and then he lowered his mouth, kissing me softly and a little too briefly.</p>
219	<p>Snatching my cellphone off the counter where it was charging, I immediately called Cole. Luckily he answered on the third ring with an amused “Babe, I’m standing here naked and dripping. You miss me already?” Naked and dripping?</p>
234	<p>His mouth cut off my words as his other hand circled the back of my neck. The kiss caught me off guard, and I almost dropped the mail, but within seconds, I wasn’t thinking about what I held or anything other than the feel of his lips against mine. His kiss . . . damn, he always kissed like a man who believed he wouldn’t get another chance. It was mind-blowing.</p>
238	<p>“I . . .” I started to say I was sorry to hear that, because that was the natural response when you learned someone had divorced, but that sure as hell wouldn’t be genuine considering he’d already given me one orgasm and how I felt for him. So I decided to be honest.</p>
243	<p>He folded his arms around me, one hand on the center of my back and the other curling around the nape of my neck. He slid his hand up and down my spine. Closing my eyes, I face-planted into his chest and welcomed the comfort of his warmth and touch.</p>
248	<p>Slipping around him, I started toward the door when Cole snagged me around the waist and drew me up against him. Before I could take my next breath, he kissed me hard and deep. My pulse immediately pounded. When he let go, I was a little dizzy. I looked up, and our eyes met.</p>
252	<p>Mom had taken my seat, and Jason and Cole stood while Miranda was nursing her second glass of wine.</p>
256	<p>I slid my hands down over his hard stomach, marveling at the way his body jerked at my simple touch. He had those muscles on either side of his hip bone. They fascinated me. “But I want . . .” His hands reopened at his sides. “You want what?” “You.” I lifted my gaze to his once more. “I want all of you.” “Christ,” he groaned, lips parting as he raised his hands and touched my bare arms with just</p>

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	<p>the tips of his fingers. "You have no idea how long I've waited to hear those words. Feels like an eternity."</p> <p>I slid my hands to his sides and then stretched up, kissing him. His fingertips coasted down to my wrists, where he loosely wrapped his hands.</p> <p>"A lot has happened today," he said, voice strained. "I don't want you—"</p> <p>"I know what I want." I settled back and met his gaze. "I know what I'm feeling. This has nothing to do with today." My chest rose sharply. "I want you."</p> <p>He lifted my hands back to his chest. "You have me, babe."</p> <p>"Prove it."</p> <p>His nostrils flared and he didn't move. He just held my hands to his chest, and I thought he was going to turn me down. He was going to use some rational excuse for why we shouldn't do this, and I was going to resort to desperate measures.</p> <p>I had no idea what those desperate measures would be.</p> <p>But then he moved, sliding his hands back up my arms. He lifted me up onto the tips of my toes and brought my mouth to his.</p> <p>And his kiss told me he wasn't going to deny me.</p> <p>I loved the way he kissed—how he tasted me with every part. My breath hitched and then sped up as one hand dropped. Circling an arm around my waist, he brought me against him, and I could feel him pressing against my lower stomach.</p> <p>There was no going back from this moment, and I dove in headfirst. Need rose swiftly, and I was so lost for him, so hot with a need that spanned a decade. I'd waited so long for this. We'd both waited so long for this.</p> <p>"Hurry," I pleaded.</p> <p>He moaned against my lips. "You're going to kill me."</p> <p>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. He kissed me hard, dragging his tongue over mine. I gasped into his hot mouth when he cupped my rear and squeezed.</p> <p>And then he let me go.</p> <p>A cry of disappointment rose in my throat and then faded like smoke in the wind when his heated gaze locked with mine. The intense look in his pale blue eyes stole my breath and caused a series of shivers to skate all over my skin.</p> <p>Cole's hands went to his zipper. The tinny sound of it coming down echoed throughout the room. 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.</p> <p>I inhaled, at a loss for words as I stared at him. His body was beautiful. A work of chiseled muscles and lean length. A faint, light dusting of hair covered him, and his erection was thick and long, jutting out.</p> <p>Cole was . . . he was not lacking in that department, and he was more than beautiful, and I . . . I wasn't. My body wasn't all long and lean lines. It was more lumpy and curvy. Actually, I was pretty sure some of the lumps had their own curves. It was far from flawless, and then there were the scars.</p> <p>No one had seen me nude.</p> <p>I swallowed hard and then turned, heading for the nightstand lamp he'd turned on when he came in here.</p> <p>"What are you doing?" Cole asked, his deep voice raspy and about five hundred different types of sexy.</p> <p>My cheeks flushed. "Just turning off the light."</p>

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	<p>“No.”</p> <p>I stilled. “What?”</p> <p>He approached me slowly, cupping my cheeks. “I want to see you.”</p> <p>“No, you don’t,” I whispered.</p> <p>His head tilted to the side. “There is nothing about you that I don’t want to see. Nothing about you that doesn’t turn me the fuck on.”</p> <p>Heart racing, I shook my head. “You don’t know, Cole. I . . .”</p> <p>“I know,” he said softly. “I know what happened to you. I want to see you. Please give me that. Give me you.”</p> <p>...Still holding my gaze, he gathered up my nightie and carefully lifted it over my head. The material disappeared, and I was standing in front of him in just my pale pink panties. Not even sexy panties. Cotton ones. With pink and blue flowers, I believed.</p> <p>Cole wasn’t looking at my undies though.</p> <p>His gaze was trained on my chest in a way that made me flush. I wanted to cover them and I wanted him to look his fill. The tips of my breasts tingled and hardened. I didn’t think he was checking out the faint pink raised scar that had almost ended my life.</p> <p>Before I lost all courage, I curled my fingers around my panties, drew them down, and stepped out of them. Then there was nothing between him and me. His gaze moved slowly over my body.</p> <p>“Christ,” he groaned again. He slowly shook his head. “You’re so damn beautiful. Every part of you.” His fingers brushed over my shoulders and then down my front. I jerked when he touched the scar between my chest and then on my stomach. “These are beautiful to me, because it shows how incredibly strong you are. Never think you have to hide them from me.” His hand slipped down to my hip. “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.”</p> <p>His words turned my muscles to mush, because even though I found it all hard to believe, I knew he believed every word he just said.</p> <p>Anticipation swirled hotly. “Make . . . make love to me.”</p> <p>Cole drew me to him. Our thighs brushed. The coarse hair on his tickled mine. His hard chest brushed into my much softer one. Sensation thundered through me. “Do you have condoms?”</p> <p>“Yeah. Yes. I have some in the top drawer of the dresser.”</p> <p>“Stay right there.”</p> <p>I wasn’t moving, even if a giraffe walked into my apartment and tap-danced. My gaze was glued to the firm globes of his ass as he retrieved a condom. He tossed the foil package on the bed. The room was heavy was tension.</p> <p>Then he was 100 percent focused on me. He took my hand as he kissed me, slowly turning me around and backing me up until I bumped into the bed. Gently he guided me down, folding his hands under my arms and lifting me up, depositing me in the center of the bed.</p> <p>“Waited years for this.” He lowered himself onto me, and the contact of his body over mine, with nothing between us, ignited a fire. “You know that though, don’t you?”</p> <p>“Yes,” I whispered, touching his chest.</p> <p>Cole rose onto his knees and grabbed the condom, tore it open, and started to slide it on. His gaze rose to mine. “You sure you’re—”</p> <p>“I’m a hundred percent ready.” To prove it, I sat up and took over, loving his deep moan as I</p>

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	<p>rolled the condom on. “Hell,” he groaned. Since I was there, I wanted to explore his golden skin. I went for his hips, tracing those marvelous bands of muscles. 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. Everything moved fast at that point. My greedy hands were all over him. 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. “You’re fucking perfect.” This was what was perfect. 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. Planting his elbow into the bed beside my head, he shoved his arm under my back and lifted 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. ...He kissed my swollen lips. “That was . . .” ...He chuckled, lifting his hips and easing out ...God, I could watch that man walk around naked all day.</p>
264	<p>He drew his hand away from my hip to the center of my belly. ...He chuckled, sliding his hand up to rest between my breasts. “There’s been a lot of clues.”</p>
269	<p>Cole woke me up Monday morning, before the first light of dawn had begun to splash across the floors, with his hand between my thighs and his mouth on my breasts. So I wasn’t complaining. Not when he flipped me onto my belly and lifted me up onto my knees with an arm around my waist—there was nothing but an excited gasp parting my lips. And when he entered me from behind, complaining was the last thing on my mind. “Grab the headboard,” he ordered in a rough voice. Doing what I was told, I held on to the smooth wood. The fullness was insane. He started off with a languid pace, but then he gripped my waist. A moan slid out of me as he started moving fast and hard. My hips pushed back to meet his thrusts. He felt great. Amazing, actually. One hand reached around, swiping his thumb along the knot of nerves, and I came apart, the rippling sensations rolling over me. Grunting, he pumped his hips and then buried deep. Cole brought me down to the bed, his weight half on me, and I didn’t mind that at all as we</p>

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	<p>both lay there, me on my belly, our bodies tangled together, being surrounded by his weight, his smell—everything. Completely sated, I was floating in that blissed-out half-awake state. His hand trailed down the center of my back and over my hip. “You okay?”</p> <p>“I’m dead. But I’m dead in a good way,” I mumbled.</p>
300	<p>Cole’s mouth was on mine as he walked us back to the bedroom, one arm securing me to him, the other hand at the back of my head. The strength he had was unbelievable as he lowered me to the bed without breaking contact. I by no means was a small woman, and I was surprised he didn’t drop me.</p> <p>Then I wasn’t really thinking about any of that, because his mouth and hands were everywhere, shucking off my cardigan, and easing down the straps of my nightie, exposing my breasts to the cool, night air. The tips of my breasts beaded under his hot breath and then his mouth. The skirt of my nightie came up, the flannel bottoms he wore came off, and then he was between my thighs, and my knees were pressed into his sides.</p> <p>The way he rocked his hips, the way each thrust hit the right spot each time with startling precision, took me farther and farther away from everything that had kept me awake and haunted me during the day.</p> <p>Muscles started tightening in the most delicious way and Cole braced his weight on one arm. His lips glided over mine, and it was such a soft kiss, a sweet one, and it broke me.</p> <p>I cried out, calling his name, and he was right behind me, his powerful body shuddering before half his weight hit me. He was heavy, but I didn’t care. I wanted him there.</p> <p>Kissing his bare chest, I slid my hand down his back as my pulse slowed. “Guess what?”</p> <p>“Hmm?” His head was buried against my neck.</p> <p>“That was an amazing sleeping aid,” I told him. “I’d like one of them every evening, please.”</p> <p>Cole chuckled against my throat. “I can do that for you and then some.”</p>
350	<p>His eyes searched mine and then he lowered his mouth. Cole kissed me, and there was nothing soft or slow about it. It was deep and rough, and all too brief. When he pulled back, those beautiful pale blue eyes were full of fire.</p>
377	<p>Tilting my head just the slightest, I pressed my lips to his. The kiss was soft and perfect.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	24
Bitch	6
Dick	4
Fuck	32
Goddamn	2
Piss	7
Shit	28