

# NOVEMBER 9

by Colleen Hoover

His fingers graze the edge of my panties and when I feel them slip just beneath the hem, my whole body shudders. I'm forced to bury my face against his shoulder and grip the back of his shirt just to keep myself upright.

..."Stop," I tell him, my voice louder than it's been all night thanks to the distance from the music. His hand is right back where it was before...grazing the edge of my panties...forcing my eyes shut like it would make a difference in here.

"I'm trying," he whispers, threading the hand that isn't up my skirt through the strands of my hair. He grips the nape of my neck. "Ask again."

...He's kissing me so hard, my mind is still wrapped around all the ways his tongue can move before I even notice his hand has moved around to the front of my thigh. And I know I should stop him. I should push him away and make him explain himself, but his hand feels too good for that right now. My legs tense and I grip the sleeve of his shirt with one hand while I pull on his hair with the other hand, tearing him away from my mouth so I can breathe.

...And his hand. Oh, God, his fingers are slowly tracing up the front of my panties. I moan again. Twice. **He puts just enough space between our mouths so that he can listen to me gasp as he slides his hand down the front of my panties.** My knees grow weak. I'm not sure I knew my body was capable of feeling these kinds of things. I think I just fell in love with my body a little bit more. **"Jesus, Fallon," Ben says, stroking me, breathing heavily against my mouth. "You're so wet."**

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"I'm taking off your shirt," he says.

...He pulls the shirt over my head and tosses it behind him. His eyes fall to my breasts, covered with a black lace bra that I was convinced he wouldn't see tonight. He smiles a devilish smile, running his fingertips over the lace. He cups my right breast in his hand, dragging his thumb over the fabric covering my nipple.

.....I thread my fingers through the back of his hair and guide him toward my left breast, wondering how this went from zero to ten in a matter of seconds. Oh, God, he's pulling down my bra strap. His mouth is right there, trailing over the curve of my breast and his fingers are pulling the material lower....lower...lower...gone.

I feel the air against my exposed breast, but my eyes are closed too tight to see the look on his face. But I can feel his lips as he kisses his way across my chest without hesitation, sliding his tongue against my skin, sucking and kissing and squeezing and...enjoying.

...He presses his lips between my breasts and then drags them slowly across my skin, running his tongue over my scars.

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...He groans and then I freaking lose it. My hands are in his hair and his mouth is all over my neck.

Grab my boob, Ben.

He totally reads my mine and grabs my boob.

Grab the other one.

God, he's so telepathic.

His lips move from my neck back to my mouth, but his hands are still on my breasts. I'm pretty sure are cupping his ass, pulling him even harder against me, but I'm too embarrassed at my behavior right now to acknowledge that.

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