

JEFF CLUTCHED THE RAILING, SQUEESING UNTIL HIS FINGERS ACHED.

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1: AU: The Lioness and the Wolf, a game of thrones fanfic | FanFiction

Jeff clutched the railing, squeezing until his fingers ached. How could he have kissed her? "Jeff, what's wrong?" Andie asked, placing a hand on his arm.

Additional Information In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content: The chapel had been a cool dark refuge where he could collect his thoughts and ask the Lord for mercy. Now it seemed like a good place to hide out until everything calmed down and he could leave the building without being hunted like a fugitive on the run. He found the door- a small chrome cross, a panel of rose-colored glass-and stepped into the soft violet radiance from a stained glass window behind the altar. It looked as if a service had just ended. The altar was draped by a white tasseled cloth, with tall candles arranged beside an open Bible resting on a stand. But instead of the comforting scent of incense and candle wax, something was fouling the air. His instinct was to back away, but then he saw the bodies lying on the carpet in front of the altar. They were shrouded in white sheets and baby blue blankets. He pulled his T-shirt up over his mouth and nose and ventured down the aisle between pews until he was standing only a few feet from them. Someone had placed the three corpses side by side in an orderly row. The third body was tightly wrapped like a mummy except for an uncovered hand, its wrist ringed by a plastic 10 band. He supposed this was better than stacking them in the stairwell. At least they were in repose in a house of worship. Hodge stood up awkwardly on unsteady legs and stepped aside near the pulpit. She was wearing a surgical mask and latex gloves, and so was the smaller nurse pushing the gurney. You need to leave immediately. Was he going to end up like these sick old people, netted up in a trap of sheets and laid out on the floor like an ancient leathery terrapin fetched up on a fishing pier? Then what would happen to Dee and his grandchildren? Who would take them back to Opelousas? He passed door after door, room after room, a long procession of silent bedridden patients too near death to notice him. But then he heard someone crying for help in a room farther down the corridor. It was an old woman, and he stopped at her door and listened to the mournful sounds coming from her small shriveled mouth. Seeing her stirred painful memories of Rochelle. The woman was crying for the nurses and pushing the dead call button. The dark monitors and empty IV stand were little more than clutter around her bed. He could smell the overflowing bedpan in the stuffy heat of the room. Her sheets and hospital gown were soaked in urine. She opened her wet eyes and stared at him. He saw now that she was a woman of mixed race, a Creole of color, her skin lighter than a You are not currently authenticated. View freely available titles:

2: Professional wrestling holds - Wikipedia

The heavy man clutched his groin in pain and fell to his knees on the ground. He clutched the guide rope with both hands, surprised that it didn't snap from the tension. His little hand clutched the edge of his seat as he looked nervously around, gulping at the weird glow on the other people's faces.

Little Dianya is playing on the playground all alone when Dren stumbled upon her. Also, aside from using spellcheck, this work has been left unedited for the most part and is "unfinished" as the roleplay ended. I hope you guys enjoy this. Wrong Place, Wrong Time. Nine year old Dianya loved half days from school, especially when they came unexpectedly. As both her parents were at work, she decided to walk home, believing herself to be a big enough girl to do so. Instead, she went to the park to play, loving the fact that she was practically all alone there. Sitting at a nearby bench and humming to herself, she began to take off her shoes and socks, not wanting to get them dirty in the sand, her short uniform skirt hiked up and her oblivious to everything around. Dren was wondering through the park on the way home from hanging out with a couple of his buddies. He was only going through the park because it had a bathroom close to the center. He was halfway there when he saw a pretty little girl sitting alone on a park bench. His eyes immediately narrowed in on her skirt, slightly hike up, just enough to reveal a pair of white panties. He walked over to he sat down next to her. She blushed nervously and pulled a strand of black hair behind her ear, before smiling at him. What are you going to play? She bit her lip and looked over at the playground. Well I was going to play on the swings but they may be too small for you. Maybe climb up to the slides or go under the fort where the best sand is to build? Dren smirked slightly as he came up with an idea. You can sit on my lap and we can ride down together. Dianya giggled and nodded. She waited up top for him, looking over the railing and out into the park, humming happily. Dren licked his lips and undid his zipper, keeping his pants up but pulling out his massive 14inch cock. He stroked the throbbing meat a couple times before he began climbing up the ladder. Once he had gotten behind her, he picked her up and sat down on the slide, placing the girl in his lap, and wrapped her legs around his fuckstick. She had gasped as she was lifted but then laughed by the time he got to sitting her on his lap. Dianya blushed at the massive cock that was now sprouting between her legs. Dren shook his head. Wrap your arms and legs around it tightly. She leaned forward and practically squeezed his cock all around her limbs. He moved to the edge and pushed, sending the both down the long winding slide. Dren bit back a moan as the bouncing of their movements caused her to bounce around his dick. When they reached the end, he allowed himself to fall off the slide and into the sand box on top of her. He made no attempt to get up off of her, simply reaching under himself and tearing off her panties. No one on the outside would even be able to tell there was a little girl getting molested under him, he thought as he forced two fingers into her tiny cunt. She beamed as he patted her head and shivered slightly at his warm arms around her. Not expecting for him to fall off the slide like that and over her, she had the wind knocked right out of her. What are you doing! Gonna turn you into my portable cum dump. He was made no effort to be gentle with the tiny girl, finger fucking her mercilessly for several minutes before deciding that enough was enough. He shifted slightly, pulling his cock out from underneath her and lifting his hips to align it with her pussy. He slowly pushed the head of it in. Dren reached down and covered her mouth his hand. Better hope nothing breaks, princess. Dren grunted as he started bucking his hips, pounding his dick into the tight hole. Dianya began to cry, wincing at the pain of his fingers stretching her even more than she was thought capable. Her eyes wide, she began to scream as he tore through her, his cock head bumping up against her cervix with each savage thrust. She felt as if she was going to be split apart by his massive cock and all she could do was take it. Instinctively, her pussy walls squeezed around him, massaging his cock as he went in and out, while she clutched onto clumps of sand. It seemed to squeeze his dick like a vice, urging him to dump a load in her. He wanted to enjoy her first. He pounded into her hard and fast, jerking his head back as he panted. He pulled almost all the way out and then shoved his cock back into her. Gonna make you take it all! The pain was

unbearable, burning as he continued to split her open and drive deep into her. Every time he pulled almost all the way out, she would hope he would be done but only whimpered and cried more as he shoved back in. She felt like she was past the worst of the pain until Dren forced his way past his cervix and her whole body stiffened with the intense pain. Dianya cried more as he stuffed her full of his thick meat, shaking her head as he promised to impregnate her. She felt she was too young to become a mommy! She moaned against the palm of his hand, suddenly feeling his thick cum filling her up even more, her stomach bulging as her womb tried to accommodate it all. Her tight cunt practically milked him for every last drop. Dren grunted and held her still as he filled her with his load. He was making her so full, gallons of the fertile baby batter flooding her womb. Dren got up to his knees, holding his cum dumpster close to his dick. He reached under her and felt her swollen tummy, rubbing it slowly. Playing around with strangers, rubbing that slutty body of yours against my dick. That what you want? It ached so much how full she was, with his cum not able to escape anywhere else as he plugged her with his thick cock. She groaned as he rubbed her belly, the skin sensitive from being stretched so. Dren laughed down at her. He looked around a bit for a moment. Seeing no one around, he stood up, the young girl still on his dick. He undid his pants, lowered them and then brought them back up, pushing the little girl inside the loose trousers along with his dick. It took a bit of effort, but he managed to re-zip and button himself up. He patted her on the head from the outside of his pants. From the outside, it just looked like he had an even larger dick. She yelped in pain as he tucked her in his pants, pushing another inch of himself in her. She pressed against the cloth around her and wished she could glare at him as he patted her head. She hurt so much, it was too much of an effort to struggle more. It was hard to breath and what she could take in was was full of his musky scent. Dianya continued to cry silently, slowly beginning to accept her new fate. Dren grinned widely and started heading towards his home, relishing in the feeling of knowing that could now technically fuck this girl wherever he went. He had made it only 20 steps when he remembered the reason he had come to the park in the first place. Dren closed his eyes and let out a heavy sigh as he began unloading his bladder inside his bitch. He opened his eyes and looked down, amused to see the bulge in his pants growing large and pumped over a gallon of piss in the already tight little girl. Take it all, you fucking toilet, urrghhh Her insides felt warm and bloated, and she tried to push it out past his cock but all she did was was give him even more stimulation. If he could see her, he would swear that she looked nearly nine months pregnant. Dren sighed in relief. It was a strange but pleasant sensation. The feel of his juices swirling around his dick. He rubbed the massive bulge in his pants. It looked like his toilet was a bit full at the moment. But that just made him want to move. So instead of going home, he walked out of the park and down the streets, enjoying the feel of fucking her with each bouncy step. Dren had intended to find a bathroom. To empty out her pussy then maybe stuff up her ass. But the walking around just made him feel good The stallion gasped and ducked into an alleyway. He doubled over and undid his pants, but it was too late.

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3: Only Way Out (May 1, edition) | Open Library

Jeff and Amanda have decided to shrink to 1 inch tall and see who finds them first!

CarpeNoctem20 Jon Snow, truly feels alone at Winterfell, his brother hates him, his father ignores him, yet the whole North loves him. Very Mature Themes Rated: The bastard had surprised her, the thought of him being pretty had never even crossed her mind. This pup had led the vanguard against a hundred thousand wildlings and had slaughtered the Magnar of the Thenns, captured Mance Rayder and had successfully defended the Wall from the attack from the south led by some beast of a man going by the name Giantsbane. And yet she cursed herself, no matter what, every time she caught herself looking at the boy her cunt wettened with need and want. She wanted the boy between her legs, begging for more as he worshipped her, and when she caught the boy looking at her as well, it took all of her willpower not to find a way to drag him out into the cold night and give him the fuck of his life. She was disgusted with herself, lusting after a bastard boy, a bastard boy whose blood flows the same as the Starks. Surely it should be easy, the bitch to her right was a glorified cunt, she had seen the looks of disdain directed at the boy. Speaking of her husband he had yet to grace the hall with his presence, some of the Northmen she noticed were already well within their cups, laughing loudly and patting each other on the back. She would never understand men. She watched as her husband whispered something to the bastard boy, his eyes widening and snapping sharply to look at her, her fingers formed into a fist as she imagined the number of things that fat cunt could be whispering to him about herself. She watched as he went to down another cup, but before it could even touch his lips, she had grabbed a hold of his wrist and forced it back down onto the table. She placed her hand on his thigh, the reaction from him was expected, as his knee hit the underside of the table. As her hand travelled higher, the tenser he got, she watched as his fists tightened, turning white from the amount of pressure. The following days, she saw little of her new favourite bastard, the boy was either hiding from her or been told to make himself disappear, whether it was the first or the second option neither would do, so after breaking her fast on the fourth day, she explored Winterfell. It was a shame that shit and muck was everywhere, Winterfell was masterfully designed to repel invaders and would be attackers, the castle and all the men and women inside it could survive and thrive without any outside help for years. The sound of a bowstring caught her attention, her assigned Kingsguard moved to investigate the sound, but she ordered him away, keeping watch of the way she came in, as she got closer to the broken tower, the sound got louder. She crept towards the target he was shooting at, she took an arrow from the centre point and clutched it lightly, before walking over to stand before the boy, who was still kneeling, his eyes looking at the dirt beneath his feet. She cut his cheek lightly and yet the boy never moved, just a mere wincing as the cut bled. She had never been so hot, so wet before in her life, she ached to have the boy under her, riding him like a cavalryman rides his mount, hard and fast. To hide such a pretty thing like you away from everyone. She leaned down and placed her lips against his, her fingers now gripping his chin, giving him no room to move at all, and gods were his lips soft, it took a bit of encouragement before he started responding to her, his mouth opening wide, allowing her access, their tongues fought for dominance, before she pulled back, she bit down on the boys lip, the taste of blood exploded onto her tongue. She gripped his hair as he hissed slightly in pain, and pulled his hair, forcing his head back, his eyes locked with her own. She leaned further down, removing her hand from his hair before grasping his hard cock through his breeches, he moaned, and she did all she could to stop herself from fucking him into the dirt. Will you do this for me, my wolf? With that she stood back up, her back straight and regal, she rubbed the back of her hand along his cheek, before wiping the blood that still slowly dripped from his cheek with her thumb before popping it into her mouth. Over the coming days, she avoided him, not out of guilt or second thoughts, but to torture him, she would watch from afar, as his eyes would scan over the crowds of people, looking for her. She had allowed his eyes to find her at one point, he had just stared at her, his eyes never moving from her, even through every bump and shove. And then she took to another looking place, the pup had missed her move thanks to a rather

large and dim-witted man, his size had covered her retreat, and when he had moved from the pups field of view, she could see the disappointment evident so clearly on his face, as he resumed his normal duties. The Hunt was truly on. And she intended to be the hunter, not the prey. The sound of tourney swords clashing together, gave her a headache beyond belief, the morning was unusually cold, ice clung to the rafters, like tiny spearheads, yet she could not look away and neither could her husband nor Ser Barristan. The pup was beating a group of three on his own, his opponents were his half-brother Robb, the ward, Theon Greyjoy and the third she had no clue, nor did she care, her fingers clutched together tightly as she watched the pup dance around his three foes. It was as if he was a musician or a dancer, his steps and strikes were perfectly timed, and nothing he did was for show, everyone had a purpose, every feint, every twirl of his sword, it all came together like a song. The unnamed boy took a blow to the nose, the whole courtyard seemed to have heard the break, the stupid boy now on the floor clutching his bloody nose screamed in pain. The discarded tourney sword was quickly picked up by her pup, a sword master this young was rare, a duel wielded swordsman was nearly unheard of, the last being Ser Arthur Dayne. Blow rained from either side of him yet, his dance never wavered, never stopped, never impeded, his strikes broke the others boys spirits, the pup being too quick to deal with, the Greyjoy fell next, a hit to the back of his legs forced him down, and into the dirt. His half-brother never stood a chance, she guessed the lad lasted forty-five seconds, before the pup used his blades to disarm him, before pointing the blunted edge towards his throat. Her husband, let off a loud roar of a laugh, the Northmen in the courtyard yelled for the White Wolf, the poor pup offered a weak bow, clearly unsure of the situation he was now in. No, someone like Barristan Selmy, or the damned Kingslayer, as much as I hate those blonde haired cunts, the Kingslayer is one of the best. My eldest hates him and my wife despises him, no amount of pushing those two kids together would make them friends, let alone family. A bastard of the North? But she cared little for him, she was delighted by the idea of Jon Snow coming south with her, oh how her cunt ached at the thought. As she made her way out, a smirk blossomed on her face, thoughts and ideas of how to turn the pup into her lapdog ran through her head, and if the plan she was working on came to fruition, she was going to need someone loyal to her and only her. Wolves howling woke her one night, she was the only one in her bed, as was usual, her oaf of a husband was probably bedding some whore maid. Another howl broke through the night, she left the comfort of her bed, glad that the springs of Winterfell were hot enough to be able to sleep nude, she wrapped herself in heavy furs, and left her room, ordering the guard at the door to remain there. The cold hit her like a wall as she stepped outside, the sky clear of any clouds, numerous stars were spread across the sky, movement caught her eye, she watched as the young pup walked out of the main gates, so she followed, as quietly as she could. She looked on as the beast took off back into the forest, her pup walking towards her. She smiled as he bent to one knee for her, before looking at her. His head bowed in respect. Once she had recovered she watched him look at her juices on his fingers, sniffing it before taking his fingers into his own mouth, this broke her will, and she pushed him, he tumbled to the floor a look of shock on his features before she knelt down and pulled his breeches down. His hard cock was free and all she wanted to do was mount him, but instead, she took his cock into her hand and pumped, the moan the boy released was euphoric and so she kept on, he was chanting her title as if it was prayer, before he tensed and shot his load, it covered her hands plenty, she grinned, virgins never lasted very long. She wiped his seed into the grass and listened as the boy gasped for breath, before getting dressed and heading back to her room, leaving the boy to recover. The author would like to thank you for your continued support. Your review has been posted.

4: Only Way Out | Open Library

It started out as a slow, dull ache in his hips, then moved down to the heels of his sore feet. From the bottom, it spread back up and through his arms until every breath was a labor of will.

Under Silver shuddered upon impact, knocking Jace off his feet. Suddenly, the vessel lurched, and everything plunged down into the trough. He grabbed for the closest thing nearby. The back of his right hand whacked the railing, sending numbing tingles through his arm, but he managed to snag it with his other hand. Waves washed over him, drenching him. Jace snorted and coughed to clear his airway as his body dangled over the open ocean. Throwing his arm over the pole, he held onto his wrist until his weight was suspended on the crook of his elbow. He scanned the hapless victims that flew across the deck from the open doors. They arced through the air as the ship tried to right itself and landed with flat smacks upon the waves. He no longer worried for his own safety. Had she already gone overboard? Or was she trapped inside the ship? Silver lurched again as another strike vibrated through the ship. Something thumped onto the deck and slid into him. The boat lolled on the next set of swells. Her legs slipped underneath the lowest rail, and she began to fall overboard. Jace held on until his fingers felt frozen. He took the chance to get a better grip, snagging the waistband of her pants as he was afraid her wet shirt would shred. Two more people went flying through the doorway. One of them came directly toward him, and Jace braced for impact. The ship lurched the moment the semi-conscious man rammed into them. The man managed to grab Jace by the ankle just as he slipped under the railing. The hard jerk on his arm sent excruciating pain through his shoulder and back. Jace cried out and tried to keep his hold on Rhone, but the added weight was too much. He felt an agonizing crack as his humerus separated from his shoulder. Jace let go of the railing, but kept his fingers on Rhone as they sailed over the side and into the waves. Jace gasped as they sunk through the cold depths. Somehow he managed to transfer Rhone to his wounded arm in order to use his good arm to swim for the surface. He started kicking as hard as he could, aiming for the surface. A nearly transparent, crystalline shape undulated below his feet. It turned and slithered closer, turning its head so that large black eyes stared directly at him. Judging by its nearly thirty-foot length, it had to be a baby. Jace continued to fight the slow, inevitable drag. His lungs protested, and he could feel his chest beginning to cave in. His head pounded from oxygen deprivation. The sea dragon swam closer, still eyeing its prey. Jace pulled Rhone tightly to his chest and kept kicking, although he knew it was useless. The creature circled them once more, opening its mouth before coming in for the kill. A figure sank next to him. A trail of bubbles followed both people as they writhed in their death throes. Jace averted his face while the creature pursued its next meal. He heaved upward, trying to make every stroke, every kick, count. Against his chest, Rhone remained unconscious. Her head rolled along his shoulder. Her black hair swirled around his face, obscuring his vision, but he knew it no longer mattered. His strength was gone, his air was gone, and the surface was too far away. Releasing the last of his breath, he embraced her with both arms and pressed his cheek to her forehead. I tried to save us. I tried, but I failed. There was a glint. A distant flash that could have been a reflection. The beam struck him in the face, partially blinding him. Jace tried to focus on the strange object, but he could feel himself losing consciousness. He was suddenly pushed into something solid. Instinctively, he clutched it and raised his face. He broke the surface with a loud gasp. Take a breath, Rhone! There was a retching sound. Water splashed over his legs and feet. He felt her body shudder violently, and she made a mewling noise. Her hands reached out, found his good arm, and she clutched it. He pressed his mouth to her hair, kissing it. Before he could answer her, she managed to wriggle around until she faced him. She nodded, sighing, and let her face rest against his sternum. If circumstances were different, he would allow himself to savor the feel of her body along his. But the frigid waters had stolen their body heat, leaving them too weak to do anything but pray for rescue. It was a miracle they were able to cling to the strut and remain upright. Jace felt her nod. If he felt pain, it meant he was alive. Giving her a little squeeze with his good arm, he lowered his mouth to her ear. For a second his heart went cold at the thought

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she was slipping away from him, when her body trembled, and she sighed. Pressing himself against the hydraulic strut, Jace closed his eyes and prayed for divine intervention.

5: Excerpt from UNDERSILVER

His large hands clutched the smooth stone tightly, his fingers stiff and rigid. Yeah, he was definitely scared, you decided, although intense worry was a more accurate way of putting it. He was obviously trying to keep his cool.

Draco and Narcissa have a little fun in the sun. Co-written with the always lovely Mrs. Milfoy with help from Wes. Narcissa dropped another cube of sugar into her cup, stirring it in while watching the peacocks in the garden below. Bringing her legs up onto the chair, she tucked them beneath her and leaned back. She slowly sipped the now tolerable coffee and absent-mindedly tugged on the hem of the oversized shirt she was wearing. She pursed her lips, thinking about the night before. Her son had practically coerced her into letting him fuck with her with the lights on. The corners of her mouth twitched. She had enjoyed it as much as he did, possibly even more. Like breaking some unspoken rule. Letting someone see her for what she truly was. Accepting and loving her despite her flaws. Something Lucius had never done. But she was chuckling good-naturedly. Draco stroked her head, looking down on her tenderly. He took hold of his shirt front, open enough to reveal the beginnings of her swelling cleavage. I think you give better head on balconies than you do in beds. He ran his hands through her tangled hair, tugging every so often as she continued to pleasure him. Fought the urge to thrust himself into her mouth. She took her son deeply with the sun for witness, prim nostrils flaring with her purposely patterned breathing. Her graceful fingers fondled his bollocks, teasing mostly - but once in awhile she clipped his attention with a scratch or firm pinch. His knees went wobbly and he gripped the stone balcony railing for support. She answered with a whimper of her own and Draco watched her free hand press its way over her belly and pause. He knew well what she wanted. And he quite wanted to see it. He could see the wet pink swell of her clit, then her fingers eclipsed it and he groaned. Her suction increased with her own pleasure, a product of her crumbling self-consciousness. And then it stopped. He looked down, met by her wide eyes and a playful smirk with a hint of embarrassment. Draco sighed and pulled her from the chair. He kissed her hard and then gently pushed her towards the balcony railing. Narcissa stumbled back into the railing, the cold stone sending a mild shock through her lower back as it made contact. She looked at him through the loose strands of hair that had fallen in front of her eyes. She was almost surprised to see him gaping at her and suddenly she started to feel self-conscious again as if the night before had never happened. Draco watched his mother - his normally graceful, poised, and proud mother - stand awkwardly against the balcony. She was draped in only the shadows that were cast down from taller parts of the house, set against an illuminated background created by the sun-drenched lawn. Peacocks still mulled around, blissfully unaware. He slowly walked towards her, taking in every curve of her body as he did. Her beautiful eyes, her hard nipples - all his. He placed his hands on her hips, rubbing her hipbones that poked through her skin. She scrambled to find purchase on the sharp concrete edging, knuckles going white. He knew his fingers were cooled by the morning air. She yelped when his mouth hit her heat. The sudden pleasure his tongue brought unsettled her balance momentarily and she tensed, hooked an ankle through the rails beneath her. His free hand folded a smooth, creamy leg over his shoulder, held to her knee. The fingers in her slit opened her up and again he examined his work in the brighter light of day. And his mischievous eyes caught hers. Narcissa braced herself on the railing, pressing her palms into the rough stone. His hands travelled all over her body. Caressing her, squeezing and pinching her nipples as his hard cock grazed her lower back. Her palms pressed into the railing as he nudged her forward and encouraged her legs to spread a bit farther apart. He entered her without warning. Her hips scraped against the railing. Draco grabbed her hair, made her arch her back while he thrust himself into her. Her nails dug into the railing as he fucked her. He pulled out of her completely, let her cunt silently beg for him and then entered her again. She just needed him a bit faster, a bit more. No shame in asking, she thought. In fact, shame seemed to have abandoned her list of proclivities entirely - along with cousins propriety and control. He tugged harder on her hair. Her breath hitched in her throat. He wanted to make her beg. Keep the lights off again? All bets were off. He groaned into

her neck and picked up the pace accordingly. Such an accommodating boy I have. As it was, focusing on the bead of sweat racing down her spine was losing its concentrative effect, boiled and evaporated by the heat of their bodies. He bent over her back, pressed closer to her, felt for the tells her body gave him; the tensing, clenching, pulsing tells. And when her head turned - dark eyes mere slits seeking him out - he felt surrender wash over him. The build in his bollocks was too much. He pulled out of her, stroking himself while Narcissa whimpered at the loss of his cock from her body. With a final tug on her hair, he came on her lower back. Draco pulled her from the railing and turned her around until her arse was pressed against the stone. He kissed her through apologetic panting. Her cool hand slid across his lips, hushing him. Then her normally gentle caress was a demanding shove. She pressed him to a kneeling position, and Draco knew what was expected of him - and thrilled at the thought of pleasing her this way. No words were required. He pushed his tongue into her heat, tasted the iron and fire of their joining as he licked her slit greedily. Fuck me with your fingers! When she briefly teetered - trying to spread her legs further, to take more of him in - he curled her knee over his shoulder. She groaned thanks, and he got a taste of his own medicine when her fingers curled in his hair. He pulled his fingers from her cunt, soothing her protests with a whispered hush, and removed her digits from his hair. She caught on quickly enough. Occasionally he nipped at her fingertips, and put his own back into play, roughly fucking her until his wrist ached. But his diligence paid off in scores when her thighs tensed and her voice keened his name. Were it not for his grip on her thigh, she surely would have gone over the balcony. Licked tongues, licked lips.

6: Project MUSE - Many Rivers to Cross

She perched on the edge of the plastic chair and clutched his fingers, squeezing them tighter and tighter until she was sure he really wasn't just going to wake up. "Why'd you have to do it, Frankie?"

An alternate season seven, following on from that fateful evening, that leaves Jane battling with herself to survive, and Maura clinging on to something she wants more than anything. Empty The door slammed shut. Jane twisted round and retrieved her weapon, holding it out in front of her with her finger pressed against the trigger. She placed the safety back on and put it down on the table. Neither of them spoke. When Jane held her hands out to Maura, she stepped into them, appreciative of the arms that wrapped around her shaking form. Tears crept into her voice. Fine was subjective, particularly where Jane was concerned. Maura trailed her hands down her arms, not letting go as she reached her fingers. Tiny shards of glass splintered across the tiles. She turned on the faucet and let the cool water wash over her finger. Maura strode up behind her. She slouched against the countertop. Lifting the injured finger, she gave it a slight squeeze, prompting blood to form at the edge of the cut. She pushed it into her mouth. She picked up her purse and tossed her jacket over her arm. She pressed her lips together. The harder she looked the more hopeless it felt. She returned to the kitchen. A second later she lifted out her bunch of keys. Jane watched her disappear, the door closed behind her. For a moment she felt relieved to be alone, to be free from the pressure of other people. Another moment passed and a heavy weight shifted onto her chest. She pulled the door open and rushed down the front path. She reached out and gripped her wrist, holding her back. She pushed the intensity of her emotions to one side, regained her composure and forged the slightest smile. They walked back to the house together. Maura placed her jacket and purse on a chair in the hallway. Maura followed a couple of feet behind. Jane was already under the covers when Maura slipped in beside her. She pushed the sheets away, too warm in the summer heat for even the smallest of outfits. She reached her arms out to Jane. She smelled like home. The familiarity was intoxicating. She closed her eyes. It took a moment to orientate herself. Great gasping sobs filled the darkness, surrounding her with insurmountable grief. Jane complied and scooped her up in her arms. She wrapped her body around her and held on tightly. She clung to her body, tears spilled from her eyelids. The salty tears transferred to her lips. She pulled out of the brief embrace. Shocked by her actions. She trailed the lightest touch across her wrists, down her arms and back up to her neck. Any hint of words disappeared into the silence, replaced by their lips merging together, their hands fighting against clothing. Jane clung to her. Her mind lost in the grief stricken fog clouding her judgement. The only thing that mattered in that moment was meeting her most basic desire. She leaned over Maura and pushed down the edges of her panties, lifting her fingers up to meet her. She closed her eyes and felt her way around her body, trailing fingers across her skin, teasing her with every touch, her lips following in their wake. Everything felt so much larger. She pressed her lips to the side of her head, took a blanket out of the top drawer of her dresser and strode out of the bedroom. Pushing open the back door, Jane wrapped the blanket around her naked body and stepped out into the cool night air. She stared up at the sky, at the stars lost in the midst of cloud. It was only then she could allow herself to let go. The tears coursed down her cheeks. She pressed a hand against the bricks, her head beside it, and sobbed loudly. The headache that pulled her from her sleep banged against her temple, knocking her sick. She ran to the bathroom. Clutching the edges of the toilet bowl, she stared into the water, not quite reaching the point where her being there served any purpose. She laid her arm across one side and rested her head against it. In the blink of an eye, their whole world had flipped upside down. She felt another wave of nausea, the tell tail signs of saliva tingling at the edges of her lips. Her stomach twisted, yet still nothing came of it. Maura spat excess saliva into the bowl and stood up. She slipped it into her mouth and washed it down with a handful of water. Standing in the doorway between the bedroom and bathroom, Maura stared at the still empty space. Tracing maps they somehow already knew by heart. The pain in her head intensified. She rubbed at her temple then exited the bedroom, onward down the staircase. She checked each room in turn, before she

spotted the back door not quite closed. Out in the garden, she found Jane sat on a bench by the wall, her silhouette as heartbreaking as any other form. Maura stepped toward her, desperate to feel her in her arms. Jane tugged herself away, her arm slipped out of reach. She stared into the darkness, out across what Maura knew to be the garden. A lump settled in the back of her throat. How could something so desired hours before turn sour so quickly? Maura stepped back and returned to the house. Her headache lessened with every passing moment, but the heartache lingered. The overwhelming pain barely changed. In the dark of the night, Maura felt the greatest distance between her and Jane, and until she slipped back into sleep on the couch, she thought it would consume her until there was nothing left. She woke a couple of hours later to Jane shaking her. Maura pressed her lips together and stared up at her. Her eyes wide, frantically darting back and forth. Every time she woke, or breathed, she was reminded of the last forty-eight hours. She breathed in deeply and sighed, the weight of the world heavy on her breath.

7: Shrunken Couple: Ms. Morris decides to keep the tiny couple; one - www.enganchecubano.com

You are Hiro's childhood friend. When you moved away from San Fransokyo, you were only five, leaving behind your best friend, Hiro. But eventually, you are invited to try out for Hiro's brother's robotics university, having graduated High school at 13, being a genius in science.

Stretches are usually employed to weaken an opponent or to force them to submit, either vocally or by tapping out: Chokes, although not in general stress positions like the other stretches, are usually grouped with stretches as they serve the same tactical purposes. Head, face, chin, and shoulder stretches[edit] Yoshihiro Tajiri applying a camel clutch to Rene Bonaparte The wrestler begins the hold by standing over a face-down opponent. A standing variation of the camel clutch is also used, with this variation popularized by Scott Steiner in the late s as he used it as his finisher dubbed the Steiner Recliner also A rolling variation of the camel clutch is also used with this variation popularized by Maryse Ouellet dubbed French pain. Leg-trap camel clutch[edit] The attacking wrestler stands over a face down opponent, facing the same direction. Stepmover armlock camel clutch[edit] The attacking wrestler stands over a face down opponent, facing the same direction. The wrestler then reaches forwards and applies a chinlock as in a standard camel clutch, leaning backwards to apply pressure to the upper back and arm. The attacker then either pulls straight back on the chin or wrenches it to the side. Front chinlock[edit] A maneuver similar to a neck wrench where the wrestler faces a bent over opponent. As with a sleeper hold, this move can also be performed from a standing position. This can be transitioned into a clawhold STO. There is also double-handed version sometimes known as a head vise, the wrestler performing the hold approaches their opponent from behind and grip their head with both hands. While in the vise, the wrestler can control their opponent by squeezing the temples and bring them down to a seated position where more pressure can be exerted. It was invented and used by Baron von Raschke as well as many members of the Von Erich family , and Blackjack Mulligan. Mandible claw[edit] Mick Foley applying his mandible claw hold, with his sock puppet "Mr. Socko" present, on RJ City A maneuver which, when applied correctly against an individual, is purported to cause intense, legitimate pain. Usually performed with the attacking wrestler standing behind a seated opponent, it can also be executed to an opponent on their back enabling a pinfall. Other variations include squeezing either the side of the neck or the muscle in the front of the armpit, with the four fingers dug into the armpit and the thumb pressing into the front of the shoulder. Double underhook crossface[edit] This is a crossface combined with a scissored armbar. Straight jacket crossface[edit] Similar to a crossface this move sees a wrestler standing above a facedown opponent. Front chancery[edit] Also known as "Neck Wrench", the wrestler faces his opponent who is bent over. Similar in execution and function to a front chancery, this lock is often used as a setup for a suplex. Inverted facelock[edit] The wrestler stands behind his opponent and bends him backwards. The attacker then arches backwards, putting pressure on the opponents neck and spine. This move is often used on an opponent trapped within the ring ropes, but this makes the move illegal under most match rules. Chris Masters applies a standing side headlock to Shawn Michaels In this hold a wrestler who is facing away from an opponent wraps their arm around the neck of an opponent. This is also called a "reverse chancery". Though this is an often used rest hold, it is also sometimes the beginning of a standard bulldog move. Three-quarter facelock[edit] The wrestler stands in front of the opponent while both people are facing the same direction, with some space in between the two. Then, the wrestler moves slightly to the left while still positioned in front of the opponent. The move is also referred to as a "European headlock", due to its prominence in European wrestling. This hold is a staple of European style wrestling and technical wrestling influenced by European wrestling. The wrestler then tightens their grip to choke an opponent by compressing their throat. In professional wrestling this move is used to set up powerbombs or piledrivers.

JEFF CLUTCHED THE RAILING, SQUEESING UNTIL HIS FINGERS ACHED.

pdf

8: Wrong Place, Wrong Time - Vonvaria (Oversoul) - Original Work [Archive of Our Own]

Her graceful fingers fondled his bollocks, teasing mostly - but once in awhile she clipped his attention with a scratch or firm pinch. His knees went wobbly and he gripped the stone balcony railing for support.

From the bottom, it spread back up and through his arms until every breath was a labor of will. There were people counting on him, people depending on him. He had to keep moving, to keep running away from his pursuers. There was no knowing how many still followed him, not unless he stopped to take count. He had to keep going. Twinges of pain shot up his sides and he gasped, involuntarily sucking in a lung full of frigid morning air. The cold burned through his lungs and he faltered, stumbling on the cobbled stones of the Glinden City Bridge. Not much father until his goal. He could keep going. He would make it. He clutched the sealed letter tight in his fist, wary of the stray wind strafing across the river. Icy fingers of air cut through him, scratching at his skin as if trying to tear the rolled parchment from his fingers. The wind was laughing, he was certain, mocking his frail human body as he slowly succumbed to fatigue. His body was starting to shut down, will he or no. His foot stuck on a rough stone and he stumbled again, almost falling but he managed to catch himself on the stone railing and heave himself back onto his feet. The wind roared around him, pushing him towards the ground. He ignored it, setting an unsteady foot on the stones, and kept moving. The wind lowered to a murmur, as if unsettled by his determination. Below him, past the railing, the river churned in sharp blue waves. Like the wind, it was waiting for him to fail, but it would welcome him in its deathly embrace. He was almost there, halfway across the bridge. The wind died completely. If he were less exhausted and more aware of his surroundings, he might have seen that for the warning it should have been. Instead, he glanced down in surprise as an arrowhead blossomed through his chest, red blood fanning out like petals around the silver metal. The pain of the wound was nothing compared to the dull ache of his body but it was enough to send him over the edge, quite literally. The wind lent a helping hand, roaring up in a mighty gale to push him over the railing. A black-garbed figure turned back towards the woods as he fell. Muddy waves caught him. Your review has been posted.

9: Lumos Maxima - autumnlynn - Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling [Archive of Our Own]

Your patient is a year-old male who was found lying on his bathroom floor. Emergency Medical Responders report that the patient is unresponsive with unequal pupils, and vital signs are as follows: pulse 78, respirations 20 and snoring, blood pressure /, SpO2 at 99%.

JEFF CLUTCHED THE RAILING, SQUEESING UNTIL HIS FINGERS ACHED.

pdf

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