

BY STEVEN SALVATORE

AND THEY Lived...

He undresses me slowly, never breaking our gaze. He lays me down on his extra-long twin and wedges himself between my legs, lifting the bottom half of my body. My legs wrap around him as he dips to kiss me...As our lips and tongues move together in a choreographed dance, his hand moves downward. Spit and fingers spread me open, slowly, little by little, one by one until I'm gasping for air in between kisses. Sliding down, he uses his tongue for the first time. My back arches. He reaches for the lube and a condom. As he towers over me, body slick with sweat already, I close my eyes. "Go slow," I whisper, sucking in a breath. He pushes against me, shoving the tip inside with a pop. I let out a yelp. "Slow!" "Sorry! Are you okay?" He leans down to kiss me softly, and my body relaxes. I exhale, and he slides deeper inside me, enough so that I convulse, a confusing swirl of pain and unbridled pleasure. "Should I stop?" "No," I beg. "Just hold steady for a sec." ...Relax. Feel him, his weight, his power, his control. Breathe out. I

open my eyes, and the soft lines of Jack's face are all I see, and it's enough for me to let go and let him in. I nod, and he goes deeper, and my eyes roll...He's so close, closer than he's ever been before, sharing my body in ways I never dreamed were possible, and the faster he goes, the more I hope this never ends. After this, I can't go back to living and breathing and walking around without him inside me. I don't have to ask him to hold me, to kiss me, because he does, and we move together as one, twisted up in his bedsheets, Jack a veritable god as he moves his hips with assured precision. I scream in ecstasy, my body shivering with a fullness I've never felt before, and it's almost too much to bear as I bite down on my bottom lip and my head gets light. He grunts as his brows furrow. I clutch his back as he finishes then collapses onto me, shaking, his arms jellied as they try to prop him up and fail. He picks his head up and kisses the tip of my nose. "My turn." "Really?" He barely smirks before I roll over on top of him and pin his arms to the headboard. I gently

kiss the space between his ear and his neck. His legs open for me, and at first, I do what Jack did, but an animal fervor leads me down farther, using my tongue to get him ready. Instantly, he moans, and it's so primal that it makes me go harder. "I need you, please," he begs. "Fuck me." There's something about the way he bites his bottom lip, the same lip I've kissed maybe hundreds of times now, that makes me want to know every square inch of him, mind, body, and soul. I thought before, when he was on top, that I could never feel closer to him, but now, as I stare into the ocean of his eyes as I enter him and his body trembles as his fingers grip my arms, this is a whole different level of intimacy. As I find my rhythm, I can't help but whisper everything that's in my heart,...

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Not For Minors
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