

Tasting, Finding, Keeping: The Story of Never



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Series	Tasting Never
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Tasting, Finding, Keeping: The Story of Never (a 3 book box set) Contains Three Full Length New Adult/Contemporary Romance Novels and Six Bonus Short Stories and Never-Before-Read Deleted Scenes Recommended for Ages 18 and Up (Books Included: "Tasting Never", "Finding Never", and "Keeping Never" - the first three books in the series. Books #4, "Never Can Tell", and #5, "Never Let Go" are available now!) "Sometimes, the only way to go forward is to take a few, careful steps back." Never Ross is a broken soul who doesn't need to be fixed. There's a monster inside of her, eating little bits of her everyday, and she can't seem to stop it. It makes her do things she doesn't want to do, say things she doesn't want to say. She's used to dating guys like Ty McCabe; he's one of the dangerous ones, the ones with pasts that burn like fire and melt everything around them. But there's something different about this soul with a sad smile and arms covered in butterfly tattoos, something that tantalizes Never's shattered spirit. When Ty and Never form a tentative, almost reluctant, friendship that opens the door on their dark sides and shows them what it's like to live in the light, they'll have to face the skeletons in their closets, fight back the blackness and see if two tortured souls desperate for a healing touch can connect into something beautiful. Broken doesn't always mean destroyed. **READING ORDER:** 1. "Tasting, Finding, Keeping: The Story of Never" 2. "Never Can Tell" 3. "Never Let Go" 4. "Never Did Say" **EXCERPT:** Ty's hot mouth is on my neck, and I find myself taking short, sharp, little breaths as I press my shaking hands to his chest.

If I sleep with him again, I'll be making the biggest mistake of my life. He's the first real friend I've ever had, and I don't want to cheapen the feelings that are simmering between us. We made that mistake once before, and we survived. We've been through a lot since then, and I know that if I lose him now, I will never be whole again. Ty is my other half, lover or no, and just being around him is enough for me. "Ty," I say, trying my best to sound stern. Instead, my voice comes out like a butterfly, flutters against Ty's hair and swirls it gently against my lips. I moan and find that my fingers are now curled in the fabric of his T-shirt. "Never," he says back to me, the word like fire against my skin. In those two syllables, I hear how he feels about me. He thinks he's in love. Ty McCabe thinks he's in love with me. He doesn't say it aloud, but I can tell. Sex isn't the best way for me to show my feelings; I've abused it for far too long that it has somehow lost some of its meaning. I try to tell Ty this, but I can't speak with his lips on my throat and his hand sliding across the nape of my neck. I run my own hands down his chest and put them beneath his shirt, on the hard plane of his belly. His muscles contract as I press my fingers into them, touching, feeling, absorbing the man, the complication, that is Ty McCabe. All the while, my mind is racing in circles trying to talk me out of this. "Kiss me," Ty says and it's not a question, it's a request, albeit a gentle one. His voice is softer than I've ever heard it. His words are naked, stripped of all the bullshit that's happened to him, all of the horrible things that mirror my own life. Ty and I are like twins, like two halves of the same whole. They say that opposites attract, but Ty and I are very much the same and the attraction between us burns brighter than the sun.

"Kiss me," he says again and I do.