

## PASSION'S REWARD EXCERPT

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Hands gripping her hips, he held her still as he speared his tongue between her labia, licking and fluttering his tongue all around her clit. Shuddering and moaning with pleasure, she gave herself up to the pleasure piercing her. She could only imagine the lascivious sight they made. Roman on his knees in front of her, his dark head between her legs, ravaging her pussy with his talented tongue, Jake pressed against her back side, his big hands covering her breasts as he ravaged her neck with his kisses. The two of them making her writhe and moan as they pleased her beyond her wildest dreams.

She knew she didn't have to imagine it. She could see it. All she had to do was open her eyes. But, somehow, she feared that that simple act would break the spell that held her in its grip and destroy the magic of what was happening to her. If she opened her eyes, that would make everything real. Everything she was doing. Everything that was being done to her. It would no longer be a sensual dream. And it would make her somehow responsible for her own participation in...whatever this was. She'd never done anything like this in her life. And she was shocked with how much she wanted to do it now. She didn't want to be responsible. She wanted the fantasy to continue. So, she kept her eyes closed, unwilling to break the sensual spell that kept her enthralled.

Roman drew his head back, pushing her panties all the way down around her ankles. He tapped his finger against the side of each ankle, a signal for her to step out.

As she did so, Roman stood and Jake stepped back, releasing her into Roman's arms. He rubbed his face, wet with her juices, against hers before pulling her body tight against his. Seeking her mouth, he pried it open, letting her taste herself on his lips and tongue. "Sweet," he murmured against her lips.

Amazingly, the sound of his voice didn't break the spell, merely added to it. She let out a tiny whimper. It occurred to some distant part of her mind that if she wanted to put an end to this, she'd better do it now, before it was too late. But she had no intention of putting an end to this. She was enjoying his kisses way too much. Kisses that had her squirming and moaning with pleasure. Kisses she found so arousing, hot cream continually gushed out between legs. She'd never been this wet before.

He lifted his head slightly before lowering it again, to place a drugging, open-mouthed kiss against her lips.

"So." Kiss.

"Fucking." Kiss.

"Sweet." Kiss, his mouth lingering on hers before moving off to graze along the curve of her cheek.

Breath held, heart hammering in her breast, Rachel waited, desperate to see where those lips would venture next.

Roman's hand slid up her back to grasp the back of her head, fisting her hair and using it to tilt her face upward, a move which allowed his lips to go on a journey down her throat, stopping in the tiny hollow at the base of her throat. He licked the sweet indentation, feeling the frantic beating of her heart against his tongue, before gliding back up and swooping in to claim her mouth in another heart-stopping kiss. A kiss that sent arousal surging through her in a wave of surrender that swept away all reason.

