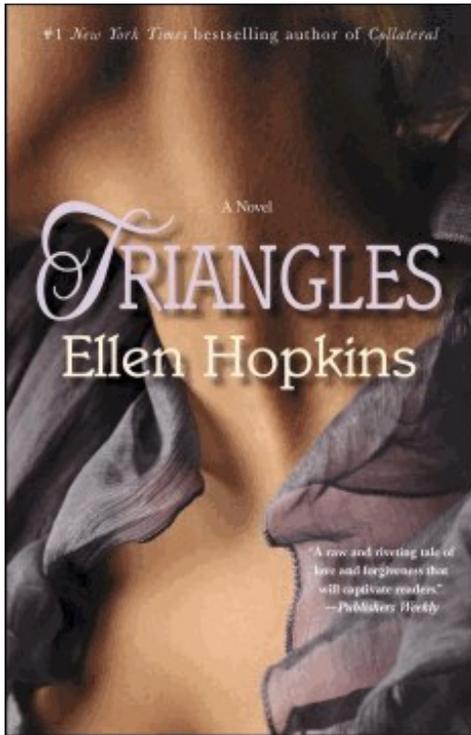


TRIANGLES



Summary of Concerns:

This book has sexually explicit excerpts including sadomasochism and sexual commentary involving adults and minors.

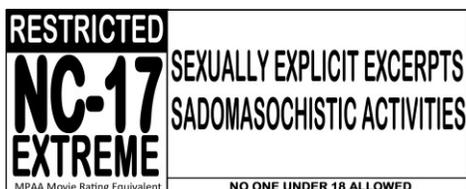
Adult

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OBJECTION RATING

5/5



CONTENT WARNING

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8	He leans me, stomach against the rumpled spread, over the bed, tugs down my shorts. I close my eyes as he slips two fingers inside me.
9	See now? You're ready for me. Strangely, I am, and when he pushes more than his fingers inside, the sex is comfortable. Easy. No work at all. It doesn't even take ten minutes until I feel the familiar tightening of his thighs. Jace comes. I don't. He punctuates his final thrust with a soft Oomph. Pulls away, sticky...
40	...and mint flavor his tongue. The kiss I return is not gentle, and when his body rocks against mine, he is hard against the throb growing faster, faster, between my legs.
40	...short denim skirt, he finds nothing but skin and hot, wet pulsing. His fingers start there, work their way inside. My body screams for orgasm, but not like that. "Fuck me, " I beg. His eyes, feral, meet mine. He smiles, props me up on his knee. Unzips his fine silk trousers, brings the swollen knob of his cock just outside my thrumming slit. Stops. "Say please."
120	...an immediate end to it. To us. To amazing sex, or any sex except the battery-operated kind. But while that might take the edge off, it only whets my appetite for a more impressive menu. Solo orgasm isn't even a decent appetizer.
140	...in unison, to the taut knots that are my nipples. He grows rigid against my leg and I sigh...
140	...It moves down between my legs, finds undertow. One finger, two, go inside me. Three. Plunging. I am close but fight cresting with all I have. He licks along my torso and his face seeks the V between my thighs, tongue joining fingers. This is something remembered. But when he pushes inside me, the intensity of his thrusts is nothing I've ever known.
160	...practiced tongue, circling. Circling. Lifting me close and closer to the horizon. And when she goes down on me, there is an eloquence no man could match, and I understand why she said being with women is easy. Naïve about how to give back, all I do is try.
309	...me, tugs me so I'm straddling his legs That's it. Beautiful. He gentles his hands behind my shoulder blades, coaxes me forward and unhooks my bra. Lets it fall. Slips a hand under each breast, lifting them gently and framing my nipples with the Vs of his fingers. The motion unexpectedly ingenuous, as if he's touching a woman for the first time. And now his tongue teases into the folds, circling the marble tips. I bit the bottom lip against the moan trying to escape- too much a cliché for this moment. And the thing that shifted, whatever it was, slithers sideways again, reveals an emotion closer to love than lust. His hands fall away, to my thighs. They push me down, into his lap, only his jeans and my panties between the thing I want most right now, stiff and pulsing. He kisses me again, and my body screams to have him inside me, but he says...
310	Have you ever been tied up? It is the most intense experience in my life, and when I get home I'm glad the house is fast asleep, so it can go into my journal. Oil of Cloves. To offer up every slender thread of control is frightening. Exhilarating. I am naked when he lays me, trembling, on the bed. "I won't hurt you. Not if you're very good." He uses my stockings. One for my hands, which he crosses at the

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	wrists, stretching them over my head. The other he wraps around my eyes. I'm swimming in a dark sea where something unseen waits for me. "Don't move." It's hard to comply when his teeth rake my neck in a vampire style kiss, lower to my nipples. His bite is half brilliant hurt, half surreal pleasure. The scent, lifting from his hair, is spice. Cloves, I think. It's sharp, sexy as hell. "Open your legs." His face dives between them, and his mouth claims what he finds there. And when he says, "You can come now," I am beyond ready. "Now that you're wet, I'm going to do something I've always wanted to." He slips one finger inside me. Two. Three. At four, the pressure becomes terrific. But when I squirm, he gives my arms a warning tug. "No. Hold still." I do and he works his entire hand into that narrow place. And over the flashing silver pain, I shudder orgasm. "That's my girl." I wish I could see his rigid cock, fevered, and poised to push inside me. One wicked thrust and I come again. And again. And now, so does he.
369	He pulls off my blouse with a practiced hand, and before I can think about what might come next, he has lifted my breasts from the confines of my bra. "Lovely," he says. "Don't you think so?" he asks Lorraine. In answer, her lips, cool and silk-smooth, wrap around my nipple. Oh, God. This girl is not like the other. She is not gentle, her actions almost like a man's. Lorraine licks and pinches, right, left, and Micah moves into director mode. "Sit up on the table, facing me," he says. Then, to Lorraine, "I want you in panties only." The two of us comply. Micah eases a hand up under my skirt, slides the thong of my own panties to one side, and as his thumb begins a slow, slippery ride, Lorraine stands over him, facing me. And now I kiss a girl for the second time. She tastes of orange peel-bitter, sharp. I bury my head between the plentiful rounds of her breasts: Inhale. Her skin is warm and softly scented with ginger.
370	And now, as if I've done this a hundred times before, I move my mouth to taste her nipples. They are larger than mine. Luscious. My partner's hands pull me backward to lie across the table. He kisses Lorraine as Micah's tongue finds the sweet spot between my legs. It all becomes a heady mix of men. Tongues. Hands. Fingers. The unique brine of woman. The heat of cock. Condoms. Don't forget those. And, God, orgasm. Mine. Hers. Theis. I think other people are watching. Touching themselves because this foursome is amazing. Beautiful people doing incredibly sensual things. Segue to dirty, nasty things. And...
300	I reach for his zipper. Mouth. Tongue. Skin. Serious skin. Red champagne haze. Over me. Under me. G-spot deep inside me.
394	Better get in and see your doctor before I have to whack off so hard my pecker gets blisters. He smiled, but I don't think he was being funny.
395	...flashed her boobs for a free drink before offering herself up like a sacrificial piece of ass at a club called the Topaz.
431	In those hours when need unfolds you from deep creases of sleep, leaves you shivering beneath sheets of darkness, body and brain merged into a river of primal rage, rushing headlong toward cataract, a torrent that only an all-night, sweat-slicked fuck can assuage, would a kiss satisfy?
440	...wants to try. To see if I can have sex with Christian without thinking about his hands, traveling collarbone to hips down Skye's (narrower, longer) torso, pausing

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	to caress her (larger, higher) breasts. Lowering his mouth to her (tauter? pinker?) nipples, circling them with the tip of his tongue before moving on. And lick her (flatter, browner) belly as she arches her (straighter) back, opens her (sleeker) legs inviting his face to plunge between them, inhale her peculiar pheromone perfume. To sample her unique favor, savor its taste it he wet of her orgasm without first seeking his own And when at last he lunges into her, hearing her moan, no scream, until she comes and he comes and they come together. Can Christian and I ever have sex without doing a threesome with her?
441	three mouths , uncertain of what needs to be kissed; three tongues with a plethora of places to lick and spaces to explore.
481	Sometimes you just want a loud, long, licentious fuck. Anything goes. No sound allowed but the soft-speak of sheets and unbidden vocalizations.
481	...requested," you might find the daily lay, no real effort required except the post-activity cleanup. But every now and then, sex becomes about remembering you're wanted. Knowing your alive. Folding yourself into someone's skin and suckling their life force to rekindle your own. Resurrection within the fusion of orgasm.