

A COURT OF WINGS AND RUIN

I let my towel drop to the carpet...“Ready for ravishing.” My words didn’t come out with the swagger I’d intended. Not when Rhys’s answering smile was a dark, cruel thing. “I hardly know where to begin. So many possibilities.” He lifted a finger, and my breath came hard and fast as he idly circled one of my breasts, then the other. In ever-tightening rings. “I could start here,” he murmured. I clenched my thighs together. He noted the movement, that dark smile growing. And just before his finger reached the tip of my breast, just before he gave me what I was about to beg for, his finger slid upward- to my chest, my neck, my chin. Right to my mouth. He traced the shape of my lips, a whisper of touch. “Or I could start here,” he breathed, slipping the tip of his finger into my mouth. I couldn’t help myself from closing my lips around him, from flicking my tongue against the pad of his finger. But Rhys withdrew his finger with a soft groan, making a downward path. Along my neck. Chest. Straight over a nipple. He paused there, flicking it once, then smoothed his thumb over the small hurt.

I was shaking now, barely able to keep standing as his finger continued past my breast. He drew patterns on my stomach, scanning my face as he purred, “Or..” I couldn’t think beyond that single finger, that one point of contact as it drifted lower and lower, to where I wanted him. “Or?” I managed to breathe. His head dipped, hair sliding over his brow as he watched- we both watched- his broad finger venture down. “Or I could start here,” he said, the words guttural and raw. I didn’t care- not as he dragged that finger down the center of me. Not as he circled that spot, light and taunting. “Here would be nice,” he observed, his breathing uneven. “Or maybe even here,” he finished, and plunged that finger inside me.

I groaned, gripping his arm, nails digging into the muscles beneath- muscles that shifted as he pumped his finger once, twice. Then slid it out and drawled, brows rising...But- I’d had enough of playing. ...Skin to skin, Rhys nudged me toward the bed, his hands kneading my rear as I ran my own over the velvet softness of him, over every hard plane and ripple. ...My thighs hit the bed behind us, and Rhys paused, trembling...Until I took in the considerable, proud length of him and my core tightened in answer. “Rhys,” I breathed, his name a plea on my tongue. ...No playing, no delaying- I wanted him on me, in me...Rhys used a knee to nudge my legs apart and settle between them. Carefully, lovingly, he laid our joined hands beside my head as he guided himself into me and whispered in my ear... ...At the first nudge of him, I surged forward to claim his mouth. I dragged my tongue over his teeth, swallowing his groan of pleasure as his hips rolled in gentle thrusts and he pushed in, and in, and in. ...And when Rhys was seated to the hilt, when he paused to let me adjust to the fullness of him, I thought I might explode...My pants were edged with sobs as I dug my fingers into his back,... ...”Never again,” he promised as he pulled out, then thrust back in with excruciating slowness. ...I moved my hips, urging him deeper, harder. Rhys obliged me...my release cascaded through me, leaving my skin glowing like a newborn star in its wake. At the sight of it, right as I dragged a finger down the sensitive inside of his wing, Rhys shouted my name and found his pleasure. I held him through every heaving breath, held him as he at last stilled, lingering inside me, and relished the feel of his skin on mine.

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