

# Losing Hope

by Colleen Hoover

***"Tell me it's okay to , want to be inside you right now..."***

She throws her arms around my neck and grasps my hair, pulling my mouth back to hers, showing me that she needs this just as much as I do. I groan and pull her away from the shower wall, then walk her out the bathroom and into the bedroom, I drop her down onto the beds then grab her panties and pull them down her legs. I crash against her mouth and pull off my boxers, which are now soaking wet. All I can think about is how much I need to be inside her right now. I pull apart from her long enough to get a condom on, then I grab her hips and pull her to the edge of the bed. I lift her leg to my side and slide my other arm underneath her shoulder. I grip her leg and her shoulder and keep my eyes trained on hers, then push into her.

The second I'm inside her, it doesn't feel like enough. I press my lips to hers and try to search for whatever it is that's missing from the moment.

***I move in and out of her, more and more frantic A with each thrust,*** trying desperately to reach a feeling that I don't even know exists. She relaxes her body against mine, following my movements, allowing me to be in control.

...I keep my gaze locked with hers and I pull her to me, then lift her up as I stand. I'm still inside her and she's wrapped around me, so I turn my back to the bed and slide down to the floor. I lean forward and kiss her bottom lip softly, then her whole mouth.

I bring a hand to her cheek and drop the other to her hip. I begin to move beneath her, slowly guiding her with my hand, wanting her to just take control.

...She laces our hands together and places them over our hearts. She strokes her thumb against my hand and lifts up slightly, then slowly glides back down me again. The

glides back down me again. The incredible sensation that rushes through my body causes my head to collapse against the mattress behind me. I groan, unable to keep my eyes open. "Open your eyes," she whispers, still moving against me. "I want you to watch me." ... "Don't look away again," she says, lifting herself up. When she slides back onto my lap, I can barely keep my head up. Especially when that moan escapes her lips and she squeezes my hands even harder. ...As soon as I begin to tremble and moan beneath her, my head falls against the mattress and she allows me to close my eyes this time. She continues to move on top of me until I'm completely and utterly still. ...My lips connect with hers and I kiss her, pushing her off me and onto the floor beneath me. I slide my hand between us and flatten my palm against her stomach, then slowly lower my hand until I find the exact spot that makes my favorite sound escape her mouth. I drink in every single moan and breath that passes her lips.

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