

Empire of Storms

By Sarah J. Maas

Page 349

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...

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.

Page 351

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... 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. 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.....

Page 358

He'd taken her three times on that beach- twice in the sand, then a third out in the warm waters....And yet he still wanted more....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.

