

Storm and Fury: Harbinger Book 1

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Somehow we made it into the bedroom and then he was laying me on the bed and he was coming over me, his body large and warm as he braced himself above me. ...And this time, when Zayne kissed me, he sipped from my lips, drank from my moans, as he ran his thumb over my cheek, tracing the bone. ...Lust pricked my skin as he moved his fingertips down my throat, over my shoulder. ...He dropped his hand to my hip and tugged me down, along the bed. Then he rose above me, using one arm to support his weight. Using one thigh, he parted mine and then lowered himself. Hard lines pressed against soft ones, and when he moved against me in a slow, undulating grind, I gasped and stiffened at the bolt of pleasure it sent through me. ... He chuckled against my mouth as he rocked his hips again. ...“Yes,” I whispered, spreading my legs, cradling his body. ...His remaining hand slid up the flare of my hip, up my stomach. He stopped just below my breasts, his thumb brushing over the swell. ...He let his hand stray higher, nearly reaching the peak of my breast. ...“I would like to see you, touch you... taste you.” ...He lifted up my shirt and I rose on shaky elbows as he pulled it off over my head and then my shorts went next. ...I lay back down, left only in thin undies, knowing that with his Warden eyes, he could see everything, and I fought the urge to cover my chest. ...Then he lowered his head, flicking his tongue over a particularly sensitive part, causing me to moan and clutch his shoulders. ...He pressed down, moving his hand and then his tongue to my other breast. ...My laugh ended in a gasp as Zayne rolled me over him and sat up, my knees sliding on either side of his hips as he pulled me onto his lap. I gasped as the softest part of me pressed down on the hardest part of him. He still had his pajama bottoms on and I was still in my undies, but I could feel every inch of him. ...He tugged my mouth to his and kissed me

as I clenched his shoulders, allowing myself to settle into him. ...My lower body started moving in tiny circles, and good God, I thought I could feel his pulse through the cotton of his pants. I couldn't remember ever feeling like this, definitely not with Clay and not when I touched myself. ...My body arched into his, aching for him in such a way that it almost frightened me, but I did trust him. ...And when his mouth tugged on my breast and his tongue rasped over my skin, I stopped thinking. It was all about feeling and the raw, exquisite sensations shooting down to my core, warming and dampening me. My hips rocked against him, and when he whispered in my ear, his voice was thick, smoky. I was panting against his mouth, my fingers trembling as they slipped over his skin and wrapped around the band of his bottoms. He was grabbing them, too, shoving the fabric down as he rose just enough to get the material to his thighs, and then there was nothing between us. ... His hand clasped my hip, urging me to move, to take what I wanted, but I didn't need urging. My body moved against his and he moved against me. The heat of his body, the friction and the dampness, and the way he nipped at my mouth—it was all too much and not enough. Tension between my legs built quickly, stealing my breath, shocking me. The coil tightened deep inside me, and our movements became almost frantic. His growl of approval seared my skin, igniting the fire, and I came in a blinding rush, muscles tightening and loosening all at once. ...Zayne's quickly followed, the hoarse, soul-deep shout smothering my cries as the release shook us, and then his mouth was on mine and he kissed me, and he kept kissing me as if he wished to not simply taste me, but devour my very being, and I... I wanted to be devoured.

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