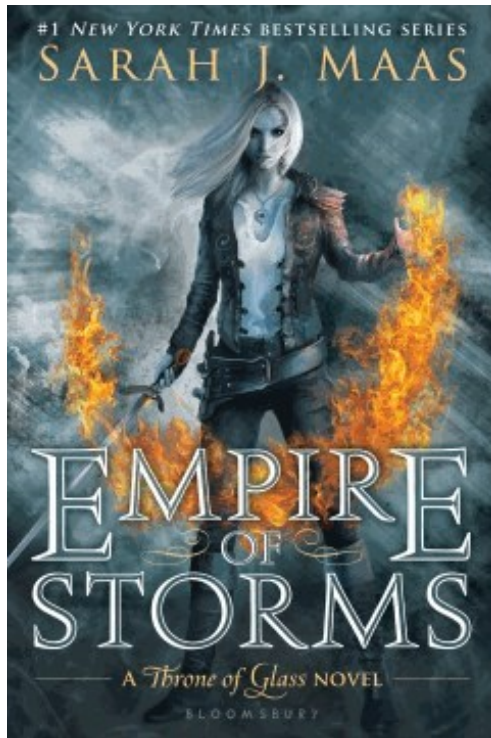


EMPIRE OF STORMS



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities; sexual nudity; violence; and profanity.

Young Adult

By Sarah J. Maas

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Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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23	<p>A dark laugh against her now-burning skin. It was an effort to keep from taking one of his hands and guiding it up to her breasts, to beg him to touch, take, taste. "You know, I'm starting to think you're a sadist."</p> <p>"Trust me, I don't find it easy, either." He tugged her a bit harder against him, letting her feel the evidence pushing with impressive demand against her backside. She nearly groaned at that, too.</p>
25	<p>Aelin lifted onto her toes. She felt Rowan's eyes on her the whole time, felt his body go still with predatory focus, as she kissed the corner of his mouth, the bow of his lips, the other corner.</p> <p>Soft, taunting kisses. Designed to see which one of them yielded first. Rowan did.</p> <p>With a sharp intake of breath, he gripped her hips, tugging her against him as he slanted his mouth over hers, deepening the kiss until her knees threatened to buckle. His tongue brushed hers- lazy, deft strokes that told her precisely what he was capable of doing elsewhere.</p> <p>...Aelin broke the kiss, breathing ragged, satisfied to find Rowan's own chest rising and falling in an uneven rhythm.</p> <p>...Rowan made her magic sing. And maybe that was the carranam bond between the m, but...her magic wanted to dance with his. And from the frost sparkling in his eyes, she knew his own demanded the same.</p> <p>Rowan leaned forward until they were brow-to-brow. "Soon," he promised, his voice rough and low. "Let's get somewhere safe- somewhere defensible."</p> <p>...Her hand strained, and she pulled back to lift a hand to his face. Rowan read the softness in her eyes, her body, and his own inherent fierceness slipped into a gentleness that so few would ever see. Her throat ached with the effort of keeping the words in.</p> <p>...So Aelin kissed Rowan gently, his hands again locking around her hips.</p> <p>"Fireheart," he said into her mouth.</p> <p>"Buzzard," she murmured into his.</p>
230	<p>And a full red mouth made for the bedroom...</p>
292	<p>A grand total of five minutes before Lysandra barged in, Rowan had awoken- and begun the process of awakening her, too. Slowly, with taunting, proprietary strokes down her bare torso, her thighs, accented with little kisses to her mouth, her ear, her neck.</p>
316	<p>He leaned in to brush a kiss to her mouth. And as his lips met hers, he joined their bleeding palms.</p>
349	<p>She chuckled, starting to feel the cool kiss of water on her naked body.</p> <p>...Rowan leaned into the thin veil of flame now melting into night-sweet air and nipped her lower lip. A sharp, wicked bite. "There's my Fireheart."</p> <p>Aelin let him pivot her in the surf and sand to face him fully, let him slide his mouth along her jaw, the curve of her cheekbone, the point of her Fae ear.</p> <p>"These," he said, nibbling at her earlobe, "have been tempting me for months."</p> <p>His tongue traced the delicate tip, and her back arched. The strong hands at her hips tightened. "Sometimes, you'd be sleeping beside me at Mistward, and it'd take all my concentration not to lean over and bite them. Bite you all over."</p>

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	<p>“Hmmm,” she said, tipping back her head to grant him access to her neck. Rowan obliged her silent demand, pressing kisses and soft, growling nips to her throat. “I’ve never taken a woman on a beach,” he purred against her skin, sucking gently on the space between her neck and shoulder. “And look at that—we’re far from any sort of...collateral.” One hand drifted from her hip to caress the scars on her back, the other sliding to cup her backside, drawing her fully against him.</p> <p>Aelin spread her hands over his chest, tugging his white shirt over his head. Warm waves crashed against them, but Rowan held her fast- unmovable, unshakable. Aelin remembered herself enough to say, “Someone might come looking for us.” Rowan huffed a laugh against her neck. “Something tells me,” he said, his breath skittering along her skin, “you might not mind if we were discovered. If someone saw how thoroughly I plan to worship you.”</p> <p>...Aelin met Rowan’s stare and said clearly and baldly and without a speckle of doubt, “I love you. I am in love with you, Rowan. I have been for a while. And I know there are limits to what you can give me, and I know you might need time-“ His lips crushed into hers, and he said onto her mouth, dropping words more precious than rubies and emeralds and sapphires into her heart, her soul, “I love you. There is no limit to what I can give you, no time I need. Even when this world is a forgotten whisper of dust between the stars, I will love you.”</p> <p>...Rowan pulled back, wiping away her tears with his thumbs, one after another. ...He roared a laugh and she let him lay her down on the sand with a gentleness near reverence. His sculpted chest heaved slightly as he ran an eye over her bare body. “You...are so beautiful.”</p> <p>...Her fingers dug into the soft sand as she arched her back in a slow stretch. Rowan tracked every movement, every flicker of muscle and skin. When his gaze lingered on her breasts, gleaming with seawater, his expression turned ravenous. Then his gaze slid lower. Lower. And when it lingered on the apex of her thighs and his eyes glazed, Aelin said to him, “Are you going to stand there gawking all night?”</p> <p>Rowan’s mouth parted slightly, his breathing shallow, his body already showing her precisely where this was going to end.</p> <p>...Again, his eyes slid along her body, as if he could see through skin to her burning heart beneath. “I’ve never been with...an equal. I’ve never allowed myself to be that unleashed.”</p> <p>...She braced herself on her elbows, lifting her mouth to the new scar on his shoulder, the wound small and jagged- as broad as an arrowhead. She kissed it once, twice.</p> <p>Rowan’s body was so tense above hers she thought his muscles would snap. But his hands were gentle as they drifted to her back, stroking her scars and the tattoos he’d inked over them.</p> <p>The waves tickled and caressed her, and he made to settle over her, but she lifted a hand to his chest- halting him dead. She smiled against his mouth. “If we’re equals, then I don’t understand why you’re still half clothed.”</p> <p>She didn’t give him the chance to explain as she traced her tongue over the seam of his lips, as her fingers unlatched the buckle of his worn sword belt. She wasn’t sure he was breathing.</p>

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	<p>And just to see what he'd do, she palmed him through his pants. Rowan barked a curse. She laughed quietly, kissed his newest scar again, and dragged a finger down lazily, indolently, holding his gaze for every single inch she touched. ...Rowan's breathing started again, jagged and savage as the waves breaking around them. She flicked open the top button of his pants. "I'm yours," he ground out. Another button popped free. "And you love me," she said. ...She popped the third and final button free, and he let go of her to toss his pants into the sand nearby, taking his undershorts with them. Her mouth went dry as she took in the sight of him. Rowan had been bred and honed for battle, and every inch of him was pure-blood warrior. ...Rowan kissed her again. Slow. Soft. A hand slid up the plane of her torso while he lowered himself over her, his lips nestling against hers. She gasped a bit at the touch, gasped a bit more as his knuckle grazed the heavy, aching underside of her breast. As he leaned down to kiss the other. His teeth grazed over her nipple, and her eyes drifted closed, a moan slipping out of her. Oh, gods. Oh, burning, rutting gods. Rowan knew what he was doing; he really gods-damned did. His tongue flicked against her nipple, and her head tipped back, her fingers digging into his shoulders, urging him to take more, take harder. Rowan growled his approval, her breast still in his mouth, on his tongue, his hand making lazy strokes from her ribs down her waist, down her thighs, then back up. She arched in silent demand- A phantom touch, like the northern wind given form, flicked over her bare breast. Aelin burst into flames. Rowan laughed darkly at the reds and golds and blues that erupted around them, illumining the palms that towered over the edge of the beach, the waves breaking behind him. She might have panicked, might have been mortified, had he not lifted his mouth to hers, had those phantom hands of ice-kissed wind not kept working her breasts, had his own hand not continued stroking, closer and closer to where she needed him. "You're magnificent," he murmured onto her lips, his tongue sliding into her mouth. The hardness of him pushed against her, and she bucked her hips, needing to grind herself against him, to do anything to ease the building ache between her legs. Rowan groaned, and she wondered if there was any other male in the world who would be so naked and prone with a woman on fire, who would not look at those flames with any ounce of fear. She slid her hand between them, and when she closed her fingers around him, marveling at the velvet-wrapped steel, Rowan groaned again, pushing into her hand. She pulled her mouth from his, staring into those pine-green eyes as she slid her hand along him. He lowered his head- not to kiss her, but to watch where she stroked him. ...But Rowan gripped her wrist, drawing her hand away. She opened her mouth in protest, wanting to touch more, to taste more. "Let me," Rowan growled onto the</p>

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	<p>sea-slick skin between her breasts. "Let me touch you." His voice trembled enough that Aelin lifted his chin with her thumb and forefinger.</p> <p>...She leaned up, brushing her mouth against his. "Do your worst, Prince."</p> <p>Rowan's smile was nothing short of wicked as he pulled away to run a broad hand from her throat down to the juncture of her thighs. She shuddered at the sheer possession in the touch, her breath coming in tight pants as he gripped either thigh and spread her legs, baring her fully for him.</p> <p>...Rowan kissed her navel, then her hip.</p> <p>Aelin couldn't take her eyes from his silver hair shining with salt water and moonlight, from the hands holding her wide for him as his head dipped between her legs.</p> <p>And as Rowan tasted her on that beach, as he laughed against her slick skin while her hoarse cries of his name shattered across palm trees and sand and water, Aelin let go of all pretense at reason.</p> <p>She moved, hips undulating, begging him to go, go, go. So Rowan did, sliding a finger into her as his tongue flicked that one spot, and oh, gods, she was going to explode into starfire-</p> <p>"Aelin," he growled, her name a plea.</p> <p>"Please," she moaned. "Please."</p> <p>The word was undoing. Rowan rose over her again, and she let out a sound that might have been a whimper, might have been his name.</p> <p>Then Rowan had a hand braced in the sand beside her head, fingers twining in her hair, while the other guided himself into her. At the first nudge of him, she forgot her own name. And as he slid with gentle, rolling thrusts, filling her inch by inch, she forgot that she was queen and that she had a separate body and kingdom and a world to look after.</p> <p>When Rowan was seated deep in her, trembling with restraint as he let her adjust, she lifted her burning hands to his face, wind and ice tumbling and roaring around them...</p> <p>...He leaned in, claiming her mouth as he began to move, and they let go entirely.</p> <p>...She dragged her hands down his powerful, muscled back, over scars from battles and terrors long since passed. And as his thrusts turned deeper, she dug in her fingers, dragging her nails across his back, claiming him, marking him. His hips slammed home at the blood she drew, and she arched, baring her throat to him.</p> <p>...Rowan's magic went wild, though his mouth on her neck was so careful, even as his canines dragged along her skin. And at the touch of those lethal teeth against her, the death that hovered nearby and the hands that would always be gentle with her, always love her-</p> <p>Release blasted through her like wildfire. And though she could not remember her name, she remembered Rowan's as she cried it while he kept moving, wringing every last ounce of pleasure from her, fire searing the sand around them to glass.</p> <p>Rowan's own release barreled through him at the sight of it, and he groaned her name so that she remembered at last, lightning joining wind and ice over the water.</p> <p>Aelin held him through it, sending the fire-opal of her magic twine with his power. On and on, he spilled himself in her...</p>

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	<p>...his breathing as ragged as the hiss of the crashing waves while he brushed lazy kisses to her temple, her nose, her mouth.</p> <p>...She was trembling- and so was Rowan as he remained in her. He buried his face in the crook of her neck and shoulder, he uneven skin warming her skin.</p> <p>..."...I think my body knew, my magic knew. And you tasted..." Rowan loosed a jagged breath. "So good. I hated you for it. I couldn't stop thinking about it. I'd wake up at night with that taste on my tongue- wake up thinking about your foul, beautiful mouth." He traced his thumb over her lips. "You don't want to know the depraved things I've thought about this mouth."</p> <p>...He began to harden again inside her as the question lingered. Oh, gods- Fae lovers. Everyone should be so damn lucky to have one. Rowan rasped, "Do you want to bite me?"</p> <p>..."Am I limited to your neck?"</p> <p>Rowan's eyes flared, and his answering thrust was answer enough.</p> <p>They moved together, undulating like the sea before them, and when Rowan roared her name again into the star-flecked black...</p>
358	<p>Rowan didn't know whether to be amused, thrilled or slightly terrified that he'd been blessed with a queen and lover who had so little care for public decency. He'd taken her three times on that beach- twice in the sand, then a third out in the warm waters. And yet his very blood was still electrified. And yet he still wanted more.</p> <p>They'd swum into the shallows to wash off the sand crusted on them, but Aelin had wrapped her legs around his waist, kissed his neck, then licked his ear the way he'd nibbled hers, and he was buried in her again.</p> <p>...He still needed it. When they'd finished after that first time, he'd been left reeling, to pull his sanity back together after the joining that had...unleashed him.</p> <p>...He'd never had anything like her. Everything he'd given her, she'd given right back to him. And when she had bit him during that second coupling in the sand...His magic had left six nearby palm trees in splinters as he'd climaxed hard enough that he thought his body would shatter.</p> <p>...Which did little to cover her up, especially those beautiful legs, but at least it was less likely to start a riot.</p> <p>...And it'd been obvious what they'd done on that beach the moment they stepped within scenting range of anyone with a preternatural sense of smell.</p>
360	<p>Lysandra sat in bed, face drawn but eyes narrowed at the queen. It was the shifter who purred, "Enjoy your ride?"</p> <p>...But his queen only shrugged. "Isn't that all these Fae males are good for?"</p> <p>Rowan raised his brows, chuckling as he debated reminding her how she'd begged him throughout, how she'd said words like please, and oh, gods, and then a few extra pleases thrown in for good measure. He'd enjoy wringing those rarely seen manners from her again.</p> <p>Aelin shot him a glare, daring him to say it. And despite just having her, despite the fact that he could still taste her, Rowan knew that whenever they found their bed again, she would not get the rest she wanted.</p>
374	<p>If the young men of the town had been impressed by Lorcan's muscles, it was nothing on what those muscles were doing to the young women.</p>

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	<p>...But what he lacked in charm he made up for with his shirtless, oiled body. And holy gods...</p> <p>Lorcan made the young men who had visited her tent look like...children.</p>
397	<p>Her shoulders stiffened slightly. "I'm hungry."</p> <p>He smiled slowly.</p> <p>As if she'd heard that smile, Manon glared. "Food."</p>
420	<p>But she put a hand on his bare chest, over his heart. It still thundered under her palm.</p> <p>She said softly, feeling that heart beneath her hand...</p> <p>...She leaned forward to kiss the bare skin where her hand had been.</p> <p>...She slid her arms around his bare waist.</p> <p>...She kissed his tattooed chest again, right over that mighty, thundering heart.</p> <p>...She kissed the corner of his mouth.</p> <p>..."If we survive this war, Princess," he said, running a finger down the groove of her spine,...</p> <p>..."I just needed the right excuse to learn," he said, kissing her cheek.</p> <p>Her body went taut and molten in all the right places as his mouth moved lower, pressing gentle, biting kisses to her jaw, her ear, her neck. She dug her fingers into his back, baring her throat as his canines scratched lightly.</p> <p>"I love you," Rowan breathed onto her skin, and flicked his tongue over the spot where his canines had scratched.</p> <p>...But Aelin only arched her back a bit more, a small, needy noise coming out of her.</p> <p>..."Please," she breathed, nails digging into his lower back in emphasis.</p> <p>Rowan's low groan was his only answer as he hoisted her up. She wrapped her legs around his waist, letting him carry her not to the bed, but to the wall, and the sensation of the cool wood against her back, compared to the heat and hardness of him pushing into her front-</p> <p>Aelin panted through her gritted teeth as he again dragged his tongue over that spot on her neck. "Please."</p> <p>She felt his smile against her skin as Rowan thrust into her in a long powerful stroke- and bit down on her neck.</p> <p>A claiming, mighty and true, that she understood he so desperately needed. That she needed, and with his teeth in her, his body in her...She was going to combust, she was going to splinter apart from the overwhelming need-</p> <p>Rowan's hips began to move, setting a lazy, smooth pace as he kept his canines buried in her neck. As his tongue slid along the twin points of pleasure edged with finest pain, and he tasted her very essence as if it were wine.</p> <p>He laughed, low and wicked, as release had her biting down on his shoulder to keep from screaming loud enough to wake the creatures sleeping on the bottom of the sea.</p> <p>When Rowan finally drew his mouth away from her neck, his magic healing the small holes he'd left, his hands tightened on her thighs, pinning her to the wall as he moved deeper, harder.</p> <p>Aelin only dragged her fingers through his hair as she gave him a savage kiss, and</p>

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	<p>tasted her own blood on his tongue. ...This time, when Aelin went over the edge, Rowan plummeted with her.</p>
427	<p>...at the heat that had gathered in her core and now throbbed insistently enough that she clamped her legs together. She had never denied. Men had fallen to pieces, sometimes literally, to crawl into her bed. And she...She didn't know what she would have done if he had taken up her offer, if should have decided to learn what the king could do, exactly, with that beautiful mouth and toned body.</p>
428	<p>She began to unbutton the white shirt she'd been wearing for gods knew how long, but he growled, "I'll do it myself." Like hell he would. She touched the second button. Invisible hands wrapped around her wrists, tightly enough that she dropped the shirt. Dorian prowled to her. "I said that I'd do it." Manon took in each inch of him as he towered over her, and a shiver of pleasure rippled through her. "I suggest you listen." The pure male arrogance in that statement alone- ...Dorian lowered his mouth to hers. It was a featherlight graze, barely a whisper of touch. Intent, calculated, and so unexpected she arched into it a bit. He kissed the corner of her mouth with the same silken gentleness. Then the other corner. She didn't move, didn't even breathe- like every part of her body was waiting to see what he'd do next. But Dorian pulled back, studying her eyes with a cool detachment.</p>
480	<p>One of those times that Rowan had run his thumb over the scar on her palm, leaning to kiss her neck.</p>
491	<p>A half smile cut across his granite-hewn face. And she wanted...wanted to touch it. That smile, that mouth. With her fingers, her own lips. ...So she reached up with trembling fingers and touched his lips. Lorcan froze, still half above her, his eyes solemn and intent. But she traced the contours of his mouth, finding the skin there soft and warm, such a contrast to the harsh words that usually came out of it. She reached the corner of his lips, and he turned his face into her hand, resting his rough cheek against her palm. His eyes grew heavy-lidded as she brushed over the hard plane of his cheekbone. ...But she rose up slightly, replacing her mouth where her fingers had been. The kiss was soft, and quiet, and brief. Barely a grazing of her lips against his.</p>
492	<p>But he leaned forward,...Elide found herself not at all afraid as Lorcan caressed her lips with his own. Not afraid of anything as he did it again, kissing one corner of her mouth, then the other. Such gentle, patient kisses- his hands equally so as they stroked the hair back from her brow, as they trailed over her hips, her ribs. She lifted her own hands to his face and dragged her fingers into his silken hair as she arched up into him, craving the weight of his body on hers. Lorcan's tongue brushed against the seam of her mouth, and Elide marveled at how natural it felt to open for him, how her body sang at the contact, his</p>

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	<p>hardness against her softness. Lorcan groaned at the first caress of his tongue against her own, his hips grinding against hers in a way that made heat scorch through her, made her own body undulate against his in answer and demand. He kissed her deeper at that request, a hand sliding down to grip her thigh, spreading her legs a bit wider so he could settle fully between them. And as all of him lined up with her...She was panting, she realized, as she ground herself against him, as Lorcan tore his mouth from hers and kissed her jaw, her neck, her ear. She was trembling- not with fear, but with want as Lorcan breathed her name over and over onto her skin.</p> <p>...She took his face in her hands, finding his eyes blazing, his breathing as ragged as her own.</p> <p>Elide dared to run her fingers from his cheek down his neck, right beneath the collar of his shirt. His skin was like heated silk. He shuddered at the touch, head bowing so that his inky hair spilled onto her brow, and his hips drove into her just enough that a small gasp came out of her. More, she realized- she wanted more. His eyes met hers in silent question, her hand pausing over the skin above his heart. It was a raging, thunderous beat.</p> <p>She lifted her head to kiss him, and as her mouth again met his, she whispered her answer-</p>
511	<p>Aelin stepped close and kissed him on the neck. Those pine-green eyes warmed slightly as they shifted from the ruin to scan her face.</p> <p>"When we get back to civilization," he said, his voice deepening as he kissed her cheek, her ear, her brow, "I'm going to find you the nicest inn on the whole gods-damned continent."</p> <p>"Oh?" He kissed her mouth. Once, twice.</p> <p>"With good food, a disgustingly comfortable bed, and a big bathtub."</p> <p>..."How big?" she murmured, not caring what the others thought as they returned.</p> <p>"Big enough for two," he said onto her lips.</p> <p>Her blood turned sparkling at the promise. She kissed him once- briefly but deeply. "I have no defenses against such offers. Especially those made by such a pretty male."</p> <p>He scowled at pretty, nipping at her ear with his canines. "I keep a tally, you know, Princess. To remind myself to repay you the next time we're alone for all the truly wonderful things you say."</p> <p>Her toes curled in her soggy boots. But she patted him on the shoulder, looking him over with absolute irreverence, saying as she walked ahead, "I certainly hope you me beg for it."</p> <p>His answering growl from behind made heat bloom in her core.</p>
573	<p>She let him lean in to brush his mouth against her bare neck, right under her ear. Manon arched slightly at that caress. At the tongue that flicked against where his lips had been. Then he pulled back. Away.</p> <p>Even as those phantom hands continued to trail up her hips, over her waist. His mouth parted slightly, body trembling with restraint. Restraint, where most males took and took when she offered it, gorging themselves on her.</p> <p>...His face turned ravenous as he took in her breasts, the plane of her stomach-</p>

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	<p>the scar slicing across it.</p> <p>That hunber shifted into something icy and vicious: "You once asked me where I stand on the line between killing to protect and killing for pleasure." His fingers grazed the seam of the scar across her abdomen.</p> <p>...A chill ran down her body, peaking her breasts. He watched them, then circled a finger around one. Dorian bent, his mouth following the path where that finger had been. Then his tongue. She bit her lip against the groan rising up her throat, her hands sliding into the silken locks of his hair.</p> <p>His mouth was still around the tip of her breast as he again met her eyes, sapphire framed with ebony lashes, and said, "I want to taste every inch of you."</p> <p>Manon let go of all pretense of reason as the king lifted his head and claimed her mouth.</p> <p>And for all his wanting to taste her, as she opened for him, Manon thought the king tasted like the sea, like a winter morning, something so foreign and yet familiar it at last dragged that moan from deep in her.</p> <p>His fingers slid to her jaw, tipping her face to thoroughly take her mouth, every movement of his tongue a sensuous promise that had her arching into him. He her meeting him stroke for stroke as he explored and teased until she could hardly think straight.</p> <p>...Dorian's hands slid down her thighs, as if savoring the muscle there, then around- cupping her backside, grinding her into every hard inch of him. The small noise in her throat was cut off as he hoisted her from the wall in a smooth movement.</p> <p>Manon wrapped her legs around his waist while he carried her to the bed, his mouth never leaving hers as he devoured and devoured her. As he spread her beneath him. As he freed her pants button by button, then slid them off.</p> <p>But Dorian pulled back at last, leaving her panting as he surveyed her, utterly bare before him. He caressed a finger along the inside of her thigh. Higher. "I wanted you from the first moment I saw you in Oakwald," he said, his voice low and rough.</p> <p>Manon reached up to peel off his shirt, white fabric sliding away to reveal tan skin and sculpted muscle. "Yes," was all she told him. She unbuckled his belt, hands shaking. "Yes," she said again, as Dorian brushed a knuckle over her core. He let out an approving growl at what he found.</p> <p>His clothes joined hers on the floor. Manon let him raise her arms over her head, his magic gently pinning her wrists to the mattress as he touched her, first with those wicked hands. Then with his wicked mouth. And when Manon had to bite his shoulder to muffle her moaning as he brought her over the edge, Dorian Havilliard buried himself deep inside her.</p> <p>She did not care who she was, who she had been, and what she had once promised to be as he moved. She dragged her hands through his thick hair, over the muscles of his back as it flexed and rippled with each thrust that drove her toward that shimmering edge again. Here, she was nothing but flesh and fire and iron; here, there was only this selfish need of her body, his body.</p> <p>More. She wanted more- wanted everything.</p> <p>She might have whispered it, might have pleaded for it. Because Darkness save her, Dorian gave it to her. To them both.</p>

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	<p>He remained atop her when he at last stilled, his lips barely a hairs-breath above hers- hovering after the brutal kiss he'd given her to contain his roar as release found him.</p> <p>She was trembling with...whatever he'd done to her, her body. He brushed a strand of hair out of her face, his own fingers shaking.</p> <p>She had not realized how silent the world was- how loud they might have been, especially with so many Fae ears nearby.</p> <p>He was still atop her, in her. Those sapphire eyes flicked to her mouth, still panting slightly. "This was supposed to take the edge off."</p> <p>She kept her words low as his clothes slid over, hauled by phantom hands. "And did it?"</p> <p>He traced her lower lip with his thumb and shuddered as she sucked it into her mouth, flickered it with her tongue. "No. Not even close."</p> <p>But that was the gray light of dawn creeping into the room, staining the walls silver. He seemed to notice it at the same moment she did. Groaning softly, he pulled himself off her. She tugged on her clothes with trained efficiency, and only when she was lacing up her shirt did Dorian say, "We're not done, you and I."</p> <p>And it was the purely male promise that made her bare her teeth. "Unless you would like to learn precisely what parts of me are made of iron the next time you touch me, I decide those things."</p> <p>Dorian gave another purely male smile, brows flicking up, and sauntered out the door as silently as he'd arrived. He only seemed to pause on the threshold- as if some word had snagged his interest. But he continued out, the door closing with barely a chick. Unruffled, utterly calm.</p> <p>Manon gaped after him, cursing her blood for heating again, for...what she'd allowed him to do.</p> <p>She wondered what Dorian would say if she told him she had never allowed a male atop her like that. Not once. Wondered what he'd say if she told him she'd wanted to sink her teeth into his neck and find out what he tasted like. Put her mouth on other parts and see what he tasted like there.</p> <p>Manon dragged her hands through her hair and slumped onto the pillow.</p>
585	<p>Manon was awake when Dorian stormed into her room an hour before dawn. He ignored her unlaced shirt, the swell of those lush breasts he'd tasted only yesterday, as he said, "Put your clothes on and follow me."</p> <p>...While they'd debated and readied for the past day, he'd contemplated Manon's warning, after she'd made his very blood sing with pleasure.</p> <p>Unless you would like to learn precisely what parts of me are made of iron the next time you touch me, I decide those things.</p>
668	<p>"I have no use," she crooned, "for self-righteous males who think they know best."</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	4
Bitch	10
Piss	7
Prick	1
Shit	19