

PASSION'S MAGIC ADULT EXCERPT

ADULT EXCERPT

Although there was no noise, no movement, no indication of any kind that someone had entered the room, something made her turn her head. She froze at the sight of Jared standing there, arms folded across his chest, one shoulder leaning against the door frame, his right ankle crossed over his left. He pinioned her with his gaze, dark and glittering with some deep emotion. The breath drained from her lungs as she stood there, unable to move or think. Her belly clenched, spilling hot cream out onto the crotch of her panties. He straightened and started to walk toward her, slowly, deliberately, a wicked gleam in his eye.

Her hand lifted to her throat as he approached, not stopping until he was less than a foot away. His left hand lifted to graze the side of her face. Spearing his fingers through her hair, he curved them around the back of her head, holding her in place. His gaze roamed over her face, looking at her as if he were looking at something wondrous.

“Beautiful,” he murmured, the deep rumbling of his voice creating a heaviness between her legs. He brushed his thumb across the curve of her cheek. “So fuckin’ beautiful.” His fingers twisted in her hair, tugging at her scalp, tilting her face up toward his. “I told you I’d wait for you, Molly. But I can’t wait. I want you so goddamn bad I can’t stand it anymore. I want your body. I want your mind. I want your total submission. My need for you is eatin’ me up inside. So I’m doin’ something about it right now. I’m gonna watch as you take off your clothes. Then I’m gonna worship your gorgeous body with my tongue and lips. Then I am gonna claim you. I’m gonna fuck you until you know you belong to me. After that I’m gonna make love to you until neither of us knows where one ends and the other begins. You’re mine, Molly. And before I’m done tonight, you’re gonna know it beyond the shadow of any doubt.” Releasing her hair, he stepped back and ran his slow, hot gaze down her body, stopping at the junction between her thighs, making her belly plummet as a blush rose in her cheeks.

“That’s a very pretty outfit you’re wearin’,” he said, his normal, slow drawl even slower and definitely sexier. “But it’ll look much prettier on the floor. That’s where I would like to see it. Start with the sweater.”

“Yes, Sir.” She should have been shocked to hear those words tumbling so automatically from her lips. But she wasn’t. They seemed so right. Because Jared wasn’t the only one who needed this. Her mind’s need to submit to him was almost overwhelming, like a thirst that could not be quenched. Her body’s constant, aching need for the exquisite pleasure she knew he was about to give her was almost beyond bearing.

Grabbing the hem of her cashmere sweater, she lifted it up over her head and let it fall to the floor, leaving her clad in nothing but a pink lace bra. Her dusky nipples, hard as berries, were clearly visible through the peek-a-boo lace.

“Now the jeans and socks.”

She reached for the snap, pulling it apart with a tiny, metallic click, followed by the quiet rasp of the zipper being lowered. Putting her thumbs inside the waistband, she began pushing the jeans over her hips and down her legs, stepping out of them and dropping them on top of the sweater. She removed her socks and stood there in her pink lace bra and bikini panty set. At least she was wearing pretty underwear.

“Good girl. Beautifully done. Bra next.”

Without hesitation, she reached back behind her and released the hooks. Cupping her hands beneath her breasts, she held the cups in place while allowing the straps to fall down her arms. Leaning forward, she jiggled her breasts back and forth, letting gravity take over. The lace garment fell into her hands and she let it drop to her feet. Straightening, she stood, hands at her sides, fingers twitching as she fought the urge to cover her naked breasts. Jared was the first man other than Tom who had ever seen her naked, and if the two Doms were anything alike, she knew that covering herself in his presence would not be allowed and would most likely result in a punishment. Although, the very thought of being turned over his very sexy knees and spanked until her bottom was hot and rosy sent juice gushing from her pussy. Hmmm. Maybe a spanking wouldn't be so bad after all.

Jared extended his right hand toward her. She gasped at the first touch of his calloused fingertips to the soft underside of her left breast.

He frowned. "Am I hurtin' you?"

"No sir." She shook her head. "It feels" ...her voice softened to a whisper... "wonderful."

His fingers closed around her hard nipple and began plucking it over and over until it was even harder and more extended. She closed her eyes and arched her back, pushing her breasts more deeply into his hands. Her breathing came in harsh little gasps and tiny mewls of pleasure as he turned his attention to her right breast, then both breasts, alternating between one at a time and both together. Electricity arced through her, sending pleasure jolting straight to her clit, zapping it with stinging pleasure. Her little mewls of pleasure had become one long, low moan. She was trembling all over.

"You like that, don't you, sweetheart?"

"Y-yes, Sir."

"It's been a long time for you, hasn't it?"

She suppressed a sob. "Yes, Sir." Her head lolled back as she pushed herself forward even more, longing for him to take one of her aching peaks into his mouth and suckle her.

"Can you come from nipple stimulation alone?"

"I-I don't know. I never have before," she replied honestly between hissing intakes of breath. "But tonight..." She paused. "If you keep that up, I think I could."

"That is something we will explore further." He stepped back, removing his hands from her breasts, a move that left her hanging, her body clamoring for more. God damn it. Doms could be so annoying.

"Take off your panties and hand them to me."

Bending forward, she shucked them down her legs and stepped out of them. Red-faced with embarrassment because the crotch was so wet it was nearly dripping, she let them dangle from her fingertips, slowly extending her hand toward him.

She watched, mouth agape, as he took them from her and lifted the crotch to his nose, inhaling deeply. Holy fuck! She'd never heard of anyone doing that! Tom had never really cared for the way she smelled when she was aroused. He'd always made her shower and douche before initiating a scene, substituting lube for her natural moisture. As if equating the scent of natural feminine arousal to being dirty.

"Christ, these are wet." He took another deep sniff. "And they smell so fuckin' good. I could drink this instead of champagne." So saying, he poked the crotch into his mouth with his fingertip and sucked on it, the sheer, raw carnality of the gesture making Molly gasp. Oh, my fucking God!

With a beatific expression on his face, he removed his panty-covered finger from his mouth. Molly watched, fascinated, as he proceeded to fold the lacy garment so that the crotch formed the outside surface of the little square of fabric he wound up with. Meeting her gaze, he gave her a wicked grin. "Open up, little sub and stick out your tongue."