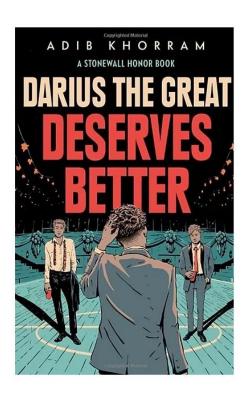
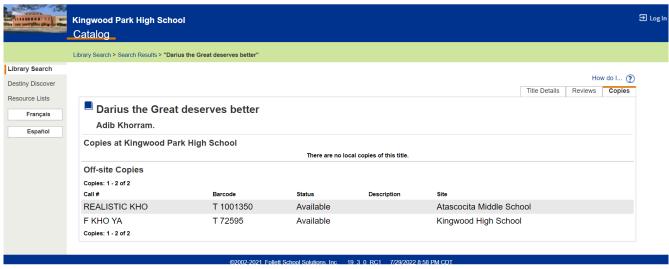
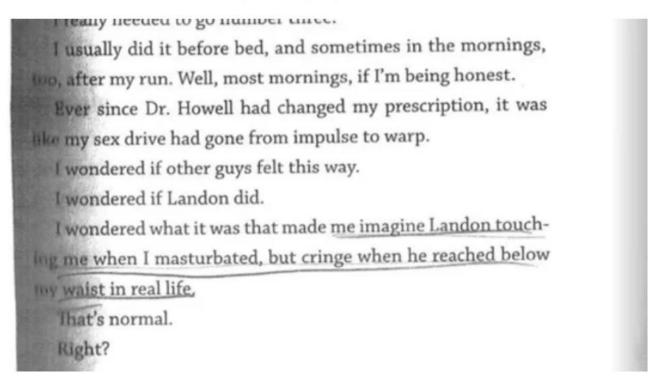
"Darius Deserves Better"







Excerpt from page 65



"Someone's excited," he whispered, and poked at the weird pooch my jeans made in the front.

"That's a joner," I whispered back, and Landon giggled.

I mean, I was hard, but it was trapped against my left thigh.

Landon used his thumb to trace my lips. I kissed the little pad of it, but then he stuck it into my mouth and rubbed it against the inside of my cheek.

It was the kind of thing you would eas in nown Excerpt pg 253

It was gentle and nice. His hand moved from my waist to the back of my neck, fingers playing along my hairline before moving up my head and twisting into my curls.

I shivered.

Landon leaned back. His lips were red and a little chapped in the corner. His tongue darted out at the spot.

"Is this okay?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said, because when we were kissing, I didn't have to talk. I didn't have to think.

I didn't feel that pulsar in me anymore.

Landon scooted closer until he was almost in my lap and kissed me again. He tapped his tongue against my teeth, and I opened up a little bit to meet it. But then he did this thing where he hollowed out his cheeks and sucked my tongue into his mouth.

My breath hitched. It was the weirdest thing I'd ever felt.

Weird and excellent.

I finally had to break the kiss and catch my breath. Landon's cheeks were flushed. His eyes shone.

"Someone's excited," he whispered, and poked at the weird pooch my jeans made in the front.

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